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JUST LIKE MAMA



CODEX'S



LADY'S BOOK



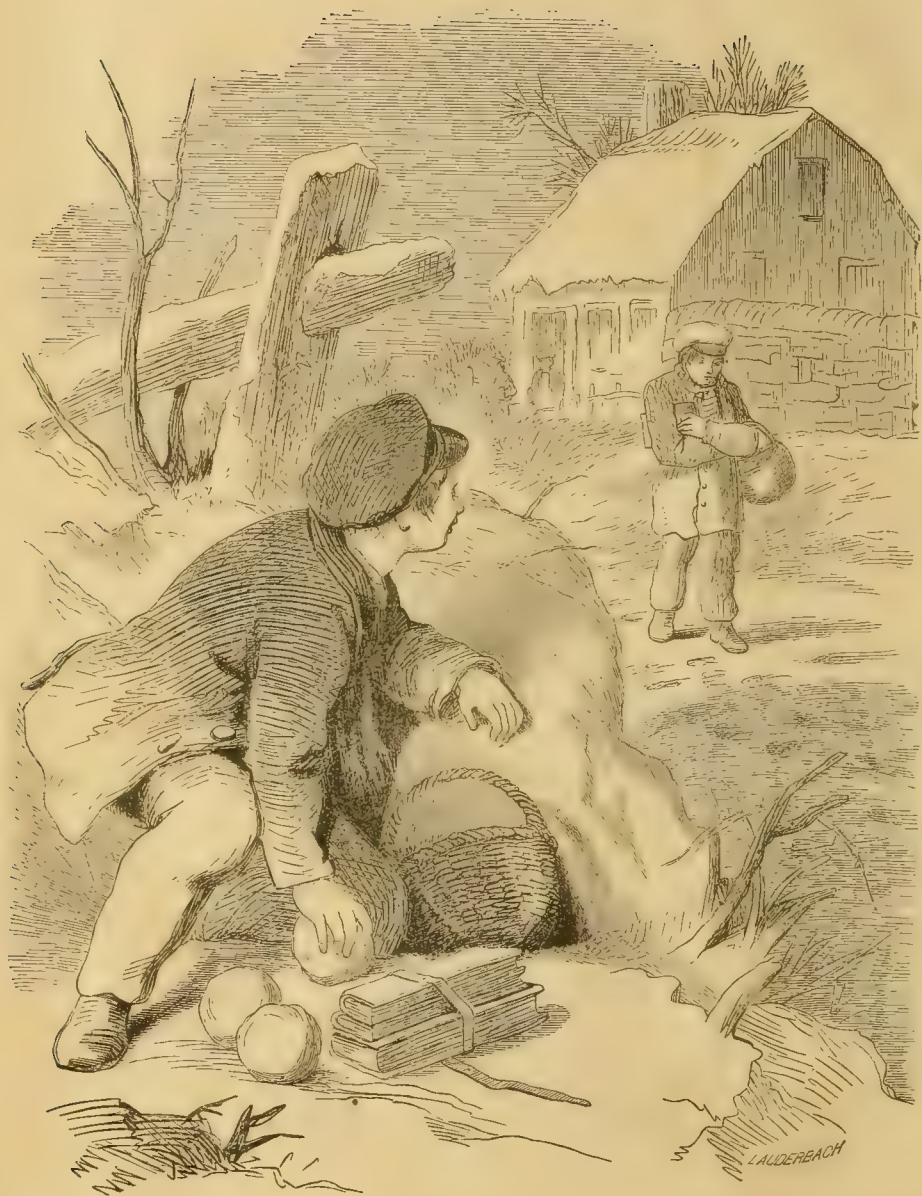
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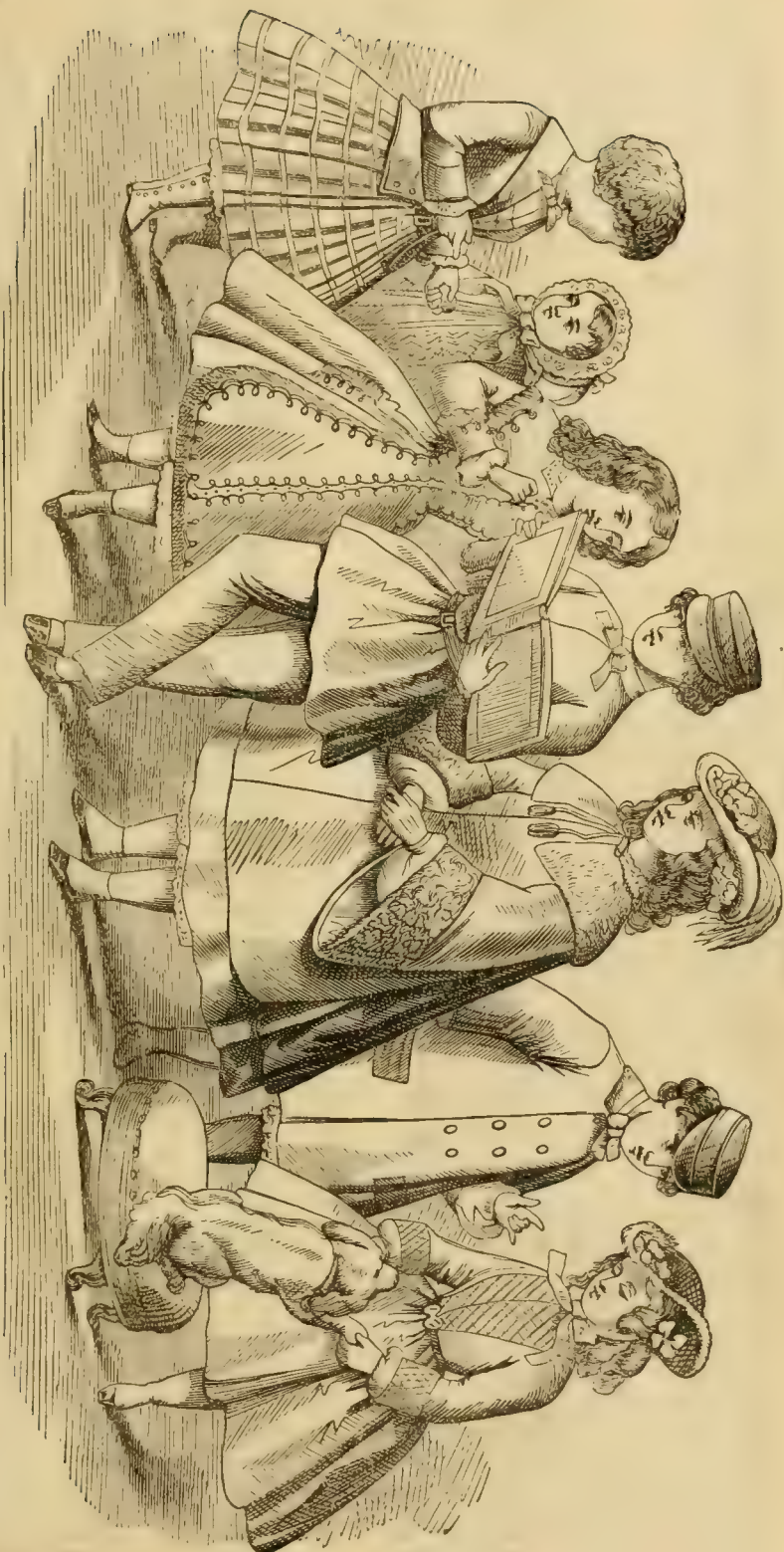


Lapworth & Howard Sc

BRIDES AND BRIDESMAIDS.



MISCHIEF.—LYING IN WAIT.



CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

See description, page 93.

A Knight Clad in a Dark Disguise.

BALLAD, WRITTEN AND COMPOSED FOR THE PIANO-FORTE,

BY J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

Syn. loco.

Op. 84.

Moderato.

The first system of the musical score, consisting of a piano introduction and the first system of the ballad. The piano introduction is in 4/4 time, marked 'Moderato', and features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The ballad begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is in 4/4 time and is accompanied by a piano accompaniment. The first system of the ballad ends with a double bar line.

The second system of the musical score, featuring the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal melody is in 4/4 time and is accompanied by a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment is in 4/4 time and features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The second system of the ballad ends with a double bar line.

A knight
The ar - dor
When lo!

clad
of
as

in
a
once

a
a
gain

dark
quench
he

dis - guise,
less fa - rio
he view'd

Home - ward
Had ear - ly
Scenes dear to

return'd
lured
her

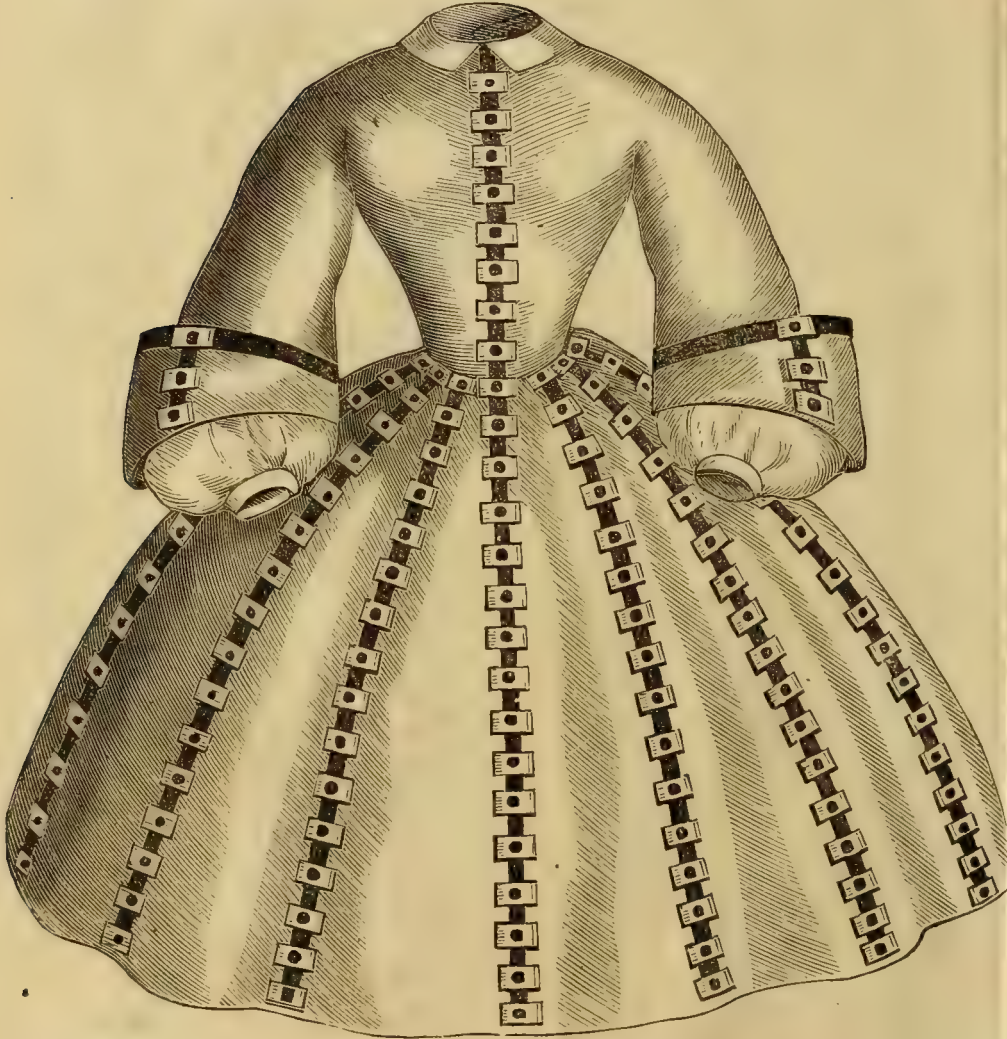
from Pal - es - time;
his feet to rove;
sweet mem - o - ry,

He saw
He fought
Was it

his
that
her

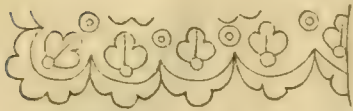
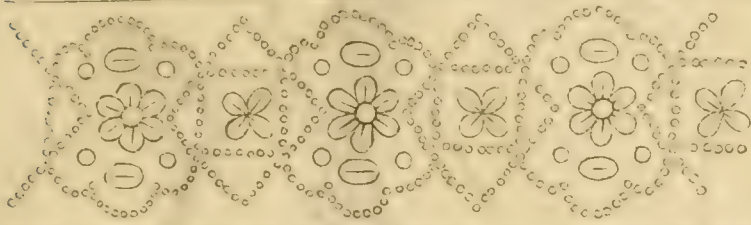


WALKING-DRESS FOR A YOUNG LADY.

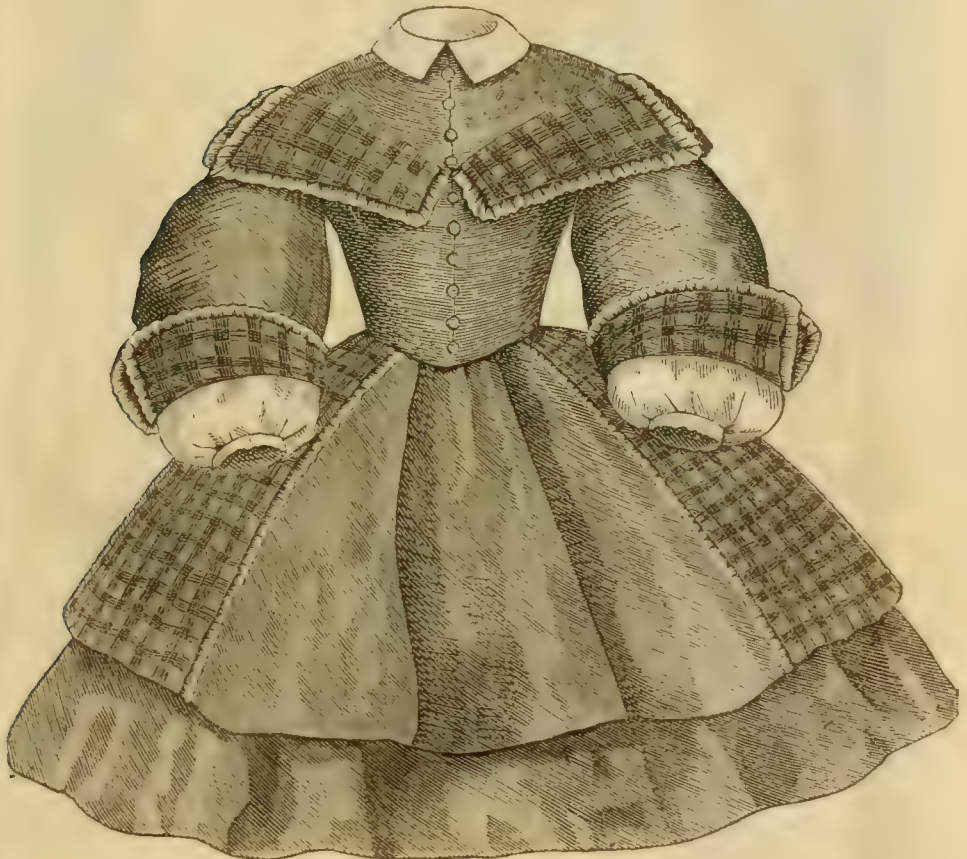


MADE of steel-colored poplin; trimmed with Magenta-colored velvet and buttons. The velvet is crossed at intervals by squares of the poplin, having a button in the centre, which makes a very stylish trimming.

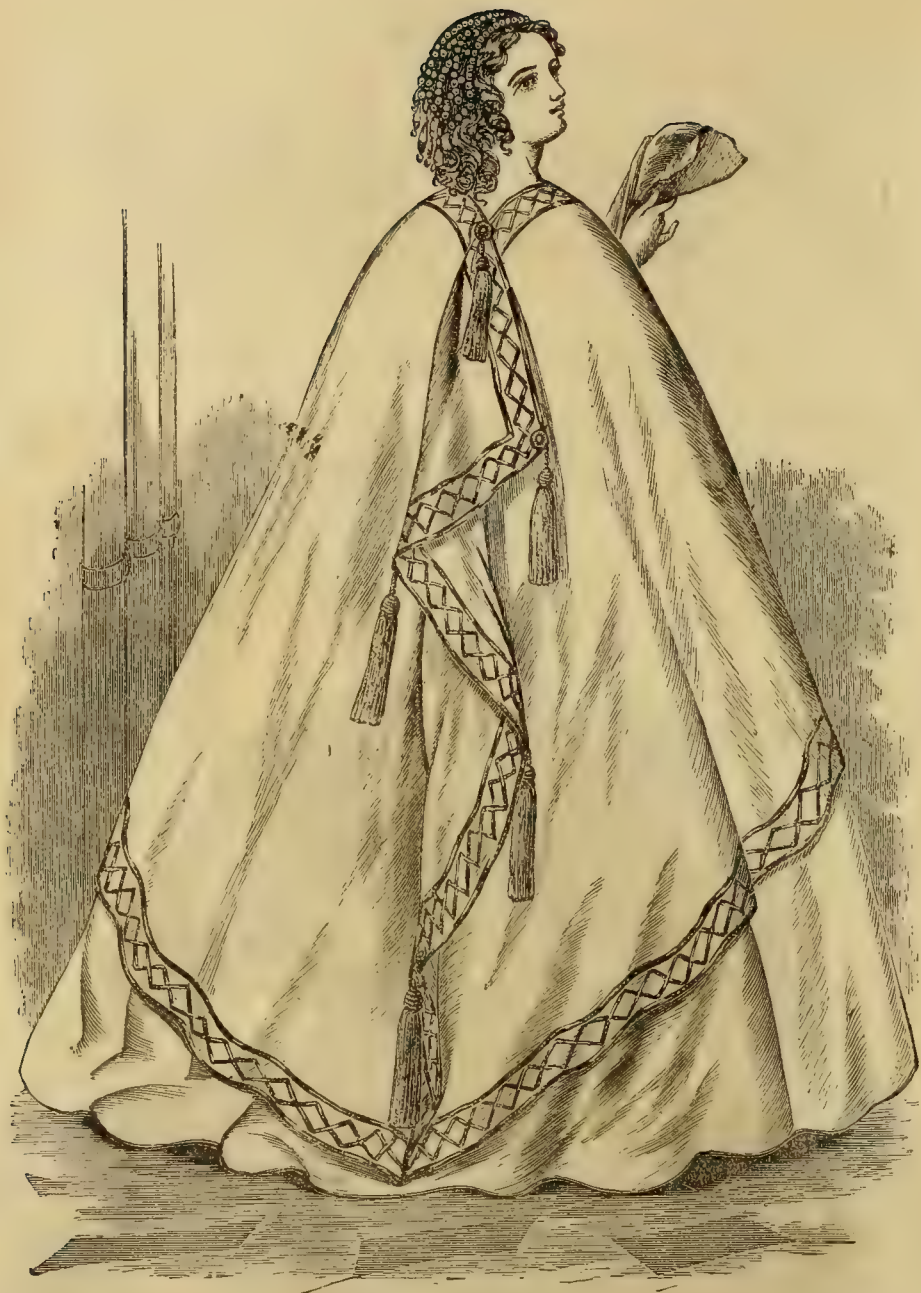
EMBROIDERY.



THE EVELYN.



MADE of plain colored merino, and trimmed with very bright silk or poplin.

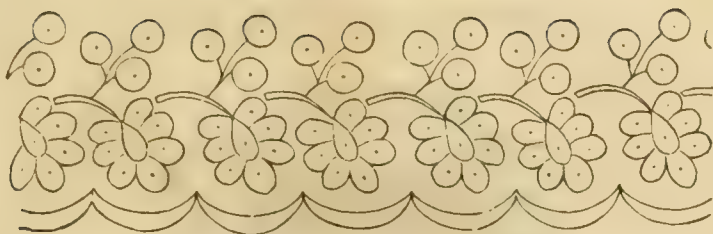


THE VALENCIAN.

[From the establishment of G. BRODIE, 51 Canal Street, New York. Drawn by L. T. VOIGT, from actual articles of costume.]

This graceful and truly classic *sortie de bal*, or opera cloak, is made of white merino, and bordered with a gold passamenterie and tassels. The combined effect is admirable, while the rich chaste sweep of the material produces an effect which is peculiarly statuesque and dignified. Made in suitable material, the same fashion is greatly in favor for the promenade.

EMBROIDERY.



OPERA HOOD.

(See description, page 93.)



NEW STYLES OF APRONS.

THE JENNY.



THE Jenny is made of black moire antique, and trimmed with cords and tassels caught at intervals by rosette buttons.

THE ZEPHANIA.



THE Zephania is suitable for silk or wash goods. It can be made of colored cambric, scalloped with white, and braided with white Marseilles braid.

THE ROSAMOND.



THE Rosamond is so simple it needs no description.

THE URSULA.



THE Ursula is decidedly a dress apron, being made of very rich silk, and trimmed with two rows of very heavy fringe. The ends of the first row of fringe and the pockets are finished with gorges.

BRUSSELS EMBROIDERY ON NET.



We present to our subscribers a new style of ornamental embroidery, which is especially pretty for many purposes. It is worked on a clear Brussels net, not too fine. The diamonds, which appear crossed, are darned with a fine soft cotton. These can be worked with the greatest regularity by counting the threads of the net, and keeping them exactly the same size. Leaving one hole of the net between each short length of the darning, as will be seen in our illustration, gives it a much lighter appearance. The alternate diamonds are filled in with a sprig, embroidered in satin stitch, which shows to great advantage on the light net ground.

COLLAR AND CUFF IN IMITATION OF HONINGTON LACE.



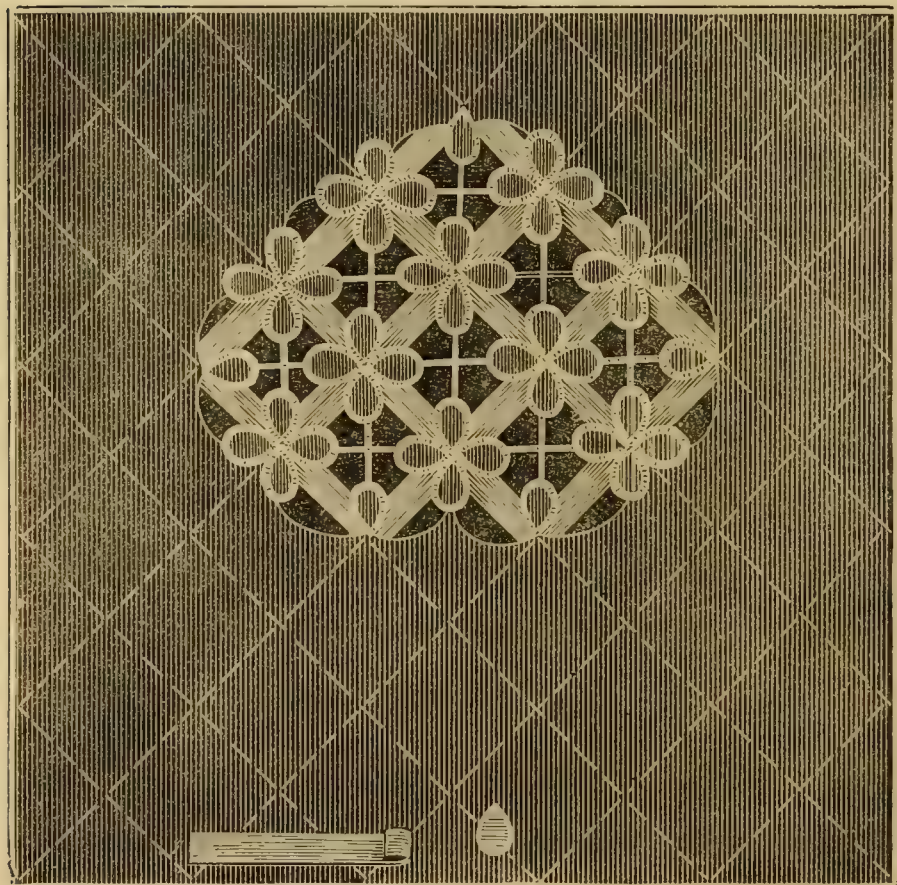
A design which can be worked so as to produce a very close imitation of the Honington lace work. The sprigs as they are made upon the pillow are all separate, being afterwards arranged and sewn together according to the individual taste. In our design the parts touch each other with very few exceptions. It is to be worked on either a clear thin French cambric or a Swiss muslin. The design must be traced in *perfection* cotton, and sewn over with a very fine one. The centres of every flower are filled up with lace stitches of various kinds, adding greatly to the beauty of the effect. The veins of all the leaves must be carefully and distinctly indicated; in every case a clear and sharp outline is essential. When the whole of the needle-work has been completed, the superfluous parts must be cut out, and the result will be an elegant collar, closely resembling those formed of the Honington sprigs.

EMBROIDERY FOR AN INFANT'S CLOAK.



JESSAMINE PATTERN EMBROIDERY ON TAPE-WORK.

(See description, Work Department.)



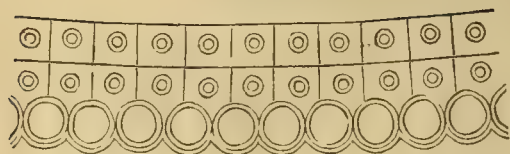
THE "ELSIE" NIGHT-DRESS.—(*See description, page 93.*)



THE "ALICE" NIGHT-DRESS.—(*See description, page 93.*)



EMBROIDERY.



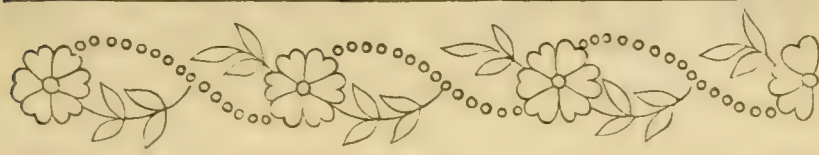
BRAIDING FOR A BOY'S BLOUSE.



EMBROIDERY BORDER.



EMBROIDERY PATTERNS.

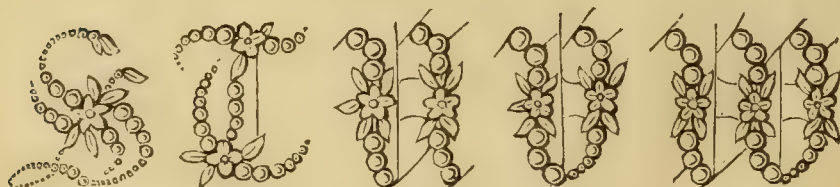
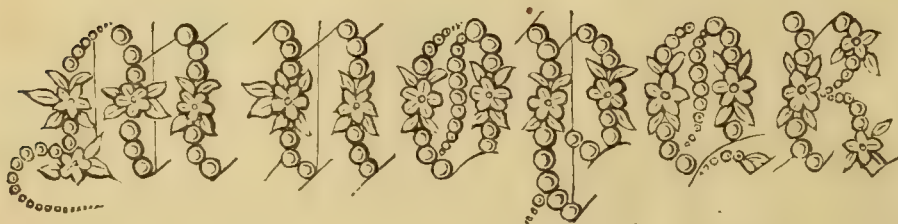
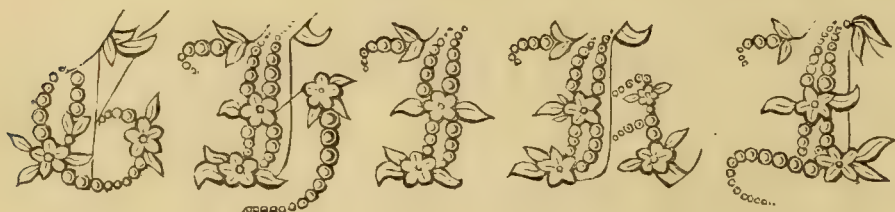


CORNER FOR A POCKET HANDKERCHIEF.



ALPHABET OF FANCY LETTERS.

FOR MARKING A LADY'S WARDROBE.



GODEY'S

Lady's Book and Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY, 1861.

SUNSHINE AND SHADE; OR, THE GOVERNESS.

BY FANNIE WARNER.

[Entered, according to act of Congress, in the year 1860, by LOUIS A. GODEY, in the clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER I.

THE EVE OF DEPARTURE.

"AND to-morrow you leave us for the 'Sunny South?'"

"Yes; and I hope it may prove as sunny as it is represented. De Bow says that 'a more lovely heaven does not smile on the classic land of Italy than upon the favored inhabitants of Georgia;' and I fervently hope that those whom Destiny throws me among will smile as graciously upon me as heaven does upon them."

"Well, I hope your lines will be cast in pleasant places, and that you will not have reason to regret your determination to adopt the vocation of a governess. I must bid you good-by this evening, as a business engagement will prevent my seeing you at the cars in the morning; but accept my warmest wishes for your happiness, and in your sympathy for those abroad do not forget those at home who have been your willing slaves, and remember *one* in particular who would gladly have remained your slave for life. Farewell."

The door closed hurriedly. A quick step echoed along the gravelled walk as the young girl whom the speaker had addressed turned to the window, and, hastily snatching the curtain aside, strove to catch a last glimpse of that manly form. "Farewell, farewell is a lonely sound," was murmured in a low voice, and then, as if to confirm the truth of the second line of the verse, she heaved a deep sigh. Turning to the piano, she commenced slowly to gather up some pieces of music which were scattered over the instrument, when the door

opened, and an elderly lady entered the apartment.

"Who was that in here a few moments ago, my dear?" said she.

"It was Mr. Howard, mother," replied the young lady.

"Mr. Howard!" repeated the mother, in surprise. "He did not remain long. Will he meet you at the cars in the morning?"

"He said that a business engagement would prevent him from seeing me again, and even compelled him to take a hasty leave this evening; and," she continued, in a tone of sadness, "I think I feel rather glad than otherwise, for I wish to devote every moment to you, and I don't care to be obliged to talk to strangers."

"You certainly do not consider Mr. Howard a stranger, Edith?"

"Not in the sense you mean, dear mother; but he is not one of the family, and"—she hesitated.

"And what, my child?"

Edith colored, and turned away as if to avoid her mother's searching look; then replied, in a tone of impatience, as if the subject was unpleasant to her—"Well, I do not wish any one to accompany me to the cars but those I love best—yourself, and George, and Grace."

There was a pause. Edith continued to arrange her pieces of music and place them carefully in the music portfolio at her side. Her mother crossed the room, and seated herself on a sofa near an open window. It was a lovely September evening, and the garden was silvered over with the pale moonlight. She

looked out upon the quiet scene, but not with the same calm, happy light in her eye with which she usually viewed it; tears dimmed her vision, and sadness weighed heavily in her heart as she thought of the separation on the morrow. The last piece of music was in its place; and, taking the portfolio in her hand, Edith turned to leave the room, when her steps were arrested by her mother's voice desiring her to remain.

"I wish to have some conversation with you this evening, my daughter, as this will be the last opportunity I shall have of seeing you alone; to-morrow you leave your home to be absent two long years; before you go, will you not make a confidante of your mother? Tell me why you cannot accept Charles Howard's offer of marriage. Did he renew his proposals this evening?"

"He certainly did not, mother; he merely alluded to the subject, and was gone before I could reply."

"And, had he given you an opportunity, what would your reply have been?"

"The same as heretofore; I can never be Charles Howard's wife."

"It is very strange, Edith. I know of no objection to him; he seems in every way worthy of you, and I am convinced that you take more than an ordinary degree of interest in him; then why is it that you seem so decided in your rejection of his suit?"

Tears filled Edith's eyes; but she replied, in a calm voice: "I will not try to conceal from you, dear mother, that I love him; but I have not confidence in him. I believe that he loves me now, but I know his fickle nature too well to believe that it would stand the test of a two years' absence."

"But why put him to that test, my child?"

"I know that necessity does not oblige me to leave home; but 'there's a Divinity shapes our ends,' and you know I have always believed that I was cut out for a governess; and, aside from that, if I were engaged to Charles, I should certainly postpone our marriage, doubting as I do the genuineness of his love. Moreover, I cannot forget poor May Webb; and when my heart beats fast and faster at his approach, her pale, sad face rises up in judgment against him, and I almost loathe myself for loving the one who entered that widow's dwelling to woo her brightest jewel, and when won to cast it aside as a worthless bauble. No! I'd rather be poor Edith Stanford, the governess, than the neglected wife of the rich Charles Howard."

"But that was long ago, my child, and Charles was young, scarcely twenty. I know he has repented that youthful folly, for he seems so different now; he appears perfectly upright and honorable, and so manly and considerate."

"It is useless to plead his cause, my dear mother; what you style a 'folly' I consider a crime. It was seven years ago, but it seems to me but yesterday that I culled the fairest flowers in my garden to lay beside the sick girl's pillow. I was but twelve years old, and she was seventeen. Each day, as I passed from school, I stopped at the cottage, for I loved sweet May, but it made my heart ache to see her fading so rapidly from earth; and when the autumn winds came, and I was told that they would hasten her death, I wept bitterly; but when I gazed upon her face a few weeks after, as she lay in that calm sleep which knows no waking, I shed not a tear; I knew that she had been a Christian, and I felt that I was gazing upon the face of an angel. She had told me, in a conversation we had together a few weeks previous to her death, that she freely forgave all who had in any way wronged her. I did not know then how fearfully she had been wronged, and not until I had known Charles Howard nearly two years did I learn from Mrs. Webb that he visited her house as her son's friend when May was sixteen. He and May were thrown much together, and from the first he seemed to take a deep interest in everything concerning his friend's little sister, as he called her then. After a vacation of six weeks, May's brother returned to the University of M—— to resume his studies, but Charles continued to visit the cottage, and made May frequent presents of books and flowers, and in a short time showed by every word and action that he loved her. He was rich, and you who plead his cause so well know how handsome his face, how fascinating his manner—just the person to captivate a young girl. And when his manly form bent over her to point out a particular passage in some favorite book, her telltale face revealed to him too plainly what was no longer a secret to those who had observed them together—that she returned his love and trusted him."

"But, my dear," interrupted Mrs. Stanford, "he never committed himself in words."

"Committed himself in words, mother! Do not actions speak louder than words? When," she continued, "he found that he possessed that 'pearl of great price'—the first love of a pure-minded girl—he became cold and distant

in his manner, and his visits became less frequent, and at length ceased altogether. One day, after an absence of several weeks, he called at Mrs. Webb's for the purpose, he said, of bidding them good-by, previous to travelling abroad. May asked him, in as calm a tone of voice as she could command, how long he would be absent. 'Not longer,' he replied, 'than two years.' He left; and, after travelling through Europe the specified two years, he returned, to find May dead. He called on Mrs. Webb, but she received him coldly, and he did not repeat his visit. May's brother had finished his course at the University, and was established in business with a friend in St. Louis.

"All that I have told you I learned from Mrs. Webb. Seeing the growing intimacy between Mr. Howard and myself, she called upon me one day about a year ago, and, during the conversation, the subject of which was her darling May, she gave me these facts, as I have related them to you. Her motive was a disinterested one. She was not actuated by malice, for I do not believe there is a spark of that in her composition. She loved me, and could not bear to see my happiness wrecked as May's had been.

"And now, dearest mother, I hope your mind is relieved. You know the reason why I will not marry Charles Howard, and I had intended to tell you had you not asked me, for I saw that you were completely in the dark; but I am sorry that you thought I allowed my prejudices to run away with my judgment."

"I had heard something of this before, but was quite ignorant of many of the circumstances you have related," replied her mother. "I remember, at the time of May's death, many persons censured Charles Howard's conduct, but I always thought they were too severe upon him, and doubted not that there were palliating circumstances, which, if known, would at least clear him in part; and I must still think, dear Edith, that you wrong him. As I have said before, I think him to be a worthy person, and did you but possess the same confidence in him that I have, I would at this moment give my consent to your union, believing that he would be to you a devoted husband; but if you have not the most perfect faith in the durability of his love, and do not intend eventually to bestow your hand upon him, I charge you to cast him from your thoughts altogether, and, as you have rejected his hand, do not leave home cherishing his image in your heart."

"Never fear, mother; the thought of Charles Howard is always followed too closely by the

sad face of May Webb, and though I cannot forget him, you may rest assured that I shall not treat his image with any more tenderness or affection than it deserves. But it is late, and I must go to my room and see how Grace progresses with the packing; so good-night, dearest mother, and pleasant dreams."

Edith left the room, and after loitering a moment in the hall to speak with her brother George, she ran lightly up the stairs. She found Grace seated on the floor in her room, beside a huge trunk, deliberating, with a grave face, whether she should put Edith's writing portfolio and dressing-case in the top, or at the bottom of the trunk, which question her sister settled immediately by saying she should wish to use both articles on her journey, and therefore they must go in the top where she could get easy access to them. She then commenced to assist Grace in packing, and while the sisters are thus engaged, we will take a look at them.

Edith is tall and graceful, and though slight, her figure is well rounded and exquisitely proportioned. Her dark hair, of which she has a profusion, is dressed in plain bands covering her ears, and taken back is wound in heavy plaits around her small, finely formed head. No ornament, either of ribbon or tinsel, mars the effect of that "crowning glory of woman." Her eyes are large, dark, and soft, but in animated conversation they light up with a brilliancy that is perfectly bewildering. The form of her face is oval; her complexion dark, but clear, and the blood mantles to her cheeks, giving them a color but a trifle less ruddy than that of her delicately formed lips. Her teeth are white and regular, but by the envious are said to look "very false." The expression of her lips baffles description. It is one of blended firmness and sweetness, and when she smiles, renders her perfectly irresistible. Edith is certainly beautiful; but aside from the beauty of face and form, there is a nameless charm about her—a something in her manner and bearing that captivates one at once. Her entire unconsciousness of her own loveliness, and forgetfulness of self; her affectionate attention to those she loves, and regardful care not to wound the feelings of any, have made her the darling of her home, and the favorite of her young companions.

Grace is just sixteen, and in personal appearance is exactly the opposite of her sister. Her light hair, blue eyes, and fair round face give her the appearance of being much younger than she really is. She is one of those innocent, winsome beings whom one cannot

look upon without loving. The same peculiar smile which we have described in Edith belongs to Grace also, and is the only point of resemblance between the sisters.

But the last article has been placed in the trunk, and the packing is finished. Grace, who always occupies her mother's room, has given the good-night kiss, and Edith is left alone. It is a warm night, and throwing herself in a large easy chair beside the low windows, she fastens back the curtain which drapes it, and looks out upon the night. She thinks of the Past, and her eyes turn toward a slab of white marble, beneath which rest the remains of that good old man, her grandfather. It is a little to the north, just above the spring-house, and is quite perceptible in the moonlight. Beside it are two other graves, and above all three waves a drooping willow. How well she remembers her grandfather's voice and manner as he used to bid her "keep on the sunny side, my dear; the sunny side, for it is always damp in the shade;" and then she thinks of the Present, and wonders if she is keeping on the "sunny side" by leaving home and friends to go among strangers; or if she will be cast in the shade at her southern home. Rising to prepare for her couch, she murmurs, "I will, as Longfellow bids, go forth to meet the shadowy Future without fear, and with a brave heart!"

CHAPTER II.

RETROSPECTION.

EDITH and Grace Stanford are the daughters of a widow; their father died when Grace was an infant; he had been wealthy but extravagant and improvident, and when his affairs were settled after his death, it was found that but a mere pittance was left for the support of the widow and orphans. Edith was three years of age, and George, the only son, but nine, when they were bereaved of a father's care. Mrs. Stanford had been raised quite plainly, but during her married life had resided in the beautiful village of B—, in one of our most northern States, and had been surrounded by every luxury. She was a woman of good sense and strong religious principles, and when she learned that everything must be sold, and there was no alternative but for her to return to her father's house, she did not murmur, but calmly agreed to the proposal, saying that she should not feel like an interloper, as, being the only child, there were no fidgety aunts or

bachelor uncles to be annoyed by her little ones.

Mr. Allen, the father of Mrs. Stanford, was a plain farmer, residing in the country on a small farm about four miles from B—. His wife, Mrs. Stanford's stepmother, had been dead a year, and he gladly welcomed to his lonely hearth his daughter, and gazed with pleasure on the bright faces of his grandchildren. Five years passed, during which time Mrs. Stanford taught Edith and George at home; at the end of that time she was persuaded to send them to a school in the village. They boarded at the house of a friend during the week, returning home every Friday evening, and remaining until Monday morning. From that time, Edith, although but eight years old, cherished the idea of becoming a teacher, and when asked often in sport by her companions when she intended to begin to teach, she would invariably reply "as soon as ever I am eighteen." Her mother encouraged the idea, thinking it would stimulate her in her studies, and, knowing the farm yielded but a small income, she thought it but right that her children should turn their talents to account. She did not dream, however, that Edith's hobby, to which she clung so pertinaciously, would carry her so far from home, and throw her, a pensioner, upon the kindness of strangers.

At the age of thirteen Edith entered the seminary, and in four years finished the course, graduating with honor, the youngest in her class.

The principal had been made aware of her intention to support herself by teaching, and offered her a vacancy in the school, saying that, if she preferred it at the end of the year, he would procure her a situation as governess in a family. She acquiesced, and entered upon her duties, discharging them faithfully. Grace, who was then fifteen, and a pupil in the institution, was her constant companion out of school hours. Her grandfather had died during her last scholastic year at the seminary, leaving the farm to her brother George, and a life-annuity to her mother.

Edith was not obliged to maintain herself by teaching, but it had been her favorite object so long that she could not abandon it, and when her brother would tell her long stories about shabbily treated governesses, and ask her why she wished to run the risk of being disagreeably situated, instead of being content to remain at the seminary, or of taking up with *other offers* at home, she would answer him laughingly, "Well, I am tired of the *Yankees*, and wish to

find out if governesses are really such a maltreated class."

One afternoon, near the close of the summer term, Edith received a message from Mr. Richards, the principal, requesting an interview with her in the parlor. He met her at the door, and inviting her in, desired her to be seated. "I have this morning received a letter from a gentleman in Georgia, applying to me for a governess," said he, "and I know of no person so well qualified to fill the situation as yourself. The gentleman states that he has two daughters, and he wishes a person competent to teach music, both vocal and instrumental, French, and the English branches usually taught in our schools. He offers a reasonable salary, and will defray the travelling expenses of the young lady. I will submit this to your consideration, desiring you to return me an answer in the course of a week. I will merely add that, in the event of your refusing the situation, I shall be but too happy to retain your services in this institution."

The answer was returned that week as desired, and was an acceptance, and the evening on which Edith is introduced to the reader is that prior to her departure.

CHAPTER III.

THE DEPARTURE.

THE sun was shining full on Edith's pillow the next morning, when she was awakened by her sister exclaiming, with forced gayety, "Come, open your eyes, Edith, or has that sun shining right in your face made you blind?" and then giving her sister an affectionate kiss, she added, "While you are dressing, I will run down and give Vagabond his seed."

Edith sprang out of bed, and kneeling down, repeated her morning prayer, adding from the Litany, "We beseech thee to succor, help, and comfort all who are in danger, necessity, and tribulation; and to preserve all who travel by land or water. We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord." She then dressed herself for her journey, and descended to the breakfast-room, where she found her mother and George already seated at the table, and Grace standing before a bird-cage scolding "Vag," her pet canary, for not bathing himself properly.

The breakfast passed over quite cheerfully. Grace kept up a running conversation with her brother, asking questions, and answering herself when not replied to, while Mrs. Stanford and Edith conversed on general subjects; all,

however, seeming to avoid the one subject uppermost in their minds, Edith's departure.

But now the carriage is at the door, and the trunk securely strapped to the back of it. Edith has bidden the servant good-by, and patted old Nero's head for the last time; and giving a last look at her grandfather's grave, as she seats herself in the carriage beside her mother, she observes that it is not in the shade of the old willow at all, and thinks, "That is quite right; no sorrow ever drooped so low over his spirits as to make them gloomy, and that marble, so bright and sunny, is but typical of his life."

As they roll away from the gate, Grace, who occupies the front seat with her brother George, turns to Edith, and, with a tear in her eye, remarks: "How lonely I shall be when I resume my studies next term, and have to travel this road alone every Monday morning!"

"You'll not go alone, I am sure," said George, "unless, contrary to your usual custom, you leave me at home, and drive the horse yourself."

"Oh, you'll go, of course; but you know, brother, that you are not Edith."

"I am fully sensible of *that* fact," he replied, adding, with a spice of indignation in his tone, "If I *were* Edith, I don't think I should leave a happy home and kind friends who are always willing and happy to take care of her, for the pleasure of going among strangers to teach a few stupid ideas how to shoot."

"If you were constituted like me, George, you would do exactly as I do," said Edith, calmly.

"Now, George," interrupted Grace, "you need not say anything disagreeable to sister Edith. I, for my part, am viewing the matter in a cheerful light"—here the tears streamed down her cheeks, and a sob contradicted the assertion; but she continued: "I will have finished school when she returns, and we will be at home with you and mother, and I think it will be perfectly delightful to have her tell us all about Southern life; and then the letters! You will write every week, won't you, sister? Your absence would be quite unendurable if it were not for those long letters you are to write. But I intend to make you regret as much as possible that you ever left home, for I am going deliberately at work to steal the hearts of all your beaux, and I intend to make Charles Howard my first victim. It is such a pity," she continued, "that my hair has retained its 'pristine whiteness,' for I once heard

him say that he could never fall in love with a 'light-haired baby-face.'"

"Oh, that does not matter," said Edith, laughing; "you can use 'Black Pomatum,' like that you saw in Tant's room"—meaning the French teacher at the seminary.

"Better buy a wig at once," suggested George, looking affectionately on Grace's bright face, which was now all smiles, and doubting in his own mind if ever Charles Howard could wish to change her vision-like style of beauty.

"Yes," returned Grace, "and appear in it at the next soiree at the seminary. That will be an amusing item in my first letter to you, Edith, and very interesting, no doubt; particularly if the bait takes—of which I entertain some doubts, however."

The conversation was kept up until they reached B——, Mrs. Stanford, however, taking no part in it, for she was very sad, and was not disposed to assume a gayety which she did not feel. As soon as they came in sight of the depot Grace's smiles all vanished, and it was evident that she no longer viewed the matter in a cheerful light.

"Oh, Edith, dear, I wish you were going home with us instead of in those ugly cars. There! I hear the whistle, and it goes straight through my head like a knife."

"You are nervous, Gracie," said her sister to her, aside, after they had entered the depot. "You must not give way to your feelings, but be cheerful, and not make mother more gloomy by your sad spirits. And when you are at home you must take my place and read to her, so that she will not miss me so much. I left the last volume of Austin's 'Goethe' on the work-table, and you will find the mark in it where I left off. Read on just as if I were there, and always have some interesting book on hand that you can take up at any moment, for you know that there is nothing dear mother likes so much as listening to us read aloud. But, come! dry up your tears, and be introduced to Mrs. Richards' brother. You know that he is going to Florida, and is to take charge of me as far as Augusta."

The introduction took place; and, leaving her sister and Mr. Acton together, Edith joined her mother and George, who stood in conversation with Mr. Richards. Just then some of Edith's young friends came running in with flushed faces, exclaiming: "Oh, Edith! we were so afraid we would be too late, but are just in time to say good-by."

And so it proved, for at that moment a voice sounded through the depot, "All aboard for

Troy!" Hasty good-byes were exchanged, and a fervent "God bless you, my daughter!" from Mrs. Stanford, as she embraced her child, and bade her "write soon." Grace wept hysterically, and elung to her sister's neck, while Edith, though very pale, maintained her calmness, and told Grace she must be "more of a woman." George manifested considerable emotion at thus parting for the first time with his sister, whom he dearly loved, but strove to hide it in unnecessary anxiety about her baggage. How well Edith remembered in after years her mother's voice and manner at that last parting! and she never forgot the strange, uncomfortable feeling which crept over her as, looking from the car window, she noticed that George and Grace stood full in the sunlight, while her mother, with her face veiled, was completely in the shade.

And now our young traveller is fairly started; and, bidding her "God speed," we will leave her to pursue her journey, in the expectation of meeting her in the next chapter in different scenes, and surrounded by other faces.

CHAPTER IV.

BEECH BLUFF.

BEAUTIFULLY situated on a high bluff overlooking the Savannah River, about twelve miles from Augusta, is a plantation known as "Beech Bluff," which takes its name from ten large beech trees standing in a parallel line in front of the owner's residence. This property belongs to Mr. Jacob Ellis, and is considered one of the finest in that section of the country.

After viewing those broad acres which every year yield an abundant harvest; those groves of chestnut and magnolia skirting the smooth green lawn which fronts the mansion and stretches far down the bluff, the eye of the beholder rests awhile on the spacious garden in the rear, which exhibits luxuriant foliage, shaded arbors, inviting one to linger in their cool retreat, and serpentine walks, bordered with those gorgeous southern flowers which, in the splendor of their vesture, Nature has made to outrival even the glory of Solomon.

The breeze from the river parts the foliage, revealing in the distance beyond the garden a number of low, white-washed cabins, which indicate the locality of the negro quarter; and still further on can be seen the cotton gin which is so indispensable on a Southern plantation, and for which planters are so much indebted to the mechanical genius of Eli Whitney. Beside

it stands the cotton press, which receives the soft, downy substance, and sends it forth in bales, ready for transportation.

"The house of Jacob hath indeed goodly possessions." So thinks Edith Stanford, as, standing at an upper window which commands an extensive view of the Bluff, she listens to Mr. Ellis as he gives her a history of the place from the time of his grandfather. She gazes out and admires the arrangement of the lawn and garden, and Mr. Ellis remarks, with a gratified smile, that all else he leaves to the care of his overseer, but the pleasure-grounds are his own particular charge.

"Papa, can't Uncle Anthony gear up, and take us to ride this morning?" asked Martha, the elder daughter, who, with her sister Mary, was standing beside her father.

"Not this morning, my dear; it is too warm, and besides I think Miss Edith would like to rest after her long journey. You can go down and show her the school-room and library. I dare say that Mary is anxious to introduce her to the books by this time: are you not, Mary?" said he, addressing a frail, delicate-looking girl, with large hazel eyes and short, thick brown curls. She smiled, and, blushing, drew closer to him, but made no reply.

At that moment a black woolly head made its appearance above the staircase, and a voice in the negro dialect asked for "Massa Jacob."

"Here, Josh," said his master. "What's wanting?"

"Uncle Sigh am in de garden, and wants to know about dem garden chairs."

"Tell him I'll be there directly."

The head disappeared in a trice, and Mr. Ellis prepared to follow, first telling Edith that he hoped she would make herself at home and become domesticated as soon as possible. "You will find Mary quite companionable when she throws off her mantle of shyness and reserve in which she usually wraps herself in the presence of strangers," said he; "but Matty is a sad fly-away; too restless to be anything but a nuisance." And, shaking his head as he said nuisance, with a smile, he, too, disappeared, and a moment after was seen in the garden engaged in conversation with an old colored man.

Left alone with the two girls, Edith soon set the ball of conversation in motion, and Martha's volubility kept it moving. Mary's shyness gradually wore off, though she did not become in the least degree familiar, for she was naturally of a reserved disposition. They

went down to the library, and thence to the school-room, a small room adjoining, both apartments opening out upon a piazza overlooking the garden. Edith looked around the little room of which she was to be monarch for two years, and then glanced at her two subjects, one of whom, judging from appearances, she feared might prove rebellious, and offer open resistance to her authority if confined within bounds, or restrained of pleasure or liberty against her will. It did not require much discriminating wisdom to discover this, for "Wilful" was written in legible characters on the broad brow and in the quick glance of the restless blue eye of the elder daughter, while "I will" spoke as plainly from the erect, defiant position of the head as if the lips had uttered it.

"I hope we will get along amicably," thought Edith. And then, addressing the girls, she asked how they liked the idea of commencing their studies the following Monday.

"Let me see," said Mary. "That will be four days." And then, after a pause, she added: "Why, I am very glad, for we are obliged to stay in the house during the warmest part of the day, and I would just as soon study as do nothing at all."

"Doing nothing at all is not your style, Mary," said Martha, mimicking her sister's rather drawing tone, "for you are always poring over some stupid book or other, instead of amusing yourself in a sensible manner, as I do. Why don't you say that you shall like it very much? I am sure I shall"—here Mary gave her sister such a look of astonishment that she colored slightly, and, after hesitating a moment, added—"with Miss Edith for our teacher; you know I never could endure Miss Hannah." And then, turning to Edith, with a comical look of disgust at the remembrance, she continued: "She had the dyspepsia, and was always rushing up and down the room complaining of the 'change of diet,' and the acid in her stomach. if she had said the acid in her temper, I'd have liked it better, and believed her."

"You know, sister, that you used to torment Miss Hannah by sneezing just in the midst of your recitation," interrupted Mary.

"Yes; but how could I help it," replied Martha, "when she took snuff, and would persist in looking over my book instead of her own, and then shake her handkerchief right in my face?"

"She never annoyed me in that way," mildly replied her sister.

"O no; because you were a little saint; you

know you were; but I am sure she looked fierce enough at you one day for laughing when I sneezed so loud, that it made her jump, and she upset the inkstand over that *snuff* colored silk."

"Yes, Miss Edith," exclaimed Mary, with more animation than she had before exhibited, "and her best dress, too, poor thing! It was completely ruined. I was very sorry, but indeed I could not help laughing, for Matty looked so frightened, and Miss Hannah kept the position she had jumped into as if she were turned into stone; looking over her spectacles first at Matty, then at me, and then at the ink which was dripping off the table on to her dress. She did not often put that dress on, but that day papa had some friends from Augusta, and she had dressed in the morning for dinner."

"Which she had no business to do," interrupted Martha; "I am sure mamma offered to replace the dress, but Miss Hannah 'scorned the idea,' though she did not scorn the fifty dollars which papa gave her in addition to her salary when she went away."

"How long since she left here?" Edith ventured to ask.

"Six months," replied Martha. "She stayed four months after mamma died, and then suddenly discovered that it was not proper (she was always talking about propriety) to live here, because papa was a widower. As if any widower in the known world would look at her!"

"Hush, Matty!" said Mary; "papa would not like to hear you talk in that way."

"It's a fact, nevertheless," said Martha, elevating her eyebrows, and nodding her head significantly, "and you know Miss Hannah used to say that 'facts were stubborn things;' looking at me all the time as if she were staring a stubborn fact in the face."

"Well, you are stubborn sometimes, Matty; and Miss Hannah told papa——"

"Never you mind what that old dame told papa," interrupted Martha, evidently not wishing Edith to know; "she went away because she did not want to be my stepmother, and be sneezed at. The idea of my handsome papa going to church with her! ha, ha! Well," she continued, looking serious, "poor papa is a widower, and he misses dear mamma very much, but he'll not put any one else in her shoes very quick, *I* know." Shrugging her shoulders, she looked at Edith as if to see what effect her words had upon her.

Edith colored and turned towards the window. For the first time, the thought of there being

any impropriety in her position in the house, simply because the master of it was a widower, was suggested to her mind, but she immediately repelled it, as indignantly, probably, as Miss Hannah had scorned the offer to replace her dress. "Perfectly absurd!" she said to herself; "nobody would think of such a thing but an old maid; to be sure I have been here but little more than twenty-four hours; but, judging from what I have seen of Mr. Ellis, I think I am justified in believing that he would never draw any woman into any situation whatever that would compromise her in the least. He told me yesterday morning in the carriage, coming from Augusta, that he regretted that there was no one to receive me and dispense the hospitalities of his house but himself and the children; but it never occurred to me, when he added that his wife had been dead ten months, that there was any impropriety in a young lady taking up her residence here as governess. My only feeling was that of compassion for the poor motherless girls. I am sorry that Miss Martha has received this notion into her head, for I can plainly see that she will use it to advantage in case of provocation. However, I will not make myself uncomfortable in mind about it, for here I am, and here I must remain." With this wise conclusion, and her composure perfectly restored, she turned with the intention of going into the library, and just in time, as it proved, to catch the last act of the pantomime which had been going on at her back while she was lost in thought. Mary, with an indignant expression of countenance, was holding up her finger threateningly, and nodding her head in a significant manner towards the garden, where Mr. Ellis's voice could be heard in conversation with Uncle Sigh; while Martha, with an empty inkstand in her hand, was motioning as if in the act of throwing something on Edith's dress, her whole countenance lighted up with suppressed mirth, and her face contorted like a person's in the act of sneezing. Edith, quite as much amused probably as Mary had been, at a somewhat similar scene in the same room, between Martha and Miss Hannah, moved toward the library, saying, with an ill-concealed smile, "Come, girls, let us look at the books."

They passed into the adjoining room, and taking down a volume, Edith asked Mary what were her favorites.

"Scott is my favorite author, and I like Mrs. Hemans, too," she replied.

"And what books do you read?" she inquired, turning to Martha.

"Why, I think I like Robinson Crusoe as

well as any book there; it is the only one I ever read, any way," said she, flourishing a dust-brush, which Nelly the housemaid had carelessly left on the sofa.

"A contrast in taste, certainly!" thought Edith. "Here is Mary, twelve years old, reading Scott and Hemans, while Miss Martha, two years her senior, is giving her undivided attention to Robinson Crusoe;" and, looking at the sisters, she thought the contrast in their appearance quite as great. Mary was reclining against the window-sill, the very embodiment of girlish grace and beauty, her small white hand half buried in her clustering curls, and her large expressive eyes following her sister's movements, while an amused smile hovered around her lips, parting them and displaying a set of small pearly teeth. The fairness of her complexion was enhanced by her black dress, cut low, exposing neck and shoulders of dazzling whiteness. She blushed, as, looking up, she caught Edith's eye fastened upon her, and, changing her position, took a book from the table and slowly turned over the leaves.

Martha was standing in the centre of the room, looking threateningly at a huge fly on the ceiling, as if she meditated an application of the dust-brush, and Edith, as she looked at her, asked involuntarily, "How much do you weigh?"

"One hundred and forty-seven; I was weighed yesterday at the cotton-gin," was the reply in an emphatic tone, as if the owner of so much flesh gloried in its possession.

"You weighed one hundred and fifty once," said Mary.

"Yes, when Miss Hannah first came here; but she shook three pounds off me."

"Why, sister!" exclaimed Mary in surprise, "Miss Hannah never shook you in her life."

"Shook her handkerchief in my face, and made me sneeze it off, which is all the same thing," said Martha, laconically. The sisters still wore mourning for their mother, and Martha had on a black dress which was far too short for a girl of her size, and put on so carelessly that her figure looked still more bulky. Her hair, of a reddish-brown color, was twisted up in a knot at the back of her head, and had evidently not been combed that day; her blue eyes were full of mischief, and her lips, always working restlessly, were large, though not badly shaped; her complexion was of that peculiar fairness which usually accompanies red or auburn hair, but which freckles so easily, and her face and neck were covered with these unsightly blemishes. Full of life and overflowing

spirits, she had a keen relish for fun, which often induced her to play pranks on the negroes; but she was a favorite on the plantation notwithstanding, and any one of them would incur his master's displeasure rather than bring "young missus" into disgrace with her papa, by telling him the author of the mischief. She was naturally affectionate in disposition, and those whom she loved were never annoyed by her propensity to tease, when she found that it was really disagreeable; but she was ingenious in contrivances to torment those whom she did not particularly fancy, to which fact poor Miss Hannah could testify, and also Aunt Cilla the housekeeper. Possessing great penetration, she could discover at once the most tender spot in another's feelings, and proceed to apply her caustic touches where they would burn most deeply. After her mother's death, Miss Hannah's unguarded remarks about living in the house with a widower, and openly expressed fears as to what the world would say, revealed to Martha her teacher's most vulnerable point, and afforded a brilliant opportunity for the exercise of her talent. With a great assumption of indignation at Uncle Anthony's, Uncle Sigh's, or some other colored uncle's impudence, she would rush in upon Miss Hannah when that good spinster was in one of her most quiet moods, and startle her with,

"Did you ever hear the like, Miss Hannah? Uncle Sigh says that you need not set your last new black cap for papa, for it would not catch a crab, let alone a fine trout; and I just think I'll tell his master, for he oughtn't to be allowed to speak his mind so freely about the white folks."

At Miss Hannah's earnest supplication not to mention it to her papa, she would yield, with apparent unwillingness, however, saying that "the blacks had better be picking at their cotton instead of at Miss Hannah's yellow ribbons;" generally adding, by way of parenthesis, "Papa would settle them if he knew it," and then disappear as suddenly as she came, delighted at her success in "ruffling the old lady."

These daily repeated provocations at length had, to Martha, the desired effect; Miss Hannah could stand it no longer. In her credulity, believing that she was looked upon with suspicion by the negroes, whose opinion she had a great respect for, that of the house servants particularly, and more than half suspecting that Mr. Ellis himself imputed to her a less disinterested motive for remaining after his wife's death than solicitude for his children's welfare, she one

day, in a fit of desperation after listening to a fresh bulletin from the negro quarter, burst into the library in a great state of excitement, and, much to Mr. Ellis's astonishment, commenced to vindicate herself, demanding at the same time "an explanation of the foul aspersions on her character."

Mr. Ellis rose, and, offering her a chair, requested her to be seated. Overcome by his kind manner, she sank into the seat and burst into a flood of tears. Mr. Ellis paced up and down the room at a loss to know what the unusual scene meant; his visitor becoming more calm, he seated himself on the sofa, and attentively listened to the whole story, which was related with considerable stammering and blushing on Miss Hannah's part, whose suspicions as to Mr. Ellis's opinion of her had given place to a womanly feeling of delicacy and considerable embarrassment on having to tell him that she was suspected by his servants of having designs upon him.

Mr. Ellis could with difficulty refrain from laughing; but, assuming the most respectful and deferential manner, he assured her that it was nothing more than Martha's nonsense, which, though certainly very reprehensible, he hoped she would overlook and forget. Calling Martha, who looked the least bit in the world abashed by her father's stern look, he asked what she meant by disturbing Miss Hannah so often.

"It was all meant in fun, papa. Uncle Anthony told me one day when I was teasing him that he would put you up to marry Miss Hannah, and then I'd have a mother that would make me step around, and I just told Miss Hannah for fun, because she was always wondering what people would say to her staying here after mamma died, and I thought I'd just let her know what the black people said, any way."

Reprimanding Martha severely for her disrespect to her teacher, and for exaggerating, which she acknowledged that she did in repeating what had been said, her father sent her to her room in tears, for she loved him devotedly, and when she saw that he was really offended her sorrow was deep, and prolific of a great many resolutions to amend, which, if they had been kept, would have effected a marvellous change in the wild, wilful girl. Miss Hannah soon after passed to her own room, and the subject was not again alluded to. Mr. Ellis showed neither by word nor look that he remembered the occurrence, but appeared not the least surprised when, the following week, Miss

Hannah announced at the dinner-table her intended departure. A few days after, the carriage was at the door, and she was conveyed to Augusta, much to Martha's satisfaction, who complimented herself on her able generalship in getting rid of her enemy. She looked upon teachers in general, and governesses in particular, as avowed enemies to youth, and, as "all is fair in war," she felt that she had fairly gotten rid of her adversary.

The surprise of both the girls was very great when told by their father that another lady would soon arrive to take Miss Hannah's place. The information was received with pleasure by Mary, and Martha received it with a better grace than her father expected, and also his admonitions in regard to her conduct towards her future teacher. On Edith's arrival, Martha gazed in astonishment at her beauty, for she had expected to see a person after the order of Miss Hannah, and if Edith had come in any other capacity than that of school-ma'am, Martha, who had a taste for the beautiful, though she did not exercise it much in the arrangement of her toilet, would, without doubt, have fallen in love with her; as it was, she felt more friendly towards her, concluding that no one so pretty as Miss Edith could ever scold; of which fact she was convinced when Edith smiled so pleasantly at the pantomime scene instead of resenting the implied injury to her dress, as Miss Hannah would have done.

(To be continued.)

DO YOU REMEMBER!

BY G. T. C.

Do you remember—I remember—

Well the day we, lingering, parted?

'Twas the shivering bleak December;

I was nearly broken-hearted.

Do you still cherish—I still cherish—

Sweet memories of the vows then given?

Tho' earth and time-born, ne'er can perish

Such foretastes of the bliss of heaven.

Are you regretting—I regret not—

Our plighted faith in each forever?

Are you forgetting—I forget not—

That love's strong ties time cannot sever?

Are you now dreaming—I am dreaming—

Of brighter hopes that send their greeting

From coming scenes, till almost seeming

To give us many a welcome meeting?

Is your heart gladden'd—mine is gladden'd—

While yearning for that fond reunion

When life in life, now absence-sadden'd,

We'll know forever love's communion?

A WHISPER TO A NEWLY-MARRIED PAIR.

A WHISPER TO THE WIFE.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

GENTLE lady, my whisper to your husband is ended. From *you* a moment's attention is now claimed by a *widowed wife*, whose bridal morning rose as bright as yours; whose youthful heart loved "with all a woman's love;" and who anxiously wishes to secure for her interesting sisters that first and most important of all a wife's pursuits—the confidence and affection of her husband.

You are now become a wife; and sacred and important are the duties you have to fulfil. Your husband has bestowed on you the most flattering distinction: he has selected you from the world; and the chain he has put on can be broken *only* by death! Be it your care never to let him feel this chain, and by your kindness and gentleness make him even forget he wears it.

A bride, wherever she appears, is ever considered an object of importance and a subject for remark. "Have you seen the bride?" is the eager and general question; and what she does, what she says, what she wears, and how she looks, swell the insignificant chat of every gossip's visit. Let the notice which you thus excite make you particularly observant of your manner and conduct; and give the busy whisperer no food for a new sarcasm in the next importation of tittle-tattle.

A bride is generally (indeed, I think always) proud of the new character she has entered on; and, unless she is a woman of sense, fond of exhibiting the love she has inspired. Pursue a different course; let your manner to your husband be kind and good-humored; but sacred to the hours of retirement be those expressions and that display of endearment, which, used in public, argue, in loud terms, a want of *true* delicacy, and are ever particularly disagreeable to the spectator.

The first inquiry of a woman after marriage should be, "How shall I continue the love I have inspired? how shall I preserve the heart I have won?" Gentle lady, at the present moment your husband thinks you the loveliest, the gentlest of beings. Destroy not the illusion: be lovely still; be gentle still. The long and dreary road that lies through the wilderness of life is stretched before you; and by a chain, the links of which no human power can

break, you are bound to a companion with whom, hand in hand, you must walk through this long, long road. For the sake then of peace, for the sake of happiness, for the sake of *self* (that most powerful feeling), brighten the way by endeavoring to make yourself amiable and pleasing to him.

The great Dr. Johnson, with his usual strength of expression, laments, in the following words, the contrasted manner which frequently occurs *before* and *after* marriage: "One would think the whole endeavor of both parties during the time of courtship is to hinder themselves from being known—to disguise their natural temper and real desires in hypocritical imitation, studied compliance, and continued affectation. From the time that their love is avowed, neither sees the other but in a mask; and the cheat is often managed on both sides with so much art, and discovered afterwards with so much abruptness, that each has reason to suspect that some transformation has happened on the wedding-night, and that by a strange imposture, as in the case of Jacob, one has been courted and another married.

"However discreet your choice has been, time and circumstances alone can sufficiently develop your husband's character: by degrees the discovery will be made that you have married a mortal, and that the object of your affections is not entirely free from the infirmities of human nature. Then it is that, by an impartial survey of your own character, your disappointment may be moderated; and your love, so far from declining, may acquire additional tenderness, from the consciousness that there is room for mutual forbearance."

ON CONJUGIAL HAPPINESS.

AFTER marriage, a man generally takes his wife to his home, where every object is endeared to him by local attachment and interesting remembrances. With pride and pleasure does he walk out with his fair bride, to exhibit to her the beauties of his domain and the scenes of his youth. "Look," says he, "at that noble view down the river; see that boat, how softly it glides, and that little temple on the hill, where on a fine evening I used to sit with my excellent mother, and say my tasks by her

side: she was, in truth, my Emily, an *excellent* mother; several years have elapsed since I lost her, and yet I cannot think of her but with the strongest feelings of affection and regret." Endeavor, gentle lady, to enter into his feelings, and to admire, and to feel pleased with everything with which he is pleased. In those bridal moments, your smiles and approbation are delightful to him: and although alterations and improvements may occur to you, let him see it is for the sake of those improvements, not for the sake of finding fault, you point out the defect.

Study your husband's temper and character; and be it your pride and pleasure to conform to his wishes. Check at once the first advances to contradiction, even of the most *trivial* nature. I repeat the word *trivial*, for it is really inconceivable the power which the *veriest trifles* have, at times, over the mind, either in *irritating* or *pleasing*. And the woman who, after a few years are gone by, can say, "My husband and I have never yet had a loud or angry debate," is, in my opinion, better entitled to a chaplet of laurels, than the hero who has fought on the plains of Waterloo.

"There is one simple direction, which, if carefully regarded, might long preserve the tranquillity of the married life, and insure no inconsiderable portion of connubial happiness to the observers of it: it is, to *beware of the first dispute*."

An admired writer says, "Let it never be forgotten, that, during the whole of life, beauty must suffer no diminution from inelegance, but every charm must contribute to keep the heart which it has won. Whatever would have been concealed as a defect from the lover, must, with greater diligence, be concealed from the husband. The most intimate and tender familiarity cannot surely be supposed to exclude decorum; and there is naturally a delicacy in every mind, which is disgusted at the breach of it, though every mind is not sufficiently attentive to avoid at all times that mode of conduct which it has often itself found offensive. That unwearied solicitude to please, which was once the effect of choice, is now become a duty, and should be considered as a pleasure.

'E'en in the happiest choice, where favoring Heaven
Has equal love and easy fortune given,
Think not, the husband gain'd, that all is done;
The prize of happiness must still be won.'

When once you enter the matrimonial state, gentle lady, prepare for the various trials of temper which each day will produce. Your husband perhaps does, or says, something pro-

voking; your servants do, or say, something provoking; or some valuable article is injured by their negligence; a handsome piece of China or glass is broken; a tiresome visitor comes in at a most *mal-apropos* moment, and breaks in on some matter of consequence, &c. &c. But remember the great Solomon's words: "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." (*Prov. xvi. 32.*) By the expression *ruleth his spirit*, the inspired writer's views on the subject are evidently wide and extensive. He alludes to those infirmities of temper and disposition which so often corrode our peace, and make us unamiable and uncomfortable to ourselves and those around us. When the risings of discontent, peevishness, envy, anger, resentment, or any evil passion, disturb or threaten to take possession of our hearts, then is the man that *ruleth his spirit* superior, in the eyes of the eastern monarch, to the hero returning from the battle or the siege, crowned with laurels, and covered with glory! I cannot dismiss this subject without remarking the very sweet and engaging point of view in which persons appear to me when I see them pliantly yielding their own will to the will of another. A late writer makes the following excellent remark: "Great actions are so often performed from little motives of vanity, self-complacency, and the like, that I am apt to think more highly of the person whom I observe checking a reply to a petulant speech, or even submitting to the judgment of another *in stirring the fire*, than of one who gives away thousands!"

LINES FOR AN ALBUM.

BY S. A. BLAKELEY.

DEAR FRIEND, what shall I ask for thee,
Health, wealth, and all prosperity?
Or shall I wish thee—rarest gift below—
The happiness the good alone may know?
Methinks the last best suited to thy mind,
With thy pure tastes and gentle air refined;
With heart by honor, love, and truth encrowded—
Oh may true happiness by thee be found!
Not the false glitter wealth calls happiness,
That has no single power to charm or bless;
Not the vain show where beauty takes delight,
Whose fairest morning ends in darkest night,
But the true happiness the good enjoy,
That earthly cares and ills cannot alloy;
That lifts the soul from "Nature up to Nature's God,
And gives, when chastened, strength to kiss the rod.
That this sweet peace may to thy life be given,
And shed o'er darkest hours some gleams of Heaven;
May make the present bright, the future fair,
And give thee endless joy shall be my prayer.

MY WARD.

BY MARIA DUKE.

I WAS only twenty-three years of age when I became that important personage, a guardian of the person and fortune of Miss Fannie Lee, and this was how it happened:—

George Lee and I were classmates in college, and were not only class but room mates and friends. We were called the inseparables, Damon and Pythias, and numerous jokes went round the college about our friendship; yet it stood the test of four years' companionship and the ridicule of our fellow-collegians, and we left Alma Mater firm, true friends. He was a splendid fellow, a man to love and be proud to call friend. We settled in the same city, he as a physician, I as a lawyer, and our intercourse was always pleasant. He was an orphan, and the sole guardian of one little sister fifteen years younger than himself. There was no other relations to wean the love these two felt one for the other away from them. Their father, an Englishman, had brought his wife from the "old country," and when these two died the children stood alone. Mr. Lee was not wealthy, but he left a small sum, the interest of which was enough for the children to live upon with economy. As soon as George was fairly started in the practice of medicine, he settled this sum upon his sister.

When I was but twenty-three, George two years older, my friend became a victim to our country's chiefest scourge, consumption. In his last illness he implored me to accept the office of guardian to his little sister. She was then at boarding-school, and, George argued, would probably remain there until I was married and settled, or, if I desired it, until she was of age and able to take care of herself and her property. Glad to relieve my friend of any sad anxiety, I undertook the charge, and was legally intrusted with full power to guard Miss Fanny and her money for the next eleven years.

George died. It was a sore blow to me, yet the certainty that his noble, self-sacrificing spirit was happy after many trials in this rough world was a consolation, and, in time, other interests and affections came to comfort me.

Seven years passed away. I was still a bachelor, but keeping house, with Mrs. Dodd for the presiding genius of my establishment. Mrs. Dodd was a melancholy woman, constantly wiping tears from very pale blue eyes with the

corner of her apron, referring with a sniffle to Dodd defunct, or, as she termed him, "my dear Henery." My days were passed in business, my evenings in practising on the violin or reading. I had tried the piano, and a grand piano in the parlor stood a silent witness of my failure, so I contented myself with buying a magnificent cover for it, and returned to the violin, which Mrs. Dodd enthusiastically declared I "played in the most beautifullest manner."

In all these seven years my ward was at school. Regularly every year I paid her bills and forwarded the remainder of her income to her teacher for Miss Fannie's wardrobe and current expenses; and, this duty over, I thought no more about her. I had several precious documents from the principal of the seminary, reporting the progress made by Miss Lee in the various branches taught at that institute, and then another 'twelvemonth would roll by before the intercourse was renewed. I had come, under this state of things, to look upon my ward as a very well behaved young lady, thoroughly conversant with the "English branches, music, and the modern languages," who would in the course of time leave school, claim the capital of her property, and probably marry some respectable man, and live in peace, leaving me in the same enviable state. Fancy, then, the effect produced upon my mind by the following epistle, which lay upon my desk one morning in January:—

BROOKDALE, Jan. 19, 18—.

DEAR GUARDIAN: The half yearly session of our school closes on Saturday next, and I finish my course. I am, between ourselves, horribly tired of school, and so I am coming to live with you. That's what all young ladies do who have guardians, ain't it? I know your address, because Miss Screwem has it, and I will be with you on Monday evening or Tuesday, I can't say exactly which, because my new bonnet may not come home Saturday, in which case I must wait until the afternoon boat on Monday. I am quite well, and hope to find you in a flourishing state of health. I have no doubt you are a dear, clever old soul, who will not snub me as they do here, and if you are real good to me I am sure I shall love you like a house a fire. You need not answer this, because I

shall leave here before your answer can reach me. Come or send to the boat to meet me, won't you?

Yours, respectfully,

FANNIE LEE.

I was perfectly thunderstruck. Coming to my house! A dear *old* soul! I looked over at the glass. I saw a tall, erect figure, a face upon which thirty summers had left a brown hue, not entirely worn away by the winters' cold; a heavy black moustache, and thick, wavy black hair; features so-so; eyes black and large. Then I glanced round my room, my office. All was neat there, for I had kept bachelor's hall too long to have it disorderly. My mind wandered over the house. The two third story rooms were vacant, and fitted up, one as a parlor, one as a bedroom, for I often entertained my friends for several days together; these rooms must be aired and arranged for Miss Lee. My imagination pictured a raw school-girl thumping exercises on my grand piano, dragging school-books into my parlors, and practising dancing on my carpets, or, still worse, a young lady, *finished*, filling my parlors with her admirers, keeping me up till morning to go out in the cold and bring her home from parties (I savagely resolved I would *not* take her to them). Then another idea flashed across me—somebody must be there to play propriety; I was too young to have a lady of seventeen visiting me alone. Mrs. Dodd was not in her element out of the kitchen and pantry, I had no mother, no sister, but I had an aunt. My blood seemed to run in little cold rills all through me as I thought of Aunt Jane; but I could see no other way to accommodate Mrs. Grundy, so I took down my hat, and went to Aunt Jane's.

Tall, stiff, frigid was Aunt Jane, as usual. Chilling was my greeting, withering was the glance cast at my muddy boots, but my errand was successful. Aunt Jane had always considered me foolish in living alone, and she agreed to make my house her home whilst my ward was with me. Leaving her with *carte blanche* for the arrangements, I went to court. My ward danced over my briefs, and I addressed the presiding judge once as Miss Lee, once as Miss Fannie. I was released at last, and went home.

What a sight awaited me! Taking advantage of my order to "do as she thought proper," Aunt Jane had instituted a regular house cleaning in the middle of January. As she had only one day to do it in, she had taken it all at once. From the garret to the cellar there was not a fire; the furnace fire had gone

out, and there was no one to make it up; everybody was too busy. There were women on step-ladders, women under tables, women on the stairs, women in the closets, women from the front door to the roof. Buckets of water, large cakes of soap, rags, brushes, towels, brooms, bottles empty and full, books, everything in the most direful confusion. I was standing ruefully contemplating the scene, when I heard a well-known snuffle at my elbow.

"I am so sorry, Mr. Holmes," said Mrs. Dodd, "that we couldn't do the office; but it was locked, and we could not find the key." And at the same instant I felt a key slipped into my hand.

Mentally promising Mrs. Dodd an extra V with her month's wages, I said: "Oh, I've got the key. Aunt Jane, I expect Miss Lee at midnight; it is now five o'clock. May I ask how I am to receive her in this mess?"

"Oh, it will all be done by that time. We did not take up the carpets; only covered them, and we will soon get through."

I went to the office. Dodd! Dodd! incomparable Dodd! A fire burned brightly in the open grate, a cold collation was spread upon one of the tables, and not a book was out of place. I was scarcely seated when my melancholy housekeeper entered with hot coffee and—

"You see, sir, Miss Jane said there was no time to get your dinner, so I did the best I could with the cold tongue and chicken, and I did manage some oysters if you will have them." And she left, to return with one of her most delicious stews.

"If Miss Lee wants a maid, sir, my cousin has a handy girl about twenty who would be glad to come."

"Have her here to-night," I said. And, with a grateful courtesy and snuffle, Mrs. Dodd left me.

Aunt Jane was as good as her word. When I left the house to go to the boat it was in its usual order, though a racking headache reminded me of the noise and confusion that had prevailed until after ten o'clock.

The boat came up to the wharf the moment after I arrived there, and I went on board to find my ward. I looked at all the young ladies, and instinctively I expected to see the blue eyes and fair hair of my old friend George. One after another, all those I singled out were carried off by fathers or brothers, or had an escort with them. Concluding that Miss Lee had had to wait for her new bonnet, I was leaving the boat when a tall elderly gentleman near me said:—

"Well, Miss Fannie, we must try to find Mr. Holmes's house."

I said, quickly, "Miss Lee?"

"The same, sir," said the gentleman. "Miss Serewem asked me to take charge of her. Are you a friend of Mr. Holmes? Miss Fannie, here is the gentleman your guardian has sent to meet you."

Could that tiny little figure beside him be my ward? She was muffled up in furs, woollens, shawls, till she was nearly as broad as she was long, and wore a heavy brown veil. She did manage, however, to get a tiny, neatly gloved hand out from her wrappings, and extend to me.

"Mr. Jones has my checks," she said, in one of the clearest, sweetest voices I ever heard.

The gentleman handed me three checks, and then I offered my arm to Miss Lee. She first thanked her escort for the care he had taken of her, bade him good-by, and then turned to me. The carriage taken and trunks secured, we left the wharf.

"Why didn't Mr. Holmes come?" said Miss Fannie, as we drove through the streets; "was he afraid of the rheumatism this cold night? Oh, wasn't it cold on the water?"

"Were you sea-sick?" I inquired.

"Sea-sick! No, indeed! I never was sick, any kind of sick in my life! Is this the house?"

I opened the carriage door. Mrs. Dodd opened my front door, and Miss Lee ran in. I left her to Dodd, and turned my attention to the baggage. When I went into the parlor, she was standing near the furnace register, talking to Mrs. Dodd, and did not notice me. She had thrown aside the wrappings, and stood there in a brown merino dress, which fitted a small, graceful figure, perfectly. Unlike her brother, she was a decided brunette. Her hair fell in short jetty curls on her shoulders, and her dark, clear complexion glowed crimson at the cheeks, with the recent exposure to the cold. Her eyes, raised to Dodd's face, were large and very dark.

"Oh, never mind, Miss Jane," she was saying, as I came in, "I don't care if she has gone to bed. But where's Mr. Holmes?"

"He'll be here in a minute, I suppose!"

"Tell me, is he awful old, and will he be cross and fussy?"

"Old! cross! fussy!" said Dodd; "why, you rode home with him!"

"What! is that my guardian? That young, handsome man! Mr. Holmes! Well, I never was so astonished—"

"And delighted, I hope!" I said, crossing

the room to her side. She did not blush or look confused at my address, but looked at me a moment with her large brown eyes, and then burst into a hearty fit of girlish laughter.

"Do you know," she said, after she recovered her gravity, "I thought you were as old as the hills? I don't know why, except that all the girls at school who have guardians, have old ones. Ain't it jolly? We can have a great deal nicer times now, as it is, can't we?"

"I sincerely hope you will find your new home pleasant," I said, and I meant it. The large parlors seemed to have a new radiance cast over them by the presence of this tiny, merry girl.

Mrs. Dodd went to find Lizzie, her cousin, to be inaugurated in her duties as Miss Lee's maid, and we were alone.

"I am sure it will be pleasant," said my ward, "if you won't snub me. I am so tired of being lectured and scolded, and it ain't of any use either to be always at me. I can't be quiet and ladylike, and all that sort of thing. I think—I think I ain't one of the *good* kind."

I could not help smiling at this naive confession. She came a little closer to me.

"You will be kind to me, won't you? You know I have nobody else!"

I held out both hands to her.

"Do you know," I said, gently, "how much I loved your brother?"

"Yes!" in a whisper.

"I promised him to be kind to you. I have neglected the charge he left me, but I will make the future atone for it."

Dodd and Lizzie came in, and bidding my ward a cordial good-night, I saw her go up stairs, followed by Lizzie carrying the cloaks, shawls, and furs.

Such a life as I led for the next six weeks! I don't think that any uncaged monkey was ever more filled with mischief and fun than Miss Fannie Lee. She nearly tormented the life out of Aunt Jane and me. She hid aunt's spectacles in my briefs, so that they fell out in court; and she put the old lady's snuff-box in my waistcoat pocket, to be produced in the same place. She chose the moments when I was absorbed in a knotty case to fly to the piano, and play the liveliest jigs, and sing, in a clear soprano voice, the most absurd caricatures of opera music, rolling up her eyes, opening her mouth to its fullest extent, and scattering the neat comical trills and crescendos upon the air, till there was no alternative for me, and the papers were laid aside, to be studied out after Miss Fannie retired. No sooner did

she see me disengaged than she was at my side. She pulled my moustache to make it grow, she said; she pretended to find white hairs amongst my black ones, and made this pretence for jerking out a dozen at a time of the jetty ones. She took my newspaper when I was most interested in it, to make me a cocked hat, and burned the tip of my nose trying to light my cigar.

She had a most splendid musical talent, and played upon the piano with wonderful execution and expression. One of her favorite plans for tormenting me was to propose duets. I would get my violin, and the little witch would take her place at the piano with the gravity of a deacon. She would throw her whole soul into the music until she saw that I was interested and absorbed in it, and then she would slyly dash off the most absurd variations on some negro melody, or dancing tune. As soon as I stopped, she would look up with an affectation of grave surprise, and go on with her part of the music until I was again interested, when the jig or polka came in again, and so on till I threw aside my violin, when she would gravely lecture me upon the bad example I was setting my ward, by losing my temper.

Yet I could not sincerely say that I wished her back at school. With all her wild freaks, she was affectionate and kind, and I often saw that her most daring pieces of mischief followed Aunt Jane's severe lectures upon propriety. They could not live in peace. It was like fire and ice, and Aunt Jane's severe, cold manner would have broken the child's heart or spirit, had not I been there to shield, protect, and indulge her.

I had never asked myself if I loved this wayward sunbeam; I knew she made my home a home, not a mere dwelling-house, and I listened for her voice, as for music; but she seemed to me such a child in her free, frank joyousness, that I never thought of love.

One morning I was taken with a severe attack of nervous headache. I had been subject for years to such spells, and I threw myself upon the sofa in the parlor, certain that for hours there was nothing for me but quiet endurance. Dodd came in to darken the windows, get me a pillow, and put the camphor bottle near me, and then I was alone. Soon I heard a merry laugh, and then a clear voice began to sing a verse of a gay song. It ceased suddenly, and Fannie said—

"Sick! a headache! Of course, I will be quiet, Miss Jane. I am so sorry!"

Light footsteps came over the stairs, the

parlor door opened and shut softly, and presently two soft cool hands fell gently upon my forehead.

"Can't I do anything for you?" she whispered.

"Nothing, thank you. Don't let me keep you here in the dark!"

"Oh, please let me stay. I like to be where you are, better than anywhere."

The pain was too bad for me to talk, so she sat down and softly bathed my head with Cologne water, parting the hair with her light fingers, and mesmerizing me with those soft cool hands till I fell asleep, pondering over her last words.

I awoke, free from pain, but languid, and I heard Aunt Jane's voice in the parlor, at some distance from my sofa.

"You will find that he really disapproves of your conduct. It is not proper, and any young lady who allows herself to take such liberties with a gentleman, loses his respect."

Was it my ward who spoke next? The voice was clear and cold as Aunt Jane's!

"I think you are mistaken! I see that I was wrong to love the only person who has been really kind to me since my brother died, but I do not think my guardian misunderstood me. Still, I will take your advice, and go back to school till I am of age. Now mark me, not because you advise me, but because I cannot live here on cold, formal terms with my guardian, and I *will* not give him reason to despise me, by showing that I am grateful for his love."

The voice trembled a little, but Aunt Jane merely said—

"You have decided wisely," and left the room.

I kept perfectly quiet. I heard one choking sob, and then light steps approaching my sofa. A tear fell upon my forehead, and then soft, warm lips gently pressed the spot, and Fannie went towards the door.

In an instant I was on my feet beside her. Never mind what I said; I did not offend her, and when I sat down upon the sofa again, the tiny form nestled close in my arms. Only one question about our future life did my promised wife ask me—

"Aunt Jane?"

"Will return home the day we are married!"

And she did; a handsome present quite reconciling her to the match, and repaying her for the three months she spent with me to play propriety when I received a visit from my "ward."

A NICE NEIGHBORHOOD.

BY ALICE B. HAVEN.

"ONLY a hundred dollars a year more, Fred, and such a nice neighborhood!"

Mrs. Ballard gazed up into her husband's face in such an earnest, animated way, her own looked so pretty in the full light, between the Liverpool coal and the shaded gas-burner, that "Fred" could not resist stooping down to kiss her. If he could have foreseen how much that kiss was going to cost him! They had been three years married, and, living thus far without the joys and plagues of a nursery to divide them, they were still fond enough of each other to make the caress a happiness to both. Mr. Ballard drew the bright, sparkling face down to his shoulder, and took the hand that had been upraised in a pretty appealing gesture.

"Is it any more comfortable than this home?"

"O yes, indeed; the hall and vestibule are finished in black walnut, and then there's a third room, you know I told you, on the first floor, and two more chambers, of course, above."

As they already had four, and occupied but one, it did not seem essential to increase the number of sleeping apartments; but Mr. Ballard agreed to meet his wife the next afternoon on his way up town, and go to see the new house.

Now they were living beyond the Eighth Avenue in Nineteenth Street, and, though the block of four houses, of which their own was a part, was unexceptionable, one had to pass certain tenement houses to reach them, and the entire square presented an incongruous mixture of comfort and squalor which one often sees in respectable localities in New York city.

The desirable residence Mrs. Ballard had discovered brought her nearly two avenues nearer the Fifth; but it was very high up town, to be sure—above the Thirties. The situation was a little bleak, and the front of the house narrower by two feet than the one they now occupied; but when one aspires to gentility they must put up with coldness and narrowness, as all the world knows; and in every other respect there was nothing to ask. The black walnut vestibule and staircase, the handsome mantels, and neatly finished cornices, gave the interior quite an air; and, standing on the doorstep, both up

and down the street, only houses of equal merit were to be seen; indeed, they rose to the grandeur of four stories and twenty-five feet fronts as they neared the end of the square.

"I shall never be able to walk to the Swamp," said Mr. Ballard, who was in the leather trade, almost under the shadow of the Cliff Street Temple of Knowledge.

"But the cars bring you to the corner, you know, and the Fifth Avenue stages are only a block and a half away; and it won't make much difference to me, I go down town so seldom."

Not that Mr. Ballard needed to be urged into the exchange, for the noisy children swearing on the sidewalk near their pleasant home annoyed him as much as the rag man's cart with its melancholy bell did his wife. This chiffonier must have belonged to one of those objectionable tenement houses in the rear, and he had a fancy for stabling the two wretched dogs that dragged under it on the curb-stone before Mrs. Ballard's parlor windows.

However, all that was at an end; the new house was taken, and the moving accomplished without any greater incidents than are usual to such transitions. The new parlor carpet would have been needed all the same in Nineteenth Street, and the furniture being almost new was sufficiently good for its present improved quarters. Mrs. Ballard superintended the last tack, and saw the door close on the upholsterer with great satisfaction. She took unusual pains with her toilet that night; put on her husband's favorite dress, and some well-preserved crimson *immortelles* in her brown hair. "And now," she said, as she had shown him through the house, "we are all ready for calls, if it is at all a sociable neighborhood."

It was unusually so for New York; several of the ladies remarked that when they paid their compliments and gratified their own curiosity as to the inmates and appointments of No. 27. Of the five who had done so Mrs. Ballard had elected two as favorites.

"I hope we shall see a great deal of you," Mrs. Rhodes remarked, in taking leave of Mrs. Ballard. "Mrs. Hamilton, who was before you, was extremely unsociable. I don't believe she ever set foot into my house more than

twice, all the time she lived here. It doesn't look well to be above living pleasantly with one's neighbors."

Now, as Mrs. Rhodes' house was four stories, and very brown stone as to front, such a remark was gratifying; so was the freedom of Mrs. Sloan's manner, who said "My dear" on her very first call, twice in a breath, and urged its speedy return.

"Don't let it be a hundred years before we see you at 32, my dear Mrs. Ballard. I am delighted with the acquisition of such neighbors; such an improvement on poor Mrs. Hamilton! Don't come any farther, my dear, pray don't!" And Mrs. Sloan tilted gracefully on her high boot heels, and swung round on the pavement with the most captivating air; a wave of the hand and a parting smile intended to confirm the favorable impression she considered herself to have made.

"Mrs. Hamilton does not seem to have been much of anybody," Mrs. Ballard said to her husband, after giving a glowing description of Mrs. Sloan's toilet and general appearance. "That's the second time I've heard how unsociable she was. Do you know anything about them?"

"Why, yes; Cameron said to me only yesterday, 'So you've taken George Hamilton's old house?' George is a nice fellow, very; much better off than I am."

"It's a pity he should have such a wife! so dull, you know, not going out any," Mrs. Ballard explained.

"They didn't have room enough here, I believe, for their five children," pursued Mr. Ballard.

A very good reason, *five children*, for poor Mrs. Hamilton's lack of sociability; Mrs. Ballard did not stop to think of that. She felt greatly elated by the favorable comparison that had been made between them, and entertained her old friend and neighbor, Mrs. Thane, of Nineteenth Street, with a description of the style and friendliness of those who had stepped forward to console her for Mrs. Thane's loss.

That good little wife and mother went home with the seeds of envy and jealousy sown in her kindly heart. She missed Mrs. Ballard every day of her life, for there was no one else she could be very friendly with when they had resided near each other. She went up to see her the first moment that she could take from her nursery duties for such a jaunt, expecting to hear in turn that Mrs. Ballard was as inconsolable as herself. She might have said, with

the lover of Wordsworth's Lucy, "But oh, the difference is to me!"

Mrs. Ballard had been so occupied with her new house and her new neighbors that she had scarcely glanced back to Mrs. Thane's, and when the familiar black beaver bonnet and gray Siberian fur tippet made their appearance in her parlors she even wondered how she could ever have thought Mrs. Thane pretty and lady-like. She had "not a particle of style," particularly after Mrs. Sloan's fashionable toilet and dashing manner.

"Oh, it's a lovely neighborhood, Harry!" Mrs. Thane said to her husband; "the houses are all new and elegantly finished, and there are no less than three private carriages kept in the square. Ours looked so mean as I came back, the grocery store more forlorn than ever, and the house so plain and old-fashioned. Elinor had on her best silk, and sat sewing in the parlor, and here must I stitch away in all the noise and confusion of the nursery, shut up with the children from one week's end to the other!"

Mr. Thane felt hurt, and yet his wife could not help it. The best balanced feminine mind goes through such experiences, and must struggle back to cheerful serenity again, as it may.

Mrs. Ballard sat sewing again the next morning; her dress a printed mousseline de laine; her feet shod in gaiters that had seen some service, and neatly darned on the side, answered very well for the house. She wore a plain linen set, and in fact would unhesitatingly have gone out with Mrs. Thane, any morning, just as she was. There was a ring at the door-bell.

"Mrs. Sloan sends her compliments, and would Mrs. Ballard like to go down town with her this morning?"

Mrs. Ballard started up with quite a flush of pleasure. It was a beautiful day, and to be out on Broadway with so well-dressed a companion was a delightful prospect; so an affirmative message was dispatched; and the dozen new pillow-cases for the servants' rooms replaced in her work-basket, while she made a speedy toilet.

Her best dress, a Marie Louise blue silk, her best hat, her new velvet cloak, new gaiters, and, of course, her best set of muslins, were laid out. Mrs. Sloan must not be kept waiting, and she hurried the things on, and left her room, for the first time in her married life, in that indescribable state of confusion known as "all sixes and sevens." The waiter, who was also chambermaid and co-laundress, was busy with her ironing. "It was not worth while to

disturb her," Mrs. Ballard thought, as she glanced back at the half open drawers, wide open closets, and the various garments scattered about the room. She should be back in time to arrange everything before Mr. Ballard came. She felt uncomfortable with the remembrance of it, though, and a little nervous, as she neared Mrs. Sloan's, and saw her seated in full promenade dress at the window of the reception-room; it caused an unfortunate tug at her new glove, which would not go on, and an irreparable rent was the consequence.

Mrs. Sloan was in high good-humor; she was going down to look for a new dress for New Year's day; it was only November, to be sure, but it was well to take those things in time; the season was so early, it reminded one of mid-winter; the mud and slop from the late rain had frozen in the street, and there was ice upon the sidewalk, although the sky was so blue, and the sunshine so clear.

The Sixth Avenue cars were at the corner, but "one met all sorts of people in them," Mrs. Sloan said; "none of the ladies in this neighborhood used them, the Fifth Avenue stage was so much more genteel than even the Broadway vehicles, that came up so high." So the blue and gold stage received them, and Mrs. Ballard had an opportunity of growing familiar with the palatial residences she had seldom seen before, and congratulating herself as belonging in some faint degree to the same locality. Mrs. Sloan pointed out the different houses, and named their owners in the most familiar way, so that the ride to Broadway was very short, indeed.

They alighted opposite the Metropolitan Hotel; Mrs. Sloan said it was as well to look all along, and so they did most faithfully, cruising into every shop, whose windows were at all attractive, turning over more elegant silks than Mrs. Ballard had ever seen in all her life before, on their way to Stewart's. And here Mrs. Sloan sauntered about as if she had the freedom of the establishment; speaking to half the shopmen, and going from mantillas to mourning, and from merinos to blankets, the length and breadth of each department.

Mrs. Ballard had her modest list of necessary articles to be purchased; it was her methodical habit to set down everything as it made itself known, so that, when she took an afternoon for shopping, she usually accomplished a great deal. But she did not think it polite to move away from Mrs. Sloan, or ask her to leave the elegancies she was absorbed in inspecting, for the plain glass towels and vulgar crash which

she happened to need. All at once Mrs. Sloan discovered that it was two o'clock, and they must certainly have a lunch, she felt "perfectly exhausted." So an omnibus was signalled by the gallant policeman always stationed at this thronged crossing, and Mrs. Ballard was introduced to the luxuries of "Thompson's," a *café* then in all the glory of its white and gilt panels, its crowds, and its Roman punches.

Mr. Ballard now and then indulged his wife in a concert, or an evening at the theatre, and an ice-cream at some tidy saloon afterwards, as is much the fashion with quiet cockney husbands; but to go at mid-day, and by herself, into a crowded Broadway restaurant, Mrs. Ballard never dreamed of doing. The utmost limit of her shopping lunches had been a modest purchase at some cake-shop, eating a jumble or a square of sponge-cake over the counter, as she waited to have her parcel tied up.

The hum and crowd, and curious stares they met with, in their search for an unoccupied table, disconcerted her. But Mrs. Sloan "breasted the current" gallantly, and presently rushed up to some acquaintances with delighted recognition.

Mrs. Ballard thought "how fortunate that she happened to be in her best," for Mrs. Sloan, not feeling in the least ashamed of her new friend, made an instant introduction, and she was at once at home among them.

Mrs. Sloan entirely forgot to order anything at first, she was so occupied in talking, and then it was nearly a quarter of an hour before a waiter condescended to answer her signal; so that it was half past two when Roman punch and calves' feet jelly for two, with a plate of fancy cakes, were set before them.

Time was of no consequence; they sipped their ices in the smallest possible quantities, and trifled with their cakes; they discussed the different silks and evening dresses they had examined, and Mrs. Sloan made the most amusing comments on the people who passed in and out. Mrs. Ballard had no idea she was so witty and clever; the weak point in every one's appearance, and manner, and toilet seemed to strike her at once; and, entertained in this delightful way, three had sounded from the City Hall before they reached the pavement again.

"It's hardly worth while to take an omnibus," Mrs. Sloan said, "to go so little way. I must stop at my dressmaker's, and see if there is the slightest prospect of her being able to set to work upon my dress when I do get it."

The establishment was only at Howard Street;

yet the walk proved very disagreeable. The bright noon sunshine had melted the ice, the pavements were a slop, and all the awnings and cornices dripped uncomfortably. Mrs. Ballard "dodged" great plashing drops, and held up her dress, and flattered herself that her toilet had received no injury, when at last they reached Madame Genet's, and were left to wait in the showily furnished anteroom.

"Madame is always hurried," Mrs. Sloan remarked, putting the tips of her gaiters up to the fire to dry, and shading her face with a morning paper. "I have sometimes waited here two hours to speak to her. And her charges are frightful. I had my last bill six weeks before I dared to show it to Mr. Sloan. Seventy dollars for three dresses; but 'garniture' was the difficulty; they always find the trimmings, and they can charge you anything they like on those without being able to say one word. I thought you might like to be introduced; she never undertakes a customer without introduction."

The restless, voluble little Frenchwoman gave them audience at last. "She was charm to know the friend of Madame Sloan; she was charm to wait on madame herself; but, ah, the ladies were all so pressing, and it was the season of business. She would consider; she would tell Madame Sloan, the next time she call in, when she would have the happiness of undertaking for her."

There was the damp chilliness and gloom out of doors that always follow the brightest winter day in New York when twilight appears. Already the gas jets in the shop windows were lighted, and the current of the crowd set steadily up Broadway. The omnibuses were all crowded with gentlemen returning from business, and ladies from their shopping. One and another passed with an ominous nod of denial from the driver, till at last they were fain to crowd into one, where a single seat presented itself, which seat Mrs. Sloan instantly possessed herself of, inviting her friend to a place on her lap. Mrs. Ballard had the mortification of hearing several unpleasant remarks from the gentlemen with regard to people who never knew when a stage was full, and of being obliged to accept the seat of a very young gentleman, who proceeded to hang on by the strap in a jolting, comfortless way that made her miserable.

Still, she said to Mrs. Sloan at parting that she was indebted to her for a most delightful day, and agreed to her proposal to accompany her again when the dress was really to be decided upon—quicken her steps a little as the

thought of her husband's punctuality and the disordered room she had left flashed into her mind.

The hat rack was still unencumbered—what a relief!—and she flew up stairs to set things to rights. It was a narrow escape; but she had escaped, and it made her all the more talkative and demonstrative when "Fred" did make his appearance.

Sewing was not very attractive the next morning. Mrs. Ballard felt tired and jaded; besides, she had discovered several spots on her velvet cloak, some miserable mud stains on the hem of her dress, and that her new gaiters were warped out of their first freshness. It took her all the morning to get to rights, and then it was so late that it did not seem worth while to get her work about, particularly as she was liable to calls.

Mrs. Rhodes was ushered in in the most friendly way the day following, just as the work-basket had made its appearance. She had started to go down town on a little shopping, only to match some things, which would not take long, and in passing the door it had occurred to her that Mrs. Ballard might have some errand in the same direction—"it was so much pleasanter to have company."

Mrs. Ballard fluttered at this token of intimacy with the wife of the cashier of the "Corn and Barley Bank." It would not do to decline, when it might come to her ears that Mrs. Sloan's invitation had been accepted; besides, cook had asked her for the towels only that morning. She really must have them.

"If Mrs. Rhodes could wait ten minutes while she changed her dress?"

"Oh, twenty if she liked; when one was out for the day, a quarter of an hour more or less was of no consequence!"

Mrs. Rhodes took up a magazine, and settled herself comfortably in Mrs. Ballard's easy-chair; and her hostess, apologizing again for leaving her, hurried up stairs.

She was tempted to put on her brown merino, her usual walking-dress, but then velvet and merino did not look well together, and her cloth cloak was so shabby, and Mrs. Rhodes wore a rich robe dress in three flounces, so the blue silk went on again, "just for this once," with all its accompaniments, and the disorder of two days ago prevailed in the apartment when she closed the door behind her.

"Only to match some trimmings!"

If it be the device of an evil spirit "to tempt to loss through loss of time," it was a crowning point when trimmings were invented and trim-

ming stores were opened. Mrs. Rhodes wished a particular shade of sea-green; there were yellow-greens and green-greens in abundance, but no sea-greens for at least nine squares; and then the sea-green, when it was hunted out, was a fringe, when it ought to have been a ribbon; and when at last Peyser reported the ribbon as found, there were no buttons within a dozen shades of it, and the clock at the end of the store stood at half past one.

Mrs. Rhodes declared herself unable to go another step without something to eat, and, by a remarkable and singularly happy coincidence, Mrs. Sloan was discovered bearing up upon Thompson's as they reached the door. It made quite a jolly party, and Mrs. Rhodes soon discovered her weakness for the good things of this life by ordering broiled oysters and woodcock for three, finishing off with a Charlotte russe. Her husband had no more for his dinner at Delmonico's, and the three ladies managed to make a tolerable lunch.

Mrs. Sloan enjoyed hers remarkably, and invited both the other ladies to a sociable tea at her own house, the evening following. It was there that Mrs. Ballard first saw the husbands of her new acquaintances.

Mr. Rhodes was a dull, heavy man, only to be roused out of his stolidity by a reference to the money market. Mr. Sloan, on the contrary, was quite as agreeable as his wife, and advanced in Mrs. Ballard's good graces by paying her several apparently unstudied and frankly sincere compliments.

She felt a little uncomfortable at the tone of bantering between the husband and wife; it was so unlike anything she had ever been accustomed to.

"Look out for yourself, Mrs. Ballard," Mrs. Sloan called out from behind the tea-tray; "Joe is making a dead set at you; he's the greatest flirt in town."

Whereupon Mr. Sloan charged his wife with jealousy, and gave her permission to make a conquest of Mr. Ballard in return. Mrs. Ballard wondered to see her husband join in the laugh, and take it so pleasantly. However, it reassured her for the time, and she did not have another of those disagreeable misgivings until Mr. Sloan assisted her in putting on her shawl at leaving; she imagined that he pressed her hand. If he did, it was very light, scarcely more than a touch, and it might be a foolish mistake of her own, and so it was not worth while to tell Fred of it and annoy him. So Mrs. Ballard went to sleep, for the first time in her married life, feeling that there was some-

thing concealed from her husband; and this very fact kept the remembrance of that faint pressure, and the admiring look which accompanied it, fresh in her mind longer than she would have liked to confess.

To the towels and the crash, which had not been purchased yet, sewing-silk and various other little items were now added. It was necessary to make an expedition to that fated region of delays—"down town;" this time alone, and, being alone, there was no excuse for finery; but it had become a matter of habit, and, though her second-best silk, a well preserved plaid, replaced the blue one, which had been torn in the door of an omnibus on the last trip, it allowed velvet and the best bonnet, both of which were put on.

Making straight for the housekeeping department at Stewart's, after leaving the thread and needle store, all the necessary purchases were speedily accomplished; but, on crossing the rotunda, whom should she spy, seated comfortably at the silk counter, but Mrs. Rhodes, who nodded and beckoned.

"How very fortunate!—to help me to select a silk. I have five now, you know; but Mr. Rhodes makes such a point of seeing his wife and family well dressed, he says it's as much a part of a man's respectability as the house he lives in. I have a black, and green, and Bayadere stripe, that's three; and a plum, and deep blue. I'm quite at a loss!"

So Mrs. Ballard could do no less than come to the rescue, and the inevitable trip to Thompson's was proposed as a sequence. Proposed by Mrs. Rhodes, who made a faint show of resisting the arrangement when Mrs. Ballard said it was *her* turn to order the lunch; but finally gave in, being short of funds, as she acknowledged, having paid two shillings more a yard for her dress than she had intended.

"I never take any more money with me than I think I am going to need, there is so much danger of pickpockets now-a-days," Mrs. Rhodes said, as she studied the *carté* in its *papier maché* cover. She spent at least ten minutes in a careful review, but finally arrived at the conclusion that "there was nothing nicer than broiled oysters and woodcock, after all."

Entirely unconscious of the charge for this selected delicacy, Mrs. Ballard gave her order to the waiter with an ease and confidence that surprised herself. She was still more surprised when she came to turn over the counter, which, with unexampled delicacy, a well-trained waiter ever reverses as he lays it before you. It was well that she had taken an extra three dol-

lar bill from the house money that morning. How much change she received from it at the desk, or rather how little, she did not care to examine into.

There was a plain dish of mutton chops for dinner at home that night, with turnips and potatoes, a bread pudding for dessert. Mr. Ballard always advocated a plain table. It was a part of his general principle in life; moderation in all expenses; no pinching in one place to spare in another. He had started without capital, and it was his ambition to accumulate one; not for the mere pride which many men take in a good bank account, but because opportunities were constantly occurring for advancement in his business dependent upon his ability to control ready money. Thus far, Mrs. Ballard had entered into the understanding very heartily, and endeavored not to overstep the income he had allowed himself, any more than if it had been a salary, with no possibility of enlarging it.

"After all, a mutton chop at home tastes better than turtle soup at Delmonico's," said Mr. Ballard, applying himself cheerfully to the delicacy he mentioned. "You don't get potatoes boiled like this at a restaurant, either—mealy as a miller!" And he surveyed the *pomme de terre* on the end of his fork. "Lem Gilbert wanted me to stop into Delmonico's as I came up town—his treat, of course; but then I should have been obliged to return it some day, and when I have any money to spend I like to spend it on my little wife, and enjoy it with her."

He looked across the table with such sincere and honest affection that her consciousness of the day's adventure flamed into her face, and nearly betrayed her. She had no appetite, and that, with her flushed face, passed for a headache, and she was obliged to take her husband's condolence and petting, feeling more deeply guilty every moment.

"I'm afraid you don't go out enough; you ought to walk every day," pursued Mr. Ballard, when he had established her on the sofa, and carefully shaded the light; "you ought to walk out every day."

"But, Fred," began Mrs. Ballard, with a confession trembling on her lips.

"Yes, yes, I know all about the sewing and housekeeping, and that I have the most industrious and economical wife in the world; but, for all that, you must take time to keep well. Now not another word." And he kissed her mouth, quivering with the remembrance that she was acting a falsehood for the first time in

her life, and accepting praise where censure was her just due.

Mr. Ballard noticed, after this, how frequent his wife's headaches became. Their evenings, once so cheerful, were half the time clouded by dullness on her part, and of course that she was not well was sufficient reason why she should not come and perch herself on his knee, and talk over the little incidents of the day. She no longer brought her account-books to be added up, and boasted playfully of her good management in money matters. She was irritable, but that was natural enough when she was not well. More than once he found her dressing or putting her room to rights instead of being at the hall door to meet him. "Lying down till the last minute," he said to himself. "Poor child! she must be suffering more than she admitted."

The little household, that had always run like clockwork, began to show symptoms of disarrangement. Dinner was late; there was very little variety; beefsteak three times a week as often as not, and no more little made dishes, which Mrs. Ballard used to be so famous for concocting, and cold meat, which he hated, took their place two nights in succession. Mr. Ballard naturally remonstrated, and was told, sharply, that it must be used up in some way, and she had not time to waste in the kitchen. He overheard his usually gentle wife berating the cook for using the best linen pillow-cases on her bed, and the cook retorting that "the cotton ones was all giv' out, and she wasn't going to sleep on the tick for nobody." Surely he remembered giving his wife money for the purchase of new bedding for the servants' room when they moved into the house, and helping her measure off a set of pillow-cases. His memory was correct; he would have found the whole set in her work-basket if he had looked there, with only the over and over seams finished.

However, he had his own annoyances and carelessnesses to occupy him. Several times lately he had lost money from his pocket-book in paying bills, and once had handed up a half eagle to the omnibus driver instead of a nickel penny; he must have done so, for he remembered seeing it in a handful of change just before he left his office one night, and the next morning he could not find it. But it served him right for not conquering the careless habit of carrying coin loosely in his pocket. His wife had often cautioned him about it, so he concluded not to mention it to her, but be more careful for the future.

Her spirits did not improve; not that there were any decided symptoms of disease, only loss of appetite, languor, and irritability. He came to the conclusion that she ought to have medical advice; he was afraid of "intermittent," it so often lurked about the made lands in the upper part of the town. It was a nice neighborhood, but *he was afraid it was unhealthy.*

He had come to this resolution as he walked briskly up Broadway one afternoon. He had an engagement to meet a gentleman on business at the Metropolitan. It was a successful interview, but it carried him out of the line of the cars which he usually availed himself of, and he was obliged to take an omnibus. It was all full save the seat by the door, and so dark as he stumbled into it—for it was the trip before lamplighting—that he could not distinguish one fellow-passenger from another; but, after a while, looking about him, as a cheerful man will on a long, crowded ride, and thinking of his wife again now that business was over with, he was struck by the air of a lady in the corner farthest from him. It was too dark to distinguish faces, and of course Elinor was safe at home this time in the afternoon looking out for him; but the lady was wonderfully like her, and the gentleman friend sitting next to her evidently admired the stranger as much as he had admired his wife in the days of their courtship. His arm was stretched out, holding on to the end of the omnibus, so as to bring it back of the lady without seeming absolutely impertinent—how well he remembered the old trick!—and he was bending down to talk into her bonnet!

He was unconsciously attracted to watch the pair after this, and noticed that the lady was very quiet, and the gentleman apparently very complimentary. They belonged in or near his own neighborhood, too; for, as they ascended Murray Hill, and he had made out Thirty-Seventh Street after some study of this unaccustomed locality, the gentleman pulled the check-string, and prepared to get out of the stage. The lady's veil was down as she passed him; but the resemblance to his wife lost nothing on closer view, and the gentleman was his neighbor, Mr. Sloan.

Wonder and astonishment confused him for the moment. He allowed the stage to roll on two or three houses from the corner without getting out himself, and when he turned it they were too far ahead of him to overtake them. So it was Elinor after all; he saw her go up the door-step, and Mr. Sloan pass on. What had detained her out so late? What had taken her

out at all, when he had left her with symptoms of an incipient headache? As for that puppy, Sloan, it was just like him! always imagining that every woman liked and courted admiration as much as his own wife! However, he should soon hear the whole story.

He could not have been three minutes behind them, and strode directly up stairs into his own room; but there stood his wife, smoothing her hair quietly before the glass, it is true, but with not a trace of her walking-dress lying about, or anything unusual in her reception of him. Could his eyes have deceived him? But he would not be impatient, or offer the insult of a seeming distrust, to the woman he had given his whole heart to; she should speak of it herself—no doubt she would presently—and he dashed the cool, fresh water over his face, as he prepared for dinner, as if it could cool the fever of his mind.

Dinner came, and went; the evening passed, and still no mention of the afternoon's engagements. But Mr. Ballard had found a solution for the silence. It wanted but two days to the New Year, and no doubt her errand had conceived some little surprise for himself, such as they were in the habit of planning for each other. He had his own in contemplation, and had already haunted more than one furrier's shop, after business hours, that week. In fact, he had a pretty set of mink fur already laid aside, all but decided on; one that *he* could not tell from sables at five times its cost. "He would wait patiently for the New Year."

But though he tried to be satisfied, and called himself all manner of names, mentally, for his momentary doubts, "trifles light as air" would intrude on his recollection, and array themselves before him. Not only that evening, but the next day, in his office, at his desk; and the next, the day for the conclusion of his purchase. He felt half tempted to decline it; but no! how would he feel when Elinor came and offered him some gift, in which she had studied his tastes, and said, "There, I was down town selecting it, and was belated, and that odious Mr. Sloan met me in the omnibus, and annoyed me so with his attentions; I could not tell you then, for fear you would suspect what I had been after!" How would he feel, meeting such an emergency empty-handed? So he made the purchase, and concluded to take the furs home himself, to prevent mistakes; he was not the only man who carried a large package on New Year's Eve.

Trudging along from the cars, thinking of the radiant and astonished face with which the

long wished for furs would be received, Mr. Ballard quite lost sight of the annoyances of the last few days. The whole street looked so cheerful, with the light streaming through handsome curtains, so different from the poverty and squalor that used to damp him in nearing the old house, on just such nights as this. "I am so glad that I indulged Elinor in her choice," he said to himself, forgetful that the houses of Sloan and Rhodes lay beyond his own doorstep; "there is such a comfort in a nice neighborhood." And yet he reflected that they had not really been any happier there; no, if it came to that, home itself was by no means so pleasant.

The parlor was lighted, and Mrs. Ballard, handsomely dressed, sat before the fire. She did not rise to meet him as usual, and yet she was not ill; she had never looked better in her life. Her eyes were brilliant, and a superb color lighted her cheeks; almost too bright for health, or a quiet heart. Mr. Ballard came in, holding his precious freight before him, as if to bespeak a welcome.

"There, Ellie!" and he threw the cape over her shoulders; "and here are the rest of the fixings in this box;" and as he stooped down over her, "now for my pay."

"Oh, no, no!" and Mrs. Ballard threw off the cape to the floor, and averted her lips with a quick gesture. "I do not want it, I don't deserve it;" and then taking the two hands that had met to turn her face upward, she held them tightly over it, and said with a sob, "Oh, Fred, if you only knew how wretched I am!"

Some demoniac impulse, that set his very heart on fire, and made his brain whirl, moved Mr. Ballard to tear his hands away, and spurn her from him; but he crushed it down. "Wilt thou love her, comfort her, honor her?" rang through his mind, and the solemn vow heavenward, recorded in his firm "I will," at the altar. So he only repeated "Wretched, Elinor, on New Year's Eve?" and lifting her from the chair, seated her in the old place of confidence, upon his knee; but she slipped to the floor, and laid her head upon it, instead.

"Oh, Fred, I do not know where to begin. I have deceived you; you think I am good, and I am not; and I must have made others think me worse than I am. You must not kiss me! Do let me tell you all about it, or my heart will break!"

It cost him more than she could ever know to sit there so quietly, smoothing down her hair, as in the old time, and to say in an unshaken voice, "Yes, tell me all about it."

It was sad enough; the step by step of little extravagances, little concealments, and practised deceits, which led to taking the money he had missed to replace the wardrobe ruined in the frequent idle shopping excursions, and wasted on delicacies which her husband so strictly denied himself; or in the purchase of expensive items of dress she had been drawn into purchasing from the example of her new acquaintances, or because they had been pronounced becoming, and Mrs. Sloan had poured compliments and flattery into her ear until she had grown weary of quiet domestic life, and eager for admiration, restless without it, and ready to accept it, however offered. "But oh, Fred," and here the head sank lower and lower till it almost touched the carpet, "I never meant to do wrong; I never felt how wrong it was—except deceiving you, and taking your money; I felt that all the time, but I did not know how to get out of it until to-night. Just before you came, the bell rang, and Mr. Sloan came in, just to wish me a happy New Year, he said, and he would not sit down and wait till you came; and then, when he was going, dear Fred, he stooped down, and kissed me full on my mouth before I knew what he was going to do; and it made me so angry and miserable, I cannot tell you, and made me see that he thought I would not resent it. I thought right away of his disagreeable manner when I met him in a stage two days ago, when I had been having that dreadful dress Mrs. Sloan persuaded me to get for to-morrow tried on at Madame Genet's. I don't ask you to forgive me. I know you will never kiss me again; but I am glad you know it all."

"All, Elinor?"

"Yes, all; believe me this once. I am telling you the truth."

He did not kiss her then, he would have been more than human in his forgiveness; but he took her hands, and made her lift up her face, while he told her how greatly she had erred; and pointed out the first wrong step—undue intimacy and confidence with idle, vain, extravagant, and heartless women whom she knew only as neighbors; the little rents and breaches in principle; the folly that had crept after the idleness, and the vanity after the folly. Yet Mrs. Sloan was not a bad woman in the eyes of the world, or her husband a bad man. Probably both had displayed the worst points about them, and the frivolity of the one, and the idle gallantry of the other, have their counterparts in every street and every square in town. Nay, society owes its gayety and

brilliancy to just such as they, and one would be scouted as oversaintly to reprove it. Yet they had marred the perfect union of a true domestic life, such as is growing more and more rare with the inroads of custom and extravagance, and which they could never have attained to—a life of perfect confidence, perfect trust, of mutual concession, and healthful repose.

Mrs. Ballard came to know herself forgiven and restored in time ; but it was not until the new gift of an infant life brightened their home that she could believe the old painful remembrances resolutely and wholly banished, as an offering to the innocent child who lay nestling, like the dove of peace, in her arms.

"You did not stay long in Thirty-Seventh Street?" Mr. Cameron said to his friend when congratulating him on the happy occurrence. "I was surprised when I heard you had moved, it was such a nice neighborhood."

"Yes, very nice;" and Mr. Ballard hesitated a moment—perhaps Mr. Cameron thought of taking his new wife there; how should he convey a sort of warning?—"a very nice neighborhood, but I don't think it altogether a healthy one."

BOREAS, THE MANIAC KING.

BY MYRTLE.

I HEAR it, and love the stentorian voice
Of the maniac king;
Within my spirit its echoes are waking
Madness that pleaseth while heart-strings are breaking;
Too tame are the zephyrs—oh, give me my choice
Of the maniac king.
Cold is the altar where hope and love burn'd;
All the dirges I sing
O'er the ashes of idols I made of earth's clay,
More precious than all of gold's brightest array;
All, with the wail of despair, I have learned
From the maniac king.
Listen! that wild, piercing scream is the laugh
Of the maniac king;
Though it maketh me tremble like the aspen the while,
My spirit it fascinates more than the smile
Of any of earth; my pleasure I quaff
From the maniac king.
I cannot tell why my quivering heart,
That dreadeth his wing,
By his caprice was held till invisibly fell
A strong threaded cable, a magnetic spell,
O'er my will, till I cannot depart
From the maniac king.
And pale, strange maidens are coming to me;
All hasten to bring
White robes and flowers; I am to be a queen-bride,
And go with my rover o'er mountain and tide;
For at the feet of his captive bowed the proud knee
Of the maniac king.

High our throne shall be on the iceberg's crest,
The wondering sun shall fling
Around us the diamonds which hundreds of years
Have robbed from old ocean, and millions of spears,
Set thickly with gems, will there guard my rest
With the maniac king.
No splendor of earth can equal the home
Of the maniac king.
You may bear from all countries to India's land,
Each crown and tiara, all earth's golden sand,
And pile with her jewels—they're less than the dome
Of the maniac king.
And when of our stay we wearied grow,
Round our palace we'll fling
Icy walls and high towers our absence to guard;
Nor fear that its beauty by time will be marred;
O'er earth I'll wander in clouds of white snow
With the maniac king.
Ye dare not approach the northern retreat
Of the maniac king!
Not even woman's pure tears will move the hard fiend;
The husband she weeps, the friend much esteemed,
Like brave, noble Franklin, are slain at the feet
Of the maniac king.
Loud trumpets shall herald our coming, and then
The echoing caves will ring
With hoarse, hollow tones, as though ghosts of the dead
Were there quaking with fear and screaming from dread,
Beseeching, once more, protection with men
Against the maniac king.
And far above billowy waves I'll ride
With the maniac king;
Or waltz on their crests, when red lightnings play near
To the sailor boy's couch, and sprinkle his tier
With seaweed and foam from the angry tide,
'Woke by the maniac king.
'Mid hail and wild thunder the demon-like glee
Of the maniac king
Will shriek o'er the tempest, exulting, that he
Is lord over Neptune and I queen of the sea;
Nay, mariner, ask no pity of me
Or of the maniac king.
Once in the dead past my heart was all tears,
But the maniac king
With human fiends stole all the traces away
Of love, hope, or pity. I curse the sad day,
With those who've given my future's dark years
To the maniac king.
Dire vengeance I'll bring with my new acquired power,
Like the asp's deadly sting;
For the base hands that wrested my treasures I'll find,
And tightly with cords of life's bitterness bind,
Or mercy will grant them, and shorten death's hour
By the maniac king.
There is naught that can save my madd'ning brain
From the maniac king
But to clasp to my heart lost idolized forms
That I loved more than life. Hark! hear ye the storms
That sweep from the North with the dirge-like strain
Of the maniac king?
Come, maidens, your wreath haste bind on my brow,
For the maniac king
Is waiting his bride. Oh, your icy hands chill
My pulse's rapid motion; your robes send a thrill
Of death's freezing sense to my heart. I'm now
Free from the maniac king!

MR. AND MRS. RASHER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MISS SLIMMENS."

CHAPTER I.

THE NEW HOUSE.

SAY, Mr. Rasher, are you going to buy a new house, or are you not? "You don't know?" Well, *I* do! You owned up yesterday that the clear profits of your business this year was over twenty thousand dollars, and if we're ever going to live in a brown-stone front, now's the time. You don't make twenty thousand dollars every year cutting up pork, or, if you expect to after this, it's high time we was taking our proper position before the world. I, for one, intend to go out a little more than I have. I've got things to go with, and I intend to go.

You're afraid people will make *light* of us as well as our lard oil? Fiddlesticks, Rasher! I wish you would quit them everlasting puns. It's vulgar to pun; a very low species of wit, indeed; I heard Mrs. De Longue say so, the night I was to her reception. You can't help it; you must *interlard* your conversation with 'em? Good Lord, Rasher! whatever else you do, leave your business behind you when you come home. I declare, the very silk curtains in the parlor have an odor of it! Don't *bristle* up so? There it comes again; it's enough to drive a woman mad! You can't help "cutting up;" you're so used to it? Now, look a-here, husband, we're going to settle this matter about the house this morning, or we're not going to settle it. If you'll quit that nonsense and listen to reason, I'll tell you what my ideas are; but if you don't, I won't say another word. Then you guess you'll keep on? and if you do you won't get me to keep still. That's just what you want; you'd be glad if I never opened my lips, though which of us is capable of speaking with the most propriety I'll leave other people to judge.

I picked out a house yesterday afternoon that suits *me*; and, as a woman is supposed to be the best judge of such matters as the house she lives in and has to stay in from one year's end to another, why, if you can pay for it, that's enough. It's a brown-stone front, four story and basement, stoops and balustrades of brown-stone, massive and handsome; style of architecture modern *Italic*, and not surpassed by

any of similar size in the city. I remember just what the advertisement said, which was the reason of my going to see it. It'll be finished next week. It's twenty feet front, and commands a beautiful view of the neighboring houses, which are all just as nice and aristocratical as our own. It's because I liked the neighborhood so well that I wanted that house in particular. "What's the price?" Sixteen thousand dollars, and considered cheap, considering the Avenue and the Park. Eight thousand dollars will furnish it from garret to cellar; library, pictures, and everything, and we can get a man to do it all without taking any trouble ourselves. You've got thirty thousand in the bank, I know, and, with your business, you need not be afraid but that you can— "Save your bacon!" Odear, Mr. Rasher! if you're going to continue so vulgar, I don't know as there'll be any use in our trying to get where we ought to be.

The girls will be home from boardin'-school to their winter vacation in the latter part of December, and I'd like to get all moved, and settled, and furnished, and fixed before they come home, just to give 'em a pleasant surprise. There, Rasher! I knew you had some fatherly feeling about you, if you had no pride. You're in no hurry this morning, I know. Just wait a minute till I get my bonnet and shawl, and let's go round and look at it.

Ain't it a beauty? Them balusters are superb! Step in and look at the parlors; two and an extension; and behind the staircase there's a sweet little room, which I shall fix up as a boudoir. I'll be as much at home in it as a pig in a flower-garden? Humph! You're extremely complimentary to your wife, my dear; but I sha'n't resent it here, before all these workmen. You can say what you please. I suppose it was my misfortune to marry a man in the pork-packing business whose mind is always running—on all fours?—*will* you quit interrupting me, or not?—whose mind is always running on his business. If you'd only drop it at home and in company, I wouldn't care, seeing it's made us so much money; but, as it is, I am almost driven—into a pig-pen?—al-

most driven to distraction. You're uncommon provoking this morning, Mr. Rasher.

This is a splendid house to give a party in ; and I've made up my mind to give the biggest one of the season, if we get moved and settled in time. You hate parties ? Of course you do ; you hate everything that I like. You'd be contented to sit down, and smoke your pipe, and drink your sherry forever in the back sitting-room of that little, mean, three-story brick. You've no ambition, and you've no feeling for your wife. Oh, you needn't be putting your arm around my waist and hugging me, with that fellow there a painting them friskoes looking right at us. I wish you'd remember what I've told you so often—that it's dreadfully out of taste to be showing your family feelings in public. When we go out together you shouldn't speak to me, no more'n if I wasn't there ; 'stead of that, you invariably keep hanging around me, and every once and while burst out with : "Say, Marier, did you hear that?" or, "Come here, Marier, and set side of your husband a while;" or, "Marier, I wonder if the children are doing well to home?" And that night we played forfeits to Mrs. Fitz-Simmons's, and you was judged to kiss one of the ladies for a punishment, what did you do but kiss me right before the hull crowd! Wasn't that punishment enough? You needn't try to turn it off with a joke. You know it was a breach of etiquette, if not actually immodest, to choose out your own wife in all that company. You was too bashful to choose anybody else ; and, besides, you hadn't yet got tired of kissing your own partner? Pshaw! that's all well enough to home. I could see the Widow Granger looked disappointed. Oh, now, don't color up, dear! Come up stairs and look at the next story. There! This is the apartment I've settled on for ourselves ; it's eighteen by twenty, and you always like an airy sleeping-room ; and, what makes it pleasant for me, is that it looks right over at Dr. Yellow Dock's house ; and, as I shall set here a great deal, I can see their company going in and out, and when they take a ride in their carriage, and how they dress their servants, and everything. They're very fashionable people, and they've made their money, every cent of it, within five years.

Speaking of carriages, Rasher, we can't get along any longer with our one horse and our single chaise. We must, after we go into this house, have a pair of black horses, and a carriage with our arms upon it, and a place for the footman to hold on behind. Sit down in the window here, and take it easy ; I want to set-

tle it about the livery, etc. You don't see as there will be any necessity for us going to the livery, if we have an establishment of our own ; and as for arms, we'd better keep our arms in it instead of on it? Dear, dear! husband, I wouldn't have had Mrs. Fitz-Simmons heard you say that, for the world ; she'd have had her whole set giggling about it the next time we came where she was. Of course our servants must dress in livery ; at least have capes to their coats and buttons on their caps. Don't you know whether any of the Raschers, in the old country, ever had a coat-of-arms? You might consult the book of heraldry, and find out. If there was, you must have it painted on the carriage door, and engraved on all the plate ; if there never was, why, we'll just invent one, that's all. What are you doing on that scrap of paper, Rasher? A coat-of-arms? Dear me! I didn't know as you knew enough. Let me see it, won't you?



"Ain't it sweet, Mrs. Rasher? My father used to think a great deal of that motto ; and that's the way I came to be rich. It means, literally (I've got it in Latin there), that *Discretion is the better part of valor*."

If you can't do anything but cast ridicule on yourself and your wife from morning till night, we might as well stay in our obscurity. You aren't casting ridicule on me ; the wild boar forms part of the coat-of-arms of some of the noblest families of Scotland and England? Oh, that alters the case! If you really think, Rasher, it would be aristocratic and just the right thing, and if you think our friends will see it in the same light you do, why, I like it well enough. When will you get it engraved? I wish you'd stop to Ball & Black's, and order a set of solid silver to be made, to be done in time for the party, and our arms on it.

Come, let's look at the wine-cellar ; you must learn to talk about your wine-cellar,

Rasher, if you want to make an impression on the men. Everything down here is mighty nice and convenient—but, la! that's the servant's business. I'm going to pretend, when I get a new set, that I don't know a coal-bin from a wash-tub. That'll be a pretty way to have myself imposed upon? Well! you're able to stand a little imposition, and you don't suppose I'm going to let 'em see I ever stepped in a kitchen. My hands show it? No, they don't; and I'm going to keep 'em done up nights in old gloves, and oil 'em every night with—lard oil?—stuff! with rose cream.

Let's go! tell me first whether you've concluded to take the house. You s'pose I must have my own way about it? That's a dear, good Rasher, as you are. And to pay you for consenting, without a fuss, I'll trouble you as little as possible about the change, moving, and all that. I'll give the upholsterers orders about the furniture, and get a bookstore man to fill the library; and when everything is ready for us to step in and take our dinner, we'll ride over and take possession. I'll get an auctioneer to sell off our old stuff, every article of it, for what it'll bring. I expect, perhaps, it will come to enough to pay for the new set of silver, centre-piece and all, for the piano, you know, is 'most new, and the carpets are only six months old.

You hope I'll reserve your old secretary and arm-chair, and that sofa? O dear! I suppose I can have 'em set in the fourth story, where you can go and look at 'em once and a while. I don't see why you need to set such great store by that sofa, because you and I used to set on it together, in our little parlor, the first winter we was married. It's stiff and old-fashioned now, and has been covered twice. I allowed it to set in my room up stairs, seeing you thought so much of it; but it might as well go to the auction-room as up into the fourth story, where it will have to stay, if it's kept in the new house.

What are you thinking of, to walk right over that curbstone without seeing it? You was thinking of old times? No doubt you'd like to go back to the days when I did my own work, and set and sewed for the children, evenings, but I wouldn't. It's a great burden off my mind to have the girls to Madame Flummery's school; she's very genteel, and will give 'em an air, which I know I couldn't, though I'm naturally more genteel than their father. What's that? we're setting them up above us, so as to make them ashamed of us? Well, Arabella was a little sniffy the last time

she came home, but when we move on to the Avenue in the new house, she'll have more respect for us. Ah, here we are at the corner! Come home early to-night, Rasher; I want to talk over the plans.

Ain't it splendid? and I hav'n't had a bit of trouble, only to give my orders. I think Mr. Brilliant, the upholsterer, is a very tasty man. I told him about what we could afford to expend on the rooms, and he fixed them up himself. His only exceeded the sum I set about two thousand dollars. He asked my idea of colors for the first floor, and I told him I liked crimson and gold. I think I never seen handsomer cornices. The mirrors, and the chandeliers, and the cornices, and the picture-frames, give an air of gorgeousness—don't you think so? I bought the pictures myself, all to one store, as the man gave me a bargain, if I'd take the lot; and I got Mr. Brilliant to put new frames to them, to correspond with the mirrors. The paintings themselves didn't come to quite so much as the frames. I'd an idea them sort of things was more expensive, as Mrs. De Witt told me she'd given four hundred dollars for a little dull thing not much bigger than my hand. She must have been awfully imposed on, for I got one four feet long for forty dollars, and far more brilliant colors, at that!

Come in here, Rasher, and look at the library. You see he's put this in darker colors; but that's the fashion, I believe. Them ain't wooden books, like some of Mrs. Smyth's; they're the genuine article. I paid Mr. Octavo twelve hundred dollars for filling the shelves. But I had more trouble with him than with all the rest put together. I didn't like the bindings of the books he put in first, and I had him take 'em all back, and put in these. These have got such pretty red covers and gilt letters. Besides, I got mad at him about another thing. I thought he meant a fling at your business. Right along in the very first row there was three or four books with no titles at all, but just "Bacon," printed on the back. My! but wasn't I mad! I suppose they were recipes for curing bacon, perhaps—I didn't look to see, but I made him take 'em right out. Up a little higher, what did I see but "Hogg's Tales" printed on the back of another book? I asked him what he meant by it; if he meant to insult us because we'd made our money in the pork business? and he didn't know what to say; but he took 'em away, and finally I told him I guess he'd better change the whole lot, and put in them with red bindings I'd seen at

his store. He was very good-natured about it. I suppose he didn't want to lose our custom. That's one advantage of being as rich as we are—people don't like to offend us. I don't suppose any one will ever read the books, but it is necessary to have them, for the same reason that we have almost everything else; because other people do. Pictures and books are considered stylish; I've heard Mrs. Fitz Simmons talking about an author's style. What's that? In what respect do you resemble an author? I am sure I can't guess, my dear. I've never detected any resemblance, though, as for that matter, I know very little about authors. Because you both make a living by the *pen*? and both of you sell your *tender-lines*? Now, Rasher, for mercy's sake, we're in the new house, and *do, do*, for my sake, quit that miserable habit of punning! or, if you *must* make puns or die, choose some other subject than the one you're always harping on.

Here's my boudoir; I told him to put that all in yellow, with blue facings and trimmings. I cautioned him about the sofa and chairs; not to get 'em too small; for you know I'm pretty solid, and I shall want to recline on 'em when I think I'm likely to be surprised by company; so he's made 'em as large as the room will allow. That painting up there by the door, with that little *lapis-lazuli* table under it, is copied from the original of Rachel's Madonna in the Roman Vacuum, the man said who sold it to me. He advised me to have it hung in my boudoir in such a position that I could gaze upon it in my reflective moments; it's a religious picture, you know. I usually gaze in the looking-glass in my *reflective* moments? Ain't you ashamed to trifle upon so serious a subject, Mr. Rasher? I shouldn't wonder if your habit of punning led you into the still worse one of using profane language, if you continue to cultivate such irreverence. You don't see any connection between punning and swearing? Well, I do; only last week, when I was telling you about the rocks up to the park, you said "blast 'em," and then went on pretending you meant blow 'em to pieces with powder.

I'm going to have a yellow satin dressing-gown, faced with blue, and a blue cord and tassel, made to correspond with the sofa and curtains; and then I shall expect to spend a good many of my mornings here, and have a mark hanging out of that handsome book there, as if I'd been reading, and I can pass away my time hemming ruffles or handkerchiefs, and when Mrs. Fitz Simmons or any of my friends call, I can slip my work under this satin cushion,

and beg to be excused for receiving 'em in my boudoir, but I was a little unwell this morning; which will probably be the truth, Rasher, for since I've taken to drinking wine for dinner, and having dinner so late, and then sometimes taking birds, or oysters, or something for my supper after that, I've had the headache a great deal, and I ain't near so stout as I used to be, really, though I look so much fatter. You think I'll weigh as much as your prize porker now? Oh, Rasher, how can you? but it's bloat, it's mostly bloat. I know I am, I must be delicate, or why should I have such headaches, and such strange sensations in my diagram? Eat too much? My appetite never was poorer. Last night, I ordered the cook to fry me a sausage, privately, and bring it up at nine o'clock, for my supper. I hadn't had any for a long time, and I couldn't think of anything else that would relish. If my appetite wasn't poor, why should I crave sausage?

However, I don't mind my health so much; for I think I can stand it this winter, and next summer I shall expect you to take me off somewhere on a tour. Where are we going to *live*? Why, all over the house, I suppose. These things are too fine for use? Of course I don't expect you to pull off your boots in the parlors, nor lounge there after you're home from business, unless there's company. As you're so prejudiced against furnaces, there's a grate in the basement dining-room, and you can take your paper and go down there after the silver and China's cleared away. If you want to go to bed before the company's gone, you can go up the back stairs and get to our room. And where will I be? I'm sure you don't need me, when you're mostly reading the newspapers of evenings, anyhow; and, as you can't bear half the people that visit me, why, when you don't feel like seeing company, you can have a nice time all by yourself. You think parties, and operas, and late hours don't agree with you; but I'm sure they do with me; and of course you don't expect me to give 'em up on your account. No; but you wish the house wasn't so big, or had some little corner you could call *home*? Fie, Rasher, isn't the whole of it ours, and of course our home? I think you're real ungrateful not to be satisfied, after I've taken so much pains to make you comfortable. Our bedroom is just as splendid as any room in the house; there's lace on the bottom of the pillow-cases, and lace curtains lined with the sweetest pink silk, and a Severed China wash-basin, and all kinds of fixings; more'n you can use, or I either, for that matter; in fact, I

don't know the names of half the things, nor what they're meant for; and I'm sure you ought to be contented with so much, and everything so nice; and now, my dear, while I think of it, let me caution you not to throw your coat on that counterpane when you take it off, and not to wear your dusty boots inside the chamber, for the carpet's a white ground, and will show the least bit of dirt; and to turn down the spread when you get into bed, so's your breath won't stain the edge of it; and I guess you might as well not meddle with the toilet-table and glass at all, but have a little mirror put up in the closet; for, you see, your great fingers would make sad work with them things on the table; and if you should knock that Cupid over and break it, you'd spoil the whole effect. "The fact is, Mrs. Rasher, the pen's too fine for the pig." Please don't make such unpleasant remarks, and make me feel unhappy the first night in the new house. I suppose it makes little difference how fast things get spoiled, as we'll have to have new furniture about once a year, if we wish to keep up appearances; so, if you want to sleep in your boots, sleep in 'em, for all I care. Come, let's go down to our first dinner. I've had the new plate put on, and the new porcelain. I took our coat-of-arms to the factory, and had porcelain manufactured with it on every piece. I told Thomas to put it all on to-night, same's if we had company. I want to get used to it, you see.

Bless me, Rasher! you liked to have poked your arm right through that lace drapery, getting into bed. Did you notice how surreptitious Thomas looked when he waited on us to-night? He made me feel uncomfortable. He thinks because he's been with the Greens and the Parkers he can turn up his nose at us. I wouldn't keep the fellow at all, polite as he *seems* to be, if it wasn't that I want to learn of him how to have things *de Rigor*, as they say about the ceremonies with the Prince of Wales. If I'd have thought it would have done any good to have asked him, I'd have hurried up my party when he was here. Do you know, Mrs. De Witt actually went to the ball. If we'd a made our fortune five years ago, we'd a been one of the old families by this time, and *we* might have been asked. What's that? You can't make a whistle out of a pig's tail? Well, who wants to? I'd be just as good as Mrs. De Witt, if I'd have begun a little earlier in life. But, as I was saying, I want to keep Thomas until after the party;

he'll be a perfect jewel of a help, and if there's any matters I'm in doubt about I can ask him. I ain't obliged to see his impertinence as long as it's policy to keep him, and I intend to get used enough to keeping a man-waiter against I let him go to know how to keep the next one in his proper place. For the land's sake, Rasher, you'll snore. all the lace off that pillow-case if you snore in that style. Ain't you even going to be allowed to *snore* in peace in your splendid residence? La, yes! as loud as a steam-engine if you want to; but do try and keep awake a little while, while I'm actually talking. The tailor's got the liveries all ready for Thomas and John; and to-morrow the new carriage is coming home. Have you seen it? Yes? And is the coat-of-arms sufficiently conspicuous? Day after to-morrow, if the weather's fine, will be an event in my life. I'll be handed into my own carriage, and have a footman standing on that little what-do-you-call-it there behind, and John a driving in a coat with six capes, and our family device upon the door. I shall make all the calls I can think of. Ha! but won't Mrs. De Witt be mad! They've been obliged to give up their carriage lately, and to see me in mine will make her frightfully envious; but she'll keep as pleasant as a basket of chips, and never let on. The next day I'll drive down to Stewart's to buy myself a dress for the party. I've often, in old times, when I went away from there in the sixpenny 'busses, envied the ladies, and the clerks carrying out their parcels, and putting them on the seats so killingly polite! I never expected, in those days, to ever be there myself with two servants in capes and bands around their hats, and a coat-of-arms on the door. What did you say? "Honor to whom honor is due." I may thank the rise in pork for my rise in life? I declare, Rasher, if you don't quit poking pork under my nose, you shall never have any more fried tender-line nor roast spare-rib so long as I have a table set in my house. Now don't get the nightmare to-night, and tear down my pink silk curtains about our ears. "That would—be getting—the wrong—pig—by the ear!" There he goes snoring off again with that hateful word hardly over his lips! Well, well, well! I may as well compose myself.

STRENGTH OF CHARACTER.—A few ideas of our own will save us from being too sensible to external impressions, as a light in our room makes lightning less blinding.

THE BLACK SHEEP.

BY MARION HARLAND.

CHAPTER I.

MRS. TYNDALE sat in her nursery, intently engaged in the embroidery of a child's dress. It was an elaborate piece of work, such as few mothers, with the cares of housekeeping and four children on their hands, can find time to wish for, much less attempt. But this was designed as a christening-dress for the babe in the cradle, upon whose rockers Mrs. Tyndale's ready foot was resting, and this very plump and pink specimen of juvenile humanity was the first girl that had ever been born to the Tyndale household. It was clearly an extraordinary case, demanding, in the proud mother's opinion, extraordinary effort on her part, and expense on that of the scarcely less fond and pleased papa.

The wee lady, wrapped in soft folds of linen and flannel, dreamed vague baby-visions, with her eyelids fast shut upon—we had almost said *into*—her fat cheeks, and Mrs. Tyndale, as she hummed a lullaby, and her fingers deftly threaded the mazes of her pattern, had her dreams also. Very bright they were—drawn by hope, and painted by love. "Her boys had never quite filled her heart;" she had discovered this long before this latest advent. "They are far more troublesome to train than girls, and so soon as they are safely through the diseases of infancy, and able to take care of themselves, amidst the dangers that beset incautious and adventurous lads, they must go out into the world; perhaps remove to distant States and countries; leaving the homestead desolate, and the parents as lonely as if they had never borne and brought up children—as they vainly hoped and prayed—to comfort and stay their declining years. Then, the anxieties that continually hang upon the mother's heart, knowing, as she does, into what scenes and temptations her boys must be thrown; doubting, as she cannot help doing, whether they all have strength to resist the allurements to ruin!" Mrs. Tyndale sighed, as she again turned to the sunny side of her picture; "the sweet companionship and confidence she was to hold with her daughter; the second youth which she was to enjoy in watching over the expanding heart and mind; the solace she would prove in the father's weary hours, and the mother's despondency

and illness." Here she was constrained by her own imaginations to stoop over the cradle, and pull aside one corner of the worked lawn, that to the uninitiated would have seemed to threaten suffocation, to convince herself of the reality of her bliss, as she whispered with a smile and a tear, "It's mother's best blessing!"

A clatter of small boots on the stairs, and the door flew as wide open as the hinges would carry it.

"Mother, Allen's got my whip and won't give it back to me!" shouted the eldest hope, red with rage.

"And I say, mother, he has torn my new book terribly!" said Egbert, a delicate-looking boy of eight, with whom books were the only playthings of any value, "right through Jack the Giant-Killer, and the Story of the Lilliputians; the last half, too, mother, and I had not read it, either! It is too bad!" A gush of hot tears finished the sentence.

"Hush! do be quiet, boys!" begged Mrs. Tyndale, shaking the cradle, as the little mound of cambric and silk began to heave. "You will wake your sister! Where is Allen?"

"Down stairs; won't you make him give me my whip?" said Master Sterling, eagerly. And without waiting for an answer, he ran to the head of the steps: "Allen! Mother says, come up here—right away!"

"I said no such thing, Sterling!" called the mother, still endeavoring to hush the infant. But the uproar had wrought its effect. Sterling waited in the hall to laugh provokingly in his brother's face, as he unwillingly obeyed the summons, reported so authoritatively, and when the two entered the nursery, Mrs. Tyndale was in the act of raising the crying babe in her arms.

"You boys are the plague of my life!" she said, fretfully. "I would not have had her disturbed for all your whips and tops put together. (Sh-sh-sh!) This is just the way (bye-bye, that's mother's baby!) that you are going on the livelong day! It's all your fault, (hum-m-m!) Allen! I know it is. You are a constant worry!"

The baby's screams were hushed, and the pre-convicted Allen put upon his trial. He was a sorry picture, as he stood before his judge,

confronted by his accusers. The elder sons were handsomer than the average of boys of their age, while Nature had made this one plain, as if to furnish a contrast to Sterling's bold, dark beauty, and Egbert's large hazel eyes and golden curls. Allen had sandy straight hair, a pug nose, small gray eyes, and a wide mouth—now distorted by the uneasy attempt at a smile, in homely, but apt phrase, denominated "the bad grin." His brother's address and manner had advised him that he was in disgrace, but he had pride enough to wish to conceal his apprehensions of punishment in the presence of those who, he knew, from past lessons, would exult in his discomfiture. So he fumbled at his buttons with his dirty fingers, and kicked the heel of one muddy boot against the toe of the other, all the while stealing furtive glances at his parent's lowering brow. No! he certainly was not a lovely object; but there was something forlorn in his aspect, something so pitiable in this unchildlike pretence of indifference, that the mother's heart should have grown compassionate at the sight. Mrs. Tyndale was not an unkind woman, but she was impatient—hasty in judgment and action.

"You naughty boy!" she began, angrily. "What is this I hear of you?"

An expansion of the "bad grin," more significant of fright than tears would have been, was the reply.

"Can't you speak?" shaking him by the arm. "What have you been doing to your brother's property?"

"Nothing; I haven't seen it!"

"Don't tell me a falsehood! Where is Sterling's whip?"

No answer.

"Do you mean to speak?"

This time, a cuff administered upon the right ear extorted a howl, in the midst of which, the words "On the bench" were distinguishable.

"Hush your noise! On what bench?"

"In the yard."

"Go get it, Sterling!" ordered the mother.

"Now, how dare you tear poor Egbert's book?" she pursued.

A sulky pout from the delinquent.

"His beautiful new book! before he had a chance to read it! What do you think I ought to do to you for such behavior?"

Allen had opened his mouth in denial or explanation, when the inquisition was interrupted by Sterling's return. With a sort of triumphant disappointment, he proclaimed that the whip was not on the bench, nor could he find it anywhere in the yard.

"You wicked boy!" ejaculated Mrs. Tyndale, boxing him energetically from side to side. "You naughty story-teller! Go down instantly and find it, or that is not a beginning to what you will get!"

Blinded by tears, and choking with sobs, the child groped his way down to the yard. The whip had fallen behind the seat, when he honestly believed that he had left it upon it, and in his bruised heart the instant suspicion arose that Sterling had purposely concealed it there. Egbert's complaint, too, he considered unfair in the extreme, since he must have understood that his brother had snatched at the book, rudely indeed, but more in fun than earnest. With all the strength of his soul, the boy hated them both as he returned to the chamber of injustice, bearing the unlucky toy.

"Now, are you not ashamed of having told such a vile falsehood?" demanded the mother.

"Where do you learn so much wickedness? Not of your brothers, for I never knew either of them to lie and steal. If it were not that I have your sister on my lap, I would feel it my duty to give you the most severe whipping you ever had. You are growing worse and worse every day. I expect nothing better of you than that you will come to the gallows before you are twenty-one. Ask your brother's pardon, and Egbert's too, for treating them as you have done!"

A look of sullen malignity spoke in the gray eyes, and every feature swelled with the stubborn resolve not to obey the unreasonable command. A short but hot contest resulted in the housemaid and cook being summoned to bear the kicking, screaming boy to the garret, where he was locked up. His yells and thumpings against the door, although imperfectly heard in the remote nursery, were yet distinct enough to keep up his mother's irritation. The baby being almost asleep again, she could not, of course, resign her for a minute even to the nurse; so the latter functionary was dispatched to convey the prisoner's sentence to him. The noise within ceased, as the girl struck smartly on the door.

"Master Allen, your ma says you are to stay in here, and have nothin' but dry bread and water to eat, till you axes your brothers' parding; and if you don't stop your racket, she's comin' up here with your pa's horsewhip, and know the reason why, sure's your name is Allen."

"I don't care if she does!" vociferated the boy; "and you are a cross, ugly old thing!"

Which message being duly repeated, with

emphasis, to Mrs. Tyndale, she concluded that "he was best off where he was, and would probably come to his senses when he grew hungry." So she resumed her needle and her castle-building.

"Where is Allen?" inquired Mr. Tyndale, at dinner-time.

A cloud of vexation passed over his wife's sunny face.

"Oh, there has been no end to the worry I have had with that boy this morning! He stole Sterling's whip, and tore Egbert's book; waked up Evelyn; told me half a dozen falsehoods; and when I punished him, became so outrageous that I had him shut up in the garret, where he must remain until he is conquered."

"A troublesome child!" groaned the father. "I do not know what is to be done with him, if he goes on in this way. He has already caused us more anxiety than all the rest of our children. I am glad that you were so firm with him. I fear sometimes that you are wearied out before he is subdued, or allow your feelings to overcome your reason before the proper degree of submission is gained; he is so obstinate. Nothing is more injurious to a child than to come off victorious in a battle with his parent. If you raise an issue, you *must* carry your point, at all hazards."

A wise saw, Mr. Tyndale! most impressively delivered over your roast beef! a good seed dropped into the fertile minds of Masters Sterling and Egbert, who digest your counsels with the dinner so acceptable to appetites sharpened by hard play in the open air! Let us look in upon the doughty prisoner, the seditious member at whom the family artillery is to-day aimed. He has cried himself to sleep—the boon Nature mercifully accords to children when exhausted by emotions too powerful for their weak frames; he lies on the floor directly beneath the sky-light—the only window in the room. It is a cool day, or the atmosphere would be stifling. As it is, there is a close, tomb-like feeling about the place; a chill which must strike painfully upon the relaxed limbs and weary lungs. True, there is abundant store of blankets piled in yonder corner; but what boy six years old would have the prudence to bethink himself of such protection during the reaction succeeding intense excitement?

Allen's entrance into the world was made in circumstances most unpropitious to his future happiness. "I am tired of boys!" was the half bitter exclamation with which Mrs. Tyndale received the intelligence that she had a

third son, and her husband sympathized in her disappointment. Sterling was his favorite, as the fragile, beautiful Egbert was his mother's pet and pride. Only a daughter was now needed to set, as it were, a keystone in the family arch. For the new-comer there was no place prepared, no welcome ready. His lack of personal charms, added to a disposition which was, or seemed to his parents to be, particularly difficult of control; the alternate spells of shyness and violence that taxed their patience and temper as he grew older, all these combined to wean his natural protectors from him far more than they would have confessed, even to themselves. Sterling's frank grace and openness of speech, and Egbert's gentle, affectionate demeanor were naturally more to be admired and loved than the uncouth ways of "the little bear," the name by which he passed in the family. And, indeed, to one who had seen him sitting on his cricket in the corner of the nursery on a winter evening, sucking his thumb and peering through the bristly hair overhanging his forehead at the merry group of children at play around the fire, this epithet would have been most readily adopted towards the neglected boy.

"Master Allen! Master Allen!" called a shrill voice at the opening door.

It was the maid, with a slice of bread and a cup of water. Partially aroused by her clamor, Allen raised himself to his elbow, and looked at her with his red eyes; a gaze she was excusable for construing into a ferocious glare, when it was, in truth, but the bewildered stare of a half-asleep child.

"Here's your dinner!" giggled the girl, whose consideration for the disgraced could not be expected to exceed that of her mistress. "And your ma says is you 'pentant yet?"

"What?" queried the wondering boy.

"Is you ready to ax your *pretty* brothers' parding?"—with a nettling stress upon the adjective never applied to himself but in derision.

"You go about your business!" retorted he, savagely, sinking back to the floor.

To do Mrs. Tyndale justice, it was her intention to visit the guard-room in person when dinner was over. She was actually on her way thither, with the prisoner's rations in her hand. When she passed the nursery, the baby set up an imploring cry, and she recollected, with keen self-reproach, that the darling must be very hungry. The convenient nurse was again appointed her deputy, without a misgiving that the food and message would not be properly delivered.

"I will go myself, by and by," she said, mentally, when the report of the interview was rendered. "I am not anxious for another scene like that of the morning. I will give him time."

Fortune favored procrastination she thought compassionate, when it was purely selfish. A succession of visitors occupied time and thoughts until her husband came home to hurry tea, that he might keep an appointment for the evening. She absolutely forgot the child until the meal was concluded; nor did the preoccupied father ask a single question touching the case which had opened within him such a fountain of profound thought and sage sayings a few hours before.

Most of the afternoon had worn away very heavily to poor little Allen. He was as stout of courage as of body, therefore the loneliness and silence of the attic did not frighten him. He had been there often before; but this fact, while it took from the gloomy room the terror of strangeness, had also made him acquainted with its contents, worn out its amusements. Excepting some always locked chests, he had explored every corner, examined every article of rubbish there heaped away. There were old books; but, after he had looked at their pictures, he needed them no longer, for our hero was (we are aware that we ought to blush in confessing it) "a dunce!"—we state it upon the authority of his mother and his teacher. Did they not bring incontestable evidence of this shameful truth when they represented that, although six years and two months old, he could just read in words of two syllables; that Primers and Readers were still dog-eared, and spelled over, and halted at by him, whereas "dear Egbert" at the same age was studying Grammar, Arithmetic, Geography, and Natural Philosophy? Was there the least hope that a boy so stupid, so lost to ambition would ever be President? or a probability that he might, some day, even be a member of Congress? Smile, if you will, incredulous reader, at this early despair of attaining honors so easily procurable; but six years thrown away, in our fast country, is a tremendous loss!

"No! he never will be fit for anything higher than a business man, a mercantile drudge!" mourned Mrs. Tyndale. And her husband, albeit a business man himself, and highly esteemed by his fellow-citizens for his talent and energy, echoed instead of resenting his wife's sigh, and pondered the discouraging decision for some moments in silence before stating, as

a comforting offset, that "the other boys had brains enough, at any rate."

But to return to the dismal upper chamber. The incarcerated, although put there for the express convenience of thinking over and repenting of his misdeeds, soon cast such thoughts behind him; and, after his wrath had expended itself in devising impracticable means of revenging himself upon the brothers he was learning to regard as natural enemies, looked about him for some means of killing time. After long search, this came to light in the shape of a bit of charcoal, conveyed thither by some happy accident. The walls were white and smooth; and, without a suspicion of unpleasant consequences, or that he was committing a trespass, he dragged a box to the side of the room, mounted upon it, that he might have a more extensive field for his labors by beginning higher up, and set about his work. For a while, he sketched aimlessly; animals with very stiff legs and bulky bodies, and houses all doors and windows, approached by men as tall as the buildings they made feint of entering; yet he handled the pencil less awkwardly than he did most other things, and quite as well as either Sterling or Egbert would have done. At length, a bright thought twinkled in his eyes. Selecting a new spot, a broad, unsullied surface, he drew more slowly and carefully. First appeared a tolerably graphic outline of a frantic female, her skirts flying back and her cap half off. One hand brandished a rod of terrific dimensions, the other clutched something which presently grew into the similitude of a kicking boy, poised in air by the hand aforesaid. When this was completed, the artist withdrew to the centre of the apartment, and sat down upon the floor to admire his performance. A smile of intense satisfaction, a grin of supreme complacency lighted his heavy face. He clapped his hands and struck his heels together in ecstasy. "I tell you, he's a-getting it, sure and strong!" he chuckled. And he rolled over and over in the height of his merriment.

Poor fellow! experience had fitted him to judge of the accuracy of such representations. But something was yet wanting. Although no book-worm, as we have said, he remembered that to every picture was generally appended a description of the same. Writing was not easy work; but, with equal determination, if with less pleasure than he had evinced in the former part of his task, he remounted the box, and went at it again. Cool though it was, he was

obliged to wipe his face with his sleeve several times before the inscription was finished. Thus it stood when, with a sigh of relief, he finally retired to his post of observation :—

“MISSES TYNDALE WHIPEN OF HUR
NORTY SUN ALLEN.”

His delight and the glow of composition had time to cool before the tantalizing tea-bell brought to his mind the recollection of his meagre dinner, and the consciousness that his present appetite was very clamorous.

“I wonder if they have biscuits for tea!” he said to himself. “I’ll be bound that greedy Sterling will eat my share and his, too; and it will be just like mamma to give Egbert the piece of cake that I ought to have!” The reflection was too harrowing. He dashed himself down upon the floor, and cried bitterly: “I wish I was drowned! I wish I could kill myself! Everybody loves them, and everybody hates me!”

This childish burst of grief was of short duration; but his heart ached and heaved all the same as he lay there looking up at the darkening skylight, and wondering if the God he had been told was so good made all beautiful people to be loved and petted, and all ugly ones to be despised and abused. Such was his train of thought when the door was unlocked, and his mother came in, bearing a light.

“Well, Allen,” she began, in a tone cold, but not unkind, “I hope—what is all this?”—as the new edition of “Charcoal Sketches” met her sight.

One moment’s reflection would have convinced her that the child was guiltless of intentional disrespect to herself or injury to her walls, or his offence would not have been blazoned where its instant discovery was sure; a second thought would have led her to note the talent manifested in the rude drawing, and to smile at the hieroglyphics underneath; but her wrath stayed not for first or second thought. To the terrified boy it was as if a whirlwind swept over him. He neither breathed nor thought until he found himself sobbing in the dark, in his little bed, his body smarting, a tempest of outraged feeling in his soul.

CHAPTER II.

“FIVE boys, those of yours, Mr. Tyndale!” remarked a gentleman, two years after the scene above described. “What are their ages?”

“The eldest is eleven, the other nearly ten,”

was the reply, uttered in a gratified tone. “Boys, come and speak to Mr. Hamilton.”

Egbert, being near the fire, by which the gentlemen were sitting, spoke first, while Sterling advanced from the further corner of the counting-room.

“How hot your skin is, my little fellow!” said Mr. Hamilton, retaining the hand of the latter. “I should say that you have a fever, or are much heated by exercise.”

“Have you been running, or over-exerting yourself in any way?” asked the father.

“No, sir; Egbert and I walked down town together.”

“His pulse is quick,” pursued Mr. Tyndale to his friend; “but it may be nothing. You feel quite well, do you not, my son?”

“Yes, sir; that is to say, pretty well. I have a slight headache, and have taken a little cold. It is not worth speaking of,” rejoined the boy, who prided himself upon his manliness of speech and behavior; and thought sickness a mark of weakness he should be ashamed to avow.

His head continued to ache, and the sore throat he had alluded to as “a little cold” grew worse as evening came on. He could eat no supper, and pleaded fatigue as an excuse for retiring early. By morning, the power of concealment was gone, and the rapid progress of the disease revealed its true nature; scarlet fever in its most alarming form. The other children were immediately excluded from the sick chamber. The little Evelyn was guarded most carefully; being removed to a distant part of the house, an apartment the mother never visited without previous ablutions and a thorough change of clothing. Allen’s sleeping-place was a large closet, adjoining his parents’ room, but Egbert was in the habit of sharing the bed of his elder brother. Ere noon of the following day, the dread malady attacked him also; and in two days, Allen was added to the sick list. Sterling’s case was, at the first, regarded as most dangerous, but his constitution battled nobly with the assailant. The disease ran its course with fearful rapidity, and left the boy weaker than an infant—just alive, and that was all. The utmost assiduity of nursing would be required to preserve even this feeble spark of existence. The trembling hope of his recovery was insufficient to cheer the hearts on which additional burdens were laid every hour. Egbert’s illness assumed a more unfavorable type, as his brother improved. To the parents, the amendment of the latter was but a transfer of anxiety.

Allen's attack was mildest of all. Indeed, at no period of his sickness was his condition considered critical, and on this account, perhaps, he was consigned to the care of the professional nurse, who had been hired to assist Mrs. Tyndale. She was skilful in her business, and a humane woman, treating the sick boy as kindly as if he had been of her own kindred; but she was a stranger, and his natural shyness had increased with his years. Made timid and babyish by suffering, he longed for the mother, who had showed so little of maternal fondness for him. His heart—for he had one, deep and tender, although no one suspected it—yearned to have her near him, were it but for one hour in the twenty-four; to lay his aching head upon her bosom, and have her call him by but one of the pet names he could overhear her lavish upon his brothers. He knew, too, that he was very sick, and that people often die after severe illness; and in the dark night his flesh crept with fear, his heart seemed turning to ice, at the thought that he might not live, but be carried from his bed to the grave; never, never again to look upon the bright world, or the faces of his parents. Then came the awful question of what was to follow death; the natural shiver of the human soul on the confines of eternity. But he spoke of none of these things. Reserve had been the lesson of his life, and there was nothing now to win him to a different course.

"A patienter child I never saw, ma'am," said the nurse, as Mrs. Tyndale stepped in for a moment on her way to her daughter's room.

"I am glad to hear such a good account of you, my son;" and she laid her hand—hot and tremulous, he felt it was—upon his brow. "I hope you will be well, soon. Good-night, my dear."

As she stooped to kiss him—an act she often forgot to perform—a tear fell upon his face. He did not brush it away after she had gone out. He was too happy to feel it lying there, and to think that she shed it through love and pity for him. How pale and thin she looked! yet, in his eyes, how beautiful! In spite of her injustice and non-appreciation of himself, he had always cherished a sort of admiring worship for his mother. She was in the habit of saying that he was "not a sentimental child," and really believed him deficient in natural affection. So well had she read the secrets of the young spirit committed to her care!

"If I get well, and I hope I shall," he mused, "I will try hard, oh, so much harder than I have ever done before, to be a good boy! Who

knows but she would love me almost as well as she does Egbert, if I were not so wicked? She always says that she would; that she scolds at me, and punishes me, not because I am not smart and pretty, but because I am bad. *I will be good!*"

Voices in the outer room directed his attention to the open door, connecting his chamber with his mother's. The nurse had gone down for her supper, and he was free to observe all that passed. His father and the doctor had just entered from the apartment occupied by the older boys. Neither seemed to give a thought to Allen's vicinity.

"You can call in a consulting physician, if you desire it," said the doctor. "I wish, however, that I could encourage you to hope for a different decision from any one familiar with such cases. There is—you should know it, my dear sir—as little doubt as to the symptoms, as hope of the result."

"I have confidence in your judgment and skill, doctor," answered Mr. Tyndale, in a voice husky with emotion. "My poor wife will feel this most keenly. God help her!" and he bowed his head upon the tall back of a chair near by.

There was a silence of some minutes, during which, Allen, alarmed at he knew not what—for the conversation he had heard conveyed a very vague idea of danger and sorrow—lay quaking, and wondering what fearful thing was about to happen.

"You will break it to her; I cannot!" said Mr. Tyndale, hoarsely, as a hand was laid upon the lock of the entry door. So saying, he changed his position to one in the shadowed part of the room.

Mrs. Tyndale was dressed for her usual vigil with her sons, and her countenance wore a more cheerful look than it had done an hour before.

The doctor interpreted the cause of the change. "Your babe is quite well, I trust, my dear madam?" he said.

"Very well," was the response, accompanied by the ghost of a smile. "I am thankful that this is so."

"You have every reason to believe that she will escape entirely," continued the physician. "This consideration should, of itself, console you in the midst of present trials, and"—pausing to prepare her for the solemn change of theme—"for the greater sorrows that may yet be in reserve for you."

"Doctor," ejaculated Mrs. Tyndale, turning quickly upon him, "are my boys worse? are

they—" She could not pronounce the fatal word.

"Be calm, dear madam! By the Divine blessing, Sterling will recover, I hope."

"Do you mean?"—her voice strangely strained—"do you mean to intimate that Egbert will not?"

"I will not conceal from you, Mrs. Tyndale, that there is no probability, scarcely a chance that he will ever rally."

The wretched mother started forward in the direction of her boy's chamber, but fell fainting in her husband's arms. In the confusion that ensued, the gentlemen did not observe the figure, dimly visible in the closet beyond—the child who sat up in bed, his lips white, eyes fixed with terror, and hands clenched convulsively upon the sheet. Mrs. Tyndale's swoon was short. With returning consciousness, came the full sense of her misery. Her first effort was to throw herself upon her knees at the physician's feet, and supplicate him to save her child.

"The Almighty alone can preserve the life He has given," he said, mournfully and impressively, as he raised her.

"But, doctor, surely you can do something for my darling, my best-beloved boy! I cannot see him die! he must not! he is so beautiful! so good! He is my pride, doctor—the noblest boy mother ever had, and I will not give him up! I say, I will not!"

"My love!" Her husband drew her to his arms, and spoke firmly: "No human help will avail for him now. Compose yourself, for my sake, and for the sake of the dear children you will still have left to you."

"Left to me!" raved the frenzied woman. "Why should he be the one taken? *If it were Allen, I could bear it!** I would not murmur at the blow; but not this! not this!"

"Hush!" said the physician, with involuntary sternness, and a startled glance at the door.

Allen saw him shut him in, and knew and saw nothing more for days together.

It was a bright winter morning when he awoke. He could see that the sun was shining, although the one window of his room was darkened. His head was clear, his body free from pain, and he remained quiet, recalling incident and remark, until the whole of the dreadful scene, which had nearly cost him his life, came back to him. Strangely enough, it did not trouble him very much. A callousness seemed

to be upon his heart: perfect indifference to pervade his being. His prominent emotion was an idle curiosity to learn what had happened during his slumber.

"Why, he is sensible!" said the nurse, as she came to the bedside with the doctor.

"Of course he is!" he rejoined. "What else did you expect?" But he, too, appeared to be as surprised as pleased. "Well, my man!"—taking the thin hand in his—"you are getting on bravely."

"Is Egbert dead yet, doctor?" interrupted Allen. His voice was unsteady, but only with weakness.

"Did you ever?" exclaimed the nurse.

The doctor was perplexed. The fixed look of the boy, and his apparent want of feeling were so unusual in the circumstances, that he was ready to think his intellect disordered by the malady through which he had passed.

"Egbert is better, my poor fellow," he said. "You must not think or talk about him or anybody else just now. When you are stronger, I will answer all your questions."

A step was heard in the other room.

"There is mamma!" said Allen, in the same languid tone. "Call her in, please!"

But, at the sound of their voices, she entered, unsummoned, and before either physician or nurse could move to caution or prepare her for a repetition of the unfortunate question. The doctor indeed met her at the foot of the bed, and informed her of the favorable signs manifest in the patient, adding his injunction of silence and repose. Allen gazed earnestly at the face bent above his pillow. It was very white and sorrowful—had such a ghastly look that it reminded him of his dead aunt's, as she lay in the coffin, the only corpse he had ever seen. He felt sincere pity for her, and, to his childish perceptions, there was no reason why he should not tell her so.

"I am sorry for you, mamma!" he said, simply.

Her quick look of inquiry at the attendants was answered by a negative shake of the head.

"There, there, honey!" interposed the old woman; "you must not talk now!"

"I don't want to talk!" he said, wearily, turning his cheek to the pillow. "I just wanted mamma to know that I was sorry for her, because Egbert is dead."

With a stifled cry of anguish—a recoil from the bedside as if stabbed to the heart—a stare of horror and amazement at himself, which Allen mistook for angry aversion, the mother hurried from the room. The nurse followed

* Words actually used by a mother in similar circumstances.

her to offer what aid and comfort she could supply.

"Poor mamma!" sighed the boy, calmly as he had before spoken. "Doctor, will you tell her, some time when she can listen, that I am very sorry it was not me that died!"

The doctor was a prudent and tender-hearted man, and in obedience to the dictates of both these qualities, he never repeated to the sorely smitten parent an observation that might aggravate her sufferings. But her heart, too, was soft just then. It may have been that this

single sentence, so eloquent in its humility and love, would have touched the blind mother with remorse; awakened the latent affection for one who, up to this time, had been to her a child in little else than name. More thickly yet was the dust of years to gather upon the stone that rested above that fountain—a seal which, in most mothers' hearts, the first stroke of baby-fingers suffices to break, never again to bar the rush of the living waters.

(Conclusion next month.)

MRS. WARD'S VISIT TO THE PRINCE.

BY MARY W. JANVRIN, AUTHOR OF "THE FOREIGN COUNT," "AUNT SABRINA'S DREAM," "TATTLEBERRIES OF TATTLETOWN," "PEACE," ETC. ETC.

WALL, now, *Miss Pettengill*, I s'pose you've come over to hear about my seein' the Prince! I'm proper glad to see you! How d'ye do? and how 's the folks to your house? I'm kinder tuckered out myself with my visit down to Bostin; sech a jaunt's consid'able at my time of life. But do set down in this rockin'-cheer, and draw out your knittin'; while I'll be at leasure in a minnit. I jest want to mould out these apple-dumplin's for dinner. Arty, he's dreadful fond of dumplin's, and there's a powerful sight of apples this year.

There! Now I'll jest set the heel of this sock, and tell you about my visit. You see, *Miss Pettengill*, I'd been readin' all about the great doin's in the *Statesman*, and last week, a Tuesday mornin', I was over to son 'Bijah's, and found he was a-goin' down to Bostin Wednesday to buy up his winter goods, and to see the Prince, too—goin' to kill two birds with one stone, you know; so, sez I, "Now, 'Bijah, I've been wantin' to go down to see niece Ruthy Ann"—she's settled there, married to Mr. Wetherell, a rale fust-rate man, too—"and I've a great mind to jest start off with you, and see the great sight for once myself." Wall, upon that, Martha, she j'ined in, and 'Bijah said p'raps I'd better improve the chance. So I jest made up my mind on the spot, and purty soon started off for home to tell Arty how to look after things while I was gone. I don't go abroad very often, you know, *Miss Pettengill*, and sech an undertakin's consid'able.

Wall, Arty, he was as glad as the rest to hev me go; so I jest laid out my alpaca dress and cape to wear, and packed my new black silk and my best caps into a bandbox; and Wednesday morning, bright and early, Arty kerried

us over to the Concord depot to ketch the fast train for Bostin. P'raps you'll think it's kinder foolish for an old woman like me to be runnin' arter shows and sech; but, somehow, from the fust of it, readin' about the millintary and the great doin's, I was as curis as enny young gal. Besides, arter all, it's something to see a real live young man that's goin' to be King of England arter his mother Victory's done wearing the crown; and you can tell on it to your children and your children's children all the rest of your life. So, sez I to Arty and 'Bijah, as we driv along to the depot, "'All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy,' and a little vacancy does a body good once in a while." And the boys agreed with me. So we sot out; and by noontime, when we got down to Larrence, I was purty tired with the long ride from Bosc'wine, and while we sot there waitin' for the train from the eastward I eat the cookies and cold tongue Martha had put up for me, and 'twas half arter two afore we got into Bostin. I declare, *Miss Pettengill*, I hadn't the faintest idee that them railroad keers went along at sech a tearin' rate, and I asked 'Bijah if it wa'n't suthin' oncommon for 'em to travel so fast, and if we wa'n't on the express; but he said we was a little late, that's all, and orter get in on time. Thinks I to myself, "I shouldn't wonder if we all were in *etarnity*, instead of *time*, if we go on at this rate;" but I didn't say ennything, though I sot and trembled—for 'Bijah, he thinks I'm narvous like. Wall, we rattled along, and without enny accidence, only every once in awhile, when they come near a town, the man that stood on the platform would keep screwin' round the iron wheel that holds the

cars together, and it allers gin me a start, for the first time they done it arter we left Bosc'-wine I thought suthin' had broke, and asked 'Bijah. "But," sez he, "they're only breakin' up, mother. Don't be onaisy!" And that scairt me dreadfully; for thinks I, "If we are goin' to break up, 'Bijah and the rest take it pretty cool, ennyhow." But Bijah, he explained what it meant, and so I felt easier afterwards, though I couldn't seem to get wholly over the startled like feelin'. Jest afore we got into Bostin, 'Bijah, he pulled my sleeve, and, pintin' out of the keer winder, on the left hand side, sez he, "There, mother, there's Bunker Hill Monument!" "La, suz!" sez I, "du tell if that great tall stone chimbley marks the spot where the Revolutioners fit, and licked the red coats? I hope they'll take this young man, the Prince, out there to see it!" But 'Bijah, he kinder thought 'twouldn't be jest perlite to rake up old scores when the young man come over on a social visit; and said he didn't think they'd do it. Ennyhow, though he couldn't a-helped *seein'* the moniment, taller than three or four meetin'-us steeples, one top of another, when he rid over the Eastern Railroad, on his way to Portland, when he went home.

Wall, it was half arter two, I should say, when we got into the great Bostin depot, all under kiver; and when 'Bijah and I got out onto the platform, you'd a-thought for sartin, it was the Tower of Babel or Bedlam broke loose; sech a crowd of men standin' behind a railin', and beckonin' to you all ter once! It 'pears that every one on 'em wanted us to ride in his kerridge; but 'Bijah, he passed 'em all by as if they'd been so many blackbirds, and when we got to the edge of the depot, he just beckoned to one on 'em who'd been the civil-est, and told him he wanted him to kerry me up to Chester Park, and gin him the number of the house where I was to go to. "It's to Mister Cyrus Wetherell's," sez I; "mebbe you know him? He's a great dealer in furnitur, and married my niece Ruthy Ann!" But he jest looked kinder pleased like, cos I was goin' to ride with him, I expect; and 'Bijah, he helped me in, and put in my handbox—I'd kept a purty sharp lookout for *that*, I tell ye, *Miss Pettengill*—and sed he'd got to make the most of the rest of the day in buyin' goods, for the stores wouldn't be open next day; and he would be up to Ruthy Ann's to tea; so I was driv off. I do declare, *Miss Pettengill*, if I didn't feel kinder scairy, a-sittin there all alone in that splendifer kerridge, and ridin' through the streets, all lined with great stores and

crowded with people; but the driver, he knowed the way; for bymeby, arter turnin' ever so many corners, and bein' nearly run into by the horse keers (they hev railroads that go by horses right in the middle of the roads, in Bostin), we come to Ruthy Ann's house—a great, tall, brick one, four stories high—and the driver got down and run up a high pair of steps, and pulled a little silver handle to the door bell, and then he come back and helped me out, and I went in. A great, tall, Irish feller come to the door, and sez I, "Here! you jest take my handbox, and then tell *Miss Wetherell* her Aunt Sophrony has come from Bosc'-wine!" Jest that minnit, Ruthy Ann, she come runnin' down as spry and peart as a gal of sixteen; and sez she, a-shakin' my hand, "Why, aunt, how do you do? Come right up stairs! I'm *very* glad to see you; but you're the *last* parson I should a-thought of seein'!" "I knowed so," sez I, "but I come down with 'Bijah to see the Prince. Your old Aunt Sophrony is gettin' curis as a young gal, Ruthy!" Wall, Ruthy, she smiled, and sed she was proper glad I'd come; the city was full of strangers; and arter she'd rung a bell, and told the sarvant to bring me up a lunch; for they'd jest got up from dinner, sez she, "Aunt, if you wa'n't so tired, I should ask you to go down to Tremont Street, and see the Prince on his 'rival—for he's comin' into town this arternoon—but mebbe you'd prefer to take a nap?" "The Lor!" sez I, "I ain't a bit tuckered out, Ruthy, though it's a right good long ride down from Bosc'-wine—and I never had the habit of napping day-times; it seems to me terrible shiftless like to sleep time away, when the sun is shinin' clear in the canopy—so I'll jest smart up a bit, and go out with you." Ruthy didn't say ennything about me changin' my gown, but seein' she had on a nice black watered silk, I jest put on mine, and then we sot out; and, arter ridin' a mild or two in one of them street railroad keers, we got out into a street Ruthy called *Tremont*, where she said we should hev to wait an hour or more, before the Prince came past with the millintary; for you see they'd been and got up a percession to meet him at the depot, and wait upon him down to the tavern where he stopped. The land sakes! *Miss Pettengill*, if ever I see sech a lot of people together in all my born days; and Ruthy Ann sed 'twa'n't the day of the celebration neither, but the *next* day would beat anything I ever see.

Wall, bymeby, when the folks were thicker in the streets and on the sidewalks, and crowded

to every winder, and jammed on every step thicker 'n huckleberries in a puddin', and we 'd waited till little arter five o'clock, what should we hear but some marshall music, and then, by the way everybody crowded up and looked airnest, we knew he was a-comin'. So I jest sot my glasses true on the bridge of my nose, and looked with the best of 'em; and, sure enough, a great lot of soldiers a-horseback come prancin' along; and then, close a-follerin', there was two or three kerridges, for all the world like great double shays turned down afore and behind, and in the fust one, along with three men, sot a young lad about as old as my Arty, a-bowin', and smilin', and a-touchin' his hat with one hand while he held a little jiminy cane, about as big round as a stick of peppermint candy, up to his mouth with t'other. He had on a black suit and kinder yaller kid gloves; and was a proper lookin' youth enough, not handsome, but from fair to middlin', and rale amiable lookin'.

While I was a-lookin', and the folks were crowdin' and pushin' like a flock of sheep, a rafe tall, perlite, handsome feller in the crowd kinder took holt of my arm, and sez, "If you 'd stand up here, madam, mebbe you 'd see better!" So I sez, "I'm shure I'm much obleeged to you, mister; but I hope I ain't puttin' you out?" And sez he, a bowing, "O no, indeed! stan' rite up here in my place, ma'am!" and then he slipped away, and give me his place on the meetin'-us steps. So I had a good sight of the Prince; and, arter the percession had passed by, I turned to thank the young feller agin, but he wa'n't nowhare to be seen; and I told Ruthy Ann I was sorry he was so modest like; but just then I went to put my hand into my pocket to get my handkercher—it was a bran new hemstitched one, Martha, 'Bijah's wife, had gin me; and lo! and behold *that* was gone, and my puss too! "The land sakes!" sez I, "Ruthy, I've lost my puss and handkercher as sure as you're born! If I could see that perlite feller that helped me onto the steps, mebbe he'd help me sarch for it; for I can't hev dropped it fur off!" Then Ruthy spoke up, and sez she, "Aunty, I'm sorry for you, but I'm afraid your perlite feller was a rogue; a pickpocket! How much money did you have, Aunty?" "Wall," sez I, "I only had about ten and six, for I was lucky enough to take out all my bills, and put 'em inter my bandbox, to your house, and I only took enough to buy a nice new neckerchief for Arty. I wanted to get it at some store when we went back. But you don't think that feller could a-been such a

deceiver?" sez I, for I felt real kinder hurt like. "I hav'n't the least doubt of it," sez Ruthy. "But don't worry about it! I'll make you a present of another kerchief. It was fortinit your pocket-book was 'n't well filled. He probably took it when he helped you up the steps of Park Street Church." "Wall," says I, "if I could set my eyes on him for about two minnits, I'd larn him how to break the commandments rite under the very droppin's of the sanctuary! My son 'Bijah shall complain of him to the perlice!" But Ruthy said it was too late to do ennything about it; and, as she insisted on my goin' with her to a great store, where I picked out a rale handsome neckerchief, and she paid for it, I didn't say enny more about it; and then we went home.

They had tea quite late; and Ruthy's husband, Mister Wetherell, come home, and was proper glad to see me; and 'Bijah, he 'd finished his buyin', and he come in; and then we all went down into the dinin'-room. 'Twould do your eyes good, *Miss* Pettengill, to see the chany, and cut glass, and silver forks, and teapot, and water-pot, and creamer, that stood on Ruthy Ann Wetherell's table! I declare! the President could'n't set at a handsomer spread table, nor live in a house filled with handsomer furnitur' and things. I told Ruthy that her lines was cast in pleasant places; and she don't seem a bit proud, nor lifted up, as some do when they've made out well in the world. Ruthy allers *was* an amible gal, and desaves everything in the shape of good fortin that's happened to her.

I see Georgyanny for the fust time at supper; she's Ruthy's only darter, you know, and I hadn't looked on her pretty face sence she used to come up here to spend her summer vacations on the farm, a leetle thing. But la, suz! she's a young lady, now, and as purty spoken and well-mannered as she is handsome; for she's a picter to look at. While we all sot a-eatin' supper, Georgyanny's father, he spoke up, and sez he, "Wall, aunt, the great question with the ladies seems to be, 'Who will the Prince dance with at the ball to-morrow night?' It would be quite a proud event in my Georgy's life if *she* should be one of the honored pardners; don't you think so?" "Wall, no, Mister Wetherell," sez I, "I can't say as, if 'twas me, I should think so much of the *honor* as I should of the *scarcity* of the thing. If princes were as common as other folks, 'twouldn't be ennything to dance with 'em; but they're only born once in a great while, and that's what makes people run arter 'em so. Though, as you say, it is

something, and 'll do to tell on to your children; and I hope you will have it to tell to *your'n*, Georgyanny," sed I to her. And, upon that, you never see ennybody blush up so as the gal did. You'd a thought I'd a-sed something out of the way.

Arter breakfast the next mornin', Ruthy Ann took me one side, and told me that Georgy was jest promised to a nice young man who'd been head clark with her father, and was goin' to be pardner one of these days; and that she was a-goin' to the Prince's ball that night with him; and she asked me if I didn't want to see her gown she was going to wear. So we went up to Georgy's room, and there, spread out on the lounge, was the handsomest dress I ever laid eyes on! The land! I can't purtend to tell you how 'twas made, only that 'twas of sattin and white lace, and all trimmed off with puffs and ruffles, and spotted with little gold flowers; and the waist was made low in the neck, with short sleeves; and there was a lace cape all trimmed off with little gold fligree. You see, everything of wimmen's clothes now is trimmed off with this gold stuff; and they all look like troopers in full regimentals. But if you could a-seen Georgyanny when she 'was dressed that evenin', you'd a-sed she looked good enough to eat. "Wall, Georgyanny," sed I, arter I'd seen her gown, "I expect, for sartain, you'll dance with the Prince arter this! You orter, arter goin' to all this expense! I should say 'twas extravagant to spend so much money on a single gown, if 'twa'n't that sech a thing only happens once in a life-time!" "La, aunty!" sez she, "you're as much of an admirer of royalty as myself, else you wouldn't hev come 'way down from New Hampshire to see him." "O no, child!" I answered back, "my Bible sez, 'Put not your trust in princes;' so you see I never should git in danger of thinkin' too much of 'em; though, the truth is, I do believe Queen Victory, this young man's mother, is a rale good woman; and I kinder wanted to see her oldest son, and make up my mind if he's goin' to rule the kingdom equal to her." "I tell you what, Ruthy Ann," sez I, as soon as we were alone together, "I should jest like, of all things, to go to see this young Albert Ed'ard at the tavern where he's stoppin' and have a little private talk with him, and ask him about his mother, and the way she's brought up her family to hum. He don't look a bit proud like, and I guess he'd be rale sociable." "It never would do in the world, Aunty!" sez she. "He'll be so busy all the time, that there'll be no chance to find

him; but I'll tell you who we can call on, and it'll be better: the old Revolutioner that's in the city, at the Adams House. He's a hundred and four years old, and as smart as ennybody; and it'll be rale interestin' to hear him tell about the Battle of Bunker Hill, for he fit in it aginst this very Prince's people. Mister Wetherill sez he'd rather shake the old veteran's hand, than dine with the hull party at the Revere House." "Wall, Ruthy, your husband has got the right sperrit," answered I, "and I should be proper glad to see the old gentleman." But yet, all the time, *Miss Pettengill*, I'd kinder got my mind sot on seein' the Prince and hevin' a leetle talk with him, if 'twas a possible thing; though I thought I wouldn't say enny more about it then. "Then, arter we've seen the millintary parade, and the percession, we'll call on the old veteran!" sed Ruthy. "Mister Wetherell thinks we'd better not git inter the crowd on the Common (that's where the parade was), for fear we shall git crushed." "La," sez I, "I ain't a mite afeard but I ken hold my own, and 'Bijah, he can keep off the pickpockets. Howsomever, I sha'n't take ennything in my pocket to-day but an old red silk handkercher that's seen some sarvice; and if any young feller takes *that*, he must be dredfully in want of suthin' to wipe his nose on!"

So that forenoon we started out—Mister Wetherell and his wife, and 'Bijah and me. Georgyanny, she'd gone off airly with her young man: a proper gentleman, too, he was! Well, arter ridin' down town in one of them street railroads, Mister Wetherell, he sed we'd all better go to one of the houses on Bacon Street that fronted the Common, where one of his friends lived; and Ruthy and I could set at the winder, and see the whole, while he and 'Bijah could wait for us outside. So, arter a good deal of pushin' and crowdin' we got into the house, and were fortinit enough to be airly and be dre'dful welcome. And there we had a grand sight, and sot for four mortal hours; though it didn't seem so long. Fust, the percession come out of the State-House, where the Governor had treated the Prince and his folks rale nice; and then they marched onto the Common, the millintary and all, the perlice clearin' the track and drivin' folks this way and t'other. The Prince he rid on the splendided black hoss, that stepped off as grand as if he was king of all the Boston hosses—and he had on a red coat and hat, and sojer fixin's—the Prince, I mean, not the hoss. And then the Common was crowded; and the millintary

had the greatest show you ever did see. I thought the great muster up to Nashua beat all, and wouldn't a-believed that any troopers could a-gone ahead of the Governor's Horse Guards; but, my stars! the muster wa'n't a sarcumstance to this! Such a host of trainers, all on horseback, in red regimentals—dragooners and lancets they called 'em; and then the malicious companies, all a-walkin' afoot in solemn phalanx—why, 'twas enough to make you think the Revolution was comin' rite overagin! And then the bands a-playin', and the cannons a-frin'; la, suz, *Miss Pettengill*, if I'd a been a young man I'd a got rite up and sung Yankee Doodle in the midst of it all, though I s'pose it would a-kind of grated on the ears of this young sprig of a king, 'coz, you know, *that* was a tune his ancestors couldn't seem to bear enny how.

Wall, bymeby, arter all the prancin' and frin', and paradin' on the Common was through, they formed into a percession ag'in; and the Prince he got into a baroosh with the Governor, and the Mare, and some of his English folks who'd come over with him; and the sojers j'ined in afore and behind, and the bands a-playin'; and they toted him all over the city ag'in, up one street and down another, till I should a-thought they'd all got clean tuckered out together. 'Twas dre'dful tejus like! Where they kerried him to, arter that, I disremember, to hear the school children sing, I believe; but Ruthy and our folks we come away then, to go and see the old Revolutioner. As we come along the streets, and I see the red and white flags and strips of cloth festered from one house to another, sez I to Mister Wetherell, "I should think all Bostin was puttin' her winter flannels on!" and that tickled him amazin'ly; seems as if he never'd git done laffin' about it. I hain't got leesure now to tell you about our visit to the old gentleman, shall have to let that go till some other time; but Mister Wetherell and 'Bijah, they talked with him, and we all shook hands with him, and got his picter on a piece of white paper—*potygraph*, they called it—to bring home with us; you'll find it in the family Bible on that light stand, *Miss Pettengill*! Arter that, it began to grow dark, and we all went home. Georgyanny, she went up stairs to dress for the ball rite arter supper; and, sakes alive! *Miss Pettengill*, I wish you *could* a-seen that gal when she come down all dressed! She looked jest like picters of Cinderilly in the old story books; and I told Ruthy she orter to have glass slippers on. Her young man—Mister Hunt's his name—he looked

proper proud of her when he wrapped her shawl! round her when the kerridge driv up.

The next mornin', bright and airy, we had breakfast—Mr. and *Miss Wetherell*, and 'Bijah, and I, for Ruthy's husband is a rale bizness hand, and allers goes to his store airy; and 'Bijah, he'd concluded he must go home in the fust train. Ruthy, she'd hung on for me to stay the week out and over Sunday, so I told 'Bijah I'd walk a piece with him on his way down to the depot. Ruthy said she'd bet I should git lost. "But," sez I, "I guess not! I've larned the way purty well onto Washington Street, and I'll jest keep my eye on the Old South steeple and hev *that* for a kind of landmark." So we sot out. Arter we'd got quite a piece down, 'Bijah, he sez: "Now, mother, you'd better go back. Walk straight up this street, and then turn off to the right into another street." I've forgot it now, but he giv' me the directions. So I bid him good-by, and telled him I should be to hum by Tuesday, and he must go over and look arter Arty and the hired man, and then I set out back alone. You see, it was about half arter eight then, and I jest thought I'd do what I meant to all along—go and hev my little visit to see the Prince. I hadn't sed ennything about it to 'Bijah and the rest, but I hadn't gin it up. I tell you, *Miss Pettengill*, I'd gone all the way to Bostin a purpose to see Queen Victory's son, and I didn't mean to come back to Bosc'wine without hevin' a talk with him. So I jest inquired of the folks I met the way to the Revere House—I'd heard Ruthy tell the name of the tavern where he stopped—and went straight ahead, through thick and thin—and there was a master crowd—and at last I got to the door. 'Twas a powerful handsome great stone house, much as six or seven stories high—a good deal bigger 'n the State House over to Concord ever begun to be.

Wall, mebbe the folks on the steps thought I belonged there—was a boarder, or the landlord's wife, or something—for they jest made way for me, and nobody sed a word till I got inside the great front entry, and went up stairs. As I was goin' along the long gallery, a-lookin' at the beautiful flowers they'd been and put there to make it look like a great flower garden, there stepped up a man dressed in a handsome dark blue suit with bright buttons, and a star on the left lappel of his coat, and white gloves on, and sez he: "Madam, this is the way to the *Prince's* rooms, and probably you've mistook it." Sez I back: "It's an *accident* a purpose, mister. Be you the *landlord*?" "No, ma'am," answered he; "I'm the perlice ossifer on duty."

here. Would you like to see Mr. Stevens?" "La, I thought most likely *you* was *him* yourself," sez I—for he was a proper handsome, large man, with great black whiskers and a rale pleasant look to his eye. "Wall, yes, you *may* speak to him if you're a mind ter. for I come a purpose to ask him to show me the way to the Prince's room." "Hev you any message, arrant, ma'am?" asked he. "Nothin', Mister Perlice, only I come to hev a little spell of talk with him. If he hain't got up, I ken *wait*, for I s'pose the young man is kinder gin out, up a-dancin' all night. Our folks that went to the ball wa'n't up neither when I come out. P'r'aps I'm too airy?" Upon that, the perliceman, he looked kinder sorry, as if he didn't want to disapp'int me, and he sed, rale perlite, sez he: "I'm raily sorry, ma'am, but I'm afear'd it'll be impossible for you to hev audience with the Prince. He's now at breakfast, and—" "I ken *wait*," sez I, breakin' in upon him; "and if you'll jest tell me which is his settin'-room, I'll go in and set a spell till he's done eatin'." "The best way would be to go into the ladies' parlor, and send up your keard," sez he, arter thinkin' a minnit and lookin' kinder puzzled. "Ring the bell, and when the servant comes give him your keard, and he'll kerry it to his highness. That's ipecac!" La suz, *Miss Pettengill*, that seemed queer enough to me, and I up and told him, sez I: "Du tell, Mister Perlice, if they use keards down here to Bostin? I hadn't the faintest idee on't or I'd gone up into the garret, and hunted mine up, and brought 'em along. I hain't used 'em this fifteen year or more, sence they got the factories to spinnin' and weavin' so fast over to Manchester. It seems sort of slow work, keardin' by hand now." Upon that the handsome perliceman kinder smiled wider, and sez he: "Oh, ma'am, you mistook me. I meant a little piece of white pasteboard with your name writ or printed on it. But I'm really afear'd, ma'am, that waitin' here will do no good. Hadn't you better step inter the ladies' parlor, ma'am?" I don't know, *Miss Pettengill*, but I should a gone, but jest then a long file of folks come along the gallery, and rite in the middle of 'em I see the Prince; so I jest stood my ground, and stepped a leetle forrard to be ready to speak to him when he come by. There was a big man with red whiskers a-walkin' alongside of him, and a dozen or more English folks, but I didn't mind 'em no more 'n nothin' at all; and when the young man was rite off against me I curchied, and sez I: "Mister Wales, I didn't want to go back to Bosc'wine, up in New Ham'shire,

without herin' it to tell of that I'd spoke to Queen Victory's boy, for I've great respect for the mother that's brought up sech a family of children so well as your'n has. I hope I don't intrude, Mr. Wales?"

I kinder thought the young man was touched by my speakin' so about his marn; for though the big man with red whiskers sort of stared and pussed up his lips, Albert Ed'ard, he jest smiled, and sed he, "Oh, no intrusion, ma'am! Won't you walk in?" So in I follered him inter his room, and it was rale splendid, *Miss Pettengill*—jest as you used to read about in the Arabian Nights—and then he bowed, and asked me to set down, the big red-whiskered man a-lookin' on all the time, and the others a-starin'. I didn't like his looking at me so, enny too well; and I guess the Prince knowed it, for sez he, kinder low, "Oh, never mind *him*! I never do! He's only the *Juke*, and let's me do purty much as I'm a mind ter. I told our folks to hum, that I wouldn't come on this long visit at all if I couldn't have a good time of it, and purty much my own way!" "Well, you *hev* had a good time, I s'pose, Albert Ed'ard?" sez I. "Tain't every young man of your age as has sech a to-do made over him. Now, if my Arty—he's my youngest son, and kerries on the old place to hum—(my name's Ward, *Miss Sophrony Ward*; I forgot to mention it!) if my son Arty should go to England, I shouldn't expect ennything of the kind. And all the odds between you two is, you happened to be born Victory's son, and Arty didn't. Otherways, you look a deal alike; the shape of your nose and his'n is just about the same, only his is kinder hooked at the end. 'Bout the same age, too, I guess. Lemme see; Albert Ed'ard, how old be you?" "Nineteen, ma'am," sed he, and he sort of smiled rale purty, and showed his teeth, and then he asked, "May I inquire, ma'am, if it was *your* son, *Artemas Ward*, I had the honor of a talk with in *Canady* when I was there? He was a showman, Mister Ward was." "No, I guess it must a-been some other of the name," sed I. "My son never was in *Canady*; besides, his name ain't 'Artemas,' it's *Artaxerxes*; his father liked the name better'n I, though it allers seemed kinder nateral like. It's in the Catechism you know;

'Xerxes the Great did die;

And so must you and I.'

And so I s'pose that's where husband took it from, *Arter* 'Xerxes,' you see! But, as I was a-sayin', it couldn't a-been my son, you see, though Arty allers sez, '*Sho, now!*' when he's

kinder surprised, and he'd be jest as likely's not to say it to you as to ennybody. But Arty, he's to work on the old place; and it's to tell him about it that I wanted to hev a little talk with you, and ask about your folks to hum. Your marn, she's well, I s'pose, and all the rest?"

Albert Ed'ard, he kept lookin' more'n more pleased every time I mentioned Victory; and he answered, "Yes'm, they were all in purty good health and sperrits last time I heard from 'em. Mother'n father, they've gone on a visit to Prushy, to see my sister Victory Adelaide; she's settled there, p'r'aps you know." "Du tell!" sez I. "I'm glad to hear it. I remember readin' in the papers all about your sister's gettin' married and settin' up housekeepin'. Your ma'll git her children merried off purty fast, I reckon. She's begun right; the oldest fust. Let down the bars for one, and the rest'll all foller! S'pose 'twon't be long afore you'll begin to be sparkin' arter the gals?" and upon this Albert Ed'ard kinder smiled. "Wall, your ma's brought up a large family; and she must a-had a hard time on 't, bringin' 'em all through the measles, and hoopin'-cough, and sech; and she orter take some comfort with 'em when they git older and settled down in homes of their own. But I'm makin' a dredful long call; and, besides, I'm master 'feard that the Juke and them other folks of your'n don't like my sittin' here and talkin' with you; they keep a-lookin' kind of hald. Did all them come over with you?" "Yes," said Albert Ed'ard, "they're my *sweet*." "Hum, I should say some on 'em looked *sour*!" sez I, kinder short and piecrusty, for if there's ennything under the canopy I do hate, *Miss Pettengill*, it is to be stared at. Jest then, there come a tap at the door, and in come a great black servant, black as the ace of spades, all dressed off in a kind of uniform; a rale nigger, and with white kid gloves on; and he handed some letters to the Prince on a little silver waiter, saying, "Your Royal 'Ighness, 'ere's some Henglish letters jest harried by the steamship *Harabia*!" The Prince, he took up the letters and looked proper pleased. "They're from your ma and folks, I s'pose?" sez I, "and I'm rale glad you've got 'em. That's one of your *sweet*, too, I s'pose?" and I kinder sniffled when the nigger went past me, out the door. La, *Miss Pettengill*, I wish you could a-heard Albert Ed'ard laff then! he jest went at it rale hearty and boy-like, 'sif he injoyed it; and the Juke, he couldn't help a smilin' too.

'Twas a-going' then, but I jest thought I'd

stop a minnit more, and ask the Prince about the ball. "So," sez I, "I s'pose you had a proper good time last night to the ball; and, before I go, I should jest like to inquire if you danced with my niece's darter Georgyanny Wetherell. I told her mother that Georgy looked as handsome as Cinderilly, when her godmother come and took her to the Prince's ball, in the chariot made out of a punkin, and the mice for hosses; and I'd bet ennything she'd dance with the Prince, too!" "I danced with several very handsome young ladies," sez Albert Ed'ard, "and should a-been glad to a-danced with more; but, to please the Governor and the Mare, and some other public dignytaries, I had to dance once in a while with the merried ones. I seem to disremember about your grandniece, ma'am." "Oh," sez I, "you'll be shore to remember her by the gown she had on! It was of rale satin, and the skirt was all ruffled and furbelowed off with gold fixin's, and she wore a lace juniper over it; her mother called it so, but I should say 'twas a *petticoat*." "Wall," sez the Prince, "I dare say I did dance with the young lady, fur there were several with junipers on; but I've kinder got 'em confused. I danced seventeen times in all, ma'am, and didn't git home till five o'clock this mornin'—that accounts for my bein' so late to breakfast." Oh, don't say a word," sez I. "Georgyanny, she wa'n't up when I come out; young folks will be young folks, and you'll hev to do up a lot of sleepin' hymeby, to pay for bein' kep up so late of nights. I stole off airy, to ketch ye before they begun to tote ye round to-day. You must get orful tired, Albert Ed'ard?" "Oh, la, I don't mind it," sez he, "young hearts, light heels." Enny time, I could

'Dance all night till broad daylight,

And go home with the *Juke* in the mornin'!

He gits kind of tuckered out, but I feel fust rale next day."

"Wall," sez I, a-gettin up for good then, "I must be a-goin' now, and giv you a chance ter read your letters! I'm proper glad I come down to see you, and much obleeged for your politenance, I'm shore; and if you only had time to stop, and come up to our place in Bosc'wine—close by to Concord, the capital of the State—I'd try to show you that New Ham'shire farmin' folks know how to treat people that's been perlite to 'em. I ain't a mite sorry I come down to Bostin, for I've seen the old pensioner and the young Prince. La! who'd a-thought when our merlishy was a-fittin' the British reg'lars over to Bunker Hill, eighty

year ago and up'ards, that the posterity of old King George and the last end of the Revolutioners should a-had a good social set down together, as I hear you'n he did yisterday? We read in the Scriptur, how the time shall come when the lion and the lamb shall lay down together; but Mister Wetherell, Ruthy Ann's husband, sez this is the lion, and the unicorn, and the 'Merican eagle all bein' in the same cage ter once. Ennyhow, I'm proper thankful you come over tosee us, Albert Ed'ard; and I hope you 'll come ag'in an' stay longer, and yer marm 'll come too! Here 's a rale nice Bald'in apple I happen to hev in my pocket—it come from the old place up ter Bosc'wine, growed in the corner orchard, and mebbe you 'll kerry it home to yer ma'am with my respects, *Miss Sophrony Ward*, Bosc'wine, New Ham'-shire?" and I gin it rite inter his hand: "I'm much obleeged to you, I'm shore, ma'am!" sez Albert Ed'ard, and he made a proper perlitte bow and laid the Bald'in on the silver waiter 'long of the letters; "and if you 'll wear this ring, p'r'aps it 'll sarve as a remembrancer of the Prince of Wales when he is in his own country ag'in!" An' if you 'll believe it, *Miss Pettengill*, he up and took a beautiful ring rite off of his own finger and gin to me. I'll git it and show it to you; I keep it in a little box, on cotton wool, in my upper drawer. There! ain't it a rale beauty? La, you 'd orter seen how surprised they ware to Ruthy Ann's when I showed it to 'em arter I got hum! They sed they wouldn't a-believed I'd had a talk with the Prince if 'twa'n't fur that evvydence; and it turned out, arter all, that Georgyanny hadn't danced with Albert Ed'ard, only touched his hand in the same set; and her father he sed her old Aunt Sophrony 'd got ahead of *her* time, complete.

Wall, I thanked the Prince as well as I knowed how, and made a low curchy, and told him I was shore I wished the Bald'in apple was a berrill on 'em inste'd of one, to kerry home to Victory, and then I bid him good-by and come away. The *Juke* and the rest, they all bowed rale perlitte when I was a-comin' out, for they 'd seen what a good talk Albert Ed'ard and I'd had together. You never see a man so clever as that perlice ossifer was when I passed by him in the entry. He was rale likely lookin', I ken tell you, *Miss Pettengill*, and handsome enough to be a *Juke* or a Lord hisself. 'Tain't *all* the good looks that is gi'n to "Lords, Dukes, and Earls, and folks of high renown," as the old song used to say; and *black* whiskers are

'nuff site handsomer 'n *red* ones, enny day, to my mind.

But I 'm gettin' kinder out of breath myself, a-tellin' about my visit to see the Prince of Wales, and you must be sorter tired settin' there so long and harkenin', *Miss Pettengill*. If I could stop now, I'd tell you about the rest of my visit to Ruthy Ann's—how she and I went out a-shoppin' together, and then we went to Mount Orburn, the most butiful graveyard you eversee, with the handsonest moniments for tombstones, and a meetin'-'us in the middle of the yard, with three or four marble figgers—"statoots," she called 'em—cut out to remember some great men by; and then, Monday, we went over to Charleston, to the Bunker Hill Moniment; and Tuesday, though they all kept urg'in' me to stop longer, I had to come home, for I felt kinder anxious about Arty and things up here on the old place, and sez I to Ruthy: "I should admire to; but my fall work 's comin' on, apples to string, and presarves to make, and every-thing to see ter." So I started off. As I was sayin', I should like to tell you all, but there ain't time this mornin'; but ef you 'll stop ter dinner, *Miss Pettengill*—do, now! I guess them apple dumplin's 'll be done to a charm!—and arter dinner I'll set down and tell you the rest; though I must say, *Miss Pettengill*, amongst all the great sights I see down in Bostin, the best and greatest was my visit to see the Prince!

BURY ME IN THE VALLEY.

BY MRS. CORDELIA H. TURNER.

Bury me in the valley

Beside some rippling stream,
Where blooms the modest lily
Amidst the emerald green;
And where the feathered songster
Will build its downy nest
Amid the fragrant rose-tree
That blooms above my breast.

Bury me in the valley,

Where early comes the spring,
And where the towering holly
Willasting beauty fling;
And let the distant sunset
Its gold and crimson shed
Upon the murmuring water
That glides beside my bed.

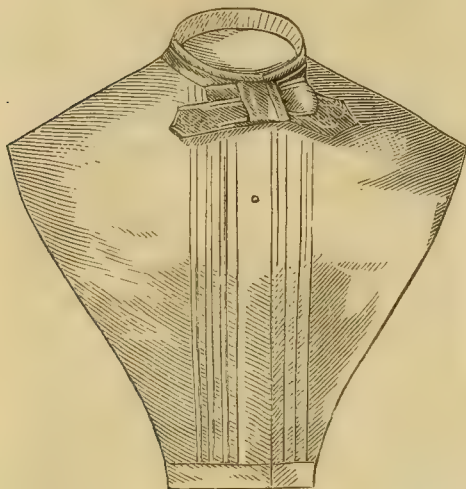
Bury me in the valley,

Where tender breezes blow,
And let them murmur gently
My requiem soft and low;
And let the glistening dewdrop
Be pearls upon my breast,
With quaintly carved though humble slab
To mark my place of rest.

NOVELTIES FOR JANUARY.

Fig. 1.—Garotte collar and neck-tie, for morning or home dress, suited, in fact, for all plain toilets at home and abroad, and extremely serviceable in travelling. The collar is of plain

Fig. 1.



linen, the habit-shirt of cambric, the neck-tie of plain black, blue, or crimson silk, the ends lightly embroidered or plain, as fancy may dictate. They are very fashionable at this moment, particularly for young ladies.

Fig. 2.

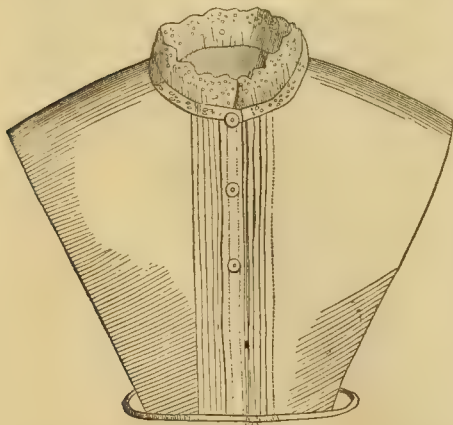


Fig. 2.—Another style of habit-shirt, a frill of embroidered muslin set on with an inserting of embroidered cambric. The frill should be nearly plain.

Figs. 3 and 4.—Real novelties in the way of

undersleeves; to be worn with a short dress sleeve, or with a Greek sleeve that is entirely

Fig. 3.



open to the cap on the forearm. For evening-

Fig. 4.



dress they should be made of thulle and Valenciennes inserting. For the day, of muslin

and Swiss embroidery. Fig. 4 is the most desirable, but both are more novel than graceful.

Fig. 5.



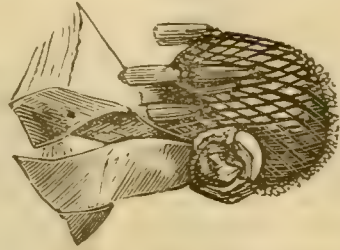
Fig. 5.—Cordon and flat bows for the hair, of black velvet and gold-colored ribbon. It is a good and becoming headdress.

Fig. 6.



Fig. 6.—Dress cap, with roses and gold lace.

Figs. 7 and 8.—Black velvet net for the hair, with four heavy tassels in gold.



Figs. 7 and 8.



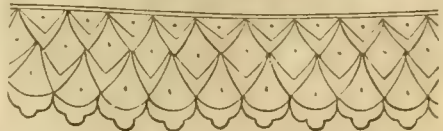
Fig. 9.—Chenille net for the hair, with a

Fig. 9.



bunch of aquatic grasses, and thin blossoms in gold.

EMBROIDERY.



CARRIAGE SHOE.

This shoe is made of black or any dark-colored velvet, richly embroidered, and bound with satin ribbon. The sole is of stout wash leather, wadded and lined with satin. It is a warm and handsome carriage shoe.



TURKISH LOUNGING-CAP.

Materials.—Rich crimson cloth, black velvet, Albert braid of both colors, gold thread, gold braid, and a tassel made in passementerie to combine all these colors.

THE ground of the cap is in cloth, the lower part only (which is *appliqué*) being in black velvet. The centre of the crown is in the same material. In the engraving those parts that are in velvet are represented black.

The broad white lines indicate gold braid, which is used to cover the edge of the velvet where it joins the cloth, as well as to form certain scrolls. The double lines on the cloth are in black Albert and gold thread. On the velvet they are crimson Albert and gold thread, sewed down in the usual manner.

This sort of work especially commends itself from being so easily and rapidly executed; and in the opinion of many, it is far richer and more effective for this purpose than either crochet or anything else. It is extremely warm



TOP OF CAP.

and light, and, if small pieces are added for ears, it forms a delightful travelling-cap.

To make it up, procure some black silk and common bed-ticking, also a little black silk cord.

Cut out the silk lining the full size; but that of ticking about an inch narrower in the head-piece, so that it may not reach the edge where the velvet and cloth give already sufficient thickness. Gather the silk head-piece into the round for the crown, so as to make the lining *separately from the cap*; but work the ticking and cloth together. Tack the lining in round the crown, and down the joining at the side; turn in the edges round the head, and sew round the black silk cord, and the tassel in the centre of the crown.

CROCHET FLOWERS.

SPIDER WORT.

THIS flower is formed of three small petals, and requires two shades of violet Berlin wool: one rather deep, the other lighter, though it must not be too pale.

Take the lightest color, *not* split, and make a chain of three stitches; fasten off. Take the second shade, and work in the first loop of the chain one plain stitch, in the second loop one stitch of double crochet, and one plain stitch; then make a chain stitch, and begin the second round in double crochet, putting a wire in the edge. In this second round, you must increase one stitch in the first, third, and fifth long stitches of the preceding row. This round being completed, break off the wool, twist the ends of the wire together, and cut off one of them.

The stamens of this little flower are very beautiful—they are of violet color with a top of the richest golden hue—and spring from a little tuft of silky violet threads. It would be better to buy them ready made, if possible; but, if preferred, they can be made thus: Take a bit of floss-silk, of a bright golden color, make a knot at the end of a piece of violet silk, or wool, insert the bit of gold-colored silk in the knot, and tie it as tightly as possible; cut the end of the gold silk quite short. Make another knot about half an inch from the first, insert a bit of gold silk, tie it like the first. Cut short the violet and gold silk, and make another knot at the end of the latter; tip it with gold in the same manner; place your silk across the half-inch, tipped at both ends, and tie it in the middle, so as to make three stamens of equal length; place them in the middle of a little tuft of violet silk, or wool, and fix the whole in the middle of the flower. Cover the stem with green wool, split.

The Spider Wort grows on a long stem, without leaves, and generally with two or three flowers on one stalk. The leaves are always close to the bottom of the stalk; they have the appearance of a blade of grass, and are about a foot long, and an inch broad, and are of a very bright green color; but the little bunch of flowers will form a pretty ornament for mats, &c., without leaves or buds.

FANCY FLOWERS FOR CAPS.

TAKE two shades of floss silk, of any color you please; they must both be of the same size, neither too fine nor too coarse.

With the darkest shade make a chain of seven stitches; cut off the silk, make a loop on your needle with the lighter shade, and work round the chain; the first two stitches, and the last two, in double crochet—the remainder in long stitches (putting three stitches in the top loop)—some leto must be worked in the edge; this completes one petal. Three similar ones must be made, and the four petals twisted, or

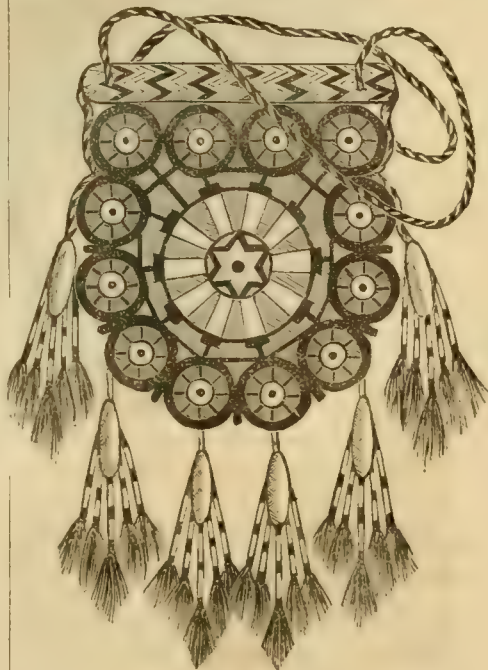
tied together securely, after having placed a little white stamen in the centre. Cut off all the wires but two, which forms the stem; cover this with a bit of green floss silk, split.

LEAVES.—Make a chain of nine stitches, with a pretty shade of green floss silk—it should be rather dark; then, with a lighter shade, work a row of long stitches round it, the first and last two stitches being in double crochet; a wire must be worked in the edge, leaving a little bit as a stem.

These little flowers have a pretty effect, and are very quickly done. They can be mounted according to taste—three or four flowers and three leaves will form a nice little spray.

BOURSE IMPERATRICE.

Materials.—Broad gold braid, gold thread No. 0, two dozen rings nearly three-quarters of an inch in diameter, a skein of purse silk of any color that may be desired, and passementerie tassels, bars, and cord, composed of the same color, with gold.



THE star in the centre of this purse is the part first done. Bend the end of the gold braid down an inch, draw an end of the silk through the doubled braid an eighth of an inch from the fold, and wind it round the braid for rather more than half an inch; fasten off the silk. There will be an end of braid uncovered with

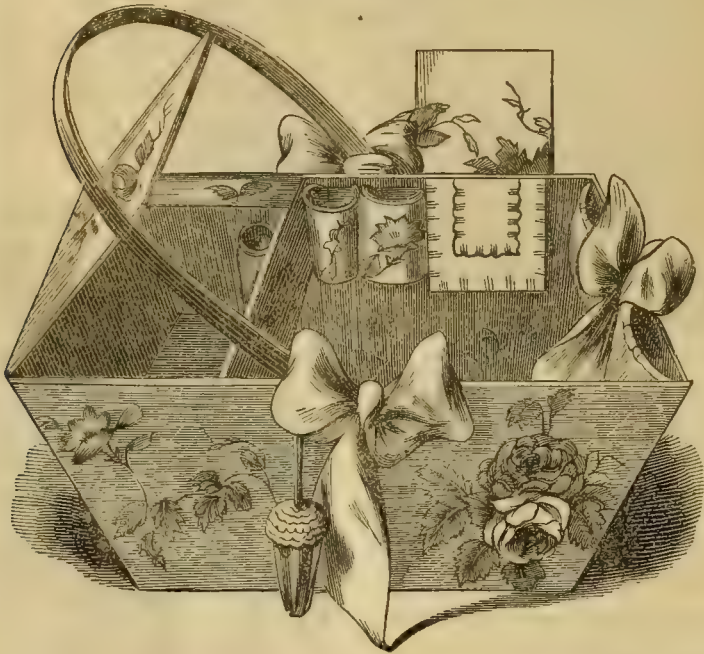
silk. Leave it in both thicknesses of braid, and again fold down an inch. Treat this the same. Do this ten times, which will take up twenty inches of the braid. Arrange the piece in the form of a star, as seen in the engraving, and sew the centre firmly, to keep all the points in their true position.

Do another star, exactly like this, for the opposite side. Now cover all the rings with crochet, sew them together, as in the engraving, and work a gold rosette in the centre of

each. Tack them down on a piece of *toile ciré*, with the star in the centre, and unite them by button-hole bars, carrying a line also round the star, just above where the silk is wound round, to form a wheel; all the points of the wheel must also be connected with the bars and rings.

Both sides, being done precisely alike, may be united at the sides. A flat ornament in *passementerie* (termed a Macaroon) is sewed in the centre of each star, and the trimmings, tassels, and bars are added.

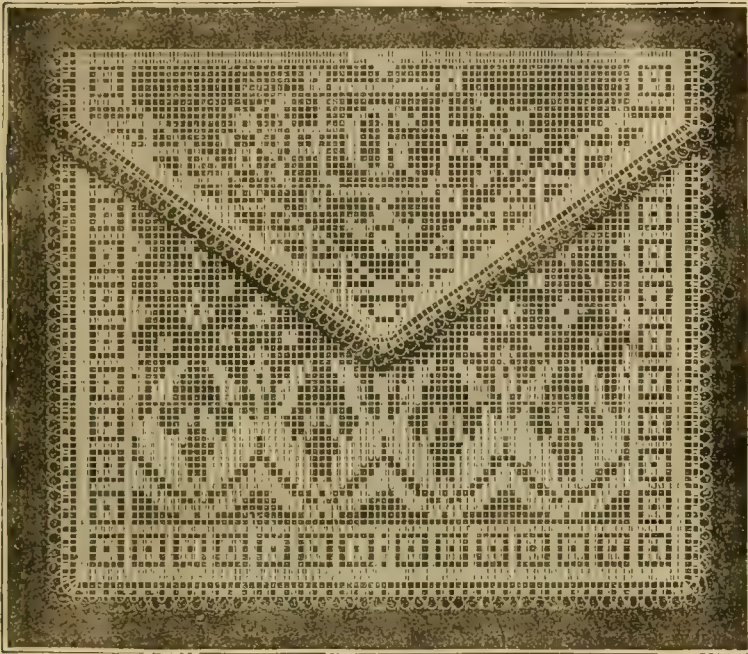
THE CHINTZ WORK BASKET.



This basket is made of bright colored furniture chintz. As will be seen by the picture, its construction is very simple, being merely pieces of pasteboard, cut any size the maker may fancy, and the shape of those in the engraving. These are covered neatly with chintz, and sewed together. The little box to the left is for buttons; it is made of pasteboard, cut to fit accurately into the basket, with a cover of tin, covered with chintz. The advantage of tin is, that it will not curl as a pasteboard one would. There is a little stuffed cushion, fitted into the button box, for pins. The little bag is of chintz, and intended for a thimble. The two little bags

to the right of the button box, are for spools of cotton; a needle-book comes next, having a cover of pasteboard sewed over the flannel. The bag to the right is made of chintz, very full, gathered in at the bottom, and confined at the top by a ribbon; this is for tape, and the many little trimmings to be found in a lady's work basket. At the side opposite the needle book, there is a bag of chintz for the scissors, and a strip sewed down tightly, and fastened at proper distances, for papers of needles, and bodkins. The handle is a strip of tin covered with chintz, fastened at the sides by bows of ribbon.

TOILET SACHET.



This sachet is made in the form of an envelope, and is intended to contain a lady's night-dress, etc., either on a short excursion, or to lay on the pillow during the day, forming an elegant ornament to the bed. It is to be worked in square crochet from the engraving, beginning with three squares, and so increasing to the proper width. The back is plain square crochet, with the border running round; the edging is worked separately, and sewn on after the sachet is made up. The lining should be of a color to match the hangings of the bed, and of a material to wash with the work.

JESSAMINE PATTERN EMBROIDERY ON TAPE-WORK.

(See engraving, page 12.)

Materials.—Cotton, No. 6; embroidery cotton No. 12; a piece of cambric muslin of the requisite size; and tape, three-eighths of an inch wide, of that kind, which, at some shops, is called "twilled tape," "India tape," "Chinese tape;" but it is of the kind that will not curl or get hard in the washing, and is rather coarse-looking than otherwise.

This is useful for sofa pillows, anti-macassars,

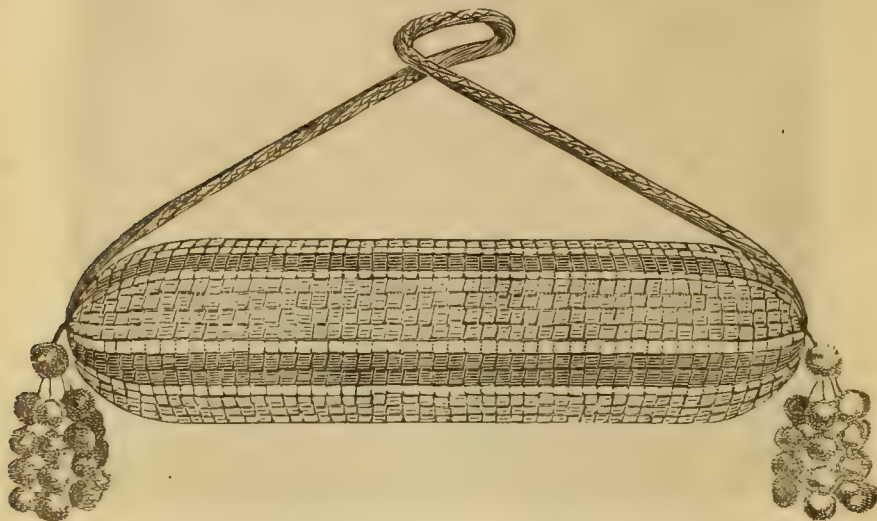
for insertion for petticoats, for a deep border for a child's dress, or a deep border round eider-down quilts.

First measure with an inch measure, along the top and bottom of the cambric, spaces an inch and a half wide; mark these with a hard pencil. These must exactly correspond on each side; now crease it across in diagonal lines, and run a white cotton through the creases. Now crease the cambric across the reverse way, and also run in a cotton. (*If the cambric is a long piece, only a small portion need be done at a time.*) Now, on these lines of cotton loosely but firmly run the tape—loosely, because these threads, as well as those of the dividing lines, have to be ultimately taken out; and firmly, that the tape might not slip. Now turn the work on the side where the tape does not appear, trace off the leaf from the engraving, gum it on to some stiff card; when dry, cut out the shape, lay it on the work at the point where the lines cross each other, and run a hard pencil round. Make four of these leaves in the same way; then, with No. 30 cotton lightly sew the No. 6 cotton round, but not so as to flatten it. Make several of these stars in the same way; then overcast them very thickly with embroidery cotton.

Make the cross-bars, one bar going quite across, with two threads of embroidery cotton, then overcast with button-hole stitch; the second bar make also entirely across, but in overcasting,

when at the centre, catch the first bar with one firm stitch, then finish. The cambric under the bars and on the tape has now to be cut out with sharp scissors.

LOUNGER'S CUSHION OR PILLOW.



Materials.—One and a half ounce bright scarlet eight-thread Berlin wool, a little more than half an ounce each of black and white ditto.

This cushion or sofa pillow is made in the new crochet stitch. The crochet hook, we must observe, may be made by any one with a penknife, from a cedar-wood knitting-needle, No. 3, by simply cutting a hook at the end. No crochet hook that is sold will perfectly answer the purpose, as the stem must be *long*, and of the same dimensions throughout, with a knob at the end. Make a chain of any length required, and work back on it, bringing the wool in a loop through each stitch, which you then slip on the hook, thus taking up all the stitches. Second row (in which, having all the stitches on the needle, you proceed to take them off). Bring the thread through the first stitch; and afterwards through two stitches together, namely, the one just made and the one beyond, until only one is left on the needle. This forms the first stitch of the next row, which is similar to the first, except that, instead of a chain-stitch, you take up an upright bar of wool, which seems to be, not on the top, but at the side of the work. Work backwards and forwards until you have done enough, observing always to fasten on

the new color so as to do the last stitch of the *taking off* row with it.

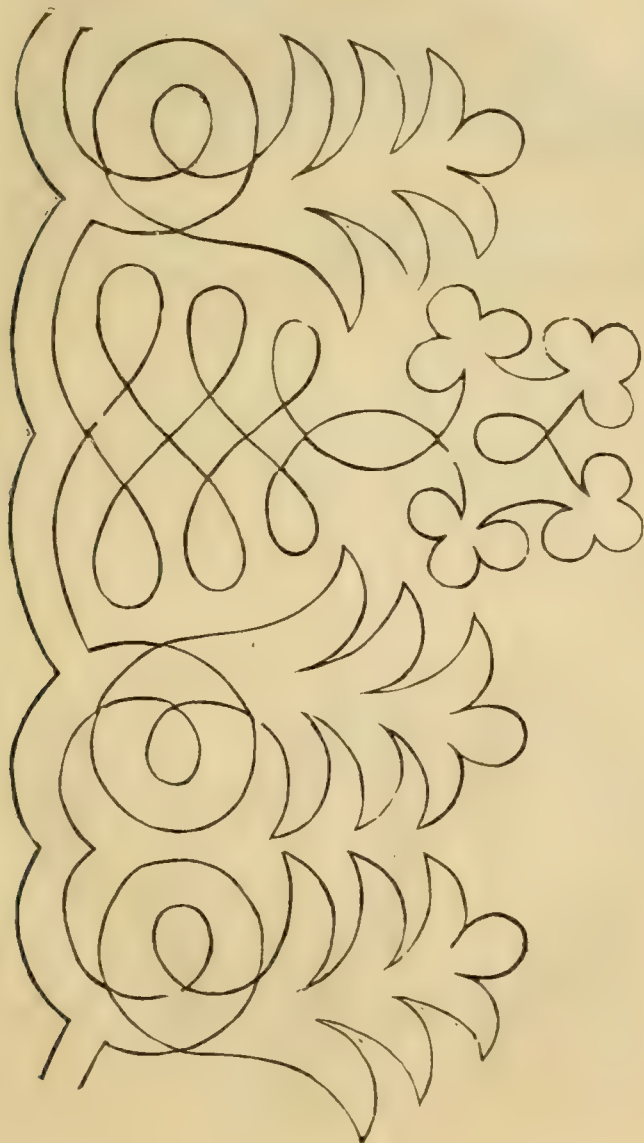
For this cushion, with the black wool, make a chain of sixty stitches * and do two rows. Join on white, and do two rows; join on scarlet, and do ten rows, white two rows, black two rows *; repeat four times within the stars. Make a cushion or small bolster the same size, allowing a little for stretching; fill it with horsehair; cover it with black sarsenet or calico. Join up the crochet, and cover the cushion; draw up the ends.

FOR THE CORD.—With the scarlet wool and a coarse bone hook, make five chain, close into a round, and work round and round in single crochet until sufficient is done. Leave a bit of wool at each end to sew the cord on with.

FOR THE TASSELS.—Get a friend to hold her hands apart so that a thread wound round them will be twenty-one inches long. Wind round this thirty strands of scarlet, twelve of black, and the same of white wool. Tie these strands tightly twice, leaving three-quarters of an inch between. Then divide the space equally, and tie in the middle. Divide each space, and tie again in the middle, and subdivide in the same

way, allowing a little larger space on each side of the two first ties, and making thirty-four spaces altogether, two of which are larger than the rest. Cut in the centre of each space, and there will be beautiful mossy balls, which only want a little trimming. Take a rug-needle threaded with scarlet wool, making a knot in the end. Thread on eight of the small balls; allow eight inches of wool for them; make a knot, and cut it off. Do the same with the

remainder of the thirty-two. Sew on the cord at each end of the cushion. Then take a bit of scarlet wool and the rug-needle, fasten on, slip the needle through one of the two large balls and under the centre of two strands of wool with balls on them, then back through the ball, and fasten off, leaving a handsome tassel of sixteen balls in lengths of four, with a large ball connecting the whole. Do the others in the same way.



BRAIDING FOR AN INFANT'S CLOAK.

A NEEDLE-BOOK AND PINCUSHION COMBINED.



Materials.—Two nails of violet-colored silk, some white chalk beads, some crystal, also some gold, a little larger than seed beads, a small piece of fine flannel for the needles and pins, and some ribbon for tying.

FIRST cut the exact shape in tissue paper, then cut four pieces the same in card-board, also four pieces of flannel somewhat less in size, and four pieces of silk, two larger and two a little smaller, for the lining.

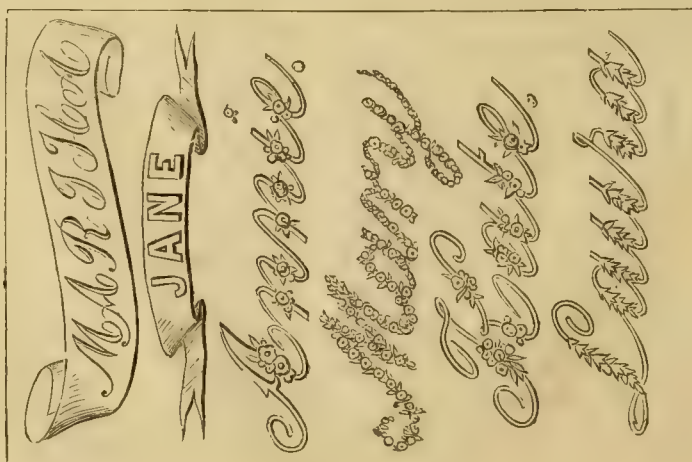
For the Pincushion.—Cut four thicknesses of flannel, cover two pieces of card-board, tack the flannel on to one piece of the former, and to the second piece sew on a small piece of the silk, about half an inch in width, but tapering towards the end represented as the heel, now sew

this on the first covered piece, sew the two pieces of card-board up at the back of the heel, round the ankle and instep.

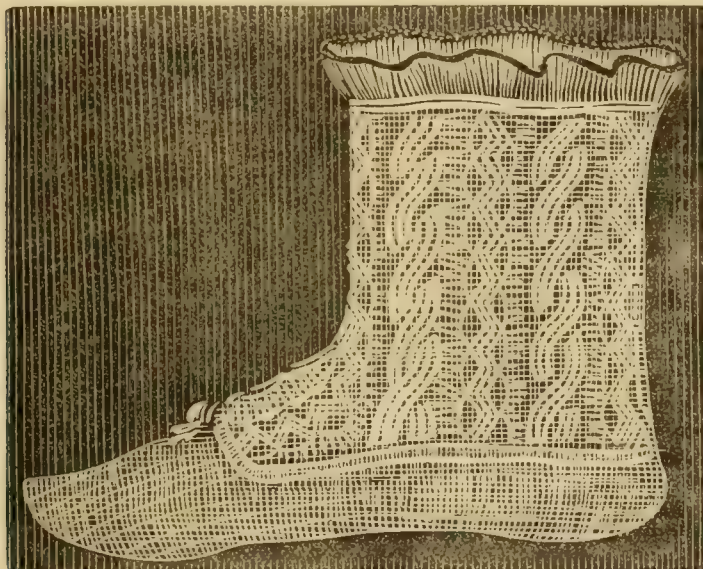
For the Needle-book.—Cover two pieces of card-board and line them with some silk, then snip the edges of the flannel and sew them to the instep part of the pattern. Now sew the two portions of the design together at the part which represents the instep. Sew on the beads, as shown in the engraving, only observe that underneath the flowers and leaves is a piece of white calico to throw up the white of the beads.

A small pair of scissors may be inserted between the needle-book and cushion.

SAMPLER PATTERN FOR OUR YOUNG READERS.

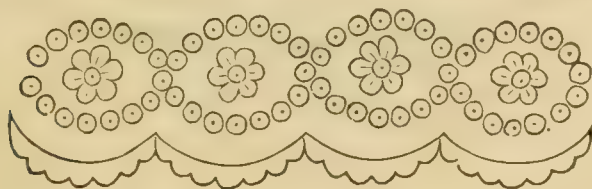


KNITTED BABY'S SHOE AND SOCK.



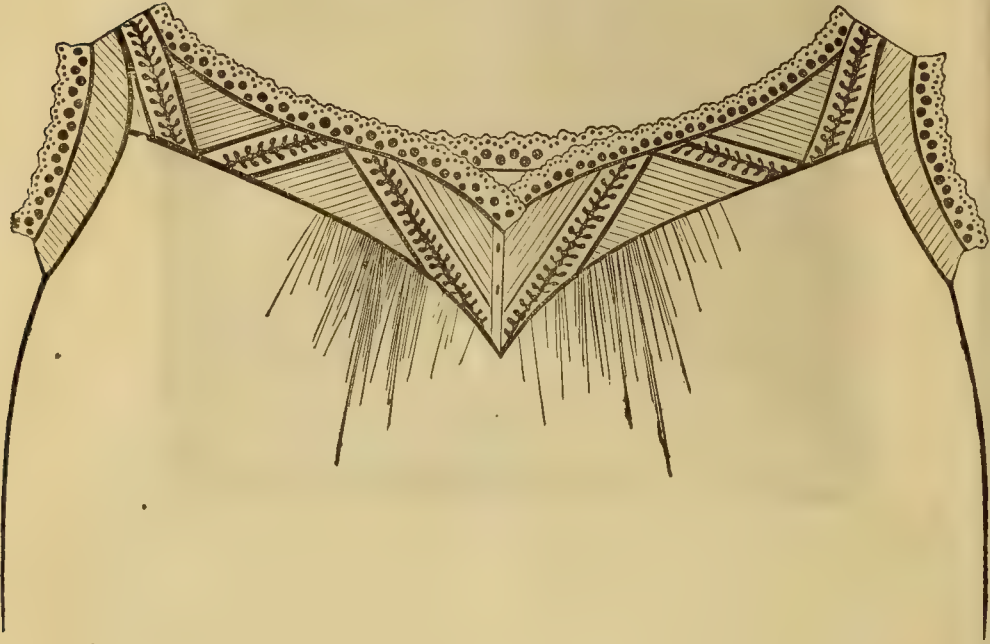
THESE are knitted on steel needles, in Berlin wool of two colors. The shoe in one color, and the sock in white, form the prettiest contrast; pink and white, maize and white, or blue and white, are all suitable. The shoe is in plain knitting, and ought to be worked tight and even; the sock is in the cable and hem-stitch pattern, the top being completed by two rows

of netting, the first row being on a larger mesh than the second, one stitch of the netting in every stitch of the knitting. A narrow ribbon, the color of the shoe, is interlaced round the ankle, which ties in the front with a bow, and keeps it from slipping off the foot. The row of netting on the fine mesh ought to be in the colored wool.

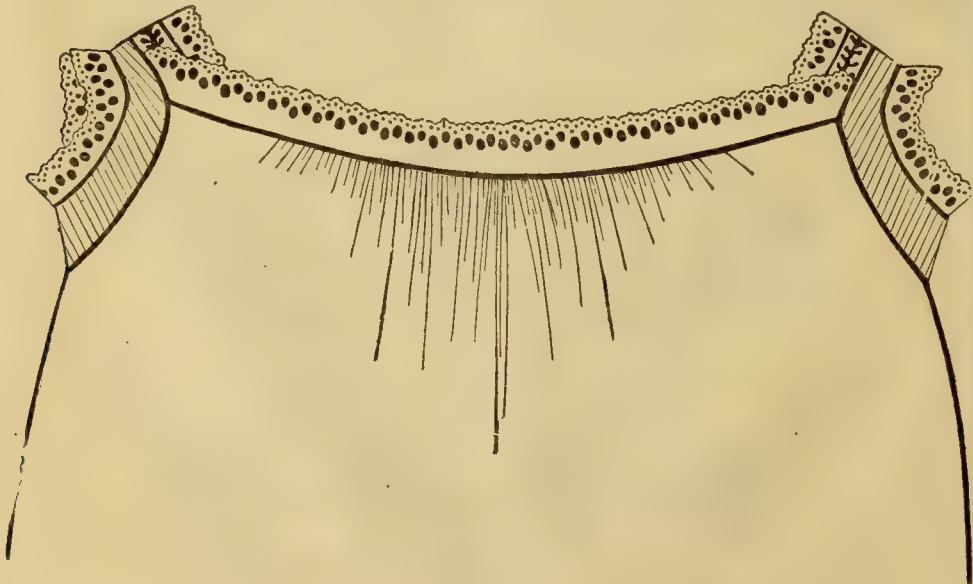
 EMBROIDERY.


A POINTED YOKE CHEMISE, TRIMMED WITH PLAITS AND
BRODERIE ANGLAISE.

(*Front view.*)



(*Back view.*)



Receipts, &c.

HOW TO COOK POULTRY.

BOILED FOWLS.—White-legged poultry should always be selected for boiling, as they are of better color when dressed than any others. Truss them firmly and neatly, with the legs drawn into the bodies, and the wings twisted over the backs; let them be well covered with water, which should be hot, but not boiling when they are put in. A full-sized fowl will require about three-quarters of an hour from the time of its beginning to simmer, but young chickens not more than from twenty to twenty-five minutes; they should be *very gently* boiled, and the scum should be removed with great care as it gathers on the surface of the water. Either of the following sauces may be sent to table with them: parsley and butter, béchamel, English white sauce, oyster, celery, or white mushroom sauce. The fowls are often dressed with small tufts of delicately boiled cauliflower placed round them; or with young vegetable marrow, scarcely larger than an egg, merely pared and halved after it is dressed; white sauce must be served with both of these. The livers and gizzards are not, at the present day, usually served in the wings of boiled fowls. When they are not so, the livers may be simmered for four or five minutes, then pressed to a smooth paste with a wooden spoon, and mixed very gradually with the sauce, which should not boil after they are added.

BOILED FOWLS WITH OYSTERS.—Take a young fowl, fill the inside with oysters, put it into a jar, and plunge the jar in a kettle or saucepan of water. Boil it for one hour and a half. There will be a quantity of gravy from the juices of the fowl and oysters in the jar; make it into a white sauce, with the addition of egg, cream, or a little flour and butter; add oysters to it, or serve up plain with the fowl. The gravy that comes from a fowl dressed in this manner will be a stiff jelly the next day; the fowl will be very white and tender, and of an exceedingly fine flavor, advantages not attainable in ordinary boiling, while the dish loses nothing of its delicacy and simplicity.

TO ROAST FOWLS OR CAPONS.—Fowls, capons, and chickens are roasted and served as turkeys, with the addition of egg sauce; but they require proportionally less time at the fire, and are seldom stuffed. A full grown fowl will require three-quarters of an hour, a capon an hour and a quarter, and a chicken from thirty to forty minutes. A large fowl may be stuffed as a turkey.

TO BROIL A FOWL.—Split the fowl down the back; season it very well with pepper, and put it on the gridiron with the inner part near the fire, which must be very clear. Hold the gridiron at a considerable distance from the fire, and allow the fowl to remain until it is nearly half done; then turn it, taking great care that it does not burn. Broil it of a fine brown, and serve it up with stewed mushrooms, or a sauce with pickled mushrooms. A duck may be broiled in the same way. If the fowl is very large, half roast it, then cut it into four quarters, and finish it on the gridiron. It will take from half an hour to three-quarters of an hour to cook.

SAUCE FOR A FOWL.—Stew the neck and gizzard, with a small piece of lemon-peel, in about a cupful of water; then bruise the liver of the fowl with some of the liquor; melt a little good butter, and mix the liver with the

gravy from the neck and gizzard with it; let it boil a minute or two, and pour it into the sauce tureen.

TO FRY CHICKENS.—Cut up the chickens, and season them with salt and Cayenne pepper; roll them in flour, and fry them in hot lard; when the whole are fried, pour off the lard, and put in a quarter of a pound of butter, one teacupful of cream, a little flour, and some scalded parsley chopped fine for the sauce.

TO STEW A FOWL WITH ONIONS.—Wash it clean, dry, and truss it as for boiling, put a little pepper and salt into it, rub it with a bit of butter, as also the saucepan; put in with the fowl a pint of veal stock or water, a little pepper and salt, turn it now and then, and when it becomes quite tender add twelve or sixteen small onions, and let them stew for half an hour; a young fowl will take one hour, and an old one three hours to stew.

CHICKEN BAKED IN RICE.—Cut a chicken into joints as for a fricassee, season it well with pepper and salt, lay it into a pudding-dish lined with slices of ham or bacon, add a pint of veal gravy and an onion finely minced; fill up the dish with boiled rice well pressed and piled as high as the dish will hold; cover it with a paste of flour and water, and bake one hour in a slow oven. If you have no veal gravy, use water instead, adding a little more ham and seasoning.

A BROWN FRICASSEE.—Cut the chicken in small pieces and parboil it. Take onions, parsley, butter, pepper, and salt, put them into a pot well floured, and stew them. Add the chicken, and stew until quite brown, having put in some of the water in which the chicken was boiled. Fifteen or twenty minutes will be sufficient to cook it.

A WHITE FRICASSEE.—Cut in pieces two chickens, and lay them in warm water to drain out the blood; then lay them in a clean cloth to dry, put them in a stewpan with milk and water; stew them till they are tender; take them out and strain the liquor; put them over the fire again with half a pint of the liquor, half a pint of cream or milk, the yolks of two eggs, half a nutmeg, a glass of white wine, and a piece of butter rolled in flour; stir all together in one way for fifteen or twenty minutes till they are thoroughly cooked.

TURKEY OR FOWL IN JELLY.—Bone the bird, and fill it with forcemeat in which are mushrooms; lard it with fat bacon, and tie it up; stew it in strong gravy, till a skewer may be passed through it easily; when cold, take off the fat, and serve with a savory jelly round it.

PLAIN PUDDINGS.

OATMEAL PUDDING.—Pour a quart of boiling milk over a pint of the best *fine* oatmeal; let it soak all night; next day beat two eggs, and mix a little salt; butter a basin that will just hold it; cover it tight with a floured cloth, and boil it an hour and a half. Eat it with cold butter and salt. When cold, slice and toast it, and eat it as oatcake buttered.

PREPARED BARLEY PUDDING.—Mix four tablespoonfuls of barley with sufficient cold milk to form a paste, pour on it one quart of scalding milk, then add a small slice of butter and four eggs well beaten, flavor with nutmeg, lemon-peel, bitter almonds and sugar. Be careful to stir the barley well while pouring on it the boiling milk, and not to put in the eggs till the mixture is cold. The eggs must also be well mixed in. Bake one and a half hour in a slow oven.

GOOD BUTTER PUDDING.—To one pint of new milk add

four eggs, four spoonfuls of flour, and some slices of candied peel with the sugar on it; serve with wine sauce, and bake in cups, or boil.

HASTY PUDDING.—Boil a pint of milk; then, whilst boiling, stir into it as much flour as will thicken it, generally about a tablespoonful. Serve hot with cold butter and sugar, or, if preferred, the best treacle.

HASTY PUDDING BAKED.—Stir half a pound of flour into a pint of cold milk, and boil it; then take five eggs and three-quarters of an ounce of bitter almonds blanched and pounded, and add them to the hasty pudding when cold. Sweeten with sugar. Bake in cups, and serve with wine sauce.

PLAIN RICE PUDDING.—Wash and pick some Carolina rice; throw among it some pimento finely pounded, but not much; tie the rice in a cloth, and leave plenty of room for it to swell. Boil in it a quantity of water for an hour or two. When done, eat it with butter and sugar, or milk. Put lemon-peel, if approved. Many people prefer it without spice, and eat it with salt and butter alone.

COMMON BAKED RICE PUDDING.—Put half a teaspoonful of rice in a dish with a pint of skim or new milk, a little sugar, and nutmeg or lemon-peel to be added, with, if preferred, a small slice of butter or dripping, or a few pieces of suet put on the top. Bake slowly, and stir it occasionally at first to prevent the rice from burning to the bottom. If required to turn out, the dish must be buttered. An egg is a great improvement to this pudding; and if it is liked in a milky condition, less rice must be used.

Another Baked Rice Pudding (richer).—Boil about two tablespoonfuls of rice in water till just soft; then pour away the water and add a pint of new milk, a little nutmeg, lemon-peel and sugar; then boil again, and when just off the boil add the yolks and whites of nearly three eggs; bake, and serve with sugar sifted over it.

A GROUND RICE PUDDING.—Add to one pint of milk four eggs well beaten and one and a half tablespoonful of ground rice; boil these together, stirring them. Pour the mixture while hot over two ounces of butter, sugar to the taste, and add the grated rind with the juice of a middle-sized lemon. Line the dish with puff paste before putting in the mixture, and bake.

A Plain Ground Rice Pudding may be made with a fourth part of the eggs and butter given above, or any other proportion of them, and without paste or lemon.

GENERAL DIRECTIONS FOR SOUPS AND STOCK.

The perfection of soup is, that it should have no particular flavor; this can only be secured by careful proportion of the several ingredients.

The kettles in which the soups are made should be well tinned, and kept particularly clean, by being washed in hot water and rubbed dry before they are put away; otherwise they will have a musty smell, which will give a disagreeable taste to all things afterwards cooked in them. If they are not kept well tinned also, the taste as well as the color of the soup will be liable to be affected by the iron; and if the soup-kettle be made of copper, and the tinning not quite perfect, everything cooked in it will be in a greater or less degree poisonous, as everything which is sweet, salt, or sour, extracts verdigris from copper.

Soup must never be suffered to stand in any vessel of tin, or copper, or iron, to get cold; but always must be

poured off, while hot, into a shallow, well-glazed earthenware pan, and be stirred about, every five minutes, till it is nearly cold, otherwise the liquor will become sour.

Lean, juicy, fresh-killed meat is best for soup; stale meat will make it ill-flavored, and fat meat is very wasteful. An economical cook will save, as ingredients for soup, the liquor in which meat has been boiled; for example, leg of pork liquor may be easily made into pea soup; and calf's head liquor and knuckle be made the base or stock of white soup. The trimmings of undressed meat and game will be useful to enrich soups; and the bones of dressed or undressed meat assist to make a good stock. Ham gives fine flavor, as well as the bone of a dressed ham, taking care to allow for its saltiness.

Soft water should always be used for making soup, unless it be of *green* peas, in which case *hard water* better preserves its color; and it is a good general rule to apportion a quart of water to a pound of meat, that is to say, *flesh* without bone; but rich soups may have a smaller quantity of water.

Meat for soup should never be drowned at first in water, but put into the kettle with a very small quantity and a piece of butter, merely to keep the meat from burning until the juices are extracted; by which means of stewing the gravy will be drawn from it before the remainder of the water is added. A single pound will thus afford better and richer soup than treble the quantity saturated with cold water.

The water in the soup-kettle, when first put on, should not be allowed to boil for at least half an hour; else the water will not penetrate, but harden the meat, and keep in the impurities which, in slow heating, will rise as scum. Long and slow boiling, for at least four or six hours, is necessary to extract the strength from meat; but the pot should never be off the boil from the time it commences. The fat should be taken off as it rises. If, however, as is generally thought desirable, the soup should be prepared the day before it is wanted, the fat can be removed when cold, in a cake; and the soup attains more consistence without losing the flavor; but it need not be seasoned till wanted, and then slowly heated till boiling.

When put away to cool, the soup should be poured into a freshly scalded, and thoroughly dried *earthen pan*; and, when to be kept for some days, occasionally simmered for a few minutes over the fire, to prevent its becoming mouldy; in rewarming soup be careful not to pour in the sediment.

All vegetables, bread-raspings, or barley, for plain common soups, when merely intended to thicken and flavor the soup, should be put in as soon as the pot is skimmed; but if the vegetables are to be served in the soup, none, with the exception of onions, should be put down to stew at the same time as the meat, and the different sorts should be put down at different times. *Onions*, whether whole, or sliced and fried, at once; *pot-herbs*, *carrots*, and *celery*, three hours afterwards; and *turnips* and others of a delicate kind, only about an hour before the soup is ready.

Spices should be put whole into soups; allspice is one of the best, though it is not so highly esteemed as it deserves.

Seville orange-juice has a finer and milder acid than lemon-juice; but both should be used with caution.

Sweet herbs, for soups or broths, consist of knotted *marjoram*, *thyme*, and *parsley*, a sprig of each tied together. *Tarragon* is also used in soups.

The older and drier onions are, the stronger their flavor; in dry seasons, also, they are very strong; the quantity should be proportioned accordingly.

COMPANY DINNERS FOR WINTER.

MULLIGATAWNY soup, fresh cod-fish fried, boiled ham, roast turkey with cranberry sauce, fowls stewed whole, oyster pie; potato snow, turnips, parsnips, winter-squash. Cocoa-nut pudding, lemon pudding, mince-pie, calf's-foot jelly.

Clear gravy soup, stewed rock-fish, roasted ham, venison pie, boiled turkey with oyster sauce, brown fricassees; sweet potatoes, turnips, parsnips, beets. Orange pudding, almond pudding, meringued apples, chocolate cream.

Venison soup, fresh cod-fish boiled; smoked tongue, roast goose with apple sauce, oyster pie, French stew of rabbits; turnips, potato snow, parsnips, onion custard, beets. Transparent pudding, orange tarts, mince-pie, floating island.

Mock turtle soup, boiled rock-fish, ham pie, smoked tongue, roast turkey with cranberry sauce, boiled fowls with celery sauce, oyster loaves, sweetbread croquettes; turnips, parsnips, beets, macaroni. Charlotte russe, mince-pie, calf's-foot jelly, blanc-mange.

Rich brown soup, fresh cod-fish stewed, boiled ham, venison roasted, red-head ducks with currant jelly, oyster patties, veal rissoles; turnips, parsnips, winter-squash, beets, cole-slaw. Mince pudding, omelet soufflé, orange flummery, vanilla ice-cream.

Rich white soup, fresh cod-fish fried, roasted ham, venison pie, boiled turkey with oyster sauce, partridges, chicken rice pudding, potato snow, beets, turnips, winter-squash, stewed red cabbage. Plum pudding, chocolate blanc-mange, cocoa-nut cream, apple-jelly.

THE TOILET.

MANAGEMENT OF THE HAIR.

Loss of hair, according to M. Cazenave, resulting from general disease, or from profound constitutional disturbance, will disappear in most cases with the removal of the cause which produced it. There are cases in which the scalp may be advantageously shaved, and the secretion of the hair stimulated by dry friction, tonic lotions, as rum, for example, the patient being at the same time submitted to a judicious and well-devised system of regimen. The shedding of the hair may be occasioned, or at least greatly facilitated, by the very means adopted for dressing and adorning it. The too frequent use of hard brushes, fine-tooth combs, &c., is highly injurious.

For effectually cleaning the hair, M. Cazenave recommends that a fine-tooth comb should be passed at regular intervals, every twenty-four hours, through the hair, in order to keep it from matting and tangling; separating the hairs carefully and repeatedly, so as to allow the air to pass through them for several minutes, and using a brush that will serve the double purpose of cleansing the scalp and gently stimulating the hair-bulbs.

Before going to bed, it will be desirable to part the hair evenly, so as to avoid false folds, or what is commonly called turning against the grain, which might even cause the hairs to break.

There is a class of persons who carry to excess the dressing of the hair, and who, during the ordinary operations of the toilet, drag and twist the hair, not only until the hairs are broken and the scalp fatigued, but the bulb itself is altered.

When the hair is very long, and twisted up into a hard knot on the top of the head, as it is frequently the fashion to wear it, the current of the fluid along the tubes must be obstructed, and the obvious remedy for this is frequently combing it and brushing it out in its full length.

Generally speaking, when the hair is naturally moist and oily, it is wrong to oil it habitually, and of course doubly so when it shows a tendency to dryness. The habit of immersing the head in cold water every morning M. Cazenave considers injurious to the hair. The same may be said, though in a more modified sense, of the habit which women have of incessantly moistening the bandeaux for the purpose of making the hair appear for a moment smooth and dark. Cold baths, especially salt-water baths, also exert an injurious influence upon the condition of the hair, hence it should always be carefully covered with an oil-skin cap while in the bath. Too heavy and too warm coverings for the head should be avoided; females should invariably adopt a head-dress of the lightest texture, and such as is permeable by the air.

Abstain altogether from cutting, wetting, and twisting, or binding tightly the hair. It should be slowly and carefully disentangled, and so arranged and covered at night as to give it the proper direction. Where the hair is naturally dry, it is, perhaps, the only case in which it will be in accordance with rational treatment to employ greasy substances; and in such instances, M. Cazenave recommends exclusively a pomade composed of prepared beef marrow and oil of bitter almonds; care should be taken to anoint the hairs, not only in their entire length, but also at the roots where the hair should be divided to admit of the direct application of the ointment, and special care should be taken that the preparation does not become rancid. Where the hair is too greasy, no such application should be used; but the hair may be powdered occasionally in the evening with starch, and the head should be brushed carefully in the morning to remove the powder. It will also be useful to occasionally cleanse the scarf with a very weak alcoholic solution; the following will answer the purpose: sub-borate of soda, distilled water, and essence of vanilla. All greasy hair requires the most minute attention to cleanliness. Hair-dyes should be altogether condemned; M. Cazenave observing, justly, we should console ourselves for the loss of the temporary advantage to be derived from their use, by the reflection that every natural alteration that takes place in the external appearance, brings with it a certain alteration of character, which is not devoid of value, nor displeasing.

MISCELLANEOUS.

If you are troubled to get soft water for washing, fill a tub or barrel half full of wood ashes, and fill it up with water, so that you may have lye whenever you want it. A gallon of strong lye, put into a great kettle of hard water, will make it as soft as rain water. Some people use pearlash, or potash; but this costs something, and is very apt to injure the texture of the cloth.

Do not let knives be dropped into hot dish-water. It is a good plan to have a large tin pot to wash them in, just high enough to wash the blades, *without wetting the handles.*

A CURE FOR SCURVY.—Plenty of open-air exercise, and tepid bathing, fresh animal and vegetable food, and the free use of ripe fruits, and lemon-juice. Lemon-juice appears to be almost a specific, few cases resisting its

influence. About half a pint should be taken daily, pure, or diluted with water. Cold, damp, and impure air should be avoided.

TO DYE SILK BLACK.—Impregnate the material with a solution of acetate of iron, and then boil in a decoction of madder and logwood.

THE BEST MEANS OF CLEARING COFFEE.—Pour into the coffee the white and the crushed shell of an egg. Let it stand ten minutes, and it will be found bright and clear as water.

TO MAKE SHERBET.—Take nine Seville oranges and three lemons; grate off the yellow from the rinds, and put the raspings into a gallon of water, with three pounds of double refined sugar, and boil it to a candy height; then take it off the fire, and add the pulp of the oranges and lemons; keep stirring it until it is almost cold, then put it into a vessel for use.

A REMEDY FOR SLEEPLESSNESS.—How to get sleep is to many persons a matter of great importance. Nervous persons, who are troubled with wakefulness and excitability, usually have a strong tendency of blood on the brain, with cold extremities. The pressure of the blood on the brain keeps it in a stimulated or wakeful state, and the pulsations in the head are often painful. Let such rise and chafe the body and extremities with a brush or towel, or rub smartly with the hands, to promote circulation, and withdraw the excessive amount of blood from the brain, and they will fall asleep in a few moments. A cold bath, or a sponge bath and rubbing, or a good run, or a rapid walk in the open air, or going up or down stairs a few times just before retiring, will aid in equalizing circulation and promoting sleep. These rules are simple, and easy of application in castle or cabin, mansion or cottage, and may minister to the comfort of thousands, who would freely expend money for an anodyne to promote "Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

TO REMOVE THE SMELL OF PAINT FROM A ROOM.—Place a vessel full of lighted charcoal in the middle of the room, and throw on it two or three handfuls of juniper berries; shut the windows, the chimney, and the door close. Twenty-four hours afterwards the room may be opened, when it will be found that the sickly, unwholesome smell will be entirely gone. The smoke of the juniper berry possesses this advantage, that should anything be left in the room, such as tapestry, &c., none of it will be injured. Having seen this tried, I can guarantee its efficacy.

DRS. BREHEND AND SIEBER recommend the medicinal use of sugar as of great value in diarrhoea—one in a child aged three years, and another to a child aged four years—in which half an ounce of powdered white sugar given every hour, soon gave a favorable turn to symptoms of extreme gravity which had long resisted all the ordinary means of cure.

BITE OF A RATTLESNAKE CURED IN TWO HOURS.—The *Petersburg Express* publishes the following from a reliable correspondent: A carpenter, while engaged, a few days ago, in pulling down an old house, and in removing some of the rotten timbers near the ground, was bitten by a rattlesnake. In a few moments his finger was swollen to four times its natural size, and a red streak commenced running up his hand and wrist. A deadly languor came upon him, and his vision grew dim, clearly indicating that the subtle poison that was coursing through his veins was rapidly approaching the citadel of life. But a remedy was tried, merely by

way of experiment, which, to the surprise of all present, acted like a charm, the component parts of which were onion, tobacco, and salt, of equal parts, made into a poultice and applied to the wound, and at the same time a cord was bound tightly about the wrist. In two hours afterwards he had so far recovered as to be able to resume his work. I knew an old negro who cared a boy that had been bitten by a mad dog, by the same application.

TO TAKE MILK FROM CREAM.—Use a siphon, and draw off the milk from beneath the surface of the cream, and thus completely separate the two liquids by the simplest means and with the least possible trouble.

TO REMOVE INK STAINS.

Drop some *spirits of salts*—with great caution—

Wherever an ink-spot is seen;

Having previously moistened that portion

With water: and rinse it quite clean

As soon as the object's effected,

And then you'll be able to say:—

"What a change—who'd have ever expected

To find it dislodged in this way?"

RATS AND MICE.—The asphodel is useful in driving away rats and mice, which have such an antipathy to this plant, that if their holes be stopped up with it, they will rather die than pass where it has been placed.

CONTRIBUTED RECEIPTS.

REMEDY FOR BURNS, &c.—Take any quantity of red clover heads, boil them until the strength is out, then strain off the liquor and boil it down to the thickness of molasses, and when cold bottle for use.

INDIAN MEAL PUDDING.—Boil two quarts of sweet skimmed milk, then stir in eight tablespoonfuls of Indian meal; add two teaspoonfuls of salt, two eggs well beaten, one cup of molasses or sugar (molasses is better), one pint of cold milk, one teaspoonful of cinnamon or any other spice; pour into a deep dish, and bake four hours.

LEMON PIE.—Three eggs, six tablespoonfuls of sugar, one lemon. Take the yolks of the eggs and mix with white sugar; beat the yolks and sugar together. Beat the white of eggs to a froth; grate in the lemon-peel; mix the whites and yolks of eggs together; pour in the juice of the lemon. Rich paste—bake as custard. Bake quickly.

APPLE DUMPLINGS should be made of one large apple, quartered and cored, then put together, covered with a thin paste, and boiled till the fruit shall be done enough.

Or: The apple is best not cut, but the core scooped out, and the centre filled up with a piece of butter and sugar, according to the tartness of the apple. The paste should not be rolled out, but a lump of the proper quantity taken, the apple placed upon it, and the paste carefully pressed round it, bringing it to a point which is easily closed, so as to keep in the juice and butter. They have a pretty effect if boiled in nets instead of cloths.

SUGAR ICING FOR CAKE.—Beat two pounds of double-refined sugar with two ounces of fine starch, sift the whole through a gauze sieve: then beat the whites of five eggs with a knife upon a pewter dish for half an hour; beat in your sugar a little at a time, or it will make the eggs fall, and injure the color: when all the sugar is put in, beat it half an hour longer, and then lay on your almond icing, spreading it even with a knife. If put on as soon as the cake comes from the oven, it will harden by the time the cake is cold.

Editors' Table.

OUR PLATES AND THEIR LESSONS.

Men's due deserts each reader may recite.
 For men of men do make a goodly show;
 But woman's works can rarely come to light,
 No mortal man their famous acts may know;
 No writer will a little time bestow.
 The worthy acts of women to repeat.
 Though their renown and the deserts be great.

MIRROR FOR MAGISTRATES.

Oh, grant me honest fame, or grant me none!—POPE.

This is, essentially, a woman's aspiration. Men often push their way into "the court, the camp, the senate and the mart," eager for distinction, and not particular about the path, provided it lead them to eminence, glory, wealth, and power. It is not so with women. When ambition stirs the heart of a woman, as it sometimes does, she persuades herself that utility is her object. She may err in judgment, in writing, or action, she may do mischief rather than the purposed or pretended good; but we believe the rarest thing in the world is a woman aiming at renown that has not some real or imaginary basis of doing good.

Our FRONTPISCE is a MEMORIAL of benevolence and worth, of fame justly won by women, without being sought as the aim of their endeavors. No admixture of pecuniary, personal, or vain motives sullies the brightness of such feminine examples. The deeds and the influence of these heroic women have produced consequences that will benefit mankind through succeeding generations, without doing injury to any good pursuit or purpose of the human race. We believe they have done more to suppress evil and encourage good in the world, during their earnest but unpretending course of life, than all the conquerors who have won the crown of everlasting fame from "Macedonia's madman" to the Duke of Wellington.

MRS. ELIZABETH FRY*—the centre figure of the group—was born in Norwich, England, 1750. She was a sister of the celebrated John J. Gurney. In youth, rich, beautiful, and well cultivated, she never allowed these worldly advantages to inspire her with vanity or love of selfish and trivial amusements. Before she was married she had, with her father's consent, established in his house a school for eight poor children, whom she taught.

An accidental visit, soon after her marriage, to a prison in London, where women were the prisoners, turned her thoughts to the possibility of improving the condition, morally and physically most wretched, of these evil or unfortunate women. The reforms produced through the personal labors and judicious exertions of Mrs. Fry, so changed the state of public opinion concerning these poor culprits, as well as the manner of managing those penal institutions, that we can now hardly imagine their doleful condition or the desperate character of the inmates, when she first visited them. Mrs.

Fry travelled from place to place solely to ameliorate the condition of female convicts; taking the light of the blessed Gospel into the dark cells of ignorance, crime, and misery, of sin, sorrow, and penitence, she so moved the hearts of those poor degraded outcasts by her tender teachings and generous succor, that many were brought to repentance and a lasting reformation; some rescued from the depths of guilt were, we may humbly trust, forgiven by Him who has power to pardon sin and save sinners.

Mrs. Fry ended her useful life in 1845, mourned by all England, where it was felt that a bright particular star had disappeared.

MISS DOROTHEA DIX—represented by the figure on the left, at the top of the page—is a native of New England. She passed her early life in Boston, where, for several years, she was occupied in educational and literary pursuits. In 1834 she visited Europe for the first time, and, while there, carefully sought information that would aid the philanthropic plans she was devising, which were matured some years later. On her return to Boston she made many efforts to do good to prisoners, lunatics, and in short to improve public asylums and the institutions that provided homes for the sick and destitute. But her favorite plan was an amelioration of the condition of insane persons. Since 1841 she has devoted herself to this idea, visiting every State, we believe, this side the Rocky Mountains, travelling more miles than would three times circle the globe, and examining all the insane asylums in our land. It would require double the space we can spare to give even a synopsis of her labor; we cannot undertake to describe the ardor and impetuosity, yet gentleness and perseverance, she has shown in behalf of her unconscious clients; she has written, talked, reasoned, visited persons of influence, argued, urged, has been daunted by nothing—has never flagged. In short, volumes might be filled with the story of her exertions. There is no doubt that she has exercised a great and enduring influence on the economy of insane asylums; she has also had the satisfaction of causing the erection and endowment of quite a number of these places of comfort for such unfortunate invalids. Her name will always be remembered as an earnest philanthropist.

GRACE DAKING—is presented by the figure on the left at the bottom of the engraving—is the heroine of feelings that appeal to the heart like the sympathies of youth. She was never in a position to act upon an unlimited series of her fellow beings, like the other heroines of our record; but in her short life and obscure position she showed an astonishing ardor, an angel-like pity in the cause of suffering humanity, that ranks her with the noble benefactors of our race.

Grace was a native of Northumberland, England, daughter of the keeper of Longstone Lighthouse on one of the Farne Islands of that dangerous coast. A young girl, just entered on her twenties, gentle and retiring by nature, and always living in the solitary home her father's office rendered necessary, was so moved by compassion at the sight of shipwrecked men, clinging to the rocks and struggling ship, from which the next returning

* These portraits are ideal, not personal, intended, with the scenes in the medallions, to embody and illustrate the works of love, pity, readiness, and philanthropy which have been accomplished by ladies whose names and deeds are worthy to be kept in perpetual remembrance.

tide must sweep them, that she determined to risk her own life to save them. Her brother was absent, her father tried to dissuade her from the trial which he considered would be fatal to her and do no good to the perishing people; but she declared she would go alone if her father refused to aid her, that live or die she would attempt to save the sufferers. So her parents helped to launch the boat, the father and daughter took each an oar, and she thus was the ministering angel that saved nine perishing men. Grace was a girl of delicate constitution, and died of consumption a few years after her deed of heroism.

Mrs. CORNELIUS DU BOIS—represented by the figure at top, on the right—is a resident of New York City, where she has been mainly instrumental in originating and establishing one of the best charitable institutions in Christendom, the first of the kind known in our country, and, we believe, there is none exactly like it in the world—this is THE NURSERY AND CHILD'S HOSPITAL.

In 1834 the first effort was made to save the sick, perishing "lambs" of Christ's flock, the nurslings and little children of the poor, degraded, outcast population of New York. We have no space now to go into the details of misery that, coming to the knowledge of Mrs. Du Bois, moved her warm heart to attempt this great and blessed work.* Suffice to say that she succeeded in obtaining helpers among the best and first ladies of the city—that the State gave \$10,000 towards establishing the institution, and the city government contributed six valuable lots on which the hospital buildings were erected; that Mrs. Du Bois, assisted by Rev. Dr. Anthon, laid the corner stone in 1837, and in 1838 (after four years in hired rooms), this noble institution was permanently located and established.

Rev. Dr. Anthon, in his beautiful eulogy on that occasion, said: "In rougher hands, and with sterner spirits than those whose vocation by birth is the vocation of charity," the enterprise, I hesitate not to express the belief, could not have been brought to this most gratifying conclusion. But it was an undertaking which accorded with the distinctive mission of your sex. It was adapted to the peculiar influence and endowments conferred on you from above, to subserve the highest interests of our race; and when entered upon, as this work was, with tender and unwearied devotion, generous self-sacrifice, and humble faith, how could it fail of success?"

Another of the eloquent speakers, George T. Elliot, M. D., observed: "Nor can the name of one—our first directress, Mrs. Cornelius Du Bois—be omitted: alike the foundress and the mother of this hospital; whose devotion, sleepless energy, and unswerving love for these little children, have triumphed over all obstacles and are crystallized in these halls."

It is needless to praise an institution which the least observant must see is, of all charities, the safest, most unalloyed with evil and most productive of increasing good to the world. To train up good citizens and good Christians from infancy, to snatch fellow creatures from the perdition of unholy homes, to restore bloom to the pale cheek of sick, suffering, neglected childhood, is a work deserving the warmest praise. The foundress of an institution like this, does she not merit honor and love?

MISS FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE—represented by the

figure at the bottom of the page, on the right: who has not heard of Florence Nightingale? who does not know her story in all its details? Without expatiating upon her angelic charity to the wounded and the dying, for every American woman is familiar with the picture of the noble English heroine, and her tender sympathy as she went from bed to bed in those horrible hospitals where lay the wounded and suffering soldiers of the bloody Crimean war—we would observe that these labors of pity and patriotism were, and are, but a small part of Miss Nightingale's claims to the love and honor she has won throughout the world.

War is not forever, but the poor will always be with us; sorrow, sickness, destitution and death are the perpetual attendants on fallen humanity. Therefore the mind that has devised means to soften these ever-recurring miseries of mankind, and shown the way by which to prevent or palliate the sorest ills of life, those sufferings that spring from ignorance or neglect on the part of persons who minister to the sick and have the charge of the public health—such a mind is indeed of the highest order. This intelligence has been shown by Florence Nightingale in her writings* and exertions to organize a new system of hospital treatment, of which experience has already proved the efficiency. For these beneficent services which she has done for her country, nay, for all mankind, services of true wisdom, that must go on benefiting the sick and suffering through all future generations, Miss Nightingale truly deserves what the world tenders her—honor, esteem, love.

SECOND PLATE—A HOME SCENE.

We have, in our first plate, set before our readers those bright examples of benevolent action that awaken generous enthusiasm in our sex, and uplift the soul to the contemplation of heroic deeds. But we are constrained to say that these distinguished women are the exception, not the rule of life. In our second picture is embodied the real worth, the true sublimity of woman's destiny and duty.

"Few can serve or save the public," but all can be useful at home. Home is woman's true empire; it is there that she is to be thoughtful and energetic, pleasant and kind, wise and happy. The "state of life in which it has pleased God to call her" is to be the scene of her virtues and enjoyments, her trials and triumphs. Here she must do her greatest work, and win her crown of glory by being the crown and blessing of her family. The heart that is softened and expanded by the constant exercise of domestic affections, and consequent efforts to make home the place of happiness, will never confine itself to the limits of the household; friends, neighbors, the poor, the suffering will all participate in the kindness which, ever exercised, never tires, which weeps with those that weep and rejoices with those who rejoice.

MISSIONARY WOMEN: MRS. ELLEN B. MASON.

This lady, many years ago, accompanied her husband as missionaries, sent by the Baptist Churches of America to the heathen of Burmah. Their field of labor was among the Karens, a nation or tribe more industrious and capable of being Christianized than any other people of India. Mrs. Mason has, for several years, been earnestly engaged in teaching the women and girls, and has succeeded in founding a school to educate native teachers. We have before us a picture, "drawn by Mrs. Ellen B.

* Our readers who have the Lady's Book of 1837 will find the story on pages 276 and 277 of the September number.

* "Notes on Nursing," etc.

Mason," representing the "Karen Female Institute at Tounghoo; with the native board of managers in their hunting dresses, from a photograph." We wish all our readers could look on this engraving, then they would feel more deeply what a great as well as good work has been accomplished. We give the summary in Mrs. Mason's own honest, earnest language:—

"When the mission was first established in Tounghoo, six years ago, not a Karen female could read a syllable. Now many hundreds can read, and fifty young women are fitting themselves for teachers, twelve of whom have already branch schools upon the mountains.

"When the work was begun, the people ridiculed the proposition of instructing girls in books. Now the chiefs themselves select the girls, bring them down, feed them, clothe them, supply their books, and find them places for teaching.

"When this work was begun, the chiefs scoffed at the idea of girls becoming teachers. Now there is the loudest call for them all over the mountains, robber chiefs even promising their support.

"When this work was begun, the Karens had not a foot of land to rest them on, when they came down from the mountains. Now they have a beautiful place of thirty acres, with a large handsome institution, and a pretty settlement, all their own, close to the town.

"When this work was begun, I had to support the men while clearing the ground for the school-house. Now these same chiefs have brought in more than 3000 rupees for the girls' school, and a young men's school on the same land.

"When the work was begun, I had to measure out our own rice, meal by meal, to persuade them to remain over Sunday. The same chiefs have supported themselves week after week, to enjoy the privilege of coming in at night to study the word of God.

"When this work was begun, the women presented the strongest barrier, opposing bitterly their girls leaving the paddy field to learn books.

"Now these same women work day and night to prepare dresses for them, and come trooping down from the mountains loaded with thatch for their cook-house and dormitories.

"It is just such a work and just such labors that are needed for the Burmese and Shan women of Tounghoo."

In our December number we said that Mrs. Mason had returned home, hoping to obtain helpers and material aid for her mission, so that she may establish for the women and girls of Tounghoo a school, and teach them as she has done the Karens. Two American ladies, returned missionaries from India, who understood the language, are willing to go back with Mrs. Mason and help her, if means can be provided. Who will aid this good work? Will not our friends, those who have enjoyed the blessed privileges of education that American young ladies so universally have access to, take an interest in this subject? Subscriptions of one dollar are solicited from all who approve. Subscriptions and donations sent the Editors of the *Lady's Book* for Mrs. Mason's school, will be recorded with the names of the donors.*

SEWING MACHINES are exempt from attachments for debt, if not exceeding \$100 in value, in the State of Massachusetts. It should be the law in all the States; and in every neighborhood of twenty families, there should

* Subscriptions may also be sent direct to Mrs. Ellen E. Mason, 633 Broadway New York.

be, at least, one first rate Sewing Machine. Those manufactured by Wheeler & Wilson are first rate.

THE PIANO IN THE FAMILY.—A good Piano is an inexhaustible source of domestic pleasure. It is the only instrument that can supply, in itself, an orchestra. It is the only instrument that can perform a real solo. All the others require an accompaniment of some sort. The vast range of the Piano which the ten fingers permit it to take in the fullest harmonies, supply the place of numerous combinations.

A good Piano, with three well trained voices, can give a very true idea of any opera, to those who are from any cause hindered from attending public performances. For the intellectual part of music, the science of composition—the Piano is essential. No matter what may be the stringed or wind instrument in question, the Piano, uniting the various chords and harmonies, which no other instrument can do, must be used by the compositor.

Our American manufacturers have improved the mechanism of Pianos so greatly within the last ten or twelve years, that it is now as rare to find a really bad piano, as it used to be to find a really good one. The compass of the peg-board is greatly increased; and, moreover, skill, ingenuity, and competition have so facilitated the manufacture of these really wonderful instruments, that Pianos may now be obtained for one half the price they formerly cost. We commend those of Messrs. Boardman & Gray, Albany, New York, both for excellence and moderate price.

MISS S. J. HALE'S BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, 126 Rittenhouse Square, Philadelphia.

This school is designed to give a thorough and liberal English education, to furnish the best facilities for acquiring the French language, and the best instruction in music and the other accomplishments. An accomplished French teacher resides in the family, and also an excellent teacher of music, who gives her personal attention to pupils while practising. The moral training and the health and physical development of the scholars are carefully attended to.

References: Mrs. Emma Willard, Troy, N. Y.; Henry Vethake, LL.D., Wm. B. Stevens, D.D., Wm. H. Ashhurst, Esq., Louis A. Godey, Esq., Philadelphia; Charles Hodge, D.D., Princeton, N. J.; and others.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.—The following articles are accepted: "A Dream of the Past"—"Intellect; the Twin Sister of Christian Character"—"To M. D."—"The Contest"—"Our Birdie"—and "Something."

These articles are not needed, though some of the number are worth insertion, if we had room: "We all deface," etc.—"Evening"—"Aline Hooper"—"The Old Year" (the writer has the poetic vein, and will succeed if she perseveres)—"Living with the Old Folks"—"Lines"—"A good Example"—"Stanzas" (not the best the writer can send us)—"When Sleep hovers o'er me"—"Life is Merry," etc.—"The Serenade"—"And where is your Sweetheart?"—"Song"—"Come home, my own love"—"A Night with the Indians" (we never, or very rarely, find Indian legends worth publishing)—"My Lost Pet"—"Nevermore"—"The History of a Love-match"—and "Where has Peace gone?"

We have other articles on hand that will be reported next month.

Will the author of "From May to November" send us her direction—town, county, State? We wrote her some weeks ago, and receiving no reply, conclude the letter was misdirected.

Health Department.

BY JNO. STAINBACK WILSON, M. D.

DOCTORS FOR CHILDREN.—Every candid physician will readily admit that the diagnosis and treatment of the diseases of children are attended with peculiar difficulties. Diagnosis means to decide as to the nature and seat of disease. Now it is hardly necessary to go into any argument to show that no rational and successful plan of treatment can be instituted for the removal of a disease without a correct diagnosis.

But what are the difficulties that present themselves in investigating the diseases of children?

In the first place, an infant cannot talk, and has no language except that of signs; and again, it is restless and peevish from disease, or agitated and alarmed at the presence of the physician. If he attempts to auscultate its chest, or listen to the sounds of its breathing, the signs so useful in disorders of the chest are often rendered unavailable by a violent fit of crying; if he would try to gather information from the expression of countenance, the child will not bear to be looked at; if he should endeavor to feel the pulse, it is inordinately excited from mental emotion, should the little patient be old enough to notice the strange and unusual circumstances by which it is surrounded. In view of these and other difficulties which no honest and conscientious physician will attempt to deny or conceal, the idea has become quite prevalent that physicians know little or nothing about the diseases of children, and that a sick child is as safe, or safer, in the hands of the mother or nurse, than it would be when committed to the care of the most skilful and best educated physician.

Another common error is that our medicines are "too strong" for children. And whence these errors?

The first has arisen from the natural difficulties that encompass the investigation and treatment of the diseases of children, and which must be obvious to all mothers, while they cannot and should not be concealed by physicians.

But when a man who professes to be skilled in his profession admits, as is sometimes done, that "any one can manage baby diseases" as well as he can, he makes a concession not only not required by truth, but positively false to his science, derogatory to the just claims of Medicine on the confidence of the people, and fatal in its consequences. The truth is, that however great the obstacles to the study of the disorders of children, they can be overcome by diligence and perseverance; and he who does not bring these qualities into requisition, brings unmerited reproach on the healing art, and is unworthy of the confidence of the people.

The greater the difficulties that naturally beset a subject, the greater the necessity for science and skill in its investigation; and this science and skill in distinguishing and treating the diseases of children, can be attained only by an educated, pains-taking physician, who makes the study of disease a life-time business.

Some such, nay, many such are to be found in the ranks of the medical profession; and such as these, are competent to manage the disorders of children safely and successfully.

To such as these, mothers may unhesitatingly commit their precious little ones, for the medicines of such physicians as these will be adapted to the case in hand, and will never be "too strong."

We are no advocate for dealing out the potencies of the *Materia Medica* to children; but we must say that the danger consists not so much in the inherent strength or activity of any drug or remedial appliance, as in its use under improper circumstances, and in unsuitable or excessive doses.

All the attendant circumstances, and the proper dose being duly regarded, active medicines may be as safe for children as for older persons.

But mothers should aid the physician in his difficult and responsible duties. They should do this not by departing from his directions, at the suggestion of every busy-body that may come in to see the "little darling," but they should do it by observing all the symptoms and changes closely in his absence, and by reporting them faithfully at each visit. The mother who hangs over the couch of her sick child by day and by night, and who watches over it as only a mother can do, sees things that no one else can; for her natural acuteness of perception is rendered doubly strong by her maternal solicitude.

These advantages the physician is denied in his hurried visits, and therefore the mother should be prepared to lay the whole case before him, with all its changing symptoms. When this is properly done, he will understand everything as well as if he had been present all the time, and then he can do what the mother could not—give a right interpretation of the symptoms, and make a judicious and scientific application of the necessary remedies.

We may have occasion to write specifically of nursing hereafter, but we take this occasion to say that this close observance, and this correct reporting of symptoms as they occur in the absence of the physician, are the most essential and indispensable requisites of a good nurse, in all kinds of sickness; while they are all important for those who nurse sick children.

WATER AS A REMEDY.—Of the hygienic uses of water and its action on the system we have already spoken. So various are the effects of water of different temperatures that no single remedial agent is at all equal to it in extent of applicability; and we venture to say, moreover, that no drug equals it in safety and efficacy. We would guard against the error that water can do no harm; for all remedies of sufficient power to do great good are equally potent for evil when unskilfully used. But, while this is true, we feel satisfied that there is no drug of equal power that is half as safe as water in the hands of the people, because the principles on which the latter acts are more easily understood and the effects are more manifest than those of drug medicines, and therefore persons of ordinary intelligence can learn to apply water judiciously and safely. In making these declarations some carping people may say that we have deserted the old paths, and turned "water cure;" but this is not so, and never will be, for we oppose and ever shall oppose all exclusive, one-idea systems, but we will not reject a good remedy because it has been abused by a set of run-mad exclusives. In many cases and in the hands of a skilful physician, other remedies are better than water; but in the hands of the people, in home practice, there is nothing, we repeat, that will equal it in safety and in efficacy. And if any are disposed to make a parade about the dangers of water, they have but to make a comparison between the effects of water and those of calomel and other strong drugs. We do not oppose the use of calomel and other drugs in the hands of a skilful and prudent physician, and we have no disposition to take a hobby-horsical ride on the much-abused

quack-sudden calomel, yet we venture to assert that the most extravagant and injudicious use of water could not possibly do more injury to the human family than has ensued from the abuse of this remedy and others that are constantly found in the hands of the people.

COLUMBES, Ga.

Literary Notices.

BOOKS BY MAIL.—Now that the postage on printed matter is so low, we offer our services to procure for our subscribers or others any of the books that we notice. Information touching books will be cheerfully given by enclosing a stamp to pay return postage.

When ordering a book, please mention the name of the publisher.

From T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

COUNSIN HARRY. By Mrs. Gray, author of "The Gambler's Wife," "Little Beauty," "Baconet's Daughter," etc. etc. Mrs. Gray has been so long and so well known as one of the most charming novelists, that the little we might add in her praise would be deemed only superfluous. The Messrs. Peterson offer their edition of the above named work in their customary pleasing style, which renders the volume in its appearance, even if it had no other recommendation, an ornament to the library shelf. Complete in one volume. Price, bound in cloth, \$1 25.

CATALOGUE of the works published by Messrs. Peterson & Bros. While mentioning the books received from this firm, we would call attention to their latest catalogue, containing a list of their publications, among which will be found the latest and best publications, by the most popular and celebrated writers in the world. This firm has issued complete sets of the works of many well known authors, sometimes in various editions, and by reference to this Catalogue, any one desirous of enlarging his library, will find all the works, comprising these sets mentioned, and the various editions described, with prices added. As an illustration of this fact, we mention that this Catalogue gives description of *forty-four* different editions of the works of Walter Scott, and *twenty-nine* of those of Charles Dickens. The Catalogue will be sent gratis on the application of any one desirous of examining it.

From D. APPLETON & Co., New York:—

THE GALLERY OF BYRON BEAUTIES: Ideal Pictures of the Principal Female Characters in Lord Byron's Poems. From original paintings by eminent artists.

THE POET'S GALLERY: A Series of Portrait Illustrations of British Poets. From paintings, designed expressly for this work, by the most eminent British artists.

MORAL EMBLEMS; with Aphorisms, Adages and Proverbs, of all Ages and Nations, from Jacob Cuts and Robert Earlie. With illustrations freely rendered, from designs found in their works, by John Leighton, F. S. A. The whole translated and edited, with additions, by Richard Pigot.

SHAKESPEARE'S WORKS. Edited, with a scrupulous revision of the text, by Mary Cowden Clark.

We have received direct from the publishers, Messrs. Appleton & Co., New York, the above named valuable works, the three first of which are splendidly bound

holiday books, and all elegantly illustrated with the choicest engravings. The two "Galleries" and the edition of Shakspeare's works are profusely ornamented with steel engravings of female figures. The first volume mentioned in our list contains some of Byron's finest short poems, and choice extracts from his lengthier ones, and the illustrations seem to have caught and embodied, if we might thus speak of a picture, the very spirit and description of the verse. The Poets' Gallery is filled with poems bearing the signatures of Barry Cornwall, Walter Scott, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Montgomery, Miss Landon, Mrs. Welby, Mrs. Brownrigg, and others of equal celebrity on both sides of the ocean. The subjects of these poems are either some feminine name or some quality or sentiment, each of which is illustrated by an appropriate ideal portrait. "Moral Emblems" is the most attractive of all these works, and though the engravings are only wood, yet they are executed in such a finished style, that, taken apart from the printing, they might deceive the casual observer. There is a quaintness about the volume, both in its illustrations and its literary contents, that is its greatest attraction. Every one has heard, time and time again, the adages "Who cuts off his nose spites his own face," "Greater cry and little wool," and others like them; but we doubt whether all have seen these sayings illustrated both pictorially and poetically, and in a manner to combine beauty and delicacy with comicality.

From HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, through PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

THE LAKE REGIONS OF CENTRAL AFRICA: A Picture of Exploration. By Richard F. Burton, Capt. H. M. I. Army; Fellow and Gold Medalist of the Royal Geographical Society. This is a highly entertaining narrative of personal adventure, during the years 1858, '7, '8 and '9, in that portion of Central Africa which lies to the northward of the Zanzibar coast, and embraces that till recently unexplored region in which are found those great lakes so prominently figuring in our modern books of African discovery. Though the narrative is at times somewhat tedious, it is, nevertheless, one that few readers of works of its class will fail to be interested in. The ethnographical, topographical, and geographical notes are full and copious, adding greatly to our knowledge of the peoples and tribes of Central Africa, and the country they inhabit. Numerous well-executed engravings pleasingly illustrate and elucidate the text. Price \$3 00.

A COURSE OF SIX LECTURES ON THE VARIOUS FORCES OF MATTER, and their Relations to Each other. By Michael Faraday, D. C. L., F. R. S., Fullerian Professor of Chemistry, Royal Institution, Delivered before a Juvenile Auditory at the Royal Institution of Great Britain during the Christmas Holidays of 1859-60. Edited by William Crookes, F. C. S. With numerous illustrations. These lectures, reported verbatim, and with explanations by the reporter, though intended for the young, will be found not unworthy the attention of those who have years of experience in the sciences. There is a clearness about them that is almost charming to students. Price 50 cents.

From D. APPLETON & Co., New York, through PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

NOTES ON THE PARABLES OF OUR LORD. By Richard Chenevix French. Condensed. This book contains the substance of a larger work whose excellence has been widely acknowledged, but whose size and cost

have kept it beyond the reach of many. The author's own words have been preserved as nearly as possible, and the omissions have been of matters not absolutely necessary or important to the work, being mainly detailed accounts of erroneous views and their refutation, and notes in other languages which were useless to the English reader; however, when these latter have been found necessary, they have, in many instances translated, been interwoven with the text. Price \$1 00.

CHAMBERS'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA. *A Dictionary of Universal Knowledge for the People.* On the Basis of the Latest Edition of the German Conversations Lexicon. Illustrated by wood engravings and maps. This Encyclopædia embraces among its subjects the arts and sciences, geography, metaphysics, jurisprudence, biography, natural history, topography, theology, and medicine. Parts 19, 20, and 21 have been received. Price 15 cents per part.

From DERBY & JACKSON, New York, through G. G. EVANS, Philadelphia:—

THE HOUSEHOLD OF BOUVERIE; or, The Elixir of Gold. A Romance. By a Southern Lady. In two volumes. A new romance by this title has just appeared, whose destiny is, if we mistake not, to create a sensation; and the question, "Who is its author?" will presently be heard from all sides. The title-page informs us that it is by a Southern lady; but this is too indefinite to stifle or satisfy curiosity. Who she is, or whether this is, or is not, her first appearance before the public, we do not know; but we are ready to aver that it is no undisciplined mind nor inexperienced pen which has conceived and produced this romance. Price \$2 00.

From REDD & CARLETON, New York, through SAMUEL HAZARD, JR., and PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

CURIOSITIES OF NATURAL HISTORY. Second series. By Francis T. Buckland, M. A., Student of Christ Church, Oxford; Assistant Surgeon Second Life Guards; author of "Curiosities of Natural History, First series," etc. This book is divided into four heads or chapters called in order, "A Geological Auction," "The Game-keeper's Museum," "In Memoriam," "A Hunt on the Sea-shore." The first is a description of the private collection of minerals, fossils, and curiosities of the author's father, the late Rev. Dr. Buckland, D. D., Dean of Westminster, which, upon their owner's death, were disposed of by auction. The author's style is lively and agreeable, and his book contains much information which will be received with avidity by those interested in natural history and geology. Price \$1 25.

POEMS. By Sarah Gould. The publishers have issued in a neat and attractive form this little volume of poems, which will commend itself to the taste of the reading public. Although possessing some faults, these poems are not lacking in beauty and merit. Price 75 cents.

THE MORAL HISTORY OF WOMEN. From the French of Ernest Legouvé, of the *Académie Française*, Lecturer in the College of France, Author of "Edith de Falsen," "Les Morts Bizarres," etc. etc. Translated from the fifth Paris edition by J. W. Palmer, M. D., author of "The New and the Old," "Up and Down the Irri-waddi," etc. Though the greater part of the most forcible arguments and theories advanced in this really powerful volume are rather applicable to the moral history of French women, than to that of woman in the universal sense of the word, it nevertheless contains

many important truths, a knowledge of which cannot be without value to the civilized world. We may often disagree with the author, but we will never ascribe to him any but the best motives. The chapter on education, in which M. Legouvé insists upon the fullest instruction of women in all the branches of learning which are of value to men, is one that can scarcely be too deeply pondered. But, as we have intimated above, a very large share of the author's philosophy and sentiment is applicable only to French women, French men, and French laws, manners, and customs. Price \$1 00.

THE PRINCE'S BALL. *A Brochure.* From "Vanity Fair." By Edmund C. Stedman, author of "The Diamond Wedding," "Lyrics and Idyls," etc. With illustrations by Stephens. This is a humorous and satirical poem, taking for its subject the grand ball given the Prince at New York, and holding up to ridicule the great ado made upon his visit to that city. People love to laugh, and we cannot blame the wits if they embrace every good opportunity offered them for making fun. Price 50 cents.

From M. W. DODD, New York, for sale at the PRESBYTERIAN BOOK STORE, 1324 Chestnut Street, Philada.:—

FRED LAWRENCE; or, The World-College. By Margaret E. Teller. This is a story-book for youth, the aim and tendency of which we cannot explain better than by quoting the closing words of the book: "If we are but disposed to profit by all our opportunities, we shall find that, not only the truths of the material creation, but all the events and orderings of our social lives, every friendship, every duty, every trial and disappointment will minister to our growth toward the perfection for which God has destined us. The whole world is a school, in which not only minds but hearts and souls are to be developed; our lives are the term of instruction, and we graduate when our earthly education is complete, and we are fitted for a higher state of being, a wider sphere, and a larger activity."

From ROBERT CARTER & BROTHERS, New York:—

BLIND LILLIAS; or, Fellowship with God. A Tale for the Young. By a Lady. One of the best among the excellent works which the Carters are scattering abroad by hundreds of thousands. This interesting story should be in the hands of children, and of all who love children.

TRUST IN GOD; or, Three Days in the Life of Gellert. The Hymns of Gellert are familiar to those who enjoy the perfection of sacred lyrical poetry. This little book will add to the interest of these remarkable hymns, because it shows us the author was not only a true poet, but a true Christian.

From CHARLES SCRIBNER, New York, through J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

MISS GILBERT'S CAREER: An American Story. By J. G. Holland, author of "The Bay Path," "Bitter-Sweet," "The Titcomb Letters," "Gold Foil," etc. We have had the pleasure of perusing this latest work of a sterling American writer, who has already made himself famous by the authorship of "Bitter-Sweet," that unique and characteristic poem, the most sensible "Titcomb Letters," etc. It is an unsurpassed picture of American life, fresh and glowing with earnest and original thought, and striking out into a path seldom trodden by the novelist. The aim of his book is a protest against the "forcing system" in the education of children, and in the early development of genius; and with what a masterly hand he has directed his strokes against

this evil we leave his readers to learn for themselves.
Price \$1 25.

From TICKNOR, FIELDS, & Co., Boston, through SAMUEL HAZARD, JR., Philadelphia:—

THE ODES OF HORACE. *Translated into English Verse, with a Life and Notes.* By Theodore Martin. No one who has not read Horace in the original can fully appreciate the difficulty of rendering into English the volatile strength and delicacy of him who was undoubtedly the master of Roman lyric poetry. We have carefully read the translation under notice, and feel constrained to say that, though the translator has failed in some instances to render Horace just as we understand him, he has, at least, made one of the best translations, taken as a whole, that has ever appeared. With their usual taste, Messrs. Ticknor & Fields have issued this volume in blue and gold style, by which so many of their poetical publications have been characterized. Price 75 cents.

BRIEF BIOGRAPHIES. By Samuel Smiles, author of "Self-Help," and "Life of George Stephenson." With steel engravings. The author of this volume, under date of London, July 24, 1869, offers it to the "American public, through the medium of the Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, at whose request the collection has been made." It comprises thirty-five brief biographies of distinguished persons, both English and American. One of the articles in the volume is from the pen of an American friend of the author. Price \$1 25.

TOM BROWN AT OXFORD: A Sequel to School Days at Rugby. By Thomas Hughes, author of "School Days at Rugby," "Scouring of the White Horse," etc. Part IX. has been received. This part contains about three chapters, ending at the opening of the twenty-eighth. Issued monthly at ten cents per part.

From J. E. TILTON & Co., Boston:—

HOME PASTIMES; or, Tableaux Vivants. By J. H. Head. For the social circle, this volume will be found an almost indispensable one, as affording an extensive variety of striking subjects for living pictures, with clear, full, and explicit directions for their most effective representation. Price \$1 00.

MAY COVERLY. The Young Dressmaker. This volume is designed for the perusal of young girls, and is intended to impress upon their minds sound moral teachings.

WINNIE AND WALTER; or, Story Telling at Thanksgiving.

WINNIE AND WALTER'S CHRISTMAS STORIES.

WINNIE AND WALTER'S EVENING TALKS with their Father about old Times.

Three very pretty holiday books for young children, containing stories which they will delight to read or listen to, and pictures which they will admire.

From CROSBY, NICHOLS, LEE, & Co., Boston:—

THE KANGAROO HUNTERS; or, Adventures in the Bush. By Anne Bowman, author of "Esperanza," "The Castaways," "The Young Exiles," etc. Children are inclined to turn with inattention from mere geographical and natural histories, even when they have been prepared expressly to please and instruct them; and the most entertaining book of travels they sometimes find tedious and unattractive. Knowledge they are too apt to regard as a bitter pill; and to make it palatable to them, it must have a sugar coating in the form of some simple romance which will gain and fix their interest. The book whose title we have named above, we are

pleased to say possesses this characteristic; being filled with all the useful information found in duller works, while this information is connected and put in the form of a story. The scene of this story is laid in Australia, and it contains descriptions of adventures sufficiently wonderful and exciting to satisfy the most active imagination. Price 75 cents.

Godey's Arm-Chair.

In presenting the first number of the sixty-second volume, or thirty-first year of the *Lady's Book*, to the Ladies of America, we confess that our heart is oppressed with a weight of gratitude, and our mind crowded with so many reflections, that neither the tongue nor the pen can adequately express what we experience. When we look back upon the uninterrupted period of prosperity which has attended all our labors, we cannot but feel intensely thankful for the boundless confidence which has been reposed in us by those who have known us from their childhood. Very many of those who made our acquaintance at "sweet sixteen," are now prudent housewives and mothers, and even grandmothers, and who, as we are happy to know, still take a deep interest, together with their off-spring of the second and third generation, not only in the innocent amusements, but particularly in the more important lessons of morality, usefulness and taste, which it has been the aim of the publisher to furnish to his readers.

And now, while congratulating his readers on the opening of a new year, which he truly hopes will prove for them all a year of health, peace, happiness, and prosperity, the publisher of the *Lady's Book* will, no doubt, be indulged in a few reminiscences of the past, or at least of some few of the historical events which have transpired since the first appearance of the Book in the literary world. In that time there have been nine Presidents of the United States, and nine States have been added to the Union. Many new territories have been organized, and are now waiting to be admitted. In that time steam has been successfully applied to the navigation of the ocean, and railroads, to the purposes of inland travel and commerce in our country, and in the various nations of Europe. The mysteries of the electric telegraph have been manifested to the inhabitants of the four continents, Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, our own country having the honor of its first introduction. Besides these things, we have recently seen in our midst the representatives of a nation, the Japanese, who have concluded a commercial treaty with the United States, which a few years since was deemed to be an international impossibility. In that time, also, our cities have been lighted with gas, and the population and wealth of Philadelphia, and of many others, extended almost beyond credibility, and their streets lined with railroads for the accommodation of the inhabitants. War and conquest have also been busy in adding to the fame and the resources of the country, in the rich lands, and gold and silver mines of California.

But this must suffice our readers. We have only furnished them with a few of the themes which have arisen within the experience of the *Lady's Book*, worthy of their reflection. And, thankful for the past, let us hope that the future advancement of our country, and the future prosperity of our patrons, and of the *Lady's Book*, will be commensurate with their merits and deservings.

OUR ENGRAVINGS.—“Just like Mamma,” is the opening plate for this number. We can speak of its design and engraving. In another portion of our Book it is commented on more fully, as is also our magnificent title-page, “Noble Attributes of Woman,” containing six distinct plates and five statuettes. This will be the style of our engravings for this year, as it has been for preceding years.

“Mischief, Lying in Wait.” A boy waiting to snow-ball his companion.

“Top of Stool.” A Tiger, printed in various colors.

Our Fashion-plate, still more splendid than the one in December, containing six full length figures. So we might term them when compared with the figures of other magazines. No other work on the continent of Europe, or in this country, can match these celebrated colored fashions. We need hardly say that the expense of them is enormous; but as such a fashion could be produced, Godey was bound to give it. No finer coloring can be found on the finest plates that are colored for framing. In September last, we commenced improving the coloring of fashions, which the press pronounced a wonderful improvement. Specimens of which may be seen in the September, October, and November numbers. What will they say now to the fashions in December and January numbers?

OUR LITERATURE.—While paying every attention to the ornamental department of our Book, we do not neglect the solid matter. While we have such writers as Marion Harland, Metta Victoria Victor, Mrs. Janvrin, Mrs. Haven, Miss Frost, Mrs. E. F. Ellett, and Mrs. Hale, the literary department is well cared for. Excellent specimens of the abilities of some of the above will be found in this number; and we feel certain that those who commence “Sunshine and Shade,” will eagerly look for its continuation.

LET it be distinctly understood that we have no agents for whose acts we are responsible, and we are only accountable to those who remit directly to us. We have no agents that solicit subscribers. Money must be sent to the publisher, L. A. Godey, Philadelphia.

“THERE is one feature,” says the *Madison Courier*, “in Godey which other magazines have as yet left unimitated, this is the music.”

The only reason is that the music is not prepared expressly for them. Our subscribers get original music, and are ahead of the rest of the world. After it has appeared in the *Lady's Book*, it is published for the public.

OUR DECEMBER AND JANUARY FASHION-PLATES.—The introduction of these double plates entail upon us an enormous additional expense, more than we dare mention. But if they please we are satisfied.

FROM an eminent literary gentleman to Mrs. Hale:—

The November number has just arrived. I am glad to see that the Book is kept up with so much freshness and spirit, and that it is so flourishing.

LETTER from a Kentucky editor:—

The *Lady's Book* is the *sine qua non* of all the periodicals for ladies that are published, and if you did not exchange with me, I would have it if the price was ten dollars a year. We can't get along without it.

MAKE UP YOUR CLUBS.—Remember that the *Lady's Book* is the best work for ladies published in this country. We have more than one thousand private letters testifying to this fact, and the press throughout the country is unanimous in saying that the *Lady's Book* is the best magazine of its kind in this or any other country. The difference in the club price of the *Lady's Book* and that of other magazines is only a few cents, and for these few cents you get nearly one-third more reading and engravings, besides other more expensive embellishments that a low-priced magazine cannot afford to give. Clubs must be for the *Lady's Book* alone, with one exception, and that is “Arthur's Home Magazine.” One or more of that work can be introduced in a club in place of the *Lady's Book*, if desired.

Any person, with a very little trouble, can get up a club for the Book; we have frequently been so informed by ladies—the work is so popular. It is but to call and get a subscription. Clubs are always in time, as we are able to supply numbers from the beginning of the year; yet we like them sent in soon, to know how many we shall print. Remember, that a work with 150,000 subscribers can give five times as much as a work with only half that number, and the embellishments can also be made of a very superior character.

Our terms are made plain and explicit, so that they may be easily understood. We are often asked to throw in an extra copy. In no instance can this be done, as our terms are so low to clubs that it cannot be afforded. A shop-keeper would look amazed, if a purchaser should ask him to throw in an extra yard because she had purchased twelve. And yet we are asked to add an extra copy because twelve have been ordered. It cannot be done.

MARK THIS.—The *Lady's Book* has become a test of gentility and good sense, and is found in every family where these predominate.—*Wabasha Journal*.

“THE ILLUSTRATED NEWS OF THE WORLD,” is the name of a publication issued by H. A. Brown & Co., 14 Hanover Street, New York. This is a first class family newspaper, highly embellished with wood engravings of the principal events of the day, and containing the latest home, foreign, and colonial intelligence; issued weekly. It is also a drawing-room portrait gallery of eminent personages. On receipt of \$7 50 the paper, with portrait and memoir, will be forwarded to any part of the United States, post-paid, for fifty-two weeks. The paper is well got up, and the portraits are impressions from steel plates. We advise all who wish to subscribe for the paper, or the portraits, or to get single copies of the latter, to address as above.

THE best \$3 00 and the best \$2 00 monthly are offered one year for \$3 50. Godey's *Lady's Book* and Arthur's *Home Magazine*.

Arthur's *Magazine*, as far as a high rank of literature is concerned, is decidedly the best two dollar magazine.—*Middleton Rainbow*.

Arthur's *Lady's Home Magazine*.—The best of the two dollar monthlies.—*Richmond Religious Herald*.

Arthur's *Home Magazine*.—This still gives new and additional proof of being the very best of the two dollar magazines.—*Rushville Times*.

Home *Magazine*.—This is the best two dollar magazine published.—*Henopin Tribune*.

Fully maintains the wide reputation of being the best two dollar magazine published.—*Canton Ledger*.

We could fill pages with notices to the same effect.

OUR MUSICAL COLUMN.

A BRILLIANT succession of Songs, Ballads, Polkas, etc., by well-known and able composers, will be given during the new year in our favorite periodical, our determination being to make this department more than ever a leading feature in the Book, and worth in itself the cost of the whole publication. Distant subscribers who look for their entire musical supplies through this medium will find their wants discriminatingly cared for, every piece we present being carefully selected from a large mass of original MSS. furnished us, the composition, harmony, and arrangement undergoing close examination.

We have to allow our opening Ballad, this month, to speak for itself. In our next, we shall lay before our readers a new and beautiful song, *My Heart no more in Rapture swells*, by Mr. J. H. McNaughton, one of our most popular contributors. Prof. Ambuhl will furnish the piece for March.

New Piano Instructor.—The simplest and best arranged instruction book for this instrument we have yet seen is a new work, entitled *The Excelsior Piano Instructor*, written by James Ballak, and published by Beck & Lawton, of this city. The first principles of the art are explained with unusual clearness, adapted to the comprehension of persons entirely ignorant of music. The importance of Time is very sensibly dwelt upon, and a new plan laid down for its acquirement; while all the exercises are arranged upon a plan of sure and gradual progression. Among the exercises are a number of new airs, a Barcarole from the Sicilian Vespers, the popular song *Ever of Thee*, etc., never before introduced into an instruction book. We are satisfied that a careful attention to the lessons laid down in this book will give any person a mastery over the instrument, and we are glad to bring it to the notice of our readers. Price \$1, on receipt of which sum we will mail it to any address.

New Sheet Music.—Our list this month comprises:—

By Mr. McNaughton, the six following Polkas, each embellished with a handsome full-page colored lithographic title. The pieces are of double length. Price of each 50 cents: *Trotty Horse Polka*; *Patty Cake Polka*; *Best Friend Polka*, dedicated to Mrs. Wm. G. Bryan, principal of an excellent and flourishing seminary, at Batavia, N. Y.; *Love and Beauty Polka*; *Pet Robin Polka*; *Peek a Boo Polka*. The three first named are the latest issued.

The following from our own pen: *O Lady, touch those Chords again*, a new ballad, with easy piano accompaniment. Price 25 cents. Russell & Tolman, Boston, publishers.

Poor Ben the Piper. Five editions of this Ballad have been sold in one month. Price 25 cents, or five copies for \$1. Can only be ordered of us direct.

The Grave of Old Grimes. A serio-humorous song. Price 25 cents. J. H. Hildley, Albany, N. Y., publisher.

Mr. Hildley's New Publications.—Mr. Hildley's music publishing establishment, at Albany, is one of the largest in the country. His issues are exceedingly popular, among the latest of which are: *I am Thine*, song, by Karl Merz, price 25 cents; *Like the Streaks of Eastern Skies*, by Sebastiany, price 25 cents; *Kitty Moore* (Minnie Moore's pretty cousin), 25 cents; *Be kind to each Other*, new song to familiar words, 25 cents; *Songs of Praise the Angels sang*, a beautiful soprano solo and chorus, one of a series of six sacred motets, by J. T. Lloyd, price 40 cents; *Beautiful Star*, a transcription of the popular song, *Star of the Evening*, by Brinley Richards, 50 cents; *The Little Gipsy Mazourka*, by Warren,

with beautiful lithographic title, 50 cents. We can commend any of these pieces to our patrons, and will purchase and mail any of them, as well as other pieces named, free of postage, to any address, on receipt of price.

In order to accommodate our friends at a distance from the musical centres, we will attend to the purchasing and mailing, free of all postages and commissions, of any music published. Orders and musical communications to be addressed, J. Starr Holloway, Philadelphia.

The most brilliant Opera night ever witnessed on this continent was the splendid ovation in honor of the Prince of Wales, on the occasion of his visit to our Academy of Music, on the night of Wednesday, October 10. Our peerless temple of art exhibited an audience which did credit to the good name of Philadelphia as the musical metropolis of America. Full dress was the order of the evening. The heir apparent and suite, including the Duke of Newcastle, the Earl of St. Germain, Lord Lyons, and others, occupied opposite proscenium boxes in the balcony, the British and American flags and arms being tastefully arranged over the royal box. Among the many other distinguished visitors present, were Lady Franklin, wife of the lamented navigator, and Miss Chacecroft; Robert Chambers, the author-publisher of *Edinburgh*; the Marquis and Marchioness of Chandos; Commodore Stewart, and others. It was truly a gala night, and the performance, Flotow's beautiful Opera of *Martha*, was a brilliant success, the royal party frequently joining in the applause. A similar scene was never before witnessed in an American theatre, and may never be again. J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

MR. GODEY: For a long time I have wished you to know how much *sunshine* and *happiness* enters my heart as I monthly receive the *Lady's Book*, the most welcome of all welcome messengers; not for the wealth of the Indies would I be without it. I am a teacher, dwelling among the "lone pines" of Mississippi, far away from the home of my childhood and the loved associations of other days; and as you are the cause of this sunshine and happiness, I cannot resist the impulse which bids me take up my pen and tell you about it.

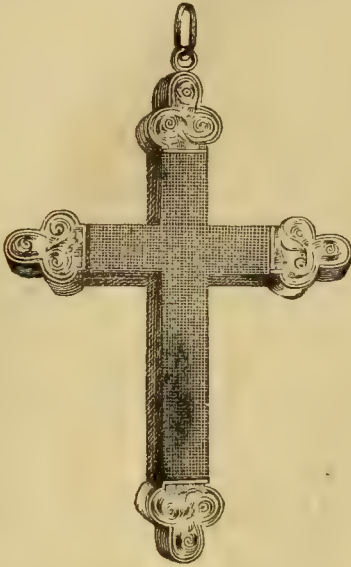
Living, as I do, so retired, and with so little society, I sometimes fear that I may become narrow-minded, as is frequently the case when one has such contracted privileges; but thanks to the *treasure of a book*, the particular friend of *us ladies*, we rise above such weakness, having our hearts and minds exalted from the intercourse which we monthly hold with its gifted companions. Oh, Mr. Godey, could I but dip my pen into my heart, then I could trace words that would convey to you an adequate idea of the grateful incense which springs up from its hidden depths as I reflect that we have a Godey—a dear Godey—who anticipates our every want, both social, moral, and intellectual. Prosperous may he be, and long may he live to gladden other hearts as he has gladdened and made better that of his subscriber.

S. L. D.

A YOUNG LADY, capable of taking charge of the education of children under the age of fifteen, desires to enter a private family as teacher. She prefers a situation in Kentucky or Tennessee. Address, until the 1st of December, Miss Euna S., Osceola, Ill.

CLIPPING WITH OTHER MAGAZINES.—We will send the *Lady's Book* and either of the following magazines one year, for \$4.50: *Harper's Magazine*, *The Atlantic Monthly*, or *New York Knickerbocker*.

HAIR ORNAMENTS.—Ladies wishing hair made into bracelets, pins (which are very beautiful), necklaces, or ear-rings, can be accommodated by our Fashion Editor. A very large number of orders have recently been filled, and the articles have given great satisfaction.



We give the prices at which we will send these beautiful articles:—

- Breastpins, from \$4 to \$12.
- Ear-rings, from \$4 50 to \$10.
- Bracelets, from \$3 to \$15.
- Rings, from \$1 50 to \$3.
- Necklaces, from \$6 to \$15.
- Fob-chains, from \$6 to \$12.
- The Charms of Faith, Hope, and Charity, \$4 50.
- Hair Studs from \$5 50 to \$11 the set.
- Sleeve Buttons from \$6 50 to \$11 the set.

A VIRGINIA lady writes us as follows:—

And now let me say to you that, as we gathered a few evenings since round our first Christmas tree, we remembered with gratitude the instructions we received from one of the pieces published in the Lady's Book, and I hope the beauty of the tree reflected honor on the teacher; and I am sure we all joined in the hope that you would spend a Merry Christmas and a Happy New-Year.

J E TILTON & CO., 161 Washington Street, Boston, publish, for Grecian and Antique Painting, the following elegant pictures, which they will send, post-paid, to any address, on receipt of price. New pictures constantly being published.

Each is prepared on suitable paper, with tints, etc.; and full directions to paint, to mix each color, frame, etc., without extra charge. There are no other publishers of such pictures, nor can any other pictures be made to so fully resemble a canvas oil painting, or remain perfect as these. The coarse and cheap pictures are not suitable, and disgust people of taste with these beautiful arts.

	Size of Plate, besides margin.	Price.
On the Prairie, very fine	19 by 27	\$2 00
Mary Dow, companion to Barefoot Boy	16 " 22	60
The Barefoot Boy, companion to Mary Dow	16 " 22	60
The Rector's Ward	19 " 23	1 00
The Marriage of John Alden, in the "Courtship of Miles Standish,"	14 " 17	1 50
The Virgin and Child, the celebrated Madonna della Scala, by Correggio	16 " 22	1 00
Evangeline, from Longfellow	16 " 22	1 00
Beatrice Cenci, from the celebrated painting by Guido	16 " 22	1 00
Jean D'Arc	12 " 16	1 00
Age and Infancy, a beautiful Family Group	16 " 22	2 00
The Happy Family, beautiful Family Group	13 " 17	1 25
Hiawatha's Wooing, from Longfellow	14 " 13	1 50
The Farm Yard, by Herring, companion to Hiawatha's Wooing	13 " 19	1 50
The Jew's-harp Lesson, by Brunet	9 " 11	60
The Little Bird, by Brunet	9 " 11	60
Les Orphelines, copy from celebrated painting	9 " 11	1 00

They are the originators of several of the most popular new styles of painting, and publish the valuable book, ART RECREATIONS. Their careful experience of several years is given in this book, with that of Professor Day, the pioneer teacher, who has successfully taught in Europe and the best seminaries in New England.

Its value to teachers will be obvious, and to those living at a great distance, for it gives instructions how to make all materials used, valuable receipts, etc. Some of the branches taught are

Pencil Drawing, Oil Painting, Crayon Drawing and Painting, Paper Flowers, Moss-work, Papier Mache, Cone-work, Feather Flowers, Hair-work, Potichomanie, Leather-work, Theorem Painting, Gilding and Bronzing, Taxidermy, or the Art of Preserving Birds, Grecian Painting, Antique Painting, Oriental Painting, Wax Flowers, from the crude wax to the beautiful and perfect flower, fruit, etc.; Sign Painting, Shell-work, Painting on Ground Glass, Magic Lantern, Imitation of Pearl, Sealing-wax Painting, Panorama Painting, Embroidery, Coloring Photographs, Water-coloring, the Aquarium, etc.

The work is elegantly illustrated, large 12mo. Price \$1 50. This and all our pictures and books sent, post-paid, by mail.

POSTAGE ON THE LADY'S BOOK.—Postage for three months, if paid in advance at the office where it is received, four and a half cents.

THE Fountain County Fair, of Indiana, has sent the first club for agricultural premiums this season.

VILLA IN THE ORIENTAL STYLE.

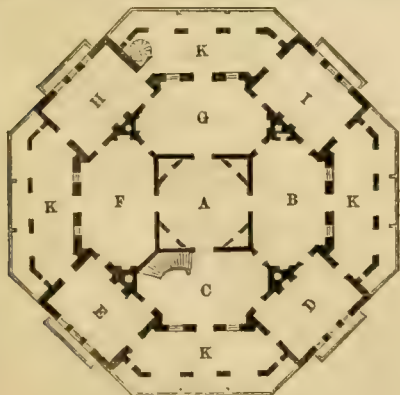
Designed expressly for Godey's Lady's Book by SAMUEL SLOAN, Architect, Philadelphia.



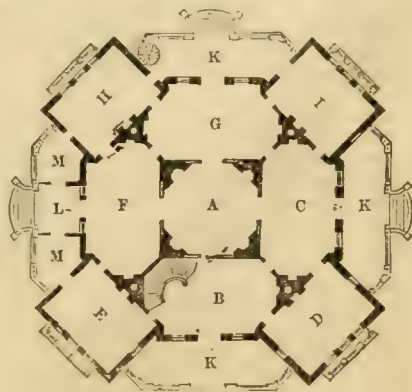
In the present number of our series we present a large villa in the Oriental style of architecture, differing entirely in the design and arrangement of plan from anything that has preceded it, presenting a degree of novelty that is at once pleasing and attractive. The style being well adapted to that of a Southern climate, for which it is intended, being now in progress of erection at Natchez, Mississippi.

The plan, as represented in the diagram, is octagonal in form, with projecting wings, with large verandas between, comprising at once extensive suits of rooms, which give ample accommodation, with convenience of arrangement, suitable for a large family.

First in order will come the *Basement plan*, comprising C entrance hall, from which we pass to the large



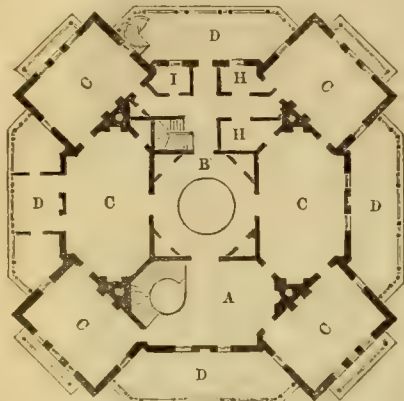
BASEMENT PLAN.



PRINCIPAL STORY.

hall upon the principal story; A is the rotunda; B billiard-room; F play-room; G hall; H school-room; K area; E office; D smoking-room.

Principal story comprises, A large rotunda, with niches at the angles for statuary, open entirely to the dome, which will be finely wrought in fresco. A gallery will surround the rotunda at each story. K veranda, at entrance; B hall, containing main stair; F family room; C drawing room; G dining-room; I breakfast-room; H family sitting-room; E family room; D reception room; M M dressing-rooms.



SECOND STORY.

The *Second story* contains six chambers, hall, and rotunda, with all the necessary dressing-rooms, wardrobes, closets, etc. etc.

THERE seems to be but one opinion on the part of the press, that the *Lady's Book* is the most proper present to make at this season of the year from a husband to a wife, a father to his daughter, or a lover to his lady-love. Indeed, the *Port Byron Times* goes further, and says:

"Any man, in easy circumstances, who will refuse to take this book for his wife, his daughter, or his sister, is not a good husband, father, or brother. It is the only book in the Union so thoroughly adapted to, and designed for the interest and benefit of the lady reader. It is '*The Book of the Nation, and the Arts Union of America.*'"

TTOWN, COUNTY, AND STATE.—Do not forget to put all these in every letter you write. You do not know how much trouble it would save us.

PHILADELPHIA AGENCY.

No order attended to unless the cash accompanies it.

All persons requiring answers by mail must send a post-office stamp; and for all articles that are to be sent by mail, stamps must be sent to pay return postage.

Be particular, when writing, to mention the town, county, and State you reside in. Nothing can be made out of post-marks.

M. J. R.—Sent ball trimming, October 19th.

Mrs. J. E. H.—Sent patterns of infant's clothes 19th.

Miss S. V. B.—Sent hair ring 20th.

Mrs. R. S. F.—Sent shawl by Adams's express 20th.

F. McP.—Sent cloak by Adams's express 20th.

Miss J. L.—Sent hair ring 20th.

Miss S. H. W.—Sent hair ring 20th.

E. R. B.—Sent pattern of boy's clothes 20th.

Miss M. A. P.—Sent pattern Zouave jacket 20th.

Mrs. Wm. L. B.—Sent patterns and curl clasps 20th.

Mrs. C. P. C.—Sent patterns 22d.

P. M.—Sent pattern Zouave jacket, &c. 22d.

Mrs. A. V. Du B.—Sent hoop skirt, &c. by Howard's express 24th.

Mrs. M. L. P.—Sent hoop skirts by Howard's express 24th.

Miss M. E. McC.—Sent patterns of boy's jacket 25th.

Mrs. J. E. L.—Sent pattern boy's clothes 25th.

Mrs. S. M. E.—Sent pattern Zouave jacket 25th.

Mrs. S. C. S.—Sent basque pattern 25th.

Mrs. B. D. H.—Sent pattern Zouave jacket, &c. 25th.

Mrs. H. H. S.—Sent cloak pattern 25th.

Mrs. S. L. C.—Sent worsted by Adams's express 25th.

Mrs. C. H. P.—Sent pattern of girl's coat 26th.

E. M. T.—Sent patterns 26th.

L. F. J.—Sent silk, cloak, &c. by Adams's express 27th.

C. A. H.—Sent silk, &c. 27th.

Mrs. A. E. P.—Sent sleeve pattern 27th.

Mrs. C. F. S.—Sent pattern Zouave jacket 27th.

Miss L. M.—Sent patterns 29th.

Mrs. M. L. W.—Sent pattern Zouave jacket, &c. 29th.

Mrs. E. C. S.—Sent patterns of boy's clothes, &c. 29th.

Miss J. P.—Sent pattern of morning-robe 29th.

H. M. C.—Sent Clotilde Cloak and winter jacket 29th.

Miss M. A. D.—Sent wire for shell-work, &c. 30th.

Mrs. C. C. C.—Sent patterns infant's clothes 30th.

J. B.—Sent bonnet, &c. by Adams's express November 1st.

C. O. S.—Sent doll and dresses by Adams's express 1st.

Mrs. J. Y. M.—Sent sleeve pattern 2d.

M. S.—Sent slipper patterns 2d.

Mrs. J. F. F.—Sent patterns boy's clothes 2d.

Miss E. H. F.—Sent waist pattern 2d.

Miss B.—Sent pattern of gored dress 1st.

Mrs. R. B. H.—Sent Clotilde cloak pattern 2d.

Miss E. M.—Sent mantilla pattern, &c. 2d.

Miss B. S.—Sent hair ring 5th.

Mrs. L. C. K.—Sent hair ring 5th.

Mrs. E. B. P.—Sent hair ear-rings, breastpin, &c. 5th.

S. E. M.—Sent hair bracelet 5th.

M. E. L.—Sent pattern Zouave jacket 5th.

Miss F.—Sent pattern Zouave jacket 5th.

Mrs. T. C. B.—Sent pattern Prince's wrap 5th.

Miss A. M.—Sent cloak pattern 5th.

Mrs. L. S.—Sent cloak pattern 5th.

Miss E. C. R.—Sent articles by Adams's express 5th.

A. P. B.—Sent children's clothes by Adams's express 5th.

Mrs. C. P.—Sent pattern 6th.

Mrs. W. E. G.—Sent sack and pants patterns for boy 6th.

Miss A. Y.—Sent materials for dress, cloak, &c. by Adams's express 7th.

Mrs. M. H.—Sent pattern Zouave jacket 7th.

M. E. I.—Sent pattern Zouave jacket and riding habit 8th.

Mrs. T. B.—Sent pattern girl's coat 8th.

Mrs. J. S. F.—Sent pattern ladies' drawers 8th.

Mrs. A. S. M.—Sent boy's suit 8th.

Mrs. H. W. M.—Sent silk 8th.

Mrs. S. M. J.—Sent patterns 8th.

Miss M. J. H.—Sent slipper pattern, chenille, needles, &c. 9th.

Miss M. E. F.—Sent dress pattern and buttons 9th.

Mrs. G. C.—Sent pattern boy's cap 10th.

Mrs. L. H. A.—Sent pattern Prince's wrap 10th.

P. W.—Sent Zouave jacket 10th.
 M. E. C.—Sent Henry the Second Cloak 10th.
 Miss M. E. D.—Sent Barcelona cloak 10th.
 Miss A. C. W.—Sent net for hair 10th.
 Mrs. J. Y. M.—Sent cape pattern 12th.
 Mrs. C. P.—Sent patterns 12th.

Centre-Table Gossip.

HANGING GARDENS.

THE LAST FLORAL NOVELTY.

BABYLON is to be outdone by the nineteenth century, if the plan we give can be carried into effect. We have combined the description of what Mr. Passens, the eminent florist of Flushing, proposes to do, from an elaborate article in the *New York Evening Post*. Whether he will be able to do it—is the question. If the project is capable of adoption, the present style of House Gardening, which we have so long advocated in this department, undergoes a complete revolution. It is a most fascinating, but, we fear, utopian state of things. But let us have the plan. How one's mouth waters at this season of the year, to be told that it is within the means of any man who builds a house to rent for \$800 a year to have a garden on the roof, which, during the summer, can be filled with the most luscious grapes, peaches, plums and nectarines, and in the winter with exotic plants, the beauty of whose foliage or flowers will afford a charm far beyond the trifling cost of their maintenance. And this is the way to do it:—

A glass roof costs very little more than a tin one. Let every roof, therefore, be covered with glass, and let the garret floor be covered with concrete sloping from the centre to the sides, around which a slight depression in the floor can carry the moisture or drip, into the leaders which pass from the roof of every house to the ground. With this slight expense, therefore, you have a perfect greenhouse. Now for heating: Every gentleman knows that the upper rooms of his house are so warm from the ascending heat of his furnace that registers are scarce needed. Let the doors be kept open and the waste heat of the house will keep the garret at the highest desirable temperature. Thus your green-house is heated without any extra trouble or expenditure.

If a little extra strength is given to the beams which sustain the upper story, sufficient earth could be placed there to lay out the whole space of twenty-five by fifty feet as a garden, with winding walks, delightful carpets of moss, with camellias, &c., planted in the soil. By this mode the illusion will be complete, and in the midst of winter you may have a tropical landscape. Those who have visited the house of Prince Demidoff, at Florence, will have some conception of the beauty of such an arrangement.

But for fruit as well as flower culture the use of pots will be preferable. Let us see what can be done with these. The superficial area of nearly every city house is more than twelve hundred square feet. Deducting the space required for the statuary and the walks, there will be more than eight hundred square feet on which pots can be placed. By the most approved mode of pruning for pot culture, the diameter of foliage in a fruit tree should never exceed the diameter of the pot. You could thus place eight hundred fruit-trees in your garden, but in order to give abundant room and air we will estimate only four or five hundred. If you wish no flowers, and

fruit alone, you can have forced peaches and nectarines at a season when you cannot buy them of the confectioner for less than nine dollars a dozen. From your five hundred small trees a good gardener will readily get a crop of three thousand peaches.

But if you wish the house filled with flowers through the winter, you cannot cultivate forced fruit. You can, however, have flowers, stone fruit and exotic grapes in succession. If the house has been filled with flowering plants all the winter, and you have plenty of yard room, the plants can be taken out and arrayed in groups in the yard as soon as all danger of frost is over. The house can then be filled with peaches, plums and nectarines, in pots. These can remain there till the fruit has attained sufficient size to be protected from insects; when they also can be grouped in the yard, where they will grow and ripen perfectly well. Their place in the house can then be supplied with grapes in pots, which have been retarded by being kept in a cool dark place in the cellar.

These will then bear abundantly during the summer, and before the flowering plants require to be taken in the ensuing fall, will duly respond to the tiller in Black Hamburgs and Muscats.

Two pounds to each vine, or a thousand pounds of grapes, would be a moderate estimate for the space mentioned. Both stone fruits and grapes are easily managed, and a man of ordinary intelligence could soon learn to grow them, even if his life has been passed in the midst of dry-goods or hardware.

Here, then, are new luxuries—flowers, peaches and grapes—within the reach of every man of moderate means.

HOLIDAY GIFTS.—FROM JAPAN.

THE first really valuable invoice of goods from Japan was open for inspection and sale in New York a short time ago. It comprised almost every kind of manufactured Japanese articles, the selections being made with great care and taste, by two gentlemen of acknowledged ability. The lacquered work—the most important—comes from Miaco, the city boasting the highest artistic skill in the empire, renowned for its manufactures, and the articles were furnished by the best dealers in it. Many of the cabinets and boxes are richly ornamented with heavy gold and silver work and plating, the latter being very thick and rich. In some the hinges and fastenings are of pure silver. Constructed of or inlaid with native woods of rare beauty and finish, their various grains blending to produce one harmonious effect, of various descriptions, shapes, and sizes, inlaid and decorated with enamel, gilding, mother-of-pearl, bronze, and lacquer work, japanned and polished up to the highest degree of oriental excellence, they are at once magnificent and marvellous. Japanese ingenuity seems to have been exhausted in the production of the elegant and fantastic in their design and ornament. The polish of these wares is retained for years; it will resist even scalding water. Such cabinets have, we are informed, sold for sixty to eighty dollars each in Hong Kong and Chinese seaports.

There are innumerable *chow-chow* boxes, containing full sets of trays, plates, etc., such as are used by Japanese princes and noblemen. Many are unusually elaborate and curious, being fashioned to resemble houses, junks, and the like. These, with the writing, smoking, and cigar boxes, constitute a large proportion of the invoice.

The writing boxes contain the receipt from which the ink is manufactured. The smoking boxes are such as those commonly used in Japan, but of the richer description, most of the receptacles for fire being of solid silver. Such boxes passed round the table after dinner, with the accompaniment of cigars, are becoming familiar to our merchants in China. The drawers ordinarily contain different brands of cigars, a piece of charcoal supplying means of ignition. There are, too, many cigar-cases of rattan work of a very durable description. The *sakee* bottles also invite attention. They commonly contain the spirit of the country, and will make pretty and unique parlor ornaments.

The handkerchief and glove boxes are of the richest old lacquer, very highly ornamented. This ware is most prized and sought after, next to the cabinet work.

The porcelain ware excels that of China, the inhabitants of the flowery country preferring it to their own manufacture. Nothing like it is known elsewhere for delicacy of material and beauty of construction. There are punch and salad bowls, melon dishes, dinner, dessert, and cheese plates, and cups and saucers without number, all ornamental and of the finest porcelain. Add to the above jewelry and snuff boxes, caskets of all sorts and sizes, card trays, shawl cases, toys, pictures, puzzles, bird-cage tools, bows and arrows, chains, trinkets, imitation shells and fishes (all of the brightest colors), pictures with figures in relief, and Japanese knock-knacks of every conceivable and inconceivable description, and our readers may form some idea of the exhibition.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

1. We believe that we have never before given this extremely useful *Receipt for Removing Grease Stains from Paper*.

Gently warm the greased or spotted part of the paper, and then press upon it pieces of blotting-paper, one after another, so as to absorb as much of the grease as possible. Have ready some fine, clear essential oil of turpentine heated almost to a boiling state, warm the greased leaf a little, and then, with a soft clean brush, wet with the heated turpentine both sides of the *spotted part*. By repeating this application, the grease will be extracted. Lastly, with another brush, dipped in rectified spirits wine, go over the *place*, and the grease will no longer appear, neither will the *paper be discolored*. For valuable manuscripts, books, and engravings, it will be worth the pains and time.

2. *New Egyptian Antiquities*.—The *Bulletin de l'Institut Egyptien* states that M. Mariette lately found near a mummy, discovered at Thebes, various curious articles, amongst which were these: Ten gold bracelets for the legs, two other bracelets formed of pearls put on gold threads, another of gold, well executed, bearing mythological symbols; a gold diadem ornamented with mosaics, and surmounted by two sphynxes, a mirror with gold ornaments, a figure of a king standing in a boat with two divinities pouring water on his head and two birds flying above him, a figure of a boat in gold, containing ten silver figures of sailors rowing, and one of a person singing at the prow: a poniard with a gold scabbard, the blade being the finest specimen of Egyptian workmanship yet discovered, and containing incrustated in it a piece of bronze on which are various ornaments and hieroglyphs; and a hatchet, the blade of which is in gold and the handle in wood ornamented with gold.

3. *How the Christmas Wreaths look in California*.—

"We are in the midst of the holidays," writes one of the best California correspondents, "the groceries, the markets, the streets are green with the boughs of evergreens; redwood and cedar, pines and myrtles give forth their fragrance. The churches are redolent of an odor that I never whiffed in the Atlantic States—it issues from a shrub which looks very much like your bayberry or candleberry. The peculiar aroma at first is that of the bayberry, but close behind it comes a faint smell as of cinnamon—making together a most delicious perfume. With this shrub the pillars of the churches, the gas-pipes and burners, the galleries and pulpits are hung, while roses, geraniums and fuchsias, all grown in the open air, fill up the spaces between the branches, and give a Juny appearance to the room."

4. *New Styles of Wreaths and Headdresses*.—We gave the information desired by our young lady friends, at length in our last number.

Fashions.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

HAVING had frequent applications for the purchase of jewelry, millinery, etc., by ladies living at a distance, the *Editor of the Fashion Department* will hereafter execute commissions for any who may desire it, with the charge of a small percentage for the time and research required. Spring and autumn bonnets, materials for dresses, jewelry, envelops, hair-work, worsteds, children's wardrobes, mantillas, and mantelets, will be chosen with a view to economy, as well as taste; and boxes or packages forwarded by express to any part of the country. For the last, distinct directions must be given.

Orders, accompanied by checks for the proposed expenditure, to be addressed to the care of L. A. Godey, Esq.

No order will be attended to unless the money is first received. Neither the Editor nor Publisher will be accountable for losses that may occur in remitting.

Instructions to be as minute as is possible, accompanied by a note of the height, complexion, and general style of the person, on which much depends in choice. Dress goods from Levy's or Evans & Co.'s; cloaks, mantillas, or talmas, from Brodie's, 51 Canal Street, New York; bonnets from T. White & Co.'s; jewelry from Warden's or Caldwell's, Philadelphia.

When goods are ordered, the fashions that prevail here govern the purchase; therefore, no articles will be taken back. When the goods are sent, the transaction must be considered final.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL FASHION-PLATE FOR JANUARY.

RECEPTION AND EVENING-DRESS.

Fig. 1.—Dress of blue *glace* silk. There are two skirts; the lower one trimmed with ruffles of ribbon, placed in clusters of three, at a little distance apart; the front of the upper skirt has a trimming to correspond, placed *en tablier*, while the three puffs form with it a tunic; the puffs are caught to their places by garlands of apple-blossoms and grass; the upper one, that on the corsage, and the coronal for the hair, are with the simple foliage of the tree itself.

Fig. 2.—Dress of rich mauve reps. The skirt and corsage quite plain; the richness of the silk, and of the cape and sleeves of *point Duchess*, worn with it, being all sufficient. This style of corsage presents a decided

novelty, and is very elegant. Hair in full raised puffs; coronal of purple Marguerites, without foliage, fastened by a knot of ribbon to the left.

Fig. 3.—Dress of violet and white *gaze d'Indie* in stripes; trimming, a ruche of white satin ribbon. Square corsage; sleeves with one puff and a frill.

Fig. 4.—Simple and elegant dress of green crape, over green silk; the bouffantes of the skirt, corsage, and sleeves caught up by ruches of white crape. Chataigne of Cape Jessamine blossoms, without foliage; cluster of the same on the left of the skirt; drooping wreath to correspond, mixed with foliage.

Fig. 5.—Dress of thulle, over white silk. The double skirts have alternate puffs of thulle and violet crape; the upper skirt has a broad bouffante of violet crape edged by a puff of lace, and caught at regular intervals by oak leaves in gold, the acorns being in real gold. A cluster of the same forms the bouquet de corsage, while a flat Norma wreath of leaves and acorns is arranged in the hair.

JUVENILE EN COSTUME.

Le Petit Amour in white thulle and rose-colored crape.

DESCRIPTION OF WOOD CUT LATEST FASHIONS.

(See engravings, pages 1, 7, 13.)

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

Fig. 1.—Boy of four. Skirt and vest of bright barred poplin; little jacket of plain gray poplin.

Fig. 2.—Street dress for a very young child. Warm cloak of cashmere, embroidered in silk or braid; white satin hood, with a ruche and loops of ribbon inside the brim.

Fig. 3.—Coat dress for little girl, in dark blue merino. The front has a plastron or flat tablier application of the same material, trimmed with braid alone, or braid and fringe, according to fancy.

Fig. 4.—Lad's blouse and trowsers, in dark kersey-mere. Renfrew cap, in black cloth.

Fig. 5.—Dress of scarlet merino, plain and full. Cloth paletot, with wide sleeves trimmed with plush; gray fur collar. Beaver hat, with velvet bands and bows, and a plume de coque to the left.

Fig. 6.—Boy's Raglan of dark cloth, with oval buttons. Renfrew cap in gray; blue neck-tie.

Fig. 7.—Little girl's coat dress of plain poplin, a pearl gray shade. The chemisettes and cuffs are of blue satin, quilted in diamonds. Round hat of blue and black barred velvet.

OPERA HOOD.

STILL another style. This is of split zephyr, of any bright contrasting colors; the balls are passed through a single thread and form a chain, with a new and pretty effect.

THE ALICE NIGHT-DRESS.

We give two excellent designs for the short night-dresses so useful in case of illness, and by many preferred to be worn altogether in the summer season.

The Alice is of white cambric; the sleeve set in a point on the shoulder; the trimming a plaiting of cambric, with a flounce of fine broderie Anglaise set on without fulness.

THE ELSIE NIGHT-DRESS.

Of striped dimity; the ruffles are all made on revers, or to turn back from the neck, front, and wrist. They are also of corded dimity, and the scalloping is done with red cotton, fastened with pearl or gold studs.

CHITCHAT UPON NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS, FOR JANUARY

Our Fashion-plate naturally leads to a few more items on the subject of evening dress.

First, as to the width and shape of the skirt: "Ill-made crinoline, worn under ridiculous or wretched toilets, had inspired some ladies who have a strong dislike to anything ugly or common, with a desire to diminish the fulness of dresses and return to the Greek or Roman tunics, but the change was soon found to be altogether impracticable;" is the fiat of the *Montieur*, to which admirable counsellor we are also indebted for the following valuable suggestion as to the arrangement of the amplitude of evening dress draperies, on which their peculiar elegance so entirely depends:—

"To secure all possible gracefulness in ball dresses, the plaits at top are made wide and then doubled again, and without cutting the stuff to a point; but three points of gores are added at the bottom of the under skirt, one between the widths at each side, and one behind. These points make the lower part of the skirt spread well, and form a train. The front of the skirt is always made shorter to give freedom to the feet."

Again, as to the sleeve: the bell-shaped puff is quite as much in favor as ever; it is always becoming to freshness and youth. Where the arm needs more concealment, a puff and flounce, or two wide flounces may be worn, falling nearly as low as the elbow.

In material, the widest liberty of choice is given. For young ladies, thulle, white and colored crape, gauze, tarleton, and other diaphanous fabrics, are the most suitable. Still, the rich silks (in stripes of contrasting high colors, in *noiré*, and particularly watered silks, in stripes of large and small waves, or brocaded silks with plain grounds, and Jacquarded figures, seem to be most sought after. They are more costly, but more enduring; they range in price from \$4 to \$14 and \$15 a yard. We have seen one of plain Magenta and pure white, in stripes two inches wide, of oriental richness and lustre; the same may be said of many of the brocaded silks, especially where gold, scarlet, green, and crimson are brought out upon modes, black, mauve, or any plain decided ground.

Among the richest fabrics, however, velvet has regained its place, especially uncut velvet, or *velours epingle*; the rich shades of crimson and fuchsia colors, and, in fact, all prevailing tints are to be found. Velvet requires very little addition to its elegance. Rich lace is its most suitable ornament. We quote two French styles for making up velvets, which have novelty to recommend them:—

"An ornament on the sleeves of a very pretty nacarat velvet dress made by Mme. Bernard, one of our first rate dressmakers, should be noted. The ornament was formed by a broad gold band, and the body, which was high, was fastened by gold buttons. The skirt, quite plain and long behind, was eleven yards round.

"Another dress by the same maker was made of light peach-bloom velvet, with a plain skirt, a low body, short sleeves formed of large beret of velvet, arranged so as to leave at intervals, hollows, in which was seen a large puff of white satin. The body has draperies arranged contrariwise, reproducing the ornaments of the sleeves, that is to say, in the intervals left by the waved plaits of the velvet white satin puffings were visible. This new fashion, which it requires the pencil rather than the pen to represent intelligibly, is most happily effective."

In a splendid ball given in Paris, one of Gagelin's Pompadour costumes, worn by a youthful bride of remarkable beauty, attracted much notice. This costume consisted of a skirt of green silk looped up in two places on each side by white and pink chieories forming ribbon. The front of this skirt, which was in the apron style, was white satin decorated with white and red roses. The body had a white and pink berth, rounded behind, and beginning in front from the point of the body. The sleeves were white thulle. The headdress consisted of a white and pink chicory on one side, accompanied by roses on the other, and two large white marabouts feathers.

A charming ball cloak made of quilted satin, white outside and pink inside, with a milkmaid's hood, profusely trimmed with white and pink chieories, served to complete this toilet, so fresh and youthful.

In the wedding outfit of the bride just alluded to, among the splendid articles of all kinds, many of which had been obtained from Gagelin's were two French cashmeres, such as had never been made before. Their colors, quite novel, are as lasting as those of India, and their patterns, absolutely unique, presented a wonderful relief.

It will be noticed that necklaces have now regained their old place in popular favor for evening dress.

For all light tissues, flowers or foliage in bouquets, wreaths, agrafes, etc., are the most suitable ornaments. A parne of flowers is often almost as costly as one of gems, and includes a whole set—wreath for the hair, bouquet de corsage, and sprays for the skirt of the dress. A parne of these fragile but exquisite ornaments often costs from \$15 to \$100, if ordered from the best French houses; but their delicacy is so exquisite as to outrival nature. They may be set in any form most becoming to the wearer. It is absurd to wear a coronal, when a drooping wreath is more becoming, merely because people tell you "round wreaths are the most fashionable;" our steel-plate illustrates this; and the best artists mount a wreath for the face that is to wear it. We may notice among the infinite varieties of styles and blossoms a round headdress of convolvulus, with drooping branches all round, as well as the agrafes of the dress, which came from the celebrated flower manufactory of *Tilman, 104 rue de Richelieu*. Another headdress composed of China rose-color auriculas, divided into small tufts, accompanied a dress of China rose-silk. One, very light, was made of clematis and orange-bloom: it presented on the forehead a narrow but rounded cordon, which increased in volume behind. Another was composed of periwinkles, white lilac, and waxed orange-bloom. Both were master-pieces of taste. Bouquets to match, of an elongated form, were placed at the side of the waist. Mme. de Latre had also supplied a delightful coronet, formed of pale blue corn-flowers on the right, wheat-ears pointing upwards on the left, and, behind, a large tuft of wheat-ears and blue flowers. Last of all one of cherry-color wild roses and white lilac, extremely fresh and graceful.

When the dress is of a heavier fabric, the ornaments for the hair, which are now so popular, in gilt, etc., are very suitable; also, headdresses combining velvet and flowers of the same material, velvet and gilt, etc.

For a dress of cerise and white, for instance, large cherry-color roses with fancy foliage, daisies, lilac velvet pansies and gold anemones. A large gold torsade incloses it on one side, and a bunch of white lilac hangs down on the other.

For a cherry-color dress covered with a white thulle

tunic, a coiffure presenting a cherry velvet torsade fastened by three gold buckles, and terminated on one side by a tuft of white frizzed feathers, on the other by a large bow of two loops blended with another of gold cord, the two long tassels of which hung down on the shoulder.

Lastly, for two toilets of court mourning, the following headdresses:—

A bandeau of black and violet velvet powdered with gold stars and accompanied by two tufts, one very compact, of silk violets, and the other of black and violet bows mixed with gold threads. A torsade of wide mallow ribbon blended with black lace, and fastened at the side by an agrafe of wheat-ears in silver.

Plain dresses continue to be made of thick tissues such as druggets, terry velvets, and poplins.

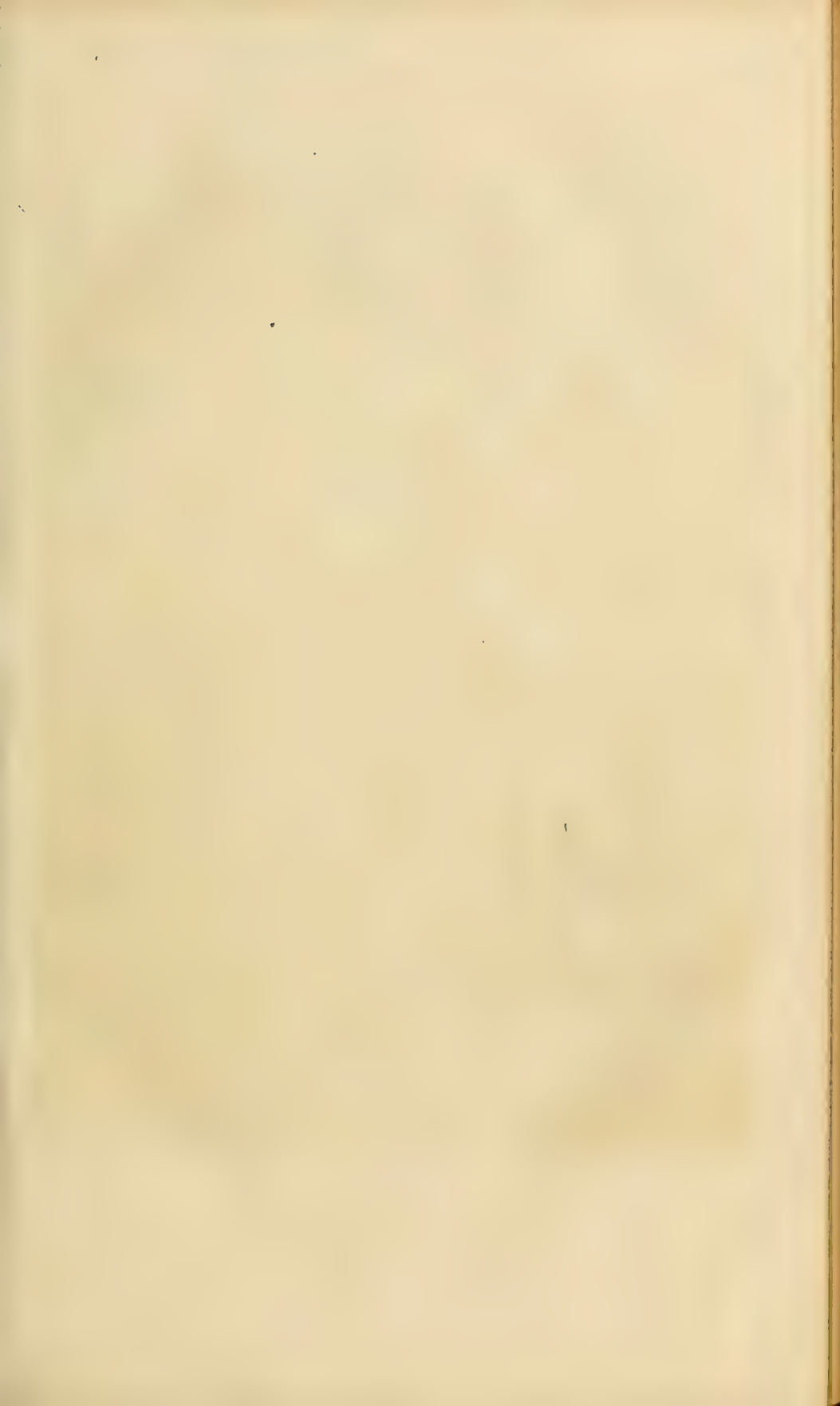
Ottoman veleurs is perhaps the favorite material for street dresses, and offers a sensible, suitable resistance, for once, to the mud and mire which last year fringed the rich floating flounces of costly robe silks. The corsage is almost invariably round, with a belt; the sleeves are often plain, slit up to a certain height, and buttoned behind the arm with large buttons like those on the front of the body. These buttons are continued down the front of the skirt in the cassock or Empress dresses, which are quite plain in front, and laid in wide plaits behind and at the sides.

The dresses of our best establishments spread out and fall in a peculiarly graceful manner, owing to a new arrangement most happily imagined. Another kind of sleeves is narrow at top without gathers or plaits, and wide at bottom with a turned-up cuff showing the satin lining edged by a ruche. At the top of the arm there is a fancy shoulder-knot with tags. These shoulder-knots as well as the *fourragères*, the frogs like those worn by hussars, ornaments in the guipure style, badges and medallions made with the crochet, the fichus and berthas of the same kind mixed with jet, are all worn more or less on rich plain goods.

In our notice of Mrs. Scofield's bonnets the past month, an error occurred in the mention of the bridal hat. The ornaments were a barbe of rich blonde, a branch of orange flowers and buds, with a light plume of marabout to the right. A novelty in the cap, was a *papillon* (butterfly) in velvet and gold, on the right temple.

Short, full feathers—these butterfly ornaments, long grooved leaves in velvet the color of the bonnet—golden ornaments, macarons in steel, pearl, and gilt, are among the chief ornaments of the velvet bonnets. The drawn brim *in velvet*, is one of the chief novelties, as, for instance, a royal purple brim, thulle cap crown, encircled by a wreath of purple chrysanthemums with golden centres. Velvet cape covered by a frill of blonde. As to colors, fuchsia, rose des Alpes, mauve, royal purple, pale and very deep green, all the clarets and maroons with deep blue, will be among the most popular. Of course the bonnets can be made as plain as desirable; one has infinite choice, and a person with good taste, may combine the best points of two or three in her order. The blonde cap is optional; brides of black lace, and plaitings of ribbon, or plaited bands extending from the forehead to the cheek are substituted in many, and an attempt will be made to do away with the cap altogether. The satin linings, put on with a colored cord or piping, betokens this, and foreshadows the style of next spring's straws.

Our notice of Genin's furs must necessarily lie over another month, owing to the crowd of information accumulating at this season of the year. FASHION.







A CONSULTATION.
GODEY'S FASHIONS FOR FEB. 1861.

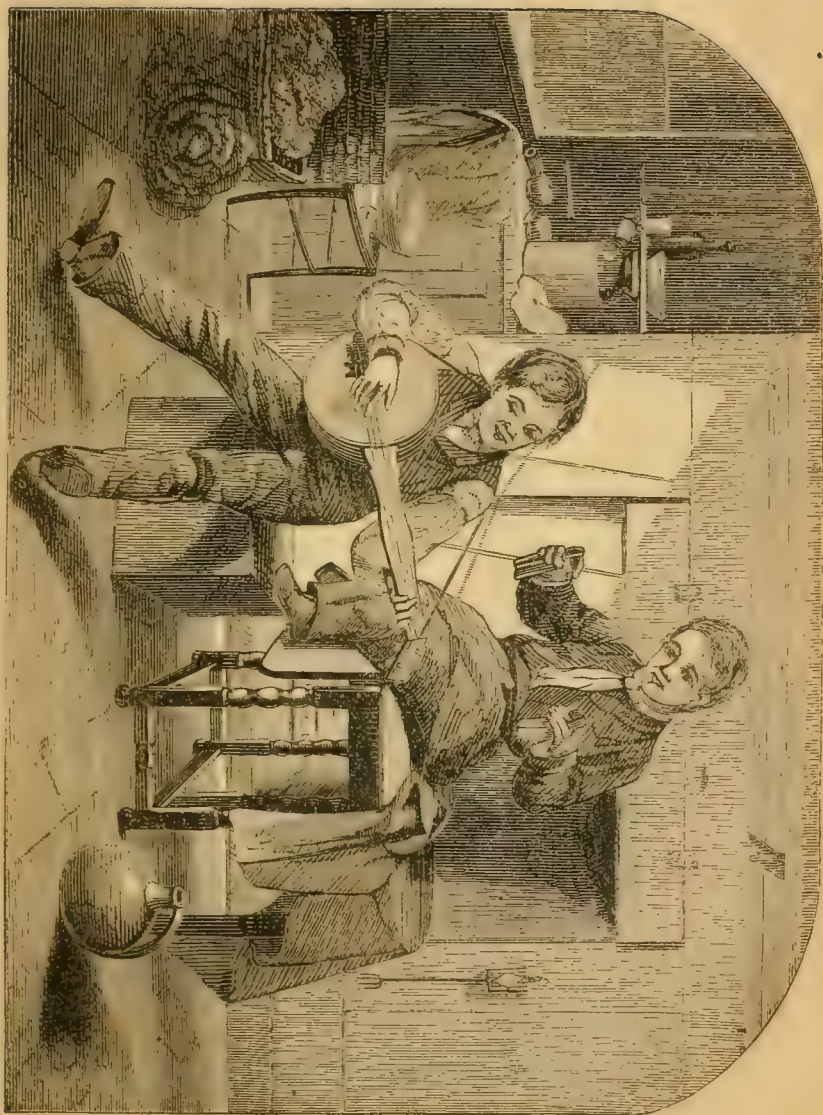






NO LONGER BABY.





My Heart no More in Rapture Swells.

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED FOR THE PIANO-FORTE, FOR GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

BY J. H. M'NAUGHTON.

Con Espressione.

1. My heart no more in rapture swells,
2. The bud, once broken from the bough,

With lute and song of thine,
Will nev - er bloom a flow'ring bud;

For ah! a ling'ring sadness dwells
And hearts betray'd by faithless vow,

With-Will

p

cres.

in this heart of mine,
love a - gain no more.

When spring was here how sweet thy lute—
How bright was hope when spring was here—

Thy song, how sweet the strain!
A bud - al - most in bloom!

But now how mute thy voice and
'Tis blighted now, The broken

dim.

p

cres.

ad lib. : 3

a tempo :

Into—
bough

sound, ah! ne'er a - gain!
'neath the *whisper's* gloom!

My

heart no more in rapture swells,

With

lute and song of

thing,

For

f

p

cantando.

ah! a ling'ring sadness dwells

With - in this heart of

mine.

a tempo.

Ped.

** Ped.*

** Ped.*

** Ped.*



THE ZOUAVE.

(A *Négligé Toilette*.)

[From the establishment of G. BRODIE, 51 Canal Street, New York. Drawn by L. T. VOIGT, from actual articles of costume.]

(See description, page 191.)

THE MEDORA.

THE GARIBALDI.

THE IMCIN.





THE PROMENADE DRESS.

Coat of black silk, having at the bottom a ruffle of purple silk, over which falls a rich lace. The bishop sleeves and small cape are trimmed to correspond.

The Zouave suit for little boy is made of poplin, braided.



THE EUPHEMIA.

This dress is of Marguerite colored silk, trimmed with quilled ribbon. The front width of the dress is gored, and the sleeve is a loose coat sleeve, with gauntlet cuff.

DRESS OF STRIPED POPLIN.

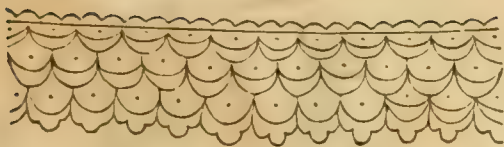
Two skirts, trimmed with quilled ribbon. The corsage has on it a Sevigné cap.

DRESS OF FRENCH MERINO.

To be embroidered with silk.



EMBROIDERY.



INFANT'S CHRISTENING ROBE.



MADE of fine French cambric, and trimmed with rosettes made of flouncing.

DRESS FOR A LITTLE BOY.



To be made of pearl-colored poplin, braided with Magenta-colored cord.

PARTY DRESS FOR A LITTLE GIRL.



MADE of Solferino silk, braided with gold, and trimmed with drop buttons.

INFANT'S SHORT DRESS.



MADE of linen cambric, with embroidered side stripes trimmed with flouncing. The waist is made of tucks and inserting.

DRESS FOR A LITTLE GIRL.



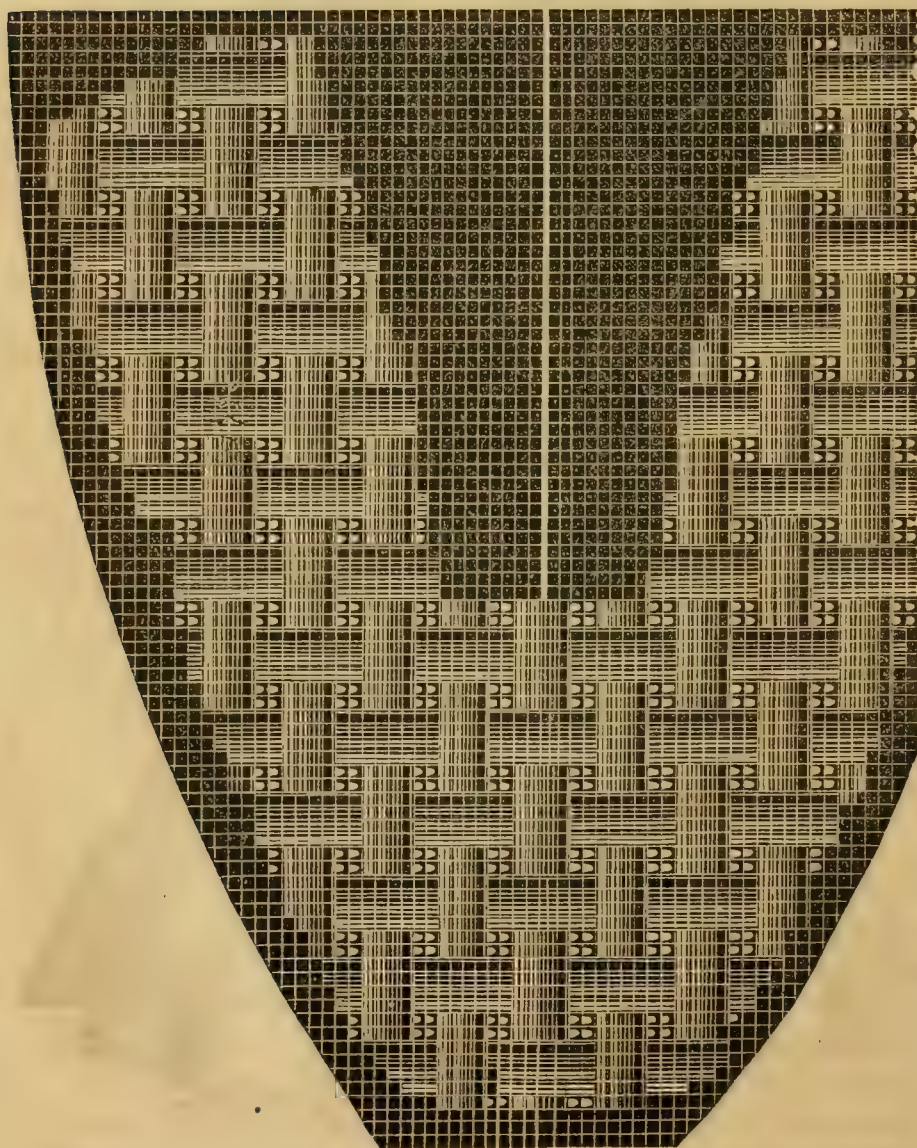
To be made of rose-color or blue French m-rino, embroidered.

EMBROIDERY.



CINDERELLA SLIPPER.

(See description, Work Department.)



GODEY'S

Lady's Book and Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY, 1861.

HOOPS AND FARTHINGALES.

THE merry dames of Elizabeth's court, in a wild spirit of fun, adopted the fashion of hideously deforming farthingales, to ridicule the enormous trunk-hose worn by gentlemen of that period, determined, if not successful in shaming away the absurdity altogether, at least to have a preposterous contrivance of their own. The idea was full of woman's wit. But, alas!



LADY OF REIGN OF GEORGE III.

they were caught in their own snare; precious stones were profusely displayed on the bodices and skirts of brocade gowns, and vanity soon discovered that the stiff whalebone framework under the upper skirt formed an excellent showcase for family jewels. The passion for display thus gratified, the farthingale at once became the darling of court costume, and in its original shape continued in feminine favor till the reign of Queen Anne, when it underwent the modification lately revived for us—the hoop.

In vain did the *Spectator* lash and ridicule by turns the “unnatural disguisement;” in vain did grossest caricatures appear, and wits exhaust their invention in lampoons and current epigrams; in vain even the publication of a grave pamphlet, entitled “The Enormous Abomination of the Hoop-petticoat, as the Fashion now is;” the mode, for once immutable, stands on the page of folly an enduring monument to feminine persistency.

Encouraged by the prolonged and undisputed sway of the farthingale, the hoop maintained an absolute supremacy through the three succeeding reigns, though often undergoing changes which only served to make it more and more ridiculous. The most ludicrous of these alterations were the triangular-shaped hoops, which, according to the *Spectator*, gave a lady all the appearance of being in a go-cart; and the “pocket-hoops,” which looked like nothing so much as panniers on the sides of a donkey—we mean the quadruped. In a print, bearing date 1780, we find this absurdity ridiculed in the figure of a girl so attired, placed beside a pannier-laden ass. A droll incident is related by Bulwer about the wife of an English ambassador to Constantinople, in the time of James I. The lady, attended by her serving-women, all attired in enormous farthingales, waited upon the sultana, who received them with every show of respect and hospitality. Soon, however, the woman's curiosity got the better of her courtesy, and she gravely asked if it were possible that such could be the shape peculiar to the women of England. The English lady, in reply, hastened to assure her that their forms in no wise differed from those of the women of other countries, and carefully demonstrated to

her highness the construction of their dress, which alone bestowed the appearance so puzzling to her. There could scarcely be a more wholesome satire upon the absurd fashion than is conveyed in the simple recital of this well-authenticated anecdote.

A French paper gives an amusing anecdote of a lady who went to a cathedral to "confess" in a hooped petticoat; of course it was necessary to enter the tiny confessional and prostrate herself before the iron grating between her and the priest. In vain did she make vigorous efforts at the door to compress her unyielding dress; it stoutly refused, swelling like an air bed in all sorts of ludicrous tumors at every new endeavor, until, scarlet with confusion, the lady turned and hastily made her escape, unshriven, with a few additional sins of impatience, anger, and wounded vanity to enumerate on her return.

The monstrous appearance of the ladies' hoops, when viewed behind, may be seen from the following cut, copied from one of Rigaud's



views (1740). The exceedingly small cap, at this time fashionable, and the close upturned hair beneath it, give an extraordinary meanness to the head, particularly when the liberality of gown and petticoat is taken into consideration. The lady to the left wears a black hood with an ample fringed cape, which envelopes her shoulders, and reposes on the summit of the hoop. The gentleman wears a small wig and bag; the skirts of his coat are turned back, and were sometimes of a color different from the rest of the stuff of which it was made, as were the cuffs and lapels.

What a curious picture of the "hoop" times do we gain from a play of an early period!—"Five hours ago," says one of the characters, "I set a dozen maids to attire a boy like a nice gentlewoman; but there is such doing with their looking-glasses; pinning, unpinning; setting, unsetting; forming and conforming; painting

of blue veins and cheeks; such a stir with sticks, combs, cascanets, dressings, purls, fall squares, busks, bodices, scarfs, necklaces, carcanets, rabatoes, borders, tires, fans, pallisadoes, puffs, ruffs, cuffs, muffs, pusles, fustles, partiets, frizlets, bandlets, fillets, corslets, pendulets, amulets, annulets, bracelets, and so many *lets* (stops or hindrances), that she is scarce dressed to the girdle. And now there is such calling for farthingales, kirtles, busk-points, shoe-ties, and the like, that seven peddlers' shops—nay, all Stourbridge Fair will scarcely furnish her. A ship is sooner rigged by far than a gentlewoman made ready."

"For the abolition of hoops at court we are indebted to the taste of George IV.," says Planché, in his "History of British Costume." Pity it is that they should be revived under a female sovereign; or, if not revived, their place supplied by a contrivance which, if lighter, produces the same preposterous effect. We allude of course to CRINOLINE, against which we are quite inclined to join in a crusade, as our readers may probably have already gathered.

We commend to their serious attention the following forcible remarks upon the absurdity, not to say worse, of inflated skirts, from a daily paper:—

"We have no pretensions to erudition in the specific nomenclature of the various structures of horsehair, basket-work, watch-spring, whale-bone, iron bars, buckram, wire gauze, and osier-plaiting now used by ladies for the purpose of distending their skirts to a preternatural degree of amplitude. It will be sufficient, we trust, to apply the generic term 'crinoline' to all the preposterous fabrics which convert that human form once called 'divine,' and idealized in the Venus de Medicis, into the similitude now of a Chinese tombola, now of a gigantic washing-bowl, now of a great bell covered with variegated silk, now of the receiver of a colossal air-pump. The hideous fashion of crinoline, then, dates its second efflorescence—for, in the shape of hoops and panniers, it flourished with rank luxuriance a century since—from the time of the union of the Countess Eugenie de Montijo with that exemplary public and private character who in 1852 gloried in being a *parvenu*, and is now hail-fellow-well-met with the *Mon. sieur mon frère* of the Emperor Alexander. From the adoption of crinoline at the Tuileries resulted certainly its establishment in the other courts and cities of Europe. It spread like the plague. The trade winds bore it with wide-waving wings to the West Indies. The Gulf Stream has naturalized it on the remote shores

of the Spanish Main. The primeval female settlers in New York, in the days when it was a Dutch colony, were remarkable for wearing a round dozen of linsey woolsey petticoats: but the large-skirted belles of Broadway and Fifth Avenue now put, with a single under garment, their great-great-grandmothers to shame. Crinoline is an indispensable adjunct of the gala costume of colored persons at 'dignity balls;' and if its pestiferous influence continues to extend itself, we may look for the assumption of this unsightly fashion by Zulu Kaffirs in their filthy Kraals, and by the tattooed tirewomen of Queen Pomare."

The extent to which people may be led to disfigure themselves by a blind compliance with the fashion of the day was never more strikingly displayed than in the custom of dotting the face with black patches of different patterns. It might easily be supposed that the annexed sketch is a caricature, but such is not the case; it is a correct likeness of a lady in the time of Charles the First, with her face in full dress. Patching was much admired during the reign of that sovereign and for several succeeding years. Some authors think that the fashion



came originally from Arabia. No sooner was it brought to England and France than it became an absolute *fureur*. In the former country, old and young, the maiden of sixteen and the gray-haired grandmamma, covered their faces with these black spots shaped like suns, moons, stars, hearts, crosses, and lozenges, and some even, as in the instance before us, carried the mode to the extravagant extent of shaping the patches to represent a carriage and horses.

CROCHET WORK.

BY ENCL.

SUMMER in the silent heaven,
Whence the lark had dropped to rest!
Summer in the flowery hollow!
Summer on the mountain's crest!
Summer in the girlish tresses!
And the fair face lightly bent
By a window where their shadows
In the breezy maples sent.
O'er her snowy robe they rippled,
O'er the braided chestnut hair,
O'er the white hands glancing fitly
Through the silken network there.
From the blue eyes bent and earnest
O'er the graceful task she wrought,
Downward drooped the heavy fingers
With her languor or her thought.
Gold and purple was the tissue
That those taper fingers wove,
And the soft light for the picture,
Was it wanting? happy love!
Lo, a figure leant beside her,
Tall and dark her beauty by!
Like a cedar of the forest,
With a rose plant blooming nigh!
And love never yet had language,
If it spoke not there by chance,
Through that cheek of dusky olive—
Through that dark and tender glance.

Through the glance that watched the playing
Of the shadows on her hair,
Watched the silken meshes gliding
O'er the slender fingers fair.
"Ah!" he said, "'tis woman's mission,
And it suits you passing well!
Binding thought, and hope, and daring,
In your strong and silken spell.
"Golden thread, 'tis woman's fancy!
Crooked needle, woman's wile!"
Flashed her blue eyes into archness,
Shone her red lips in a smile.
"No," she said, "the crooked needle
Is the crooked natures, wrought
By a woman's patient guiding,
Into sunny woofs of thought!
"Oft amid her wisest working,
Will it wound her fingers sore;
Oft a touch, a careless motion,
And the silken spell is o'er!
"And when even fast and finished,
Is it worth the golden hours
Wasted o'er it? worth the summer,
And the sunshine, and the flowers?
"Worth the rose that bloomed and faded
While she loitered o'er it there?
Or the hopes that spread their pinions
And then vanished in the air?"

SUNSHINE AND SHADE; OR, THE GOVERNESS.

BY FANNIE WARNER.

[Entered, according to act of Congress, in the year 1860, by LOUIS A. GODET, in the clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

(Continued from page 26.)

CHAPTER V.

"THE NIGHT OF SONG."

So song—like fate itself—is given
To scare the idler thoughts away;
To raise the human to the holy;
To wake the spirit from the clay.—SCHILLER.

EDITH and her pupils lingered in the library until dinner-time, looking over the books and conversing; Edith gaining a great deal of information without asking any questions, for Martha was very communicative, and needed no encouragement to go on, and would have given the whole family history had not Edith interrupted her, when she found that she was trespassing on delicate ground, by asking some trifling question about their place of worship.

"We usually go to the Baptist church," replied Martha, "though papa is an Episcopalian; but there is no Episcopal church nearer than Augusta, and the Baptist is only six miles from here. Let me see. Look here, Mary," said she, addressing her sister, "is there preaching next Sunday?"

"I believe so," answered Mary—"yes, I know there is, for I heard papa tell Uncle Peter that Mr. Ward was coming home with us, and would preach to the blacks in the evening."

"Can you ride horseback, Miss Edith?" asked Martha, displaying a great deal of interest; but, without waiting for a reply, she continued: "Because if you can't, why, you'll have to learn right away; for there is only a foot-path to the meeting-house, and we can't go in the carriage without going two miles out of our way. But if you can't ride in the saddle, I reckon you can ride behind papa, for our horses all tote double."

Edith, very much amused, asked what she meant by "toting double."

"Why, carrying two, of course. Didn't you ever see anybody ride behind like a bag of meal coming from mill?"

Edith confessed her ignorance of that mode of travelling, and Martha proceeded to explain.

"Why, if you ride behind papa, you will have the saddle blanket to sit on, and you will find it a very comfortable seat, if you don't tumble off; but you won't do that if you put your

arm around papa, and hold on to his coat. That's the way I used to do before I had my horse. I've such a *splendid* horse, Miss Edith; his name is Selim, and he knows me as well as the green grass he eats. Don't be, Mary?"

"Your riding skirt is green, Matty, and I reckon that is the reason," said Mary, with the most innocent manner in the world, though Edith detected a smile lurking around the corners of her mouth.

"If that is the reason, you better keep out of his way," replied her sister, tartly, "for you look exactly like a blade of grass in your green skirt, and he might snap you up by mistake."

"Ha! ha!" laughed out Nelly, who was setting things to rights. "You better not sed anyt'ing, Miss Mary, for Miss Matty always comes out of an argiment upside down."

"You mean right side up, Nelly," said Mary, laughing. "But mind your dusting, and don't disturb papa's book there, for you know he doesn't like his books and papers interfered with." And, as she moved the volume carefully to one side, Edith's eye caught the title of a poem, and she smiled as she said to her self: "No, George, no fear of the governess being treated shabbily by one having a taste for Schiller."

The sight of the volume recalled to her mind the little reading circle around the work-table at home; and, repeating from her mother's favorite poem, "The Battle,"

"Brothers, God grant when this life is o'er

In the life to come that we meet once more,"

she left the library, in company with the girls, to obey the summons to dinner.

The dining-room, a long, narrow apartment, contained no furniture save the chairs and table and an old-fashioned sideboard with marble top and glass reflectors. The floor was covered with matting, and on the walls were hung a few pictures in heavy gilt frames. Aunt Cilla, a middle-aged negro woman, waited upon the table, and Josh, the black boy before alluded to, stood behind his master's chair, and, by means of a long string, kept in motion a covered frame or fan which was suspended to the ceiling, and served to keep off the flies.

Edith noticed Mr. Ellis more particularly than she had before done, and perceived for the first time the striking likeness between Mary and her father. "Then Martha must look like her mother," thought she, and, glancing at the young lady who, by right of seniority, occupied the seat at the head of the table, she wondered if the mother had been as slovenly in appearance, and thinking, if so, the contrast must have been as great between the parents as in the daughters. Mr. Ellis was a tall, fine-looking man, with a head which phrenologists would have pronounced "intellectual," large hazel eyes like Mary's, and thick, wavy chestnut hair, which fell back from his broad, polished forehead without betraying a single thread of silver. His dress was neat, even to preciseness, and his manners were easy, conversing without effort. He did not seem to look upon Edith as a stranger, but asked questions about her journey, often anticipating her replies, and making comments as if she had just returned to Beech Bluff after a short absence, instead of having arrived only the day before a perfect stranger.

After the meal was finished, Mr. Ellis asked Edith if she had tried the piano.

"No, I have not," she replied; "we have spent the morning in the library."

"Will you do so now, and favor us with some music?"

"Certainly, if you wish it."

And, rising from the table, they passed through the family sitting-room into a large, elegantly furnished apartment with windows opening to the floor and commanding a view of the lawn. Opposite the door at which they entered was an immense fireplace with marble mantel, above which hung the portrait of a lady so much resembling Martha that Edith guessed it at once to be that of her mother. The centre-table was covered with elegantly bound books and numerous expensive trifles, betokening a refined taste either in the master or mistress of the house—perhaps both.

Mr. Ellis opened the instrument, which stood in a recess between two doors—one leading into the library and the other into the school-room—and then seated himself at one of the windows. Mary knelt on a low ottoman at his side, and leaned on the arm of his chair, while her sister commenced pacing slowly up and down the room, tracing out the pattern of the rich Brussels carpet with her foot, until arrested by her sister's rather impatient "Don't, Matty! Please sit down!"

Running her fingers lightly over the keys,

Edith commenced playing selections from a favorite opera. Martha was at her side in a moment, her face expressing the utmost delight; and when the music ceased eagerly begged for "something else." Edith continued to play piece after piece without turning round to note the effect upon her other listeners, for, indeed, she had almost forgotten their presence, so occupied was she with Martha, whose countenance varied with the expression of the music until Edith thought her positively beautiful. At length she ceased playing, and was about to rise from her seat, when Mary touched her lightly on the shoulder, and asked, in a timid voice, if she would not sing something. "O yes, do!" pleaded Martha, adding, in a low voice, "papa is so fond of vocal music!"

Playing a short prelude, she commenced that beautiful Scotch ballad, "Annie Laurie," and as her clear, rich voice rang through the rooms, no other sound was audible save the chirping of birds and insects; for, with the negro's characteristic love of music, the house-servants had suspended work, and were gathered in silent groups at the open doors and windows. Uncle Sigh had thrown down his pruning-hook at the first sound of the piano, and his dusky form leaned against the library door, hat in hand, and his gray woolly head bent forward, as if afraid of losing a single note.

No Prima Donna could possibly have felt more gratified at the repeated encores of a large audience, than did Edith at the effect of this simple ballad upon her hearers. Silence reigned even after the last note had died away, and was not broken until she rose to leave the instrument; and then, Martha—the untamable, harum-scarum, wild, wilful Martha—threw her arms around Edith's neck and burst into tears, exclaiming, "I can't help it, Miss Edith, indeed I can't, for I am so sorry that I intended to be so disagreeable if you wouldn't let me have my own way. When I feel wicked, you will sing to me, won't you?"

Edith was taken completely by surprise at this unexpected reception of her song, and scarcely knew how to act. Mr. Ellis, seeing her embarrassment, stepped forward to relieve it, and placing his hand on his daughter's head, he said, smilingly, "Ah, Matty, I knew there was some good in you; I do not despair of your becoming civilized yet." And then turning to Edith, who had been pulled back upon the piano-stool by Martha's weight, and who blushed intensely as his eye rested upon her face, he continued, "Whose breast has mail to music proof? not Matty's, certainly. Your 'magic

measures' seem to have entered her soul, and I hope they will have an abiding influence."

"It seems to me," said Edith, "like a flash of sunshine dispelling the cloud of doubts and fears in which I was enveloped this morning, after listening to a portion of Miss Hannah's experience from the young ladies; I doubted my own strength and wisdom to govern rightly, and I feared the school-room might witness some unpleasant scenes, but Matty's *confession* of her hostile intentions and her penitence encourages me to believe that we will get along most amicably. What do you think, Matty?" said she, raising Martha's flushed face to her own, and imprinting a kiss upon her cheek.

"Why, I think I'll try to be very good."

"And when you are bad, honey, Miss Eden can punish you by not singing," interrupted Uncle Sigh, who had bowed himself into the room, and stood in the most deferential attitude before the group at the piano.

"Well, Sigh, how did you like the music?" said his master.

"Bery fine, Massa Jacob, bery fine;" replied the old negro, with a succession of bows. "I tink it am sperior to Miss Hannah's playing wid one hand. Howsomever, I would like to ask Miss Eden if she can sing any camp-meeting hymns, case I tink her voice am perticly calkilated for dat perticular style ob music."

Mr. Ellis seemed very much inclined to laugh, though he refrained from doing so out of respect to the old man's feelings, who obviously thought he had paid Edith a very great compliment.

"I play and sing a great deal of sacred music," said Edith, but "never having attended a camp-meeting, I am ignorant of the style you speak of."

"Den you is not a Methodist?"

"No, I am an Episcopalian."

Evidently disappointed that Edith was not of his "pursuasion," he thanked her—for what she did not know—and bowed himself out of the room; and a moment after, Aunt Cilla's voice was heard in no very gentle tones, chiding him for his "indignity in standing so long 'mong de white folks in de big room. I reckon Miss Eden 'll sing agin fore she gwines home, but dat rose-bush you dug up and lef in de sun won't hold up it's head agin if it dies, dat's sartin;" to which Uncle Sigh made some rejoinder, and was answered in a still louder key, "camp-meetings am all bery well in der place, but don't you go to brung 'em in de house for to bodder young marster."

"Uncle Sigh and Aunt Cilla are both old house servants," said Mr. Ellis, in answer to

Edith's questioning look, "and therefore privileged. Aunt Cilla was my nurse when I was a child, and though 'old marster' has been dead these ten years, she continues to call me 'young marster,' and will do so when I am gray, if she lives till then. She forgets that I am a few years older than when she used to protect me from the mischievous annoyances of the 'little darkies.'"

"Is she Uncle Sigh's wife?" asked Edith.

"Yes, and she thinks a heap of her old man; but the camp-meeting fever he gets occasionally annoys her excessively, for she is a member of the Baptist Church. But they are good, pious old negroes, both of them."

"Why are they called 'Uncle' and 'Aunt'?"

"It is a mark of respect to the old negroes on the place, as much as the 'Miss' in addressing you."

"I am becoming enlightened," said Edith, laughing. "The idea of your having any respect for your slaves is quite a new one to me."

"I suppose so," said Mr. Ellis, good-naturedly; "but I hope you will have a better opinion of Southern planters when you go home; I have no doubt you will acknowledge yourself a Northerner with Southern principles, unless you have come here to 'make a note' of the objectionable features of slavery for the purpose of writing a book, which I very much doubt, for you look too honest."

"Oh, if you are becoming suspicious of me," said Edith, laughing, "I had better travel home again as soon as possible. At all events, I must not ask any more questions on the subject. But do I *look* as if I could write a book? one that would settle the affairs of the nation?"

"Well, not particularly; I have not discovered any *blue stockings* yet," rejoined Mr. Ellis, jocosely; "but," he added, more seriously, "I have no doubt you would be as much missed if you were to leave us now, though you have been here so short a time, as was Mr. Stillingfleet in his absence from the Blue Stocking Club, in the days of Dr. Johnson. How would you like to have Miss Edith run home without beginning school!" addressing his daughters.

"Oh, not at all," said Mary; "she has promised to read so many books with me, and besides, Matty wouldn't become civilized."

Here the conversation was interrupted by the sound of the tea-bell. After tea, Martha, who had been unusually quiet during the meal, proposed a walk in the garden.

"Take your flute along, papa, and play for us, please, on the Indian mound."

"Bring it from the library, then," said her father; and in a moment it was in his hand, and the two girls were running on, leaving their father and Edith to follow at their leisure.

"There is a remarkable echo on the mound Martha mentioned," said Mr. Ellis, as they proceeded slowly down the walk, "which, when I play my flute, has almost the effect of a duet, the players situated at a distance from each other. The mound is an artificial elevation, supposed to have been thrown up by the Indians during the skirmishes in the early part of the Revolution. Whether that particular spot was selected to make the echo answer a 'savage' purpose, I am unable to say, but think it very likely. It is a favorite resort of Martha's, who goes there for the purpose of exercising her lungs, I judge, for I often hear her sending forth sounds very like an Indian war-whoop, which the distant hill faithfully returns."

"What was that?" asked Edith, starting suddenly, as a sound, not unlike the shriek of a locomotive, fell on her ear, twice in succession, though more distant the second time.

"It is confirmation strong of what I've been telling you," answered her companion, laughing heartily. "The young lady has reached the mound before us."

A few more steps brought them in sight of the spot; Mary had thrown herself on the grass, while Martha, having planted herself directly in the middle of the green knoll, was inflating her lungs preparatory to a repetition of the shriek, when she saw her father and Edith approaching; running down to meet them, she exclaimed eagerly, "Did you hear the echo? wasn't it splendid?"

Mr. Ellis played several familiar airs, and Edith was charmed with both the music and the echo.

"I am not surprised at Matty's fancy for the spot," said she, "for it is certainly very attractive; and such a delightful resting-place under the shade of this sycamore."

As they turned to leave the mound, she remarked that the flute was an agreeable accompaniment to the piano.

"Yes," said Mr. Ellis, "I used to accompany Mrs. Ellis when she played."

"Do the girls play?" asked Edith, thinking that she ought to have asked the question in the afternoon.

"Not of any consequence. Their mother gave them lessons, but they never liked to practise, and we did not urge them to it, though Martha has a decided talent for music, and possesses a fine voice. Miss Hannah was not

at all musical, and since Mrs. Ellis's death, the piano has seldom been opened."

When they entered the house, Mr. Ellis, looking at his watch, desired Nelly to ring the bell for prayers. The house-servants and those of the field hands who were church-members, assembled in the sitting-room with the family, and listened attentively to the reading of the Psalms for the evening, and during the prayer bowed their heads reverentially.

That night Edith laid her head on her pillow in thankfulness that her lines had been cast in such a pleasant place. Thoughts of home filled her mind; mother, brother, sister, and *friend*, each and all claimed their share of remembrance, and thinking of them she fell asleep.

CHAPTER VI.

CHESTNUT GROVE.

The very sooth of it is, that an ill habit has the force of an ill fate.—L'ESTRANGE.

THE next day was Saturday, and as Edith had been informed that Uncle Anthony was sent to the post-office every Saturday evening, she seated herself in the library directly after breakfast, for the purpose of writing letters home.

"O Miss Edith, Miss Edith!" exclaimed Mary and Martha in the same breath—running on to the piazza, and throwing open the window-shutter, "papa is going to Chestnut Grove instead of Uncle Anthony, and he says that we can go along. He is going directly after dinner, about four o'clock."

"Are you going in the carriage?" asked Edith.

"No ma'am, on horseback."

"But you know I never rode."

"I told papa," said Martha, "that you could not ride horseback—I mean that you never *did* ride—and he said you could take your first lesson to-day, and I am to ride one of the carriage-horses and let you have Selim, and Mary is going to ride behind papa."

"But I have no skirt," suggested Edith.

"Never mind that; nobody'll see us but Mr. Irving and the blacks; but you might wear mine, only it would be a mile too large for your waist, and Mary's is a yard too short for you."

Smiling at the "mile" and "yard," Edith, after thinking a moment, said—

"Perhaps I can alter the skirt of my travelling-dress."

"Is it tucked?" asked Martha.

"No," said Edith; "but it has a deep hem, and is turned in at the top."

"That 'll do first-rate," said Martha; "I'll get it, and give it to Oak; *she* 'll fix it." And running up stairs she brought the dress down; and, calling a girl who was sewing in the sitting-room, she handed it to her, saying—

"There, Oak, Miss Edith wants you to fix that dress for her to ride in."

"Yes, Oak," said Edith, "I would like you to let down the skirt, if you please."

"Der 's a right smart turned in, Miss Eden, and I reckon the hem won't have to come out," said the girl, examining it.

"Very well," returned Edith; "let it down at the waist, then, and I guess it will do for this afternoon and to-morrow."

"Better keep it for ridin', Miss Eden, for you won't get anything as purty dis side 'Gusta; allers 'mired dark gray misel. Young missus and Miss Mary ort to have some black 'terial for der skirts, for dey looks very funny a ridin' out wid black bodies and green skirts; but dey don't know, and Massa Jacob don't neber notice wimmen's fixin's. I reckon I'll ax him to git some dis evenin';" and nodding her head with a "dat 's so," she disappeared, leaving Edith alone.

The letters were finished before dinner-time, and going up to her room, Edith found her dress, finished and neatly pressed, lying on the bed. The young ladies' room adjoined hers, and she heard Mary expostulating in an earnest tone with her sister.

"Please don't wear that log-cabin, Matty, for you look so ugly in it. Wear the white sun-bonnet."

"I'll do nothing of the kind," said her sister. "The white sun-bonnet is so small it shows all my hair."

"Well, can't you comb your hair? You haven't combed it since the last time we went to church, I am sure."

"Indeed, I combed it the day papa went to Augusta for Miss Edith."

"I saw Miss Edith look at your head yesterday," said Mary, "and I reckon she did not think it looked very neat."

"I suppose then that she 'll begin at my head to civilize me; but what are you going to wear?"

"My garden-hat."

"You look just like a boy in it, with your short curls."

"Mamma used to like it, you know, and it is so comfortable. But here comes Nelly; won't

you let her plait your hair, and tie on the black ribbons?"

"No, indeed; plaiting breaks the hair."

"I don't think it breaks it half as much as the hard knot you leave it tied in," said Mary.

"Come, Miss Matty," said Nelly, who entered just then to assist her young ladies in dressing, "low me to comb up your har, and 'stonish de fo'ks wid a smooove head."

"I'll 'stonish' you with something else," said her young mistress, "if you don't have my saddle blanket and riding-skirt ready. And tell Uncle Peter to put the martingales on Flash, or his head will be in my mouth all the way, and I don't like the flavor."

"What are you going to do with that album, Matty?" asked Mary.

"Why, my name has never been written in it since papa gave it to me, and I saw Miss Edith's portfolio, and she draws beautifully; and I'll just ask her—"

"O sister!" interrupted Mary; "let me write your name in it!"

"You! indeed I'll not! Miss Edith 'll do it with a flourish; she 'll make an elegant pig, or something, and write my name on the side of it."

"Where is the post-office, Mary?" asked Edith, putting her head in at the door.

"On the store door," answered Martha.

"On the store door?" repeated Edith, interrogatively.

"Yes, ma'am; it's nothing but a letter-box. Mr. Irving keeps the store and 'tends to the mail. But I declare, Mary, if there aren't the horses! and a mule! And the dinner bell hasn't rung! Here, you Nellie! run down and ask Aunt Cilla if she's going to send Josh along on the mule with the dinner."

"There's the bell now," said Mary.

"Uncle Peter was aforehand wid de beasts, case marster gin him half holiday to gwine over to Dudley's plantation to see his old 'oman, and I reckon he's in a hurry," said Nelly, as they went into the dining-room.

"Are you timid, Miss Edith?" asked Mr. Ellis, as Edith stood on the block ready to mount.

"I don't think I feel particularly courageous, but I presume we are not going in a gallop," answered Edith, smiling.

"We will not! Matty will probably disappear as soon as she is in her saddle; but we will ride slowly, though you would find it much easier riding if you would let Selim strike into a pace, for he is a fine pacer," said Mr.

Ellis, as he assisted Edith into the saddle. "Now seat yourself firmly, and take the bridle in this hand—between your fingers, so! Is your foot in the stirrup? No. There, all right so far. Here, Peter, lead Selim off a few steps to make room for Flash."

Seated on her horse, Edith looked around with a great degree of interest to see the others mount. Martha walked to the block in a manner so stately, and so out of character with her dress, that Edith laughed in spite of herself.

The long green skirt trailed on the ground behind, while the wearer held it up in front at a *fashionable* height, revealing the hem of her black dress, and displaying her well turned ankle in a manner that would have done credit to a city belle. Her arms and shoulders were shaded by a cape of white dimity, reaching to the waist, and tied at the neck with black ribbons. The log-cabin sun-bonnet, which had so shocked her sister's pride, was of blue *berdè*, made with casings, into which were run pieces of pasteboard, bringing it far over the face and most effectually concealing the uncombed hair. In her hand she carried a switch, stripped of all its leaves, except a few at the end, which bobbed about as if nodding in recognition of the green skirt. Stepping upon the block, she adjusted the saddle-cloth, then, seizing the pommel of the saddle, she sprang into her seat with astonishing agility, considering her weight, and without farther ceremony than a wave of her hand, and "I'll wait for you at the Branch," she galloped down the lawn and was soon out of sight. Her father looked after her a moment, then mounting his own horse he rode to the block to take up Mary, who looked so exceedingly pretty in her little garden hat with its black ribbons, that Edith did not wonder at her preference for it; though, to be sure, the short curls did give her somewhat of a boyish appearance. Her arms and shoulders were bare, and as she gathered up her long skirt with one tiny, white hand, Edith thought "What a lovely picture!" Seating herself behind her father, she threw one arm around him, and, peeping around at Edith, she said, with the usual blush, "This is such a nice broad seat."

Selim deserved all the encomiums his mistress bestowed upon him, for he was indeed a noble animal. Edith thought he displayed a great deal of sagacity in turning so cautiously, as if aware that he was carrying a timid rider, and as he followed the slow steps of Uncle Peter down the lawn, she felt quite as safe as if she were walking. Holding the gate open,

Uncle Peter touched his cap respectfully, saying, "Gib Selim de bridle when you get to de big road, Miss Edin, and don't 'tempt to guide him, for you mought steer wrong, and he knows de way."

Mr. Ellis smiled, and said to Edith, "You ought to become an accomplished horse-woman, with so many to teach you."

"Yes," said Edith, "I ought to know *something* about riding; Matty gave me a lesson." And then she laughed as she recollected that a part of her instructions was to throw her arm around Mr. Ellis and hold on to his coat.

"We must not allow you to contract any bad habits in the beginning," said Mr. Ellis; "so you will permit me to commence at once to correct any that I notice. Firstly, you bend forward too much; and, secondly, your muscles are too much on the strain; relax them, and hold yourself up, for, in your present position, if Selim were to stumble, you would be thrown over his head without any warning. And that would be an ill fate indeed. There, that is better!" said he, approvingly, as Edith drew back her shoulders and settled herself more comfortably in the saddle.

"You spoke of Selim being a fine pacer," said Edith. "I must acknowledge my ignorance of the term as applied to horses."

"Webster will tell you that pacing signifies lifting the feet on the same side together," returned Mr. Ellis. "If you feel inclined to give him—I mean Selim, not Webster—a trial, just give your bridle a sudden jerk, and he will understand the signal."

Edith obeyed, and the horses paced along together in a manner which she thought much more agreeable than the tedious walk; and as her timidity gradually wore off she began to enjoy the ride.

"I hear horses' feet down the road," said Mary, "and I reckon Matty is coming back to meet us. Yes, there she is; I caught a glimpse of her white cape." And, in a moment, Matty galloped up to them, and, wheeling her horse, exclaimed—

"How dolefully slow you ride. But how nicely you sit, Miss Edith! Don't you think you could gallop with me, now?"

Edith declined, saying she thought that would do for another lesson.

"I've been waiting at the Branch fully ten minutes," said Martha, "and do you know, papa, that it is swollen from the rain last week, and we'll have to ford it?"

"What are you going to do, Martha?" asked Edith.

"Why, let our horses swim across," answered Martha. "I'll go in first, and you do just like me; drop your bridle, pull up your skirt, and pick up your feet in this way." And, suiting the action to the word, she made a perfect bunch of herself, and looked so comical with her feet upon the horse's neck, that the rest of the party laughed aloud.

The sound of running water notified them that they were near the "Branch," and a turn in the road brought them to the side of it. "Come on!" said Martha, and her horse plunged in and crossed the narrow stream; laughing, she called from the otherside, "Don't let Selim shake you off, Miss Edith, when he comes out!"

"I stand shivering on the brink and fear to launch away," said Edith to Mr. Ellis, who was waiting for her to arrange her skirt. He laughed, and, taking the bridle over his arm, said, "Are you ready?"—and before she had time to assent or object, the horses were bearing them over almost without perceptible motion.

"Well," said Edith, "I feel as if I had performed a wonderful feat; something in the 'grand and lofty tumbling' style."

"'Twas first-rate!" said Martha (that "first-rate" being with her the superlative degree of excellence). "You are a heap more sensible than Miss Hannah. Why, we never got her 't'other side of Jordan' while she was at the Bluff."

"Martha!" said her father, sternly.

And, coloring slightly, she gave the pasteboards a sudden jerk over her face, saying: "I'll meet you at the store." Waving her switch in a majestic manner, she brought it down on her horse's neck, and the log-cabin and green skirt were again in rapid motion.

The "store" was a low wooden building with a porch in front, but without any sign over the door or display of goods in the windows to indicate that it was a place of business. The broken panes of glass and tumble-down fence gave the whole place a dilapidated appearance, and Edith thought the grove at the back of the house looked far more inviting than the crazy looking porch in which were sitting several men, who all arose and disappeared in the dark looking door when our party approached.

"Where's Matty? There's Flash with her skirt on the saddle," said Mary.

"Gone round to see Janett, Miss Mary," said a gentleman, stepping from the porch. Then, saluting Mr. Ellis with a nod and "How do, Ellis?" he gave Edith an inquisitive look;

and, at Mr. Ellis's introduction, "Mr. Irving, Miss Stanford," bowed quite low, and, lifting his head with a jerk, said: "Happy to make your 'quaintance, ma'am. Right smart rain last week. 'Sist you to 'light, ma'am?" Edith extended her hand; and, grasping it in a business-like manner, he almost pulled her off the block; then, wheeling around so suddenly as to make the horse start, he addressed himself to Mr. Ellis: "Horses want water, Ellis? Yes? Here, you Jack, take horses to creek"—abbreviating his words and sentences as if life were too short to allow the use of pronouns and articles, and there was an absolute necessity for abridging all other words.

"What'll look at, Ellis?" said Mr. Irving, as they stood beside the counter in the not very cleanly looking store.

"I believe the young ladies wish some black material for riding skirts."

"Nice alpacas? Nothing else to show. Best in the 'ouse," replied Mr. Irving, elevating his eyebrows and striking the counter at every exclamation."

"That will do, Mr. Irving," said Martha, thrusting her pasteboards in a window near him. "Please cut off twelve yards, and don't forget the sewing-silk."

"Letters for you, Ellis, top the pile. Yes, Miss Matty, twelve yards."

Walking to a desk behind the door, Mr. Ellis took up the letters, and, looking them over, put three in his pocket. Edith looked at them wistfully, but said to herself: "It is too soon; I'll not receive any for a week;" then, taking those she had written out of her pocket, she was about to hand them to Mr. Ellis, when Mary stepped to the door, and lifting the lid of a small wooden box that was nailed to it on the inside, she said, with a look of sly humor: "Put them in the office, Miss Edith."

The purchases were made, and stowed away in a small carpet-sack which was hung on the pommel of Martha's saddle. Edith was glad when they were once more in the fresh air, for the smell of tobacco which proceeded from a corner where the occupants of the porch had stationed themselves, affected her very unpleasantly. Crossing the yard, they were followed closely by Mr. Irving, who led Selim to the block himself; and while Edith put on her skirt he worked his fingers nervously, and the moment it was fastened, seized her hand, and with a jerk of his head, said, "'Sist you to mount, ma'am?" She had barely time to settle herself in the saddle, and before her foot was in the stirrup, he grasped the bridle, and lead-

ing the horse off a few paces, stood, holding him by the bit, until the others were ready to start, when he let go with a flourish of his arm, and started back as if he expected Selim to go off like a rocket. As Edith bowed, in acknowledgment of his services, his manner and attitude reminded her forcibly of the ring master in a travelling circus she had visited when a child.

Tea was ready and waiting when they reached home, and they seated themselves around the table with spirits exhilarated, and appetites considerably sharpened by the ride. Mr. Ellis was particularly merry and agreeable, and Edith thought his animated countenance gave him quite a youthful appearance, and he looked scarcely old enough to be the father of those two tall girls. Lifting her plate, she passed it to him without looking down, until the girls both exclaimed, "Look under your plate, Miss Edith, under your plate!" She colored with surprise and pleasure as she took up a letter, and, looking at Mr. Ellis suspiciously, said, "Where did this come from? It must have been written the day after I left home." He laughed heartily, as if he enjoyed her surprise, and said, "You must excuse me for not handing it to you before, but I knew you would

like to be alone when you read it, and I feared your anxiety to learn the contents would prevent your enjoying the ride home."

Immediately after prayers, which were an hour earlier on Saturday evening, Edith went to her room. "Dear Gracy," said she, unfolding her letter, "I would know your graceful handwriting among a score of others." And then she read how poor Grace, sad, lonely, and out of sorts, had gone to her sister's room the evening after her departure, and, after a fit of weeping, had concluded to write and tell her that George was very grum, mamma terribly low-spirited, and the whole house so desolate that it was quite unbearable. Then came a long string of fond wishes for dear Edie's happiness, followed by as many resolutions to look upon the bright side of life—and the letter closed with a quotation, beginning, "Away with melancholy," and many assurances of sisterly affection. "Bless her dear heart," said Edith, returning it to the envelop. "I hope the next letter will be a more cheerful one;" and though she felt grieved at the sadness of her mother and her brother's grumness, which she knew so well how to interpret, she was happy at having heard from the dear ones at home.

(To be continued.)

SAINT VALENTINE'S DAY.

BY MART MOORE.

Old times are changed, old manners gone.

LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

VALENTINE's day in my grandfather's time; it was something worth looking forward to then; you should hear the old gentleman talk about it. The ice of many a courtship was broken; the heart of many a maiden won through the medium of those emblematic pictures and flattering rhymes sent on that licensed morn. Young men—my grandfather among the number—were known never to have retired to rest at all, but to have spent the night previous under their mistresses' window, for the purpose of gaining her first glance in the morning, and thus, according to the old superstition, have the right of being her Valentine for the rest of the day, or, what was perhaps still more important, her husband for life. Young girls, in order to avoid the sight of a disagreeable suitor, would shut themselves up for the entire morning; others, by various clever stratagems—peeping through little friendly holes in the window

curtains; sitting with their eyes shut for hours, until they heard the wished-for step or well-beloved voice—endeavored to take in destiny, and cheat the fates! Postmen were known to have fainted beneath the weight of Cupid's doves, Hymen's temples, and gold rings their bursting bags contained. One misanthropic man of letters committed suicide on Valentine's eve by throwing himself, bag and all, into a river near my grandfather's house, leaving a note on the bank stating his reasons for the act: hatred to marriage, and a desire to save his fellow-creatures from that misery, as *the woe of the fourteenth of February was generally a fool by the first of April.*

But Valentine's day in the nineteenth century—the sober, intellectual, satirical, nineteenth century—is a very different affair. "These are the days of advance." In our onward march of civilization we have trampled the Maypole under our feet, dethroned its pretty queen, and turned Cupid out of doors. "Strong-minded

young ladies' sneer at such "senseless things," and youth itself will soon be as much out of fashion as the rest.¹ But yet, with all these disadvantages to battle against, Valentine's day, although the mere ghost of its former self, still continues to have its old "match-making" propensities; truth still lurks in those annual rhymes, and many a proposal those love lines have contained has ended in smiles and blushes, wedding favors, and bride-cake at Whitsuntide. There's my cousin Mabel and Minnie Grey, they are living examples of this last fact.

Of course you have never seen my cousin Mabel; but if you had you would certainly say she was the prettiest girl you had ever beheld. Female critics of beauty, it is true, found fault with her nose as being "somewhat too short," and her mouth as "a little too large;" but then her eyes were so blue and soft, her eyelashes so dark and long, her hair so rich and bright, you forgot every other fault in looking at them; and as to her dimples, they would positively have made Hebe jealous, could that young lady have seen them. Yet Mabel, strange to say, with all her beauty, had reached the mature age of eighteen without a lover. Her father, a country clergyman, had jealously kept his fair blossom to nestle by his side, hidden from all "vulgar eyes" in the old ivied parsonage of a retired little village; rarely, if ever, allowing her to take part in any of the festivals and junketings given by their neighbors; those pleasant, innocent "merry meetings," where rural flirtations are got up, and the partners of a dance so often become the partners of a life. The consequence was, that when Mabel came to spend her Christmas with us, she had not been a week away from her leafy home before she danced exquisitely, flirted scientifically, and had caused half a dozen young men to wear turn-down collars, and seriously contemplate suicide.

Now, as my father loves a full house, and declares "a merry Christmas" would be an utter impossibility without merry guest and good cheer, with "that so plenteous," that, like the jolly Frankelien, at this time,

"It snowed in his hous of mete and drinke,"

you may be sure Miss Mabel had every opportunity of exercising her newly acquired accomplishments.

Teddy Green proposed for her five minutes after the first introduction, was refused, and has never since been heard of. Jack Sharp, the vicar's son, enlisted as a private soldier, to the unspeakable grief of his parents, because Mabel had expressed a liking for an officer. Ephraim

Jones, an old friend of my father's, a tedious, proverbial bachelor of fifty, "full of wise saws and modern instances," forgot himself so far as to present Mabel with some verses of a most amatory nature, and was observed to have had a most suspicious liking for walking by moonlight for some time after. The number of healthy appetites she ruined, the many sleepless nights she caused, are beyond my calculation; yet I suppose the world has never seen a conqueror more careless of conquests than my cousin Mabel. I often wondered that in lighting so many flames in the hearts of others she never burnt her own fingers. I began to think the old saying, that "everybody has been in love once in their lives," an utter mistake, and that Mabel bore a "charmed life," for here January's last days drew nigh, and her laugh was as merry, her dimples as pretty, and her eyes brighter than ever.

"Come, come, this won't do, Mabel," said my father; "it is positively unfair. Here have I displayed the finest assortment of goods, with every wish to please, and you are going to leave me without making a choice. If you are as fastidious over your ribbons as your lovers, I pity the shopman."

"Liberty for me;

No man's wife I'll be,"

sang Mabel, and we all gave her up as incorrigible.

"Can you write a good feigned hand?" said Fred Pratt, entering the library where I was sitting alone, indulging in what Mr. Weller calls "a referee." "Not that I'm aware of," said I. "Because, if you can," continued Fred, "just direct this envelop"—and he put down a bulky looking letter on the table. "I've been trying a new kind of penmanship the whole morning, but I don't think it will do"—and he showed me several hieroglyphical specimens. "If you had a Chinese or Egyptian postman, it might," said I, examining them. "But what do you want to feign your hand for? I hope, Fred," I continued, in a dignified manner, "you would not be guilty of so mean an action as writing an anonymous letter; remember, 'the man who can write an anonymous letter only lacks the bad courage to grasp an assassin's knife.'"

"It—it—it's only a Valentine," stammered Fred; "to-morrow's Valentine's Day."

"A VALENTINE!"

I was never more surprised in my life.

Fred was certainly the most bashful man I had ever met—Goldsmith's hero was bad

enough, but Fred was worse. Why, he could no more have behaved as Marlow did to Miss Hardcastle, than he could have flown; and yet here was Fred sending a Valentine! How he ever got his "courage up to the sticking point," is still a mystery to me. "And who's the lady, Fred?" I inquired; "I never observed you admired any one in particular."

"Mabel Grant, of course," said Fred, with cheeks in an alarmingly apoplectic condition.

"Mabel Grant!"

Here was another surprise.

"Why, Fred, we all thought you disliked her; you never joined in praising her—never danced with her—seldom spoke to her; in fact never caught 'the prevailing epidemic,' as I imagined at all."

"I thought her far too beautiful and good; and myself too mean and unworthy ever to aspire to her at first," said Fred, in a husky tone; "but I love her so much now, I must tell her all—or—or—die;" and he smote his forehead after the manner of men in his condition.

"Come, old fellow, don't be downhearted," said I, quite moved.

"I've no other way of letting her know what I think and suffer but in this way," continued he, taking up the bulky letter.

"And a very good way too," said I, encouragingly. "What sort of verses are they? Mind they're strong."

"I composed them myself," said Fred; "they express exactly what I feel;" and he took out the Valentine.

Such a Valentine! bunches of forget-me-nots—clusters of roses, which, on being raised up, disclosed the altar of Love—a bleeding heart pierced with an arrow, lying upon it—with all the rapidity of a change in a pantomime. A delightfully healthy-looking little Cupid stood at the bottom of the page unrolling a scroll on which were inscribed in golden letters these lines:—

"Doubt thou the stars are fire;
Doubt that the sun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar;
But never doubt, I love."

I said I thought I had heard the lines before; but as Fred indignantly denied my suspicion, I withdrew the assertion.

"I would not feign my hand in sending *such* a Valentine," said I.

"Wouldn't you?" said Fred, interrogatively.

"No; concealments of that sort are only required when you send uncomplimentary penny ones. I should let her know who sent it; direct it in your own writing."

And he did, after a little pressing, with much confusion, in a hand that would have done honor to a Brobdignagian, with a seal to match.

"I love her so much," he began again—but I was off to look for Mabel.

I found her after a short search sitting in her own room writing, with a sheet of paper before her, which she hastily thrust into the table drawer as I entered.

"To-morrow's Valentine's Day, Mabel; are you going to send any?" I inquired.

"Not I," said Mabel, with just the faintest tinge of a blush in her cheek. "I would not receive such a nonsensical thing, let alone the sending; I have far too great a respect for the name of Love, than to take it in vain in unmeaning rhymes."

"Not *always* unmeaning," I said. "I have known the vows fervently made in those pictorial billet-doux, as fervently kept; it all depends upon the man, you little sceptic."

"You are certainly going to send a Valentine!" interrupted Mabel, eagerly.

Entre nous, this remark was both sudden and unpleasant—I had sent one that morning, written and posted under immense difficulties—my father having the book I had copied the verses from in his pocket, which I was forced to pick, as I couldn't remember the last lines; and the post-office, when I arrived, being tenanted by Jack Sharp inside, and guarded by old Jones outside, both evidently on the same errand, I had to remain down a by-lane a whole hour. I never hated old Jones so much!

"You are certainly going to send a Valentine!" repeated Mabel, in triumphant glee. I saw it was no use denying it, for "I was blushing as red as a beet."

"Well, what if I am?" said I, endeavoring to be dignified; "I always practise what I preach; I see no crime in it."

"No more do I," said Mabel, confidentially.

"I am going to send one, too, only I didn't like to tell you; I thought you might laugh;" and she drew forth from the drawer she had kept jealously shut, the most splendid specimen in the paper-cutting line I have ever beheld—you couldn't have told it from the finest Valenciennes—the verses, delicately inscribed in azure ink, looked as if they had been written by Titania with dew gathered by fairy fingers from the cup of a bluebell.

"And who's it to, Mabel?" said I, in a friendly, careless manner—I was dying to know.

"Guess."

"I can't."

"Try."

"It's no use, I could never find out; you never showed you liked any one in particular."

"Well, I don't think this one likes me," said Mabel, with a sigh. "He's so hard to please," she continued pettishly, "or so *hard-hearted*, I don't know which. I don't think he likes women, only I liked him from the first, and as I'm going home next week, it's no harm just to hint it to him;" and she looked quite sad for a few minutes, but on lifting up her head, she saw something in the pier-glass opposite which seemed to console her surprisingly, for after looking for a few seconds, she went on again quite gayly, "Don't waste so much thought upon the riddle, cousin; do you give it up?"

"Yes—who is it?"

She came quite close and whispered—"Fred Pratt!"

"Who?"

"Fred Pratt!"

I felt horribly inclined to throw my arms about my cousin, and kiss her from pure joy—but, as it might have alarmed her, I restrained myself, and calmly went to post the Valentine.

The auspicious morn arrived, the sun (contrary to Fred's expectations) did nothing original; but rose at his usual hour in the east, accompanied by a few common-place looking clouds—things proceeded in their accustomed way—perhaps a little more laughing and whispering among the girls, until the clock struck nine, then a great change became perceptible, tunes began to be hummed, indicative of perfect ease of mind in the hummers—books diligently read, as if the salvation of the readers depended upon them, conversations on important subjects, carried on in the most careless and reckless manner; suddenly in the midst of it all, like a clap of thunder, rat! tat! went the front door knocker. "It's the postman! the postman!" screamed a chorus of voices—two young men became immediately agitated, and left the room—Minnie Grey upset her tea, and I broke a plate.

In came the servant (I thought she would have been suffocated with her own importance) bearing a large tray before her, on which were piled letters of every description, from the imposing looking official dispatch, with its huge seal, that must have consumed a stick of sealing-wax, down to the delicately scented, exquisitely made "*billet-doux*," that should have had a sylph for a postman, and a fairy for its sender. Such laughing and blushing—such

anxiety in spite of the pretty head-tossing, saucy pouting, and assumed carelessness—such curiosity to find out the writing—such an innocent, foolish, happy time never was seen.

But where was Mabel?

She had never left her room; her Valentines, no small number, had been taken up to her. Of course, what took place between her and them, no mortal can ever know; but, after a little time, we heard her door open, and her half suppressed screams—for, between surprise and joy, she had well-nigh fallen into his arms.

"Into whose arms?"

Fred Pratt's of course. Poor fellow, he had spent the whole night on the landing, and had thus gained her first glance and first greeting in the morning.

"I had no other way of saying how much I loved you," said he, half laughing and half crying, like the good-hearted simple fellow he was; "I've been very unhappy ever since you've been here."

"Are you happy now?" said Mabel, looking desperately pretty and coquettish, clad in her morning dress and blushes, as she laid her dimpled hand on his.

He only answered by kissing it passionately.

"I never thought that you loved me," said Mabel, pouting. "You never showed it."

"Why, I always loved you," said Fred, "from the very first, and—"

And what more they said, we must leave to the imagination of those of my readers who have been in the same position themselves.

My father says—and he has had experience in such matters—that we may make up our minds to wedding-favors and bride-cake at Whitsuntide.

HOPE.

BY J. HOWARD SMITH.

It dwelleth in the inner heart,
It liveth in each throbbing breast,
It calmeth as our days depart,
It bringeth heavenly, peaceful rest.

'Tis this that bids us urge our way,
'Tis this that lights the blackest sky,
'Tis this that drives doubts and fears away,
'Tis this that fits us all to die.

'Tis this that calms when world storms shake,
'Tis this that supports when loved ones die,
'Tis this that upholds when friends forsake,
'Tis this that brings absent loved ones nigh.

Hope is the day-star when dark billows roll,
Hope is the gift our God hath given,
Hope is the anchor of the Christian soul,
Hope dwells on Earth: it lives in Heaven.

THE OLD TURNPIKE ROAD.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"It's two cents for foot passengers."

It is very singular, but I hear those tones still; the small, sweet, susceptible voice, winding in and out of the delicate syllables, and I see the little brown, thin hand which was thrust up at the toll-gate. I was sixteen years old at that time, and I have doubled the years since then; but the little hand is before my eyes now, and the voice, sweet as an old tune, in my ear still. I see the old turnpike road, too, which I had come upon suddenly, twisting itself like a rumpled brown ribbon along the hills and among the fair pasture fields on either side.

"You're rather small to tend toll-gate," I said, as I slipped the money into the child's hand.

She looked up, and smiled a smile that was not completed on the lips, but ran up into all the dark, sunburnt features, and did for them what sunlight does for Catawba wine, and emphasized itself in the eyes; which were large, and of a kind of brown or dark agate.

"O no! I shall be eleven years old next August!"—with an air which said her age ought to prove her a person of good judgment; one who might be trusted in almost any important conjunctions or relations.

I was amused at her half childish, half mature manner, which latter would have sat rather comically upon her if it had not been for her extreme sincerity; and I was about to answer her remark with another, when a wagon drove up with a farmer, who was evidently a neighbor, for he asked in a loud tone after "Mrs. Plummer's rheumatiz," and how the seine was coming on; and the little girl darted into the house, and I kept on my way.

On what very small, hidden springs does God turn the great events of our lives! That very morning my grandfather Bryant had shown me a large seal ring which had belonged to his youngest son, my Uncle John, who died in his early manhood, smitten by a sudden fever in the East Indies.

"It just fits my fore-finger"—as it slid easily over the joint.

My grandfather looked at it tenderly. "Poor boy!" he said. "He used to wear it on his little one." And he shook his fine old gray head. "You better let me keep it for you a

little longer, Bryant; I'm afraid it will slip off your finger."

"Well, let me have it an hour or two, grandpa." I had my way, as I always did.

But a little while later, a fancy seized me to go off into the woods; and I had rambled farther than I expected, and came out upon the turnpike three miles from my grandfather's.

I was passing the summer at Longwood. My father had conceived a dread that I inherited something of my mother's delicacy of physique, because I had her features, and he had sent me up into the country in the hope that fresh, bracing air and daily exercise would counteract any tendency to disease. But the fears were unnecessary in my case; if my mother had given me her face and figure, I had my father's stamina of constitution.

I was his idol. All the love which was not buried in the grave of his girl-wife was poured on the head of the child she left him. My father was a very rich man, twenty years my mother's senior, proud, stately, reticent. I had been nursed in luxury and indulgence of the most debilitating kind. I was a selfish, exacting, impulsive, yet, on the whole, good-natured boy; I made everybody's ease or comfort subordinate to my own wishes or whims; but it was a habit with me, and I was unconscious of it. I was naturally studious, and out-door life in the woods and fields was a perfect passion with me, and saved me from becoming effeminate.

My father had found my mother in the first flush of womanhood at her country home, at Longwood, where he was stopping for a week. People said that her beauty won his heart, but this was not all the truth; her graciousness of soul, the gentleness and beauty of her life gained for her what her face never could, with its delicate, sweet outlines, its "gentian eyes," and its marvellous sweetness of expression, which made the face of my mother seem like the face of an angel.

"See, here, you must have dropped your ring just after you paid me the money, for I found it on the ground." The little girl panted out the words, breathless with her long run, for I was nearly half a mile from the toll-gate.

"So I must!"—taking the ring. "Dear me,

what a run you have had ! How did you know it was mine ?”

“I saw it on your finger when you paid me. Oh-h !” This last word, which suddenly shut off the rest of her sentence, ran through her lips in a groan, and her forehead contracted with sharp, sudden pain.

“What is the matter ?” I asked, in much concern.

“Why, you see, I stumbled over a stone, and I’ve hurt my ankle, for it aches.” And here the tears forced themselves into the brown eyes.

They touched me, for I was very sensitive to suffering. “Come and sit down on the stone fence,” I said, for it ran low along the side of the road, and I helped her to it, and sat down beside her. “You’re very, very kind to bring me my ring ; but I’m sorry you’ve hurt you.”

“I was in such a hurry, you know.”

“Does your ankle hurt you ?”

“O yes, *hard* !”

“It’s too bad ! What can I do for you ?”

“Nothing, I guess, thank you.” But she winced with the pain as she said the words.

“If you’ll let me hold you so that you can rest your ankle here on the rail, it’ll feel easier.”

“I’m afraid I’m too heavy.”

“No.”

I lifted her up gently, for she was a light little creature, and seated her on my knee, and she rested her foot on the rail.

“There, now, doesn’t that feel better ?”

“Yes, a great deal.” Then she looked in my face with her bright, deep, unabashed eyes. “You are very kind to me !” she said.

Nobody had ever spoken such words to me before. People had caressed and flattered me, but it was almost the first time in my life that I had ever had the luxury of doing good to another.

“I think it is you who have been kind to me.” And I removed her brown gingham sun-bonnet, and smoothed her hair.

Then we fell to talking—and I learned that the little girl’s name was Margaret Willoughby ; that her father and mother were dead ; that she had neither brother nor sister, and lived with her grandmother, who kept the toll-gate, and knit seine for the farmers to go fishing in the summer. They were very, very poor folks, indeed, Margaret said, with a sweet, earnest gravity on her little face ; still her grandmother had managed to buy her, that summer, a straw bonnet, trimmed with white ribbon, and a pink lawn dress, and a pair of Monroe shoes ; and it was her belief and con-

viction that she looked as nice as the other little girls, when she and grandma went on Sundays to the brown-stone meetin’-house on the green.

I drank all this in greedily. It was a new revelation of life to me ; and the perfect freshness of the child—the entire simplicity and earnestness with which she confided to me her history and her heart, drew me towards her ; and I kept on questioning her farther, and watching the quick changes that came and went in her face, with her bright, quick, intelligent answers.

At last she rose up hastily, “Oh, what will grandma say ‘cause I’m gone so !” But with her first step a sudden pain shot through her ankle.

“Margaret, you can’t go home alone ; I’ll walk with you ; lean on me :” and I slipped my arm round her waist, and half-carried, half-led the light figure along, so that little weight came on the sprained ankle. “Now, supposing, Margaret,” I said, as we moved slowly on, “that you were very rich, and could have everything you wanted to, what would you do with your money first ?”

She twisted the strings of her gingham sun-bonnet a few moments, thoughtfully, around her fingers, and then she looked up with a sudden light over her face.

“Oh, I know.”

“Well, tell me.”

“I’d jest have some new dresses, and go to the Academy on the hill ; and I’d buy a whole lot of new books to read. You see we haven’t but about a dozen at home, and I’ve read ‘em over and over.”

“I’ve got more than you could read in a dozen years, at home ; and I’ll send you a little library.”

How her eyes shone and danced. Then she answered in her sweet, grave way, “I thank you ; more than I can tell, I thank you !” then, after a little pause, “Can you spare so many, though ?”

“Oh, yes ; I can get more easily enough.”

She looked up in my face with a searching curiosity, but she did not speak.

“What are you thinking about me, Margaret ?”

“That you must be rich.”

“How do you know ?”

“Oh, I can tell. I al’ays knows rich folks.”

“Don’t you like them ?”

“Not very often. They’re so *proud*.”

“Am I proud ?”

The same searching look into my face ; but

this time there was a doubt in her eyes. "You look so, but you don't *act* so."

It was a delicate compliment, and I thanked her for it.

We had now reached the toll-gate; and a little old woman in a white cap and a calico short-gown, put her head out of the front door of the little yellow, one-story house, that sat close to the gate.

"Oh, Maggie, child, I didn't know what *had* taken you;" and she stopped short on seeing me.

"Why, grandma, I had to run a long ways before I could get to him with the ring, and I've sprained my ankle, and he had to come home with me."

"Dear me!" said the old woman, inspecting me with her dim eyes, on this informal introduction; "I'm sorry she's made you so much trouble."

"It's of no consequence whatever, ma'am, only I think her ankle may require immediate care."

The old lady invited me to walk in, and her granddaughter indorsed the invitation with her eyes.

But the long summer day was leaning toward the night, and I had a walk of three miles before me; so I declined the invitation, but promised to accept it during the week; and I took leave of the old lady and the little girl, and went up the old turnpike road, laying plans to serve my new acquaintance, and musing on all she had told me—and the voices of the coming evening began to wake up prophetically in the woods, but no voice whispered to my soul that God had sent His angel to walk with me that day!

On reaching home, I learned that a letter had been received from my father, stating that his business required his going abroad immediately; and that he had concluded to have me accompany him, as the time of his return was somewhat indefinite, and I could pursue my studies in Europe as well as in America. I was to leave my grandfather's the next day.

I have quite often wondered that in the midst of the interest and excitement which this news occasioned, the little girl at the toll-gate did not quite escape my mind. But she did not; I had a private interview with my grandfather, and related to him the history of my meeting with Margaret Willoughby, and succeeded in awakening the old gentleman's interest in my little *protégée*, and obtaining his promise that he would send her for two years to the Academy on the hill.

The four days which intervened before our departure were occupied with the hurry and bustle of preparation; but I managed to find time to prepare a large box of books, of a miscellaneous kind, poems, histories, stories, &c., which were duly sent to my grandfather's care, for the little girl at the toll-gate.

CHAPTER II.

"Come, Bryant, put your book down, and hold this skein of silk for me, please."

She said the words in her pretty, half-peremptory, half-coaxing way, as she came toward the lounge where I was lying close by the open window, reading, alternately, the page of that beautiful spring day, and the page of the book which I held in my hand.

One, somehow, seemed to harmonize and fit into the other. The face of the late May looking down on the summer, had caught the glory and the gladness thereof. The fruit trees were puffed and fluted with blossoms, and full of the song of birds. The dozing winds breathed sweet fragrances into the window; and the sky wore the bright, radiant, triumphant smile of the completed spring, upon its face.

And the book which I was reading wore a smile too upon its face: the smile of one whose hope and whose trust were in the love of our Father who is in heaven.

The volume was a collection of miscellaneous stories and poems, and the unknown writer was evidently a woman, and in her youth. There was a glow and freshness about her genius which could only belong to the *May* of life. There was a little throb of sadness, too, running through the pages, which touched with their soft, healing, wondrous skill, the loves and the sorrows of human life. Much, the writer had rejoiced; somewhat, she had suffered; but the sunshine and the rains had alike nourished the sweet, gentle, loving *womanhood* which warmed and sanctified the pages. I thought all this before Annie, the wife of my cousin Frederick Mathers, came to my lounge, and knelt down by it, with a skein of silk slipped round her dainty fingers. She had a kind of passion for crocheting and embroidery; and for all those nick-knacks with which women are forever busying themselves about.

Annie was a bright, merry, good-hearted little thing; no great depth or force to her, to be sure; but she was just such a wife as Fred needed: full of domestic tact and taste, very

pretty, and graceful withal. So she gratified him æsthetically, for he was naturally fastidious.

Twelve years lay between this spring and the last one I had passed at Longwood. They had brought many changes to me, as they usually do to all lives. My grandfather had laid his gray head under the grasses, six years before; and a sudden fit of apoplexy had stricken my father, just as he was on the eve of returning to America, three years before.

One night, twelve months later, while I was travelling through the south of England, that great and terrible misfortune befell me, which swept out, for a time, all my hope and desire in life. The bridge over which our cars were passing broke down; many of the passengers were hurled over a precipice into the river, a hundred feet below. I was thrown upon a part of the bridge which remained, and I remembered nothing more. A long, slow illness followed. I was internally injured, my ankle broken, and I found myself a cripple for life; I believed, then, a confirmed invalid. I returned to America a year later, somewhat improved in health, but still physically a wreck of what I had been.

Frederick Mathers, my only cousin on my father's side, had been my most intimate companion and friend during my boyhood; and we had kept up an intermittent correspondence during my residence abroad, for I had graduated at a German university. Frederick was a young physician: he had married six years before, and was succeeding well in his profession. But he was still poor, while I was the only heir to my father's wealth.

I easily persuaded my cousin to go to Longwood and take up his residence in the gray old stone house, which my grandfather had built. We had the interior a little rejuvenated and modernized, without seriously altering its old-fashioned physiognomy, for I am no iconoclast. Early in the preceding March we had settled down here. It was the only spot on earth which was *home* to me. Fred and Annie were enchanted with their new residence, and we daily congratulated each other on the success of our project.

"Bryant," Annie began, in her light, quick way, while the silk ran in a crimson ripple over her rapid fingers, "I think it's high time you were waked up. You've just done nothing but settle down here over your books, ever since we got snugly under this blessed old roof. Fred says you ought to pass two-thirds of your days under the trees, from this time to November."

"You mustn't make it so pleasant in the house, then, that a fellow can't muster up courage to get out of it."

"Well, if that's all that's wanted to get you out, I assure you nothing shall be left undone on my part," with a comical dip of her bright head, and an arch laugh running out of her blue eyes.

"And accomplish it, no doubt, because you are a woman; but, Annie, if you got me out-doors, it wouldn't be far, or long;" and I glanced at the crutch which stood at the foot of the lounge.

A little sadness crept across the brightness of her face; "Oh, yes, you will, Bryant;" but the sentence was broken into by an urgent summons from some neighbor, which at once took Annie down stairs. I lay still, amidst the bright sunshine and the dozing winds, but, for awhile, the thoughts which came over my soul were like those cold mists which sail in from the northeast, and cover the face of the earth every November.

I thought of my bright, careless, affluent youth; of my proud, strong manhood, all crushed out of me in an hour; of the broken dreams, and health, and hope; of the slow life, and the crippled limb that I must carry to the grave; and I laid my head back with a slow, weary heartache, and almost longed to die.

And with that last thought a new light and warmth came through the mist, and glorified it. Whatsoever my life was, my death would be *better* for the evil that had befallen me. Had I not learned in that long, wasting sickness, patience and submission, love to God and to man?

"Uncle, Uncle Bryant, see what I've got for you!"

A slender thread of sound came through the open door, and there was the soft patter of a child's feet in the room, and a little head with clusters of shining curls, and pretty red lips that were always full of the motion of talk and laughter, came up to me, and a little hand, that was like a sea-shell, held up triumphantly before my eyes a cluster of white roses. Large, queenly, luscious flowers they were, their snowy blossoms full of heavy passionate fragrance, as they lay half sheltered in a covert of green leaves.

"Oh, Harry, my pet, where did you get these beautiful roses?"

"Miss Willoughby gave them to me," lisped the voice of six summers.

"And who is Miss Willoughby?"

"She's my school-teacher, you see; and I went home with her to-day, and when I saw

the flowers growing all round the front window, I spoke right out, 'Oh, how Uncle Bryant would like some of them!' And Miss Willoughby smiled, and said, 'Would he, dear?' And then she gave me these, but I knew she meant 'em for you, though she didn't say so."

"What do you know about this Miss Willoughby, Annie?" I asked of Harry's mother, when she returned to my room.

"Very little; I've seen her but once. She struck me as a quiet, ladylike person; a little over twenty; and, altogether, her manner pleased me. She teaches the district school, and I sent Harry to her, just to get the little rogue out of the way for a few hours. I remember, now, that Mrs. Peekham told me the school-teacher's name was Margaret Willoughby, that she wrote poetry occasionally, and supported her grandmother, who is an infirm and very old woman."

"Margaret Willoughby, Margaret Willoughby!" The name seemed to go in slow, silver liquid echoes up and down my thoughts, as though it came from some far country in the past, and wound through all the years, and called to me, soft and faintly, "Margaret Willoughby."

"That's it!" I brought my hand down suddenly, and with no little emphasis, on the table.

"What's it?" cried Annie, half springing from her seat with the start I had given her.

"Something I've found in my thoughts."

"Bryant, you are the oddest man alive," answered Annie, and a laugh ran out of her lips as she wound Harry's silken curls around her fingers. And I sat there opening and shutting my eyes, and thinking of that far-off day when I first met Margaret Willoughby.

I could see it still, the old turnpike road, winding away like a brown, crumpled ribbon through the green pastures, on either side, and the little girl at the toll-gate, with her small, tanned face and strange, bright eyes. I had not thought of it for years; but it all came back now, vivid as a thing of yesterday, and I recalled now a letter which my grandfather had written during my first year in Germany, in which he mentioned Margaret Willoughby, stating that he had sent her to the Academy, and that she was a remarkably intelligent child, and he was much interested in her. And that little girl had blossomed into womanhood, and taught school, and wrote poetry now; and she had not forgotten, I had evidence of that in the roses that were like great snowy goblets pouring out delicious fragrance in the tall Venetian glass on the table.

I kept my own counsel, but I resolved that not many days should go over my head before I looked on the face of Margaret Willoughby.

CHAPTER III.

"GRANDMA, we shall have strawberries and cream by week after next. I've been out amongst the vines, and they're doing finely."

The voice fluttered out of the front window of the dainty little white cottage, as I stood at the gate that June morning. The house looked in the distance like a little white cup hidden among the trees. It couldn't have contained more than five rooms. It was picturesque enough, though all bugged round with wood-bines; and on either side of the grass plat was a bed of flowers with a fringe of box.

The next moment she came to the window, where her voice had just preceded her, and she shook out a table-cover of red and black, in that quick, skilful way which made one feel at once that her hands were used to all that kind of work. She did not see me, but I had a good view of her face. It was a strange, contradictory one, for the eyes, of a large deep brown, had the look of a child; the look I remembered, full of wonder and wistfulness, with endless smiles and variations in them; but there was a certain gravity about the mouth and a sweet seriousness about all the oval features which thought, and discipline, and sorrow could alone have given them. It was not a handsome, pretty, beautiful face, but there was a charm about it. So I watched her as she arranged the books on the table, wiping off the dust with a small cloth, and humming snatches of old tunes or replying to some question of her grandmother's, who must have been in another room and probably a little deaf.

At last I went up to the house, and she came to the door with a face full of surprise. She did not recognize me.

"Miss Willoughby," I said, offering her my hand, "I have come to thank you for the roses you sent me by your little pupil, Harry Mathers, the other day."

What a leap of surprise, recognition, pleasure, and timidity there was in her face! Then she put her hands, her little soft, warm hands in mine, and said, just as she would have said it thirteen years before, on the old turnpike, "I am very glad to see you, Mr. Hamilton."

I went into the parlor and sat down. It was the neatest, plainest, cosiest little spot imagin-

able. There was a dark ingrain carpet, and cane seat chairs, green lounge, and a little table covered with books. We sat down on the lounge. I saw her glance at my crutch and my crippled limb, and such a sweet sadness came into her eyes as I have seen in children's when their mothers' faces were sorrowful.

"I thought it most likely you had forgotten us," she said.

"O no. I remember the old turnpike road, and the toll-gate, and the little girl with the sprained ankle."

A smile ran into her lips and then over her face, but I knew a word more would have brought something into her eyes besides a smile; so I said, quietly: "Did you get the books I sent you?"

She answered my question indirectly: "If you could have seen me the day they came, or have known the marvellous treasures which they opened up to me; if I could tell you of the new life which they nourished in my soul!" She stopped here abruptly, but her face finished the sentence as even *her* voice could not have done.

After this, I have no remembrance of what we talked about, but there were few pauses in the conversation, and I remained three hours.

Margaret Willoughby was a new revelation to me; for, be it remembered, I have met with the noblest born and highest bred, the loveliest and most gifted women of both hemispheres, and I had learned what it takes so many near a lifetime to learn—that no grace of mien, no gift of mind or person, no outward adorning can make a *lady*; I mean that sweetness and gentleness, that tenderness and sympathy which Luther meant when he said: "The heart of a *Christian woman* is the sweetest thing this side of heaven." And Margaret Willoughby was this—a *lady* by the will of God! I knew it during that morning that we passed together, for school had a week's vacation.

We rambled over many subjects, and, though I cannot recall these, I remember perfectly the impression which Margaret Willoughby's conversation left on me. What struck me at first most prominently was a kind of childish artlessness which wound its golden thread through her whole speech and manner; yet it was tempered with a sweet womanly gravity, and dignity, and thoughtfulness, just as the expression in her eyes was by the rest of her face. Perhaps somewhat of this was owing to her small knowledge of the world, for she told me she had never been thirty miles from Longwood in her life. But she had read, studied, *lived*;

and so she had bloomed into her young, sweet, fragrant womanhood like the white roses she had plucked for me.

I saw the young school-teacher very often after this; for, as the summer grew, I gained strength of body and soul, and we had frequent rides together; and there was a little fringe of woods back of the small white cottage where we used to go, and sit, and listen to the brook, whose silver waters tangled themselves with gurgling leap and laughter over the stones; and Margaret was never weary of listening with those bright child-eyes and that womanly face of hers to the stories I had to tell her of foreign countries. She had read much and *seen* little, and this always gives to a woman a kind of strange, contradictory air and manner. She had something, too, to tell me of *her* life; of its struggles and aspirations, and how, after she had attended the village Academy five years, she was offered the situation of village school-teacher, and since then her grandmother's increasing age and infirmities had rendered her unfit for any active cares or duties. I looked at the small, trembling figure, and wondered at the brave, true, strong soul which it held.

"I shall leave you here to take care of yourselves with a great many doubts and misgivings, but there's no help for it," said Cousin Annie, as we all gathered in the sitting-room after tea, one evening just in the opening of September. She had been summoned to the bedside of her mother, who was ill—not dangerously so, but in that state of mingled nervous excitement and prostration which required her daughter's care and society, and Frederick had given his wife "leave of absence" for a month.

We all felt sad enough at the thought of missing Annie's bright face and cheery voice about the house, and I knew the lightness of her tones was assumed to hide something deeper in her voice, as she pushed an ottoman to her husband's feet, and, throwing herself on this, rested her cheek on his knee while Harry perched himself on the other.

"I expect Bryant and I'll make awkward work, keeping old bachelor's hall," laughed the young husband, as he smoothed the yellow silken hair that lay in its abundant beauty on his knee.

"Our case looks dubious, Fred. We shall have nobody to scold us for not being punctual at dinner, or keeping the rooms in disorder—in short, for committing any of these numerous delinquencies by which the sons of Adam have managed to keep the tongues and tempers of

the daughters of Eve in a constant state of excitement during the last six thousand years."

Annie lifted her head, and shook with playful threatening her white hand in my face. "Bryant," she said, "I wish you would take one of those daughters of Eve you've just maligned so to wife before the next twenty-four hours goes over your head."

"Thank you for your benevolent wishes. If I could only find her now!"

Here Harry slipped off his father's knee, and pattered up to me, and put his pretty face close to my ear. "Uncle Bryant," he said, confidentially and earnestly, "I know of somebody you could get to be your wife."

"Who is it, my pet?"

"Miss Margaret Willoughby."

How his father leaned his head back and laughed, while his mother clapped her hands and shouted!

"But how do you know she'll have me, my boy?"—lifting the little fellow on my knee.

He nestled his head on my shoulder. "I'll ask her to-morrow, and see."

Another peal of mirth; Annie's sweet laughter tangling in and out of her husband's.

"No, thank you, Harry; I prefer to 'speak for myself' on such a subject, or I fear that I should meet with no better success than Miles Standish did with the Puritan maiden, Priscilla."

"And probably Uncle Bryant will select a somewhat different 'maiden' from your school-teacher, Harry, when he does speak for himself."

"How do you mean, Annie?"

"Why, I mean different in position, family, fortune, everything. Do you know, Bryant, Mrs. Peekham was wondering this afternoon that you could visit Miss Willoughby so often. She says she has never had any position in Longwood, that she's low-bred, and her grandmother kept the toll-gate!"

"And what did you tell her, Annie?"

"Oh, I told her that I knew nothing about Miss Willoughby, having never met her but once, only she was a little *protégée* of yours once, though I knew you had no serious intentions in that quarter."

"How did you know it?"

She turned and faced me. "Why, Bryant, you haven't, have you?"

"It has just struck me that I have."

"Well, that's cool, old fellow!" It was Fred interposed here, not knowing exactly how to take me.

"Now, Bryant, are you in sober earnest?" asked Annie, coming over to me.

"Yes; I think I shall take Harry's advice, and ask Miss Willoughby to be my wife."

"Oh, Bryant, what will Mrs. Peekham—what will the world say?"

"Do you think I should stop to inquire, Annie Mathers? Do you think when I found a woman whose soul was crowned with those rare and beautiful jewels above all price, which make a loving and Christian womanhood—do you think I would not gather her to my heart, sooner than a crowned queen, and holding her there, its joy, and light, and completeness, do you think I should care what Mrs. Peekham or the world said of it?"

"No, I wouldn't if I were *you*, Bryant!" out spoke Annie, for her heart was full of noble and generous impulses that responded quickly to the right touch.

"No! a thousand times no!" answered the deep, emphatic tones of her husband.

And then I told them a little of all Margaret Willoughby had been to me: how, unconsciously, the knowledge and the love of her had wakened my life into true and higher purpose; and how her sweet, childlike faith had called to mine, which lay cold and dormant in my soul; and how the great sorrow of my life had taught me, at last, a new submission to the will of God, our Father; and how I, who once longed to die, was now willing and rejoiced to live for His sake. And when I concluded, my cousins came and placed their hands in mine, and said: "Bryant, may you be very happy with the wife of your choosing!"

I went up toward evening to the little white cottage set like a cup among the trees. Margaret was sprinkling a moss rose-bush, in the front yard, with a small watering-pot. She came toward me, her brown eyes full of their shy smiles, and the soft flush going in and out of her face. She wore a lawn dress, with sprigs of pink scattered over the white ground, and the sleeves were looped back from the small white arms. We talked awhile of the sunset clouds, of the flowers in the yard, of the farewell of the summer, and then I said to her, "I have a book, Miss Margaret, and out of its sweet, fresh, perfuming pages I have selected a little sketch which, with your permission, I shall read to you."

"Thank you;" and we went into the parlor together; but when I drew the book from my pocket, she glanced at it and said, with a sudden drawing in of her breath, "Oh, is that the book?"

"You have seen it, then?"

"I—I have heard of it;" and she turned away, and seemed very intent on smoothing the folds of her dress.

The book was the one which I had read that day that she had given Harry the roses.

It struck me that her manner was a little singular, but I sat down and opened the book, and she sat a little way from me, and listened to my reading. She sat, as I said, a little apart from me, her hands lying still in her lap, except when the little fingers fluttered restlessly against each other, for they had a kind of habit of motion. The sketch was a very brief one: a little exquisite, pathetic picture of a country home and hearts made very heavy with the anguish of misapprehension and parting, and glad unspeakably with the sudden joy of meeting and reconciliation.

"Isn't it a touching little thing?" I asked, as I closed.

"I—do you like it so much?" and her face was radiant.

"Yes—don't you?"

She opened her lips—her blushes came and went—suddenly it flashed across me—

"Margaret, you wrote this book!"

She tried to look astonished, but she was

not used to dissemble. She buried her face in her hands, and broke into sobs.

"Margaret, dear Margaret, have I no right to your secret—the right of one who would be neither friend nor brother, but more, and better than these?"

She understood me, but only sobs kept swaying back and forth the small, slender figure.

Once, and *once* only, I tried her. "Margaret, you do not answer me. Is it because you cannot love a man who is crippled for life? whose health can never be?"—

Her face sprang up from her hands. The tears were held in check upon it.

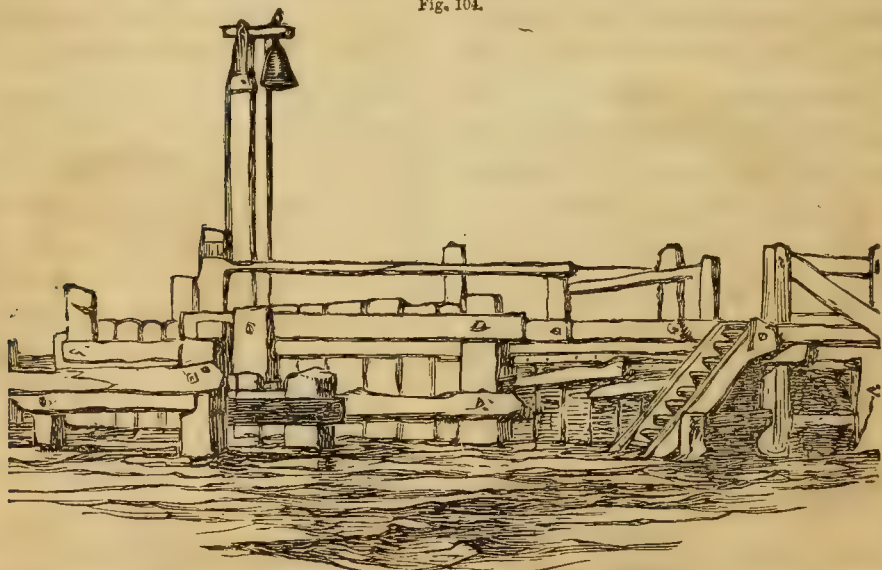
"Oh, Mr. Hamilton, you do not think so meanly of me as *that*!" and I was answered.

Then, for the first time, I gathered her to my heart, and kissed the red blossom of her lips, and thanked God that she belonged to me for life; that she would walk by my side, true, tender, sweet, loving till death took us apart—my wife, in the best and holiest meaning of that blessed word.

Two years she has been this—two years which have taught me how priceless was the pearl I found on the old turnpike road—the pearl that I found, and wore on my heart—Margaret Willoughby!

BROAD LINE DRAWING LESSONS.

Fig. 104.



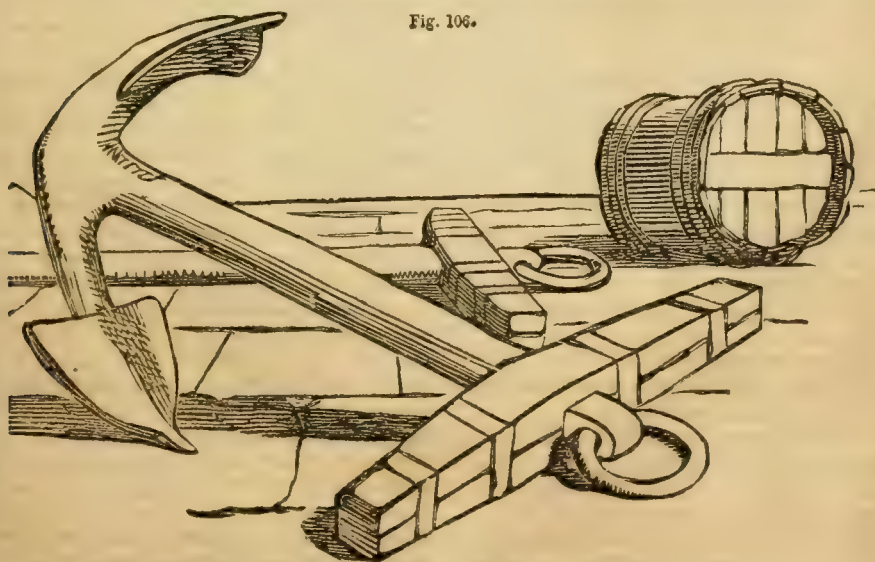
Figs. 104, 105, and 106 are different wharf views. They are easy of execution, if the pupil will carefully observe the principles we have before laid down: The first is a good study, 107

Fig. 103.



an accurate perspective must be observed ; the second is a good exercise on account of the numerous objects, each one of which should be well defined ; the last is quite simple.

Fig. 106.



"AFTER MANY DAYS."

BY ALICE B. HAVEN.

THE noon train came thundering along, whirling dust into the dry, heated air. The porter at the station bestirred himself—the coachmen who had been standing in knots on the platform, discussing their horses, and telling wonderful tales of the sagacity or "grip" of their dogs, separated hastily, and hurried to their posts. A heavy rumble, a shriek, and two quick, impatient snorts from the engine—the train had arrived.

"Here we are, Lawrence!" and a bright face looked past the brakeman. "Give us your shawl, old boy."

The "old boy" had the face nineteen, not so cheerful as that which had the smile of a homecoming to light it, but strongly marked, and already darkened by a silken moustache; his form, though reduced to travelling uniformity by a linen duster, was tall and lithe; and altogether the friends were as gentlemanly as the graduates of old Harvard usually are, and strode along the platform with the conscious ease and superiority of their age and position!

"Well, Dennis!"—and the cheerful face grew still more attractive with the light of the first recognition—"how are you all?"

The man touched his hat respectfully, and took the packages from the young gentleman.

"Hearty, sir; and you're welcome home, Master Frank."

"Thank you, Dennis, glad enough to get here. Come, Lawrence, jump in; give 'em the reins, Dennis, and see what's left in the old bays." The boyish delight was irrepressible, for every step brought him nearer home; every object was familiar. Past gray stone walls and long reaches of field and meadow—past orchards already bending beneath the coming plenteous harvest—brown farm-houses, and spruce modern cottages—there was the iron gate of Ireton at last.

A huge Newfoundland bounded out as it opened, and sprang up, with a noisy bark, to the carriage-door he could not reach.

"Hi, old Bouncer!" shouted Frank, leaning over, and snapping his fingers by way of an inducement to follow them, and on the noble old dog came, making great leaps of joy, and barking a perfect shout of welcome, that brought two other dogs of "lower degree" to join in the

chorus, and an expectant face to the wide hall door.

"Oh, papa, here they are!" and "papa," the owner of Ireton, and father of Frank, wheeled himself across the room in his invalid chair, almost as rapidly as his daughter had walked.

It was Frank's married sister—the visitor knew it must be her, for Frank called her Laura, as he sprang out, and gave her a great hug; and as he ran up the steps after it, he called out almost over his shoulder, "You take care of Lawrence—that's him at last."

The visitor could scarcely believe at first glance, that he had heard aright. The Mrs. Phillips who wrote Frank such sedate, motherly letters, and forwarded boxes with a maternal affluence of good things, had been in the mind's eye a tall, dignified, rather severe and "finished" person; while the lady who extended her hand so pleasantly, and said, "We are glad to see you after so many disappointments, Mr. Bryant," was as simple and cordial in her manner as a child, and carried no symptoms of all the Latin and German she had accomplished about her.

"Papa is an invalid just now, as perhaps you know. Of course you do, as that was the reason we did not come to Commencement. He has strained his foot in some way; let me take you to him."

"This is Mr. Bryant, papa." And the young gentleman found himself in the presence of a courtly man, older than he expected, but with a face full of enthusiasm, and just now it was all centred upon his boy, the pride of his old age. His son's friend had a cordial welcome, given with an apology for not rising, and the hope that he would make himself one of them. Indeed, cordiality was the peculiar grace of all the Iretons, towards those who had any claims whatever upon their courtesy; and in a few moments the restraint of the arrival and first meeting had passed away, and Lawrence could look about him and see for himself that Frank's eagerness to get home had its full excuse.

A pang of envy went through his heart, to see the atmosphere of loving appreciation which encircled him. Othello himself did not have more attentive listeners than Frank, for the recital of the doings of Commencement day. Mr.

Ireton looking into his face with such manifest satisfaction and pride in his improvement and general standing—for fifth in the class of forty, and at old Harvard too, was by no means to be despised. Mrs. Phillips hovered about him, and waited on him, and laughed at his clever sallies; Bouncer, quite satisfied at being near his young master, stretched his fine length upon the rug beside him; and the servants who came with the luncheon-tray evidently looked upon him as prince royal of the Ireton domain; but as Frank's friend Lawrence had nothing to complain of, and, as Valedictorian, Mr. Ireton deferred to him with marked approbation and interest.

After the hot, restless race for the championship of his class, the reaction was yielded to with an almost indolent spirit. The home life at Ireton was so quiet, so genial, kept by intellectual resources from stagnation, yet almost selfishly complete in itself. Mr. Phillips was absent, but his wife was accustomed to frequent short journeys on his part, and a long letter from him arrived every morning as punctually as breakfast. Mr. Ireton was always ready to lay down his book or his review for a talk with these fresh young minds, and his fund of anecdote and reminiscence of those to whom Lawrence looked up with hero worship—the friends and antagonists of Mr. Ireton's professional life—always had a strange fascination for him. It fanned the already feverish ambition of his nature, and, in their long drives or strolls, Lawrence talked of all he should achieve, and wondered at Frank's "slowness of heart."

"It's all very fine, Lawrie, and I'll be on hand, you know, to hear your first speech in the Senate; but all I ask is a year or so of adventure—no jolly hard work though, like the Northwest Passage—and then to settle down with—well, somebody," and he rapped his breast pocket significantly, "if she doesn't jilt me by that time, you know."

For Frank already fancied himself deeply in love, and his father, being sensible, and knowing, from his own experience, that such things often cure themselves if not interfered with, had interposed no harsher mandate than two years' travel. Consequently, Frank came down very early in the morning, certain days of the week, and not unfrequently drove over himself for the letters.

If he could have known what a fate lay sealed within the business-like document that he brought for his friend on one of these excursions, he would have been tempted to pitch it into the road, and at least defer the evil day;

but, happily unconscious of all but his own ecstasy in a letter of twelve pages, written in a very fine hand, on very pink paper, he tossed the lawyer-like epistle to Lawrence, who had just risen from the breakfast-table, and plunged into buttered muffins and an avalanche of endearing epithets at the same time.

"We waited for you, you see. Your father does not come down this morning. Mrs. Phillips was quite uneasy at your long stay, and has gone to 'that blessed baby,'" Lawrence said, brightly, turning his letter about with careless scrutiny. "It's not my guardian's writing; it ought to be, by the post-mark."

Frank was swallowing his nectar too intently to hazard a guess. "If you only knew the comfort your picture is to me, my best-beloved!" he read. "It lies open before me now, and I see your own sweet smile, and seem to hear your precious words of tenderness again." While the lines before Lawrence Bryant's eyes wavered, and flickered, and then stood out again, harshly, un pityingly, until the realization of the truth came upon him with a groan that roused Frank from the Elysian Fields, and brought him to his feet with a hurried exclamation of fright and alarm. So soon the brightness had gone out of that young face, and the mouth, round which a deadly whiteness gathered, was set firmly and defiantly.

"What is it, Lawrence? what is it, old fellow?" And, for the first time in their intercourse, the hand he laid on his friend's shoulder was rudely shaken off; the time for sympathy had not yet come.

"Frank told me I should find you here. I hope I have not disturbed you?"

"O no. But perhaps you wish to read alone, Mrs. Phillips." And Lawrence caught up the broad straw hat that he had flung upon the library table an hour before with a reckless gesture. When the light step of Mrs. Phillips aroused him, he had been leaning forward, with his head upon his hands, in a bitter, aimless reverie.

"Do not rise," Mrs. Phillips said, gently, as if to a froward child. "I came to see you; Frank asked me to come and talk with you. You have had bad news."

"My father was very unfortunate in the guardian he chose for his son"—and the thin lips curled; "he left my childhood to the tender mercies of a boys' boarding-school, and now he is dead, and I am notified that my property is involved with his own. Though I do not know why I should trouble you with this—I thought

—I felt as if”—and here the proud face softened and flushed, and his voice faltered.

“You thought I wished to know what the bad news was, that I might sympathize with you; that was right. I am afraid Frank is right, too—that you are too proud to wish it.” Mrs. Phillips sat down in the large study-chair near him, and waited for the flash that she expected her words would call forth.

“I proud! Beggars have no right with pride!”

“You have not lost everything?” How hard it seemed that one for whose future career so many kindly prophecies had been spoken should be cut off on the very threshold of life from the means of pursuing it!

The quick tone of interest was very grateful to the sore spirit. “I do believe you are sorry for me, Mrs. Phillips, and I will tell you the truth. I drew a large check a month ago to pay off my last term’s bills, and must have two or three hundred dollars by me, and that is all I can count upon.”

It seemed like utter destitution to the tenderly reared woman who heard it. All around them were evidences of wealth and abundance. The thick Turkey carpet, the massive library tables with their rich covering, the stands of costly engravings, the niches filled with volumes in substantial and tasteful bindings. And this was her father’s house; her own home was scarcely less luxurious, and her husband would have lavished all his substance on the adornment and pleasure of his young wife, if she had been capricious or exacting; but she was neither; thanks to the judicious and liberal culture of her home, she had higher objects of enjoyment. Still, she had never known a care;

“Things provided came without
The sweet sense of providing.”

A happy recollection flashed into her mind as she longed for some comforting word to say to him. “Mr. Phillips had less than that when he began life; I have often heard him say so.”

Lawrence looked up eagerly; but his brow clouded again. “I have read of such things, Mrs. Phillips; there was Whittington, you know”—and a playful light struggled with the clouds; “but, then, in such cases people have always been brought up to depend upon themselves.”

“Yes; but they had to struggle towards the means with which they achieved their career—capital or education; fortunately you cannot lose that.”

“But my law studies are not even com-

menced. Oh, Mrs. Phillips, you don’t know, you can’t tell how hard it is!”

Mrs. Phillips had just come from her sweet nursery cares. There was a baby’s coral in her hand; she had just taken it from her infant’s clasp as she had fallen into a sweet sleep. The chime of its silver bells had brought Whittington to his mind. It was her first child, and this new maternal tenderness gave her such added sympathy towards all, and a gentle dignity to her youthful beauty, for she was scarcely older if as old as the young collegian. Poor boy! he had no mother or sister to go to.

“I do not mean losing my property altogether,” he said, as if, ashamed that she should think he was covetous or grasping; “but I seem to have nothing to turn to, nothing to stimulate me. Before this came I was unhappy; I have envied Frank his home life, his father’s approbation and pride in his success, and the love he has from you all; I felt myself a miserable outcast from home. If this had happened to Frank, he would have something to work for; something to spur him to achievement. Do you see what I mean? I am not selfish enough, even with my isolated experience, to make my own comfort a motive.”

“But you are ambitious!”

“I thought I was; and if I am, so much the worse with unsatisfied dreams and longings to scourge me. I wish I were dead, and out of it all!”

“Believing it is better to meet death
Than suffer desolation?”

she said, softly but reprovingly, and Lawrence knew what she intended to call to mind.

Only the night before, they had passed the evening there so happily; Lawrence reading aloud to the family circle gathered around him, full of enthusiasm for his new-found poet, Mrs. Browning. It was thanks to Mrs. Phillips that he had discovered all the strength and noble structure of her verse. There lay the book now, with the pearl paper-folder marking the “Drama of Exile,” where they had laid it down. Mrs. Phillips drew the volume to her.

“We must not pluck death from the Maker’s hand
As erst we plucked the apple; we must wait
Until He gives death as He gave us life,”

she read, in her clear, sweet voice.

Lawrence had been stripping the envelop which had brought him the evil tidings, and as the voice ceased, he threw the fragments from him. “It shows I am only a child, when I prided myself on manhood,” he said, with more of impatience than penitence, “and a boor, to talk so to you; but your kindness be-

trayed me into it. I never have had a woman's sympathy, and it is like a cordial, but it has made me forget myself; I shall never forget your goodness, though."

"Wait"—and Mrs. Phillips put up her hand as he started to his feet. "There is something beyond this that may help you; *that* made me think of it. Won't you listen a moment?"—and she turned the leaves hurriedly.

"A child's kiss

Set on thy sighing lips shall make thee glad;

A poor man served by thee shall make thee rich;

An old man helped by thee shall make thee strong;

Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense

Of service which thou renderest,"

she read, eagerly. "Have you not something remaining when God leaves with you the power of doing good and making others happy? Is not that an object in life?"

"I believe it is what *you* live for, but it does not come near enough to me. If I were working for love's sake—"

"Let duty's sake be your motive, and love will bring the reward," Mrs. Phillips said, taking heart at the tremulous quiver of the lips—the bitter hardness was yielding. "Do not give up a single aim of life, if it was worthy, or, when love comes, you will have no shelter for her!"—and a sweet smile lighted up her earnest face. "I am sure you will be brave, and you must not leave us—I came almost expressly to say that—until your plans are decided."

The longing to comfort this lonely heart shone out of the bright yet pitying look which he met, as he stood silent for a moment. His eyes were dim with a mist almost of tears, but he saw the sparkle of the diamond hoop that guarded the broad wedding-ring upon her hand.

"I shall never forget this morning," he said, earnestly. "I shall never forget *you*, Mrs. Phillips, and if I live to accomplish anything it will be your work."

The young mother went back to the cradle of her sleeping child, and wondered if Lawrence Bryant's mother had watched thus over his babyhood; and thought how hard the fate that had left him without a single tie to life; and then reverie ended in a prayer, as all her reveries over this cradle insensibly did, that the watchfulness of Heaven might shield this tender, helpless creature from all the storms and frosts of the world.

Mr. Phillips was to come that day. It was a pretty sight to see the little one arrayed for her father's arrival, and the eagerness of its mother

to display every beauty to the best advantage. The rosy flush on its soft cheek gave a new brightness to the blue eyes, copied from her own; the soft flaxen waves of hair were coaxed into tiny curls; the delicate lace and cambrie of the little robe looped back to display the dimpled shoulders. Certainly, Mr. Phillips had all that heart could ask for in his wife and child. But there was an old love that came between him and them, the devotion to business life. They were the episodes, business was his real existence; not that he was lacking in any tenderness, or detected this disloyalty to his young wife; nor did she lack anything—we cannot lose that which we have never had, nor mourn for that we have never known. She felt that she was loved, that her happiness was consulted, that she was the wife of a man to whom many looked up, and all honored, and for the rest her child filled all her heart.

Lawrence came home from a long, exhausting walk, that had worn off the first fever of the spirit, leaving behind the certainty of loss, the constant recollection of a necessity for exertion, just as Mrs. Phillips came out upon the piazza to watch for her husband's arrival from the train. It was a bright summer day, just removed from oppressive heat, and she wore a soft muslin dress, with ample fulness, floating about her light figure and harmonizing with its graceful outlines. Rippling bands of golden hair just touched the shell-like ear, and met in a heavy coil behind it. Nothing could be more simple than her dress; for, even here, baby's comfort was consulted—she must not be kept at arm's length to preserve costly robes or hurtful ornaments. She had broken a cluster of late blooming roses, that twined about the pillars of the porch, and fastened them in the knot of ribbon at her throat, and as he came near the house, under shelter of the avenue, he watched her defending them with one hand from the grasping little morsel, whose dimpled hands clutched at all the blue eyes beheld.

There was a crashing of wheels upon the gravelled road, as a carriage turned in at the gate, and a happy cry of welcome to baby's father. The guest of the family had never seen him before, and he drew farther away not to interrupt the meeting. Still it was not a trespass to watch it; the servants looked on, baby's nurse to whom she had been consigned for the moment, and Dennis who reined in his horses that Mr. Phillips might alight. And there was Frank, attracted by the noise, putting his head out of the library window. So he stood still, and saw the kiss of welcome from

the loving wife of the successful merchant, and the child's arms guided into a caress, and the hearty shake of the hand from Frank. How surrounded with love he was! how much besides wealth was made tributary to his happiness!

He had a hard struggle with himself before he could decide to join them at the dinner-table. Inclination prompted him to gather his wardrobe together, and leave them with a note of thanks for all their kindness to him; but their hospitality and real friendliness demanded more of him. At the last meal he had sat among them as an equal, the heir of a fine property, and free to enter any circle where affluence and good breeding reigned; and now he made his first self-conquest in going to them again, feeling that his position was wholly changed, that he received their attentions on sufferance, and not by right; and above all meeting this stranger, who doubtless by this time knew his whole story, and stood ready to insult him by pity. But he went down nevertheless.

It was some relief to find that Mr. Ireton had not come down; he was not ready to hear his misfortunes alluded to, even kindly. Indeed, his host did not yet know that any had befallen him, for he was suffering so with his limb that Mrs. Phillips hesitated to give him mental uneasiness.

Mr. Phillips's manner was most cordial, whatever he knew. Lawrence was met as the successful man of his class, and Frank's friend alone, so that all the poor boy's proud intentions to keep him at a distance vanished; and in the evening, when Frank was called to his father, and he had gone out to inhale what comfort he could from the soft night air and the fragrance of his cigar, Mr. Phillips came out with similar intent and joined him in his solitary promenade.

"We were all taken by surprise at Gerard's insolvency," the merchant said, presently. "But I had no idea, until Laura told me an hour ago, that he had involved your affairs. It is not generally known. It's a bad business, very bad"—and he returned his cigar to his mouth with a meditative puff.

There was no gainsaying this assertion; indeed, Lawrence made no response whatever; the old pride sealed his lips at this open allusion to his affairs from one he had just seen for the first time.

"I am going back to town to-morrow," Mr. Phillips said, with the same business-like directness, "and it occurred to me, when Laura

was speaking about you, that I might possibly forward some of your plans."

"I have no plans," Lawrence said, with a coldness that made him ashamed of himself the moment after.

"I dare say—I dare say; it's too soon. But if Gerard has managed to sink all your income, you can't go on with your law studies at once; though, as I told Laura, there is not the least need at your age to abandon the thing altogether. Not in this country, where a clever man can't help getting on. Frank says you can go through fire and water to accomplish your intentions; a pity so much real talent should be wasted on a profession."

"It is not likely to be thrown away very soon," said Lawrence, with a harsh laugh.

"I don't wonder you feel it, not at all; but never fear that a practical experience of life will ruin your chance at the bar. What could you do, do you suppose? Now, I'm not curious, not at all; don't think me so."

"Do, I'm sure I cannot tell!"—and the lament of the unjust steward passed through his mind. "Dig I cannot, and to beg I am ashamed."

"Well, to come to the point, for Laura charged me not to stay too long in the night air"—and Mr. Phillips fastened one button of his thin summer coat, by way of precaution—"it's the most singular thing; we were just looking about us for a reliable enterprising man to take charge of some Western lands that have just become available in market. We took them for a bad debt, you understand, and they are likely to turn out well. How would that suit you?"

It was more than a plank that had drifted to this shipwrecked life; a good, steady raft, that would float him securely; and if he could forget the luxury and abundance of the ship, and have patience with its tardy progress, why might he not reach the shore in safety? But he knew nothing whatever of business details; in this he was behind the lowest clerk in the employ of Phillips & Company. A new revelation to one who had gloried in his intellectual grasp, in the treasures of knowledge he had accumulated, and looked down contemptuously on all who had not reached his stand-point.

Accustomed to see everything in a straightforward business light, Mr. Phillips attributed the hesitation on the part of the young man to a consideration of the profits likely to accrue.

"We had thought best to give an interest in the affair instead of a salary, and should intend the percentage to be liberal, but with your

talents you might not think it worth while. However, don't decide at once—there is no occasion to, for we can communicate by letter. Some one is calling—it is Frank calling you."

And never did an interruption come more opportunely; a tumult of thought that bewildered him had been roused by the friendly proposal of one who took his integrity if not his ability on trust, the man he had been ready to shun a few hours before. Priding himself on his independence, and rashly self-reliant from the education of circumstances, he, for the first time, longed for advice and counsel. The pride that would have scorned both, and that prompted him at first to resent any inquiry into, or discussion of his affairs, had been for the time cast out, and he followed Frank with a feeling of relief, when he found Mr. Ireton had sent for him.

"Your interest and confidence in me are so entirely unlooked for that I do not know how to thank you," he said, as they turned towards the house.

"Not at all, not at all." And Mr. Phillips went back to his wife quite satisfied, for he had done a friendly thing at her suggestion, and, as men sometimes will, he unconsciously took all the credit of it to himself.

Mr. Ireton forgot his injury for the moment, and essayed to rise from his chair, as the haggard face of Lawrence met him.

"My dear boy," he said, with the familiar address used habitually towards his own son, "why in the world did you not come and tell me about this affair immediately? Who is your legal adviser? whom do you propose to consult?" and for once Lawrence yielded entirely to apparent good feeling, and found himself pouring out all the difficulties, and disappointments, and—thanks to Mr. Phillips—the possibilities of his position, receiving a father's thoughtful counsel in return.

In another week, the long-talked-of visit to Ireton had been paid, and Lawrence leaned back in the carriage as Frank returned to the house for a forgotten commission. He could but think of the great change that had passed over him there; one more look—Mr. Ireton had wheeled himself to the library window for a parting nod—Mrs. Phillips followed Frank down the steps, and extended her hand to him again. "Come to us at any time, as if you were coming home," she said; and Ireton was left behind.

"After many days!" Who could have the courage, if prophetic gift of vision were offered

to them, to look on the changes in any life or fortune which we find "after many days?"

Lawrence Bryant thought something like this, as, five years after his entrance into life, he turned, for the first time, towards the place that was so associated with it. For himself, there was nothing to regret; his present position was above all that he could have looked forward to—he had grown up with the fortunes of the West; and with an income from landed property in one of its busiest towns equalling that which he had lost, he had made a brilliant opening in his professional career. This had not been done by magic, or a single stroke of good fortune; tireless activity, proud integrity, and patient labor had united in his life; and, better still, remembering the quick sympathies that had reached him in his great trouble, he had endeavored to repay the debt by ministering with word and deed to the sorrowful and the unfortunate. His feverish ambition had been chastened and re-directed, and there remained but one thing to be claimed of fortune—a home.

"Come to us at any time, as if you were coming home." The echo of those words haunted him continually of late, and at last he had come. The bustling depot stood glaring in the sunshine as on his first arrival; the houses looked familiar—he could even remember the very trees that they had climbed or sketched by the roadside that first happy week. There was the iron gate at last, and Bouncer, poor old dog, stretched in the supineness of old age before it. No more glad leaping and shouting for him—only a whine as the roll of carriage-wheels came faintly to his dull ears—and he raised his head, peering about with almost sightless eyes; then his head sank again between his paws with a low growl, for it was a stranger, and not the one he watched for.

There was no trace of neglect in the beautiful grounds, they were well kept up, but a painful quietness brooded over the old place. At this hour—for it was almost sunset now—the family had usually gathered on the shady piazza, but there was no sign of life, except a child's hat with its blue ribbons, as it had fallen to the floor; and the hospitable entrance-door was closed, showing how rarely a guest was received.

The waiting man who had been Mr. Ireton's own attendant opened it. He did not recognize the gentleman who asked to see his mistress; nor was it strange, for the years that had brought gray hairs to Harris had shaded the boyish face he would have looked for in Mr.

Bryant with a silken, curling beard and bronzed the delicate face with the sun of the prairies ; the slender figure had given place to breadth and fulness, and there was a tone of command in the deep, ringing voice. Even Mrs. Phillips did not at first recognize her brother's friend, as she came forward with an inquiring look, and bowed distantly. Distantly to him ! when his heart almost suffocated him with its rapid pulsations, and, after he had said "Mrs. Phillips !" the tremulous voice could not trust itself further.

He missed the kind, benignant face that had looked up with a parting "God bless you !" from the empty invalid chair. He longed for the hearty, brotherly kindness of Frank's welcome ; and the friend who had been the first to uphold him in his great trouble, who had been as the angel of his life in daily recollection, met him as a stranger !—Not when the voice made her look up full into the dark eyes that mirrored all this conflict of feeling, for her own drooped with instant recollection of all that had befallen them since then, and the desolation of the house to which he had come.

"O Lawrence ! Mr. Bryant ! is it you ? It is next to seeing Frank himself !" she said, quickly. "You were very kind to come to me. Papa would have been so glad !"

And, as they talked afterwards, "with sighs between," Lawrence realized fully how utterly lonely her once bright life had become ; nothing left of all its fulness save her child. The close widow's cap told a part of the story, and the vacant chair the rest ; and, while all these changes had come upon his home, Frank was still in a foreign land, changed to a selfish, purposeless wanderer by the fickleness that was not worth the cost.

When the lights came, and the tea equipage with them, Lawrence looked eagerly to see how she had borne all this ; he dreaded a visible signet of sorrow in the face he had last seen so radiant with health and happiness. There was less roundness, the lines had become finer, and the fair hair was completely hidden ; but she had not grown old ; time, that had done so much for him, seemed to stand still with her.

It was late when Harris came to say that his old room was prepared for him, and they had talked without stirring from their places all that evening. There was so much to be related and listened to ; for, though letters had passed now and then, and more frequently of late, during Mr. Ireton's illness, the half had not been told. It was two years since Mrs. Phillips had

returned to her old home with a fatherless child, and now that protection was taken away from her. It was very, very sad, and his own lonely boyhood and youth rose up before him ; for, though he was in the familiar chamber once more, and had realized the dream of years in returning to Ireton again, he could not sleep ; his heart was full of restless questionings and wild yearnings. Could it mock him ?

How softly and gratefully the fresh morning air came in at the open window after his feverish night ! The calmness of nature seemed to promise peace, even to his craving soul, and he went out of his chamber door to find a shy little one standing before him with her hands full of gay flowers she had snapped close to the stem, and was coming to offer to her mamma's friend and Uncle Frank's friend. She shrank from the touch of the silken beard on her baby cheek, but she liked being taken up in his strong arms, and carried swiftly down the stairs, and thus to her mother in the breakfast-room.

Mrs. Phillips looked almost as girlish as ever in her plain white morning-dress with its knot of black ribbon, and her fair hair uncovered. It must have been for the first time, for the child clapped her hands, and said, "You are so nice, mamma, without that ugly old cap !" and Lawrence thought the same, if he did not say it.

"I have had the library opened this morning," Mrs. Phillips said, as they rose from the table ; "I thought it would seem more like the old time, and I will join you there presently ; or perhaps you would like to walk."

No ; the library suited his mood best, though he did not open a volume, but sat there and dreamed until her light step roused him, as it had done on that memorable morning. She had a work-basket in her hand and her keys—all so natural and homelike. Lawrence adjusted the outer blinds to shield her from the glare, and tried not to feel impatient when little pattering feet came seeking "mamma ;" but looked for some wonderful bribe, and found it in his gold pencil-case. Then he leaned back in his chair again, and watched the white hands busied with the needle, and the head bent a little above the work, and the child playing at her feet. So they talked on again, but not so earnestly as the evening before ; snatches of talk with long intervals of silence between, until the child wearied of her play, and fell asleep on a rug upon the floor. He stooped down to lift her up, and lay her upon the sofa, looking earnestly at the delicate features and small curved mouth ; and then kissed

the red lips as he said to himself, "Yes, she is only like her mother."

"Poor little Blanche!" Mrs. Phillips said, tenderly. "Her childhood will never be as bright as mine. The loneliness was all to come." Yes, they had indeed changed places since she had stayed and comforted his desolateness. How much he owed her he could never make her comprehend; but it swept over him with startling vividness. He did not return to his seat again, but pushed away the basket from the lounge, craving to be near her.

"I sat here once in this very place, Mrs. Phillips, more lonely than words could express, and you came to me. Oh, I have never forgotten it; and when I heard that your child was left without a protector, I said to myself, she should never want one while I lived. I came here to say it to you."

"Yes, that is all I came to say," he went on more hurriedly, "but I find I cannot stop there—I cannot go away again, and leave you as unprotected as that child; not if you will let me shield you." She did not speak or look up, but a scarlet flush stole over neck and brow. "All these years you have been set in my heart as a Madonna before her worshipper—something afar off—but your living presence has shown me my error. *I love you*—I have loved you since—I cannot tell when!" and he drew away her hands from their work almost fiercely, and looked eagerly into her face, holding them both between his own.

The glitter of a wedding-ring did not warn him away now; no, nor anger, nor pain, in the face where he sought to read her answer. The arched lips quivered—the hands trembled in his own—"If it were not wrong! oh, if it were not wrong!" that was all she said; and then, "I have been so lonely!" and a long, quivering sigh as he drew the fair head close—close to the strong heart throbbing with the wild hope and love of that confession.

"Oh, Laura, you told me years ago to come to you as to my home, and I have come. Will you not have faith in me?"

"They all trusted and loved you so, Lawrence. You seemed last night like all that was left to me of them. I clung to the thought of your sympathy when papa was taken; and I put away my weeds *because* you had come."

He showered kisses upon the rippling waves of hair. "And I owe everything to you; oh, Laura, you do not know what love is—love that has never had an object to waste its intensity upon. You have shared a heart with

the world and the hurry of life; but you have never had a rival here, my comforter, my angel, my own wife!"

And thus both lives had found fulness for famine, "after many days."

WINTER WINDS.

BY NETTIE LEE CRANDALL.

FERCELY blow the winter winds,
With a cheerless, dismal sound,
And to his boisterous music dance
The snow-flakes o'er the frozen ground,
And all is dark and drear.
Dark clouds are o'er my heaven spread,
Fresh storms are bursting on my head,
But one ray of light and joy is shed
My lonely path to cheer.

It is the thought through all these scenes,
However cheerless, strange, or new,
For me one smile of kindness beams,
One faithful heart is true—
One soul's deep love is mine!
Shining with pure, unwavering light
Through sunny day or stormy night,
Filling my soul with strange delight
And thought of God divine.

I thank thee, Father of high heaven,
That sorrow has been mine,
Else these thoughts had not been given,
In vain this humble light would shine
On life's uneven way:
For it alone are sorrow's showers,
With one ray to light the darkened hours—
To glad my heart, fill it with flowers,
And teach me how to pray.

I've sought the love and praise of all
In other days—and with regret
Sighed for a power to chain all hearts
That none one moment could forget,
Whatever sky above me:
But now, while journeying here below,
Though fierce the winds may blow,
I only wish, in joy or woe,
One faithful heart to love me.

PARNASSUS.

BY WM. ALEXANDER.

PARNASSUS! thou dost lift thy head sublime,
As when the Muses haunted thee of yore,
And Castaly her crystal stream doth pour
Adown thy sides, and will till the end of time,
Fed by the everlasting snows, which find
A home on thee. Thy fount's delightful lymph
Afforded draughts inspiring to each nymph,
Of the so tuneful nine; and Homer blind,
To whose great genius wondering nations bow,
Drew inspiration from thy cooling spring,
And bards who would pretend high strains to sing,
Must quaff thy waters full as deeply now,
But fled forever from sweet Castaly,
Are all the nine, and echo murmurs where are they?

MR. AND MRS. RASHER

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MISS SLIMMENS."



CHAPTER II.

THE PARTY.

I wish you wouldn't call it a house-warming, my dear; when people lived in two-story houses, and did their own work, they called such things "house-warmings," and it sounds so old-fashioned. I know you've a *ponchong* for everything old-fashioned: it seems to be a weakness of yours; I expect every day to see you come down with your grandfather's long-tailed blue on—though as for that, you'll scarcely have a chance now, for when we left the other house I sent it to the dogs. You wouldn't have taken fifty dollars of any man's money for that coat? What was it worth, I'd like to know, but just to clutter the closet, and get moths in it? Still, if you feel so bad about it, I'm sorry I sent it off. It went through the Revolutionary War, and you was proud of it? Oh! if I'd have thought about that, I'd have kept it, for it's quite fashionable to have relics of the Revolution. What was your grandfather, my love? A general? "A blacksmith." O get out! "And as brave as the bravest general; who followed the army to shoe the horses, and put shoes on General Washington's own horse many a time, and was wounded twice in battle." La! that's all nice enough, but I'm not going to brag about it before folks. "It's a different style of *forgery* that's the aristocratic thing now-a-days; a man may forge a check, but not a chain, if he wants to keep in good society. Only blow your own bellows loud enough, and you'll be all right with the world." Why, Rasher, I didn't know as you had so much morphine in your nature; you're

usually so cheerful. Come, now, let's talk about my party, or my *fate*, as Mrs. Fitz-Simmons calls it. I'd like to make out the list of invitations this evening, so's to get the cards engraved. They ought to be out a week beforehand. I'm going to have them very large, and very square, and several of 'em to each person; one small square one, colored, with "Admit the Bearer" on it, and one—what's that? No, it won't be ridiculous, either! Didn't his Royal Highness—what if it was at a public building, instead of a private house? I know it ain't necessary, but it's stylish, and that's enough. Once for all, Rasher, let me settle all these little points of etiquette; you're very good in your way, but somehow you've no faculty for comprehending all the little niceties; in other words—there's no making a silk purse out of a sow's ear? There it comes again! those eternal allusions! However, you think the purse is a pretty full one, if it isn't of silk? That's so! Nobody could be more generous or better hearted than you are, my love; and if you'd only get over some of your queer ideas, and quit punning—especially allusions to your business—I should be one of the happiest women in the world. You can't guess how uncomfortable you make me when we're in company; I feel every minute as if I was sitting by a powder magazine that was going to explode; I'm so afraid of them terrible little escapades of yours. You thought it was *me* who did all the blowing up? Well, I do it in the strict seclusion of the family circle, if I do; and if you'd confine yourself to the same, I shouldn't mind what you said. Not even if you said your darling Marier wasn't the woman she used to be? No, not even then; I've no ambition to be the woman I was, when one silk dress a year, and two bonnets satisfied me.

But let's get back to the invitation. I shall have no difficulty in making out my list. You've no idea of the people that have left their cards since we changed our residence; dozens and dozens of all the brown-stones up and down the street, and they're all just the sort of folks I want at my *fate*. Mrs. Fitz-Simmons knows the most of 'em, and has probably been the means of their calling. As the girls are going to be at home, we must have plenty of young people to dance; Cerintha never looks

better than when she's dancing. You don't like to see her whirled around in the arms of them dancing bears? It's not just the way we used to do, to be sure; but this is an age of progression, and what the world thinks is right is right.

I haven't written a word to the girls yet about the new house or the party: I intend it to be all a surprise. I've ordered their dresses, and they're being made up now. A maize-colored *moire-antique* for Cerintha, with lace flounces; and a white puffed *thull* for Felicia. You should have thought white would have been prettiest for both of 'em, seeing they're only school-girls yet? I'll warrant you! A book-muslin, tucked, with pink and blue ribbons, cost, including making up, ten dollars apiece! But girls don't dress in that manner now-a-days. A *moire-antique* ain't a bit too rich for Cerintha's style, and the color suits with her hair. She *ought* to have a set of pearls, but I won't ask for them till she's out of school, since the house and all had to be paid for this year.

Who are you writing down there? Your old friends, the Griggses? If you intend to invite the Griggses, then I'll give up the party at once. There! there! there! Now don't get mad, and tear the paper in two; if you want to keep on friendly terms with them, I shall have no objections to making a nice little tea-party *especially for them*, and ask the Fishers at the same time. I don't want to have it said that I've forgotten my friends, and I can have them here often, in a quiet way, but not to my *fate*. It would spoil every speck of pleasure I might take. Mrs. Griggs used to be a good neighbor when we were first married. Many's the afternoon we've set, and sewed, and talked together; but she always was rather a common woman, and her husband had bad luck, and she'll have nothing to wear, if she's asked, but her old black silk, and she'll feel bound to come, for fear we'd be hurt if she shouldn't. La, how blind some people are! If she had any delicacy, she'd feel that—because you've made money in the pork business, and Griggs has failed in the hardware line, there ought to be no farther intimacy between the fat and the frying-pan? What a trying man you are, Rasher! It's in your line to be trying? Go on with your list, go on. "Mr. and Mrs. B. Baker." There, you needn't try to help me about the invitations; I'd rather make them out myself. One would think you were obeying the injunctions of the Scriptures literally, to ask in the beggars of the street, when every-

body knows that if the Bible wasn't entirely figurative, we couldn't get along at all.

What are you leaning back on the sofa and sighing in that melancholy way for? I'm not going to offend your old cronies. If you want to ask Griggs to a cigar and a glass of sherry in the dining-room, when you're alone of evenings, I shall not object; and I expect to have to ask his wife here three or four times a year. And the same with the Bakers and the Fishers. You think I ought to send Polly Griggs a new dress to wear to the party, if she hasn't got any, instead of slighting her on that account? Well, if you ain't the oddest man! Who ever heard of such a thing? I'm sure it would never have come into anybody's head but yours. If you feel like dressing up your neighbors in silks and satins you'd better begin at once. But do remember that charity begins at home. Here's Cerintha in want of that set of pearls, and I haven't treated myself to that camel's-hair shawl yet, and you're talking about my giving Mrs. Griggs a silk dress fit to wear to my party! You remember when she used to lend me her white crape shawl when I would go to a calling? Mr. Rasher, will you take your heels down off that satin-damask rose-colored sofa, and try and sit up like a gentleman? You're tired? Indeed, and what's tired you? I think a man worth as much money as you might afford to hire other people to do his work. As long as you're in business you'll have to attend to it, and you're not rich enough to quit off yet, 'specially at the rate the money is flying? There it comes—reproaches a-ready! I don't believe a woman ever gave a party in the world that her husband didn't reproach her for it—except the wedding-party, which they're always glad enough to attend. You didn't intend any reproach at all—you're perfectly willing I shall be happy my own way? Come, let's go into the library. If you're tired, you can lounge there as much as you please. Oh, I forgot to tell you the silver came home to-day, and it's splendid. Mrs. Fitz-Simmons was here when it came, and went down with me to look at it. She said all those little pigs running about on the teapot and everything were sweet and very appropriate. I thought perhaps she had reference to your business, so I told her they weren't pigs at all; that the wild boar occupied a conspicuous place in the old country heraldry, and had been the crest of your family ever since the Conquest. She asked me what Conquest, and I told her I didn't know. She said it must have been the

Porcine War, and I told her quite likely. She asked me the meaning of "*Salve Lardum*," for Mrs. Fitz-Simmons don't understand Latin as well as she does French, and I told her it signified that "Discretion was the better part of valor;" which she thought was a very pretty motto, and very suitable to anybody in the mercantile line. Her husband's a lawyer, but he don't make a quarter the money you do, so we've very good reasons for being friends—she likes my money, and I like her influence; and if she says impertinent things, once and a while, I have my little revenges.

But if I don't get about my list, I'll never get all the names down. Mrs. Fitz-Simmons says, if I want to make myself popular, and have my parties successful, I must have perfect suppers and plenty of wine. The music must be good, but the wine must be better—that the young men who give life and spirit to such occasions only ask plenty to eat and drink, and music to dance by, and girls to dance with, to be satisfied—if they are treated well in these respects, they'll praise me and come again. Very modest of 'em? Don't talk about modesty, Rasher, if you don't want to be ridiculous. Mrs. Clarence Cornell says it's immodest to talk about a thing's being immodest, for, if we were all as pure as we ought to be, everything would be pure to us, which is the reason the very most respectable ladies can dress and behave as they do, which seems to me to be very good reasoning, indeed, and I hope you won't be going and making a fool and a bad man of yourself, and proving yourself to be full of evil thoughts, by being prudish about matters that all fashionable people know are proper. You're suited, if the women are? What's that tacked up against those books, like a notice of a sheriff's sale against a wall? Read it and see?

WANTED. A Governess, for two full-grown people, who, having suddenly become wealthy enough to purchase a library, want somebody to explain it to them. She must understand the history of Grease, French, Hog-Latin and Politenes, and be capable of giving the butler orders when the lady of the house is up a stump. Celery satisfactory.

Now, Rasher, that's your handwriting, and your spelling too: how long has it been up there? That friend of Mrs. Cerulean's was here to-day, that literary gentleman, that she thinks such a lion. What's that? *see-lion*, you guess, by the way she shows him up as if he were at Barnum's? Oh, hush; he was here this very afternoon, looking at the books, and I know now what he was laughing at, though

he pretended it was something else. If you will play practical jokes, play 'em on somebody besides me. Oh, you needn't go to hugging me like a bear; that's a certain sign you feel guilty.

Well, Cerintha, the party's over. The butler's putting away the things, and there's a plateful of grease on the dining-room carpet, I saw this morning, when I went in to take a cup of tea to clear off my headache. I had your and Felicia's breakfast sent to your bed, for I knew you wouldn't want to get up till noon. It's twelve now, and I couldn't wait any longer to come in and talk over the affair. Did you enjoy yourselves, girls, as well as you expected? I think it was a splendid affair. If it hadn't been for that accident, which really made your father angry, and if it hadn't been for two or three things he *would* say, and his atrocious puns, I should think the party was a great success. Mrs. Fitz-Simmons congratulated me before she went away. She said she hadn't been to a party this season that cost so much—the supper was exquisite—and who furnished the liquors? You know I didn't let your father see my dress until I was all ready for the evening, and then I let him in my chamber to get his opinion. He said I looked as nice as if I'd been corn-fed. What did you say? You think it wasn't exactly in good taste for the hostess to be dressed so much—*Magenta* velvet and white plumes? Why didn't you say so before, then, and I would have altered my style? You danced better than any girl in the rooms, and Felicia looked the prettiest. And I don't think you need to be ashamed of your mother last night, girls. Everybody was complimenting me, and my girls, and my furniture, and my house. Mr. Easaby asked me where I got so fine a collection of pictures, and whether I bought them by the square yard or by the piece. I was glad to tell him what a bargain I got in them, and he congratulated me on it in the pleasantest manner. Your father was in the best of humors, full of his jokes and talk, but, for my part, I'd rather he'd a been more silent and retiring, for, though he made a good deal of laughing, he made so many *faux pas*, he kept me in a constant state of reprehension. When Mrs. Girand lost off that elegant necklace she wore, he told her "she was casting her pearls before swine," which wasn't very flattering to those nice young men who surrounded her. Which reminds me again of the accident. The butler tells me those young gentlemen who cut the ropes, had first gone up stairs to the

private liquor room, and drank too much brandy-and-water, and they felt so funny and full of mischief, they didn't know what to do with themselves; and happening to pass the dumb-waiter, one of 'em said it would be a deuced good thing to cut the ropes, and the rest laughed, and thought it would, and two of 'em did it, and down went the waiter with all them fancy bottles and cut-glass on it, and that splendid great punch-bowl and a lot of my finest porcelain.

When we heard the crash, I turned quite pale, for I thought some of the floors had broke down, or something awful; but when your pa saw the mischief and found out how it was done, he was real angry about it, which isn't very common for him. I begged and implored him to say nothing, and he finally got good-natured again; but I heard him telling Senator Brown, at the supper-table, he thought it was "cutting it rather too fat," and if the young men thought they could treat him in that manner, they 'd got the wrong pig by the ear; they should never be asked to his house again. But I must coax him out of that, for those very young gentlemen belong to the cream of our set, and they only happened to take a little too much. Of course, if they 'd have been in their senses they wouldn't have done it. You hope he won't offend young Spangler? I noticed he danced with you twice, last night, my dear; so I went straight to Mrs. Fitz-Simmons and asked her, confidentially, all about him. He lives rather high, and belongs to one of the real *old* families; but they 're not very wealthy, and she don't know where he gets all the money he spends. He's after a rich wife; and I presume he 'll propose on the first opportunity. I don't think your father would like to see his money going to pay that young gentleman's debts and extravagancies. Still, he's got *style*, and style is—. You don't intend to marry him, but you want the *éclat* of his attentions? Oh, very well! I see you can take care of yourself, my love. Felicia, here, is such an innocent little thing, she's after her father's own heart. I shouldn't wonder yet if she married some clerk or music-teacher, because she imagined herself in love with him; when, if she 'd only—"husband her resources, she 'd be all right!" Goodness, gracious me, Rasher, what brought you home this time a day, and up into this chamber. "She can find plenty of scoundrels ready to husband her resources, and when they 'vé got them, won't care whether they husband your pretty Felicia or not." You're such a croaker, you 'll make your daughters

believe the world 's full of designing men after their fortunes. What 's that, Felicia, darling? If you get as good a man as your papa, you 'll be satisfied? And well you may! He's always been a good provider, and an indulgent husband. I've only three faults to find with your father: the first is, his being in the pork business—the next his habit of playing practical jokes—and the last, his dreadful, utter want of style. He has no air. He isn't hurt at my saying it, for he knows it himself. Put on the best broadcloth of the latest make, Janvin's gloves, and Genin's hat, it don't make a bit of difference, he's still the same plain, fussy, short little man, a-biting the fingers of his gloves, and looking as if he wasn't to home in his own house nor his own clothes. He has no air. It's the trial of my life, but I can't help it. What did you say, Rasher? You're like the Englishman's scalded pig? Clear out of this chamber! I won't permit my daughters to hear such foul allusions; I—. It wasn't a fowl allusion, it was a piggish one! Go along down stairs before I take the broomstick to you. I've forgotten the use of the broomstick? Come, come, Rasher, the chambermaid may be listening at the door. I wish you wouldn't refer to the past so frequently. You may stay if you 'll behave yourself, for I want to ask you about the party. But first tell me what brought you home? The stage? Nonsense! what did you come home for? For the rest of the day? But what was your object in coming so early? You didn't object? I 'll quit asking you questions, if I'm to be bothered in this manner. You've come home to see your little girls? Oh, well, that's natural enough, I suppose, seeing you had so little chance of talking to them yesterday. But they're not little girls any longer, you see. Cerintha's shot up like a bean-stalk. As for Felicia, she 'll always be little, like you; but she's got her full growth.

Everybody complimented our table last night, Rasher. The new silver made a gorgeous appearance; everybody looked at it, and got everybody else to look, and noticed our coat-of-arms, and told each other the motto. I heard young Flummery whispering to Mrs. Clarence Cornell that he couldn't have believed his own ears, if he hadn't have seen with his own eyes. There were so many smiles and whispers at first, I was afraid something was wrong. I asked James if anything had gone wrong, and he said there had not; he 'd never waited on a nicer table. Flummery made himself very polite to me after I noticed him laughing with Mrs. Cornell. He helped me to

salad, and put cream in my coffee when I told him I took it. As he held the cream-jug in his hand, he looked again at our coat-of-arms. "*Salve Lardum*," said he, very gravely. "I was not aware of the Rasher device till this evening, though I've been quite a student of heraldry. What is your receipt for curing bacon, Mrs. Rasher?" "Curing bacon, Mr. Flummery!" I exclaimed, beginning to be offended, as I always am at such allusions. "Yes, madam," he replied, "I supposed that curing it was the surest manner of saving it; though, doubtless, your ancestry saved theirs by taking to their heels at the proper moment." "It is an article," said I, "that I never have in my house; I do not remember now that I ever tasted any. I have no receipts for curing it." "Mrs. Rasher," said he, suddenly, "you have had no sugar yet." And he turned to the waiter to get me some. Just then, I noticed you poking that Senator Brown in the ribs, and laughing outrageously. I knew you was telling him of some of your practical jokes; your very countenance showed it, and I involuntarily tried to look at my back to see if you hadn't labelled me with some motto or something, in your usual good taste. Now, husband, I want to know what you and the Senator were having so much fun about. If you've been playing any trick on me, I want to know it; if I ever find it out, you'll repent it. I declare, if you ain't laughing again at the very remembrance of it! I'll ask the Senator myself the next time I see him. I'll tell you another thing that young Flummery said to me, though I'm sure I don't know what it means. I don't comprehend half he says, but he's excruciatingly polite, and has the reputation of being witty. Mrs. Fitz-Simmons says she couldn't think of having even a small social reunion without him, though I must confess, privately, I don't fancy him so much as she does. Says he, "Mrs. Rasher," says he, "have you read the late popular work, 'Darwin on the Origin of the Species?'" And says I, "No, Mr. Flummery; I've been so busy lately getting fixed in the new house, and all; but I expect it's in the library, for I told the man to have all the popular things." And says he, "I was just thinking it might be possible your family were descended remotely from their own coat-of-arms." And I said, "Of course we were!" with a good deal of emphasis, and asked him if it was a book of heraldry, and he smiled, and said it was; the most reliable book of heraldry extant.

I've only one lasting regret with regard to

my first party. To be sure I'm sorry for that prank of the young gentlemen, breaking up the crockery so, which was rather wild of them; but youthful indiscretion must not be judged too severely, especially when committed by the members of our first families. You wish they had spared your punch-bowl? You and Griggs would have had fine times over that punch-bowl this winter, wouldn't you? I'm sorry it was broken, I'm sure, for it would have been a comfort to me at the opera and other places, where you don't choose to go along—"and where I don't choose to have you"—to think you were comfortable at home. But, as I was saying, I've only one lasting regret, which is that I didn't succeed in getting the Liverpools here. I'd set my heart on having them, which I knew would be the means of fixing my position in society. What's that? If there's any danger of my slipping out, I'd better be fastened in with a bottle of liquid glue? What a tormenting man you are, Rasher! You've no more sympathy with my peculiar feelings than—don't hug me, don't! I ain't your spare-rib! get out! call me your duck or your goose, if you want to, but don't dub me your spare rib any more. I can't stand it.

Mrs. Fitz-Simmons says that our cards of invitation were very unique. I told you I understood such matters, and that they would be just the thing. Did I have "Complimentary" printed on all of 'em, or were the reserved seats one dollar extra? Don't be inquisitive, my love. Come into our room and let the girls dress. Hurry yourselves, my darlings, for there will be floods of company here within an hour. Semi-toilet, you know; but I'll run in and see how you look before I go down.

You've been around this early settling up bills? well, I must say, if you live to be a thousand, you'll never learn how to do things genteelly. As long as people know you are rich, and can pay when you get ready, they're in no hurry to be paid. It's only poor people, or those in doubtful circumstances, who have to pay on the spot. If it wasn't convenient for you to pay, of course you'd have to; but seeing you can just as well pay any time, people feel hurt to have you settling up so soon. It ain't the style. These folks would rather you'd be in debt to 'em than not. But you'd rather not be? That was very commendable when you did a small business, and wanted to be certain about making both ends meet, but it wouldn't hurt you a bit now if you *never* paid your debts. Let me see the bills; \$50 for cards, engraving, &c.; \$200 for flowers; \$250 for music; \$300 for

wines: \$800 for supper, attendance of waiters, loan of silver, &c. (that man's bills are always enormous, but I couldn't be sure of a success without him); \$1,600 total. "Add the milliner's bills" (mantua-maker's, I suppose you mean), "and \$150 for breakage; \$50 for ruining carpet; and a hundred or two for sundries, and you'll have nearly two thousand dollars." Well expended, Mr. Rasher. I'd have given a thousand dollars alone if the Liverpools had come. How? Perhaps, if I'd privately offered them that sum, they might have accepted, as they're said to be getting as poor as they are proud? The bills are very moderate indeed, considering the brilliancy of the affair. Five years from now, if you should live and prosper, you won't think anything of giving ten thousand for a grand party once a year. The Pillsburys do it. What are you ciphering there, on that piece of paper? How many pills, twenty-five in a box, at twenty-five cents a box, must have been inflicted upon trusting humanity, at a profit of seventy-five per cent. on the whole, in order to have enabled the Pillsburys to give that ten thousand dollar affair? Pshaw! what a horribly coarse-minded person you are, to be thinking of such things. You might just as well inquire—How many barrels of mess? Rasher, you're hitting that cologne-bottle with your elbow! There it goes down upon my Brussels carpet; thank goodness, it wasn't the ink-stand. You shouldn't think I'd have a "Brussels" carpet on my floor? Did I ever hear about Paddy's pigs? No, nor I don't want to. "A gentleman met Paddy with a drove of pigs, and, says he, 'so you're driving your pigs to Bath,

are you?" and Paddy says, 'whist! whist! if ye plaze, sir, and don't be afther spaking so loud, for sure they think they're going to Dublin, sir, or they wouldn't stir a step!'" And that's just as much like you, Rasher, as two pins. If I want to drive you one way, I have to pretend I'm driving you another. I'm constantly endeavoring—To pull the wool over your eyes? Yes, to pull the wool over your eyes, if you will have it so—but it's always for your own good, always! If you'd a had your own way, you'd stayed in that three-story brick, and worn your old white hat forever. I've persuaded you into a house, and a butler, and a carriage, and gloves, and a decent hat, and a party, and—A coat-of-arms? Yes, and a coat-of-arms, which you never would have had the ambition to look up, and discover who your ancestors were, if it hadn't been for me. What's that? I'm a great woman? You've told me so several thousand times in the course of our connubial relations, and you haven't said afar from the truth. I *intend* to be a great woman; and if you had one bit or grain of spunk you'd be a great man, in some way—politically, or officially, or *some* way. You meant I was a great woman in a corporeal sense? And what kind of a sense is that? Come down to the warehouse scales to-morrow, and get weighed? There it is again; sometimes I wish to goodness you'd live in your warehouse, and never come out of it; you'd be more to home there than in my elegant—*My* elegant?—yes, *my* elegant—there's the bell. Company for the next four hours; but you needn't mind about coming down, unless you wish to, my dear.

THE BLACK SHEEP.

BY MARION HARLAND.

(Concluded from page 54.)

CHAPTER III.

Two school-girls sat in their room, on the last night of the term, deeply engaged in laying plans for the ensuing vacation. The taller, and by a few months the elder, of the twain was Evelyn Tyndale, now grown into a handsome, intelligent-looking girl of eighteen. Her companion—by name, Minna Moore—was a plump blonde, with rosy cheeks and a profusion of ringlets; lips always willing to form themselves into a ravishing smile; a white brow, rarely, if ever, visited by a frown, and languishing blue eyes. This last feature was her

most potent weapon in Cupid's warfare, since they took the enemy by surprise. They alone kept her face from being positively what the French call *riante*—a species of beauty that captivates many hearts, and seldom breaks one. But Minna Moore's eyes promised a depth of feeling, an unfathomable mine of tenderness, while she was, in fact, the most impassive coquette that ever knotted up a lover's heart-strings and then flung by the plaything for another more attractive; and this without a pang of compunction for, or even consciousness of the mischief she had done. Evelyn, spoiled and somewhat self-

ish though she was, had far more genuine feeling, and was more to be relied upon. Yet the girls were chosen mates, and on the morrow Minna was to accompany her friend home for a visit of a month.

"As to beaux," Evelyn was saying, "I do not think we shall suffer. Besides Henry Carroll, and Tom Delisle, and other transient visitors, there is my brother Sterling, who lives next door to us; his wife loves company as dearly as I do, and, when she cannot go with me, most obligingly releases him from home-duty, and insists that he shall escort me; and for concerts, exhibitions, etc., there is Allen, if we can do no better."

"He is very young, is he not?" asked Minna.

"Hum-m-m! not exactly a boy, although he does not seem like a man to us. Six and eighteen—can it be possible that he is twenty-four years old? How ridiculous!"

"Why ridiculous? Why do you laugh? Is he so very juvenile in appearance?"

"My dear girl"—still laughing—"I never think of Allen's being *my* senior; the idea has all the force of novelty; yet facts are stubborn things, and he certainly preceded me into the world by half a dozen years."

"What is his profession?"

"He is a clerk in my father's store. § Sterling is a lawyer. The brother whom we lost was the genius of the family; mother weeps whenever his name is mentioned; she has told me that but for the comfort she found in me, then a babe but two years old, she must have died of a broken heart when he was taken."

"She had still two other children left," said Minna, wondering.

"True; but Sterling lay at the point of death. The night after Egbert died they watched his elder brother from sunset to sunrise, expecting every breath to be his last. They say that poor, dear mamma has never been the same since that awful time."

"And Allen?" said Minna, pertinaciously. She was determined to know why she had never heard more of a grown brother whom she had hitherto supposed, from Evelyn's casual mention, to be a youth, a mere lad.

Evelyn colored and bit her lip in vexation or embarrassment. "Oh, the boys were so different! and Egbert was the favorite. Although he had not completed his tenth year at the time of his death, he was studying Latin and the higher English branches, and stood first in all of his classes. He was, moreover, gifted with remarkable beauty, while Allen was always uninteresting from his infancy."

"He is not handsome, then!"

"Not in the least. I do not know that he would be really homely, if he took more pains to please, to render himself attractive; but, as I have heard mamma quote a hundred times, 'There is a black sheep in every flock,' and our small circle cannot boast of being the exception to the rule. You will love Sterling the moment you see him; his address is as fine as his person."

Minna shook her head wilfully. "I am not sure that I shall not prefer the younger brother; my tastes are singular sometimes."

"It will indeed be an odd whim that leads you to fancy Allen. He is very shy, very reserved, and does not care at all for ladies' society. He is useful to perform escort duty when there is no one else at hand who can serve that purpose; but, dear me! a man of straw would do as well, if one could work the puppet with wires."

"You are complimentary!" laughed the other. "Charity, if nothing else, would impel me to undertake the civilization of this Orson. See if we do not become excellent friends. I have a presentiment."

Allen Tyndale had no prescient visitings of good or evil as he plodded homewards to tea on the evening of his sister's arrival. As a babe, he had loved her very dearly; but, his bruin-like gambols for her entertainment being generally productive of scoldings from his mother and outcries from the child—frightened or hurt by his rough handling—he had learned to keep at a distance, and abate his caresses. He tried hard to win her to some return of the affection he felt for the pretty little sister who queened it over the whole household, as child and girl; but she, accustomed to universal homage, scorned the votive offerings of one so humble and unlovely. He was ever to her "only Allen." That word "only!" When used in such a connection, what mournful tales can it not tell of misappreciation, and slight, and injustice!

Thus the boy struggled up to man's estate, unknown by those most nearly allied to him by blood; unnoticed by the community at large. When he reached a suitable age, his father withdrew him from school, and offered him a clerkship in his store. It was accepted without a word of comment or gratitude, and no hint of a preference for that or any other profession as a means of support. "He does his work faithfully," was his father's invariable reply to the mother's inquiries as to his suitability for the situation; "but I cannot make

the lad out; he has always been a living mystery to me."

If his performance of business duties was mechanical, he was yet more of an automaton at home. After Sterling's marriage, he was useful, now and then, in the capacity described by Evelyn, and when called upon never refused to act the undesirable rôle of the imaginary straw-man—a proof that he bore no malice for past neglects, and was not selfishly partial to his own pursuits. Allen's pursuits! the idea would have been as novel and amusing to Evelyn as was that of his seniority to herself.

Ignorant that his sister had set this particular evening as the probable time of her return, Allen admitted himself by his pass-key to his father's residence. The footman was toiling up the staircase with a huge trunk on his shoulder, taken from a pile of luggage in the hall. It was characteristic of the young man, that, instead of questioning the servant, he glanced at the trunks to ascertain the owner's name. The upper one was his sister's, and his momentary curiosity satisfied, he was turning away, when the different lettering of another caught his eye—"Minna Moore." The thought of meeting a stranger, particularly a young lady, diverted him from his design of proceeding to the family sitting-room, and sent him off to his own chamber. When the tea-bell rang, he ventured forth, and went down softly by the back stairs—a boyish habit he had never abandoned, and one much complained of by his mother, as "a sample of Allen's *skulking* ways."

His pace was quickened on the second floor by the opening of the front chamber door, and a gush of musical laughter issuing therefrom. He stopped on the lowest step, screened by the turn of the wall, from the view of those above, and listened to the footsteps and rustling robes that passed through the upper hall. Then a fresh, young voice he recognized at once as a fitting accompaniment to the laugh that yet thrilled him with its delicious peal, said some words, the meaning of which he did not catch, eagerly as he drank in every note, and Evelyn replied as they entered the parlor. He was free to pursue his flight. His primary intention had been to quit the house and sup at a restaurant, so intense was the anticipated agony of sheepishness into which he knew he would be plunged by the introduction that threatened him. Now, an accession of hardihood, or a change of desire, directed him towards the dining-room. He was possessed by an unaccountable wish to see the owner of that laugh. Yet he hardly raised his eyes at her entrance;

and, after his awkward bow, as she was presented, appeared to be completely extinguished, if one could by any stretch of imagination have conceived that he had ever shone with inherent or borrowed light. Taciturn as usual, he seemed absorbed in the business of the hour and place, his plate receiving all of his regards. When he made his mental catalogue of Minna's charms, it would have puzzled the closest observer to discover, yet scarcely a motion of hers was unremarked; not a syllable lost; and her mirror had not reflected her bright face more perfectly, as she took her last satisfied peep at it when dressed for supper, than did the heart of the "bashful brother," for whom Evelyn made an apology that was contemptuous in its carelessness.

He lingered without the parlor-door when the meal was concluded, trying to summon resolution for the desperate feat of entrance. If he could only glide into a dark corner unseen and unspoken to. But the full blaze of the chandeliers streaming down upon the carpet, sending its mocking light to his feet through the door, which was ajar, told him of the cruel brilliancy that pervaded every part of the room. As he still hung back, there was a ring at the door. More visitors! The next moment he was half way up to his own dormitory. This was in the third story—a spacious and comfortable apartment, for which Mrs. Tyndale had no other use, or his quarters might not have been so eligible. It was the family habit to regard Allen as a person of low tastes, the fear most frequently expressed concerning him being, lest he should, by and by, fall into vicious company, "as is so apt to be the case with young men destitute of intellectual resources," the mother lamented. This is a sentiment, by the way, that oftentimes offends our ears, from the lips of those whose knowledge of the world and of human nature should be sufficient to teach them the fallacy of the notion. It is not your "man of very ordinary intellect" who roars out the bacchanalian song in the streets, when honest people are abed; not the "heavy plodder" who rattles the dice and shuffles the cards; not the "stupid nobody" who earliest fills the drunkard's grave and the felon's cell. Let the annals of the pen, the press, and the rostrum tell whether commanding talents or immortal genius is incompatible with proclivity to vice; a security against slavery to crime.

That Allen Tyndale had not fallen from the right path of honesty and sobriety was assuredly not in consequence of his parents' guardianship, or the ennobling influence of home-loves.

In this, his sanctum, there were nowhere visible tokens of the unworthy tastes of which he was accused. The library was small, and not very choice, as to literary merit; but it was free from works of exceptionable morality. There was a flute with a music portfolio; and another of drawings lay on the desk, the box of pencils beside it. The furniture was plain, and neither new nor well kept; but its abuse was the result of the housemaid's neglect, and not his fault. Against the walls hung several fine engravings, neatly framed; and these were the sole articles of mere ornament there. Happy was, it for the desolate-hearted boy that his tastes were few and simple; that his reserve had led him to avoid, rather than to court the society of his kind!

He sat down to his desk, and drew out an unfinished drawing. He was but a copyist of the creations of others. He had never conceived, much less executed, a good original picture, but he loved to sketch, and practice had made him a tolerable draughtsman. He had patience, too, and his copies were minute and faithful. His present model was a female head—a crayon portrait he had picked up at a sale. The lineaments were strongly marked, full of character, but wanting in beauty. The workmanship was admirable, however, and on this account Allen had bought it and commenced its study. To-night, he eyed it with distaste. How grimly uninviting it looked! how angular its outlines! how hard and cold its eyes! how severe and even vixenish appeared the mouth! "Pshaw!" he said, after a few strokes, "I cannot draw. I wish I had never seen the fright!" Pushing it away from him, and out of sight, he continued to mark idly upon a sheet of paper that had covered the drawing. He was writing now. His own signature was repeated in a variety of styles and chirography; then the name of the city and State; finally, with a negligent air, he traced the address he had read on the trunk below—"Minna Moore." He said it aloud, as he wrote it. "A pretty name!" he added, with an affectation of nonchalance; "and a pretty girl! If I had *her* likeness to copy, I don't believe I would get tired of it before it was done." From this, he began to speculate about the probable doings of the party down stairs; who was the visitor who had frightened him away. "Perhaps it is Henry Carroll. He was an old beau of Evelyn's—or Tom Delisle. I wonder if he will not fall in love with Miss Moore! He is a handsome fellow."

He was not conscious of sighing, but he did

it, nevertheless. He heard the distant piano, and went out into the passage to listen. A set of fashionable polkas was well played; then a lively waltz, followed by a prelude to a popular song. Was it Evelyn? If so, she had greatly improved in taste and execution, for she did love music enough to become a proficient. More likely that Minna Moore's white fingers were sweeping the keys. Very cautiously he sought the lower story. The conservatory door was open, and all was dark within. Yet more stealthily he went in, and ensconced himself in a position which commanded a view of the parlors, trusting to the friendly obscurity to conceal him from the eyes of the merry party of young people. Henry Carroll and Tom Delisle were both there, and Allen's surmise was further correct as to the songstress. The witching melody, to which the very shrubs and flowers about him seemed to harken and vibrate, was poured from the coral lips of Minna Moore. Her back was towards the conservatory, but her face was visible in a large oval mirror, suspended above the piano—a whim of Evelyn's, which was excessively annoying to more timid performers.

Now, it so happened, that, by the merest accident (?) in the world, Minna's blue eyes were cast upwards to this glass at the instant that Allen's figure stole across the dim background. They were keen of sight, those liquid orbs. He was seen, recognized, and his motive penetrated, before the deluded youth found a covert. Song after song followed, and still the mirror assured her, by her chance peeps at it, that the new denizen of the conservatory, whom she had so promptly classified, was there yet. Nor did he move when she at last arose, and bowing a graceful acknowledgment to the compliments of her auditors, seated herself where her unseen admirer might feast his eyes, and once in a while hear a strain of silvery laughter. Opportunity for escape was afforded and improved by him, when the two gentlemen said, "good-night."

"Quite an adventure, I declare!" murmured the beauty, as she rolled up her hair for the night. "I am not without hopes of making something of him yet, unpromising specimen though he seems."

His shyness was almost a match for her arts, and but that pique kept her firm to her purpose, she would have given up the pursuit, as altogether unworthy of her manœuvres. Fortune, at last, granted her the opening for which she was watching. The girls were engaged out to an evening party, and Minna, having com-

pleted her toilet, ran down to the parlor to get a full-length picture of herself in the tall mirrors that reached from floor to ceiling. She started, in unfeigned surprise, when she saw there Allen, flute in hand, looking over the music-rack. He was cognizant of their engagement, and not doubting but that they had already gone to fulfil it, he was now searching for the notes of a song he had, while in his leafy retreat, heard Miss Moore sing the previous night. The recollection of the manner in which this pleasure had been obtained conspired with his customary diffidence to overwhelm him. He had no power to move or articulate, but, with face on fire, and lips that moved without sound, stood, a culprit, detected in the very act.

"Am I an intruder?" asked the clear voice he knew so well.

Her manner was a bewitching mixture of frankness and girlish modesty—a wish to please and fear of appearing forward.

"O no, madam! I had no right—I just wished to—that song you sang last night." There, he had let it all out! And with a crushing sense of this upon him he relapsed into confusion worse confounded.

"What was it?" The pink-tipped fingers were busy with the loose music. "Maybe I can help you find it. Let me see! What did I sing last evening that was worth remembering?"

"Don't trouble yourself; it's of no consequence," was the Toots-ish reply of the abashed swain.

"Not to you, perhaps; but I am bent upon showing my gratitude to you for the compliment you have paid to my poor vocal efforts. I dare say I am Yankee enough to guess what the song was. See if I am not!" holding up a sheet.

"That is it! How did you know?" he asked in surprise. Already several shades of bashfulness were banished by her easy and cordial bearing. That gleeful laugh! Did Minna Moore know how passing sweet it was? Was its joyous chime always as involuntary as she would have it seem? Its contagion was made evident by a smile from Allen. He even dared to meet, for a second, the arch glance of those beautiful eyes. After all, this talking with a pretty woman was not such a formidable matter. In deed, he found it rather pleasant than otherwise.

"Did not I tell you that I was a Yankee? Seriously"—and she spoke as if she meant it—"I could not have mistaken the object of your

search, since it was the only piece I sang which could have gratified the taste of a musical amateur."

The bit of flattery was not the less palatable to Allen, because such *morceaux* were seldom dealt out to him.

"Evelyn will not be down for fifteen minutes yet," was the next attack. "Will you not accompany me while I play your favorite?"

She had taken the song from him, and seated herself at the instrument before he could refuse.

"Oh, not now!" he stammered. "I am very sorry—I cannot play—at sight, I mean; I am a poor performer at any time. You must excuse me."

"Then you will learn it, will you not? I have a brother who plays a little, a very little on the flute, not nearly so well as you do, and we often practise together. It will be so much like home—be such a gratification to me if you will now and then imitate him in this respect. What a beauty of a flute! Please let me have it for a moment. Ah, I thought so! Edwin—my brother—has one of the same make. He says no judicious flutist will ever use any other."

She drew her fingers caressingly over the polished wood, played as carelessly with the silver keys as if she never dreamed how she was consecrating it in his eyes, henceforth and forever.

"The tone is exquisite, and you finger well!" she said, on a sudden, flashing a bright smile up at him. "How astonished you look! You are longing to ask how I know *that*. Shall I confess that I set my window open last Saturday night, and was rewarded by some chance, far-off strains from the retreat where you so selfishly think to confine all your music? I heard you play this." Piano and voice glided into the air that had drawn him into the conservatory on that first memorable night. "Not another note without an accompaniment!" she said, with a charming imperiousness, and breaking off in the middle of a stanza to touch the flute.

Allen obeyed, whether against his will, or with its consent, he could not determine. Inspired with courage by her praises, or the music, he played a good second, much sweeter and more correct than his enchantress had expected. Her enthusiastic encomiums were ringing in his ears and heart as he bade her "Good-night," just in time to escape his sister, who descended the front stairs as he went up the back. He had promised, too, that he

would again "remind her of home," by bringing his flute into the parlor when there was no "vexatious evening company," an engagement he remembered with a sensation of mingled terror and delight.

"Behold the beginning!" said the exultant fairy, dashing into the "Huntsman's Chorus," to cover the retreat of her late companion, as his sister sailed in.

"You are a complete band in yourself, Minna!" she exclaimed. "I was sure I heard two or more instruments."

"Only a triumphal march to herald the approach of the Queen of Love and Beauty!" was the response—a sentiment warmly seconded by Evelyn's sworn knight, Henry Carroll, who entered at the same instant, with Tom Delisle, to escort the young ladies to the festal hall.

Minna was too skilful a general not to follow up the advantage she had won, but too wary to alarm the intended captive by over-brisk measures. Evelyn, quick-sighted as she was, did not for a long time suspect her brother's ensnarement. She could not help remarking that he was so much more at ease with Minna than with herself or any one else; that he mingled more freely and frequently in the family circle, and was altogether "wonderfully like other people"—a change dating from the week after her return home. Minna's manner, too, could not escape notice; she behaved towards him with a gentleness and affability remarkable even in this eminently popular damsel.

"Minna's good-nature is really absurd at times," said Evelyn to her mother. "It must have been a sad bore to sit and talk to Allen for an hour, as she did last night, and Tom Delisle trying to attract her attention the whole time! She tolerates Allen out of politeness to us, I suppose, and, if she were not so obliging and soft-hearted, she would content herself with that. He is unused to so much notice, and is not at all likely to appreciate it. She puts herself quite out of the way to give him a pleasant word or look."

There was no exaggeration in this description of Minna's conduct. It fell short, indeed, of expressing the various means of fascination brought to bear upon the unsophisticated victim. Unweariedly she adapted her themes and conversation to his limited capacity, and never were commonplaces endowed with more interest. She divined his tastes, and catered to them; his prejudices and dislikes, and humored them; foreseeing, as the inevitable sequel to her painstaking, the development of a passion mightier than any other that had entered his

soul. And all for what? At first that the idle moments of an incorrigible flirt might be whiled away in a pastime so congenial to her fancy; afterwards to tempt and secure game really worth the trouble of setting the net.

The hour of her departure came; a cause of regret to Mr. and Mrs. Tyndale; of as much sorrow to Evelyn as she could feel at the going of any one while Henry Carroll remained near her; to the dupe of the coquette's wiles a season of blacker darkness than he had ever endured before in the gray, still life she had of late changed into a sunny, happy day. Within her trunk were stowed away handsome presents from her entertainers and the friends she had made during her visit; there was one—the most valuable of all—from Allen; but this, for reasons best known to herself, she omitted to mention to his sister.

Mr. Tyndale attended his fair guest to the depot in person. Her escort was to meet her there; and, expecting to see him, he was surprised yet not sorry to recognize Allen in the person who opened the carriage door when they stopped.

"Ah, Allen! I am glad you happened to be here. Just get a through ticket, and have those trunks checked, will you? There are four and a hat-box. I will see Miss Moore into the cars."

Minna could have laughed outright at the expression of consternation, the blank disappointment depicted in the son's countenance as he received this cool order; but she struggled with her risibles, and, giving a slight pressure, that might or might not have been accidental, to the hand that helped her to the ground, she demurely followed the old gentleman, who, ignorant of the blighted hopes, the frustrated purpose accruing from his selfish arrangement, hurried his fair charge under shelter from a heavy shower just beginning to fall. Allen pressed towards the "office," hoping still to gain a brief interview with the lady of his love by promptly securing the ticket and checks. But each man there had his own reason for eagerness in the same object, and he had to struggle desperately for the coveted articles.

"Just saved your distance!" said his father, rather sharply, as, wet with rain and perspiration, and out of breath, the young man made his way through the crowded aisle to where sat Minna, chatting gayly with her travelling companion and her late host. "I began to think that I had better have gone myself."

Minna spoke one little sentence in an undertone when she took her ticket. No ordinary phrase of thanks or regret would have called

up that flush into his cheek, and fired the leaden eye. "I wish he had!" was her aside to the father's remark, and these four words were some balm to his bleeding spirit; sustained him from downright despair when she was actually speeding away from him, and he stood on the wet platform gazing after the smoke-enveloped train, the rain soaking his garments, and, hanging above his heart, the prospect of loneliness insupportable, desolation unspeakable in the weeks and months that must elapse before he saw her again.

CHAPTER IV.

It was the height of the bathing season at Long Branch. The white flag was up, signalling the hour when ladies and gentlemen might together enter the surf; be partners in a wild frolic with the waves, tenfold more exhilarating as well as innocent than the gayeties of the nightly "hop." The porticoed hotels skirting the beach sent forth each its streams of seaward-bound travellers, and the sands soon presented a lively spectacle. Costumes the most fantastic and varied were too common to call forth more than a passing smile or observation. One dash of spray, one fall of the curling waters ever hastening towards the shore, and all were alike, noticeable only for superior daring or an excess of cowardice.

"There is the lady whose very pretty face smote you with such admiration yesterday," said a gentleman on shore to his friend. "Not even the disfiguring bathing-dress can alter the fact of her beauty. She has spirit, too; see how fearlessly she ventures out!"

"I would not object to exchanging places with her attendant," answered his companion. "He is not an ill-looking fellow, either. I imagine he is more than passably handsome in his dry land habiliments."

"You know him, do you not?" interrogated the other. "It is Tom Delisle, our old school-mate."

"Is it possible? And is that his sister?"

"I cannot say. If so, she has a most devoted brother. I devoutly hope that she is not his wife. In that case, the honeymoon is not over. Aha!"

The ejaculation was elicited by the breaking of a heavy wave over the outermost line of bathers, and the shock it gave them. Delisle saw it coming, and bracing himself by a firmer foothold, threw his arm about the waist of the lady whose hand he had been holding. She

would in all likelihood have fallen but for this support. Her hat was tossed on shore by the breaker, and her long hair rolled down upon her shoulders. The exclamation of the spectator, above quoted, was repeated, in a tone of astonishment, by a solitary individual within hearing.

"There is your most adoring cavalier, Allen Tyndale," said Delisle, on their way to the shore.

"Ah, indeed! Where?" asked Minna.

"Just beyond those two gentlemen with white hats. He has been watching us for ten minutes or more."

And watching he was now, with a bitter gnawing at his heart, that was only allayed, not removed, by the smiling, familiar welcome wafted to him by the toss of her little hand, so snowy beneath the dark blue tunic, as she emerged like Aphrodite from the foamy billows. The hope of seeing her was all that had brought him to this place. He had become possessed of information respecting her whereabouts by chancing to overhear a remark of Evelyn's to her now accepted lover, young Carroll.

"Minna will spend a fortnight at Long Branch in August. If it were not for my important preparations for—*for* October," smiling and blushing as she brought out the words, "I would join her there."

For six months Allen had dreamed and planned how he would take advantage of his summer's vacation from business to pay a visit to his idol at her own home. This seaside excursion promised better things than a formal presentation of himself at the door of the yet unknown *pater familias*. Leaving his family under the impression that he was going upon an indefinite Northern trip, he took the most speedy conveyance for the popular resort that, just now, was all the world to him. An examination of the registers informed him at which hotel her party was staying, and not perceiving that Tom Delisle's name was upon the same page, he engaged a room for himself. Then, in the perversity of his diffidence, dreading the interview he yet longed for, as the dearest boon Fortune could bestow, he dared not send up his card, but strolled restlessly down to the beach, and there found her when he was least prepared for the meeting.

When Minna, in dry attire, came forth from her bathing-house, he was nowhere to be seen.

"How long has Mr. Tyndale been here?" she inquired of Tom Delisle.

"I do not know. He probably arrived this

morning. I had not seen him before his appearance on the beach just now."

"Will you find out where he puts up?"

"If you desire it, certainly," he rejoined, rather stiffly.

"You know," added Minna, in pretended confusion, "it is natural that I should want to hear from Evelyn."

"Of course; the most natural thing imaginable. The letter which I brought from her is already two and a half days old, and your anxiety for later tidings must be extreme."

This touch of sarcasm was more welcome to the hearer than the utmost display of alacrity in the execution of her will would have been. It proved exactly what she wished to ascertain: viz., that the speaker was sufficiently in love to render him the most unreasonable of men; a point from which the next step is a leap into the quagmire of declaration. It seemed preposterous that a handsome, intelligent fellow of fair fortune, and a favorite in society, should be jealous of a nobody like Allen Tynedale; yet Delisle was unaffectedly uncomfortable. There was no accounting for women's fancies. They had set all laws of cause and effect in love affairs at defiance, since the days when Titania became enamored of Bottom. The experience of the previous winter had showed that, for some reason, Allen's attentions were not disagreeable. Tom entertained sundry annoying memories of times when those pretty shoulders had been wilfully turned from himself, as his shy rival approached. Her embarrassment in speaking of him, her awkward attempt to frame an excuse for her desire to meet him, were omens that boded no good to his own suit. Let her feelings be what they might, Allen's coming would assuredly interfere with his enjoyment of her company.

Minna's head was down, and her face screened from observation by the broad brim of her straw "flat," and they walked back to the hotel in silence. She did not look up as they paused at her door. The sorrowful droop of the black lace curtain surrounding that hat appealed to his generosity.

"May I come up for you at dinner-time?" he asked, in a relenting tone.

"If you please."

The sad, gentle accents cut him to the heart.

"You are displeased with me! Forgive my rudeness! I was unjust, ungentlemanly, cruel! And to you, the most—"

Had this been a suitable place for a proposal, he would have been allowed to proceed. As it was, she checked him, by holding out her soft,

ungloved fingers in token of amity. He still hesitated, after she had withdrawn them modestly from his prolonged pressure; but although his heart and eyes were full of pleadings for one forgiving glance, one glimpse of her countenance, she went into her room, and shut the door after her without raising her head. Once there, she waited until his reluctant footsteps died away in the distance, before she threw the friendly hat to the floor, and danced around it in such exuberance of triumph, that one might have supposed her crazy.

"Wait until to-morrow, and we shall see whether Ella Price will say, as she did last night, when I told her of my last winter's work with Allen the Irresistible, '*Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle*!'"

Allen stood in the hall as she passed through to dinner. She bowed smilingly, but his face was gloomy, and he did not advance one step to meet her. Why should he—how could he, when she leaned on Tom Delisle's arms? Nor did he seek her when the two hours of agonizing tediousness spent at table were over. They were at opposite ends of the same board. He might have feasted his eyes upon her fresh, joyous beauty, if he had had the heart to look. He retired to his chamber, and pacing its narrow limits, he brooded darkly upon his disappointment, until the sea-breeze, stealing in through the window, in some measure cooled his fever, and tempted him to inhale it in more abundant draughts.

The bank above the sands was thronged with gay promenaders, and, shrinking in his sick-heartedness from their merriment, he went down the steep flight of steps to the beach. The water was very rough, and the great waves smote angrily upon the shore, spreading wide sheets of foam far beyond the point where they broke. Absorbed in thought, Allen took no notice of their treacherous advances until his wet feet admonished him of the propriety of keeping nearer the solid ground. He was picking his way carefully along the foot of the perpendicular bank when a scream made him look behind him. A lady, with a nursery-maid and child, had been overtaken by the water while collecting the bright pebbles left by the retreat of a former wave. There was no danger, but all appeared terrified by the sudden wetting. A child or a woman in distress could never be overlooked by our hero, shy though he was; he ran back, and caught up the little girl, whom the nurse had dropped or upset in her endeavor to save herself.

"You are not hurt; only a little wet and a

good deal frightened," he said, soothingly, shaking the sand from her clothes.

"I am a thousand times obliged to you. You are *very* kind," said a sweet voice. And the lady pushed back her hat, flooding him, as it were, with the liquid light that poured from her blue eyes.

It was now Allen's turn to let go the struggling innocent. He actually staggered backwards under the overwhelming surprise.

"Take Bessie to the house," continued Minna to the maid; "she will take cold, if her feet remain wet. Mr. Tyndale!"

The calm politeness of manner departed with the nurse. The ripe lips were trembling, the eyes swimming in tears or what looked like them, and her tone! A heart of granite must have melted under the grief and loving reproach she contrived to throw into that single exclamation—"Mr. Tyndale!"

Still he could not speak. There was a lump in his throat; a wild throbbing at his heart that deprived him of utterance; made respiration almost agony.

"Won't you shake hands with me?" pursued the winning accents. "Or have you indeed forgotten old times and old friends?"

"Forgotten!"

It was all the pale lips could say, as he clasped the tiny hand in his own, and, figuratively speaking, again laid his forehead in the dust before her, that she might plant her foot upon his neck.

They walked and talked together until the supper-gong summoned the scattered parties to the hotel. After tea she was still his for a saunter along the portico until it was time to attend the "hop" at a neighboring house. She named the place; not carelessly, but as if certain that he would not fail to meet her there, although she was "obliged, by a prior engagement, to go thither with some one else." He fully intended to obey the delicious hint; but, reflecting that her toilet required some time to perfect, and that his, as he meant to be only a looker-on, need undergo no change, he repaired to the seaside, which had already a strange fascination for him, there to ruminate upon this sudden and wonderful happiness.

The moon was in the zenith, and her path across the waste of waters was like the passage of myriads of silver-winged fairies. Not one drop of spray there but had its ray, flashing, quivering, sparkling. O for a word or a combination of words that may even faintly express the restless radiance, the changing from

brightness to glory in that gorgeous highway of the Queen of Heaven!

Allen gazed, and wondered, and thought until he was tired with walking in the deep sand; and, retiring to the shade of the bank, cast himself down in a boat drawn up between two bathing-houses, and lay listening to the booming surge, and dreaming. Occasionally a figure, or perhaps a group, passed between him and the illuminated tract of ocean. No one appeared to see him; but it did not occur to him that he was really concealed from casual observation. Therefore, when two ladies stopped so near to him that the stiff breeze rustled their dresses almost in his face, and bore every syllable of their conversation to his ear, raised as their voices were to overcome the noise of the surf, he did not move. Had he been sure that he must play the eavesdropper in remaining where he was, it is questionable whether he could have found the nerve to arise and discover himself.

"What a consummate tactician you are!" said one of the fair strangers. "Do you really mean to say that the *rencontre* which seemed purely accidental to us lookers-on from the higher grounds was a bold, studied step to recall your recreant admirer? And poor Mrs. Courtney was '*so* concerned,' and '*so* grateful,' and '*so* charmed' with your good-nature in going with Bessie when she cried to 'pick up pretty stones!' I don't suppose you pinched her to bring about the lamentations you quieted so amiably, did you?"

"Not exactly!"—Allen's heart halted in its rapid beatings at the voice, and the low, musical laugh that accompanied it; "but I deserve the credit of having instigated the self-willed infant to the desire expressed by directing her attention to the riches cast up by the waves, that proved themselves such able abettors in my womanly manœuvre."

"I hoped you gained enough by said manœuvre to recompense you for the loss of your new gaiters."

"I was fortunate even there. The boots are uninjured, except that the tips may be a trifle less glossy. The walk in the warm sand that succeeded my wetting dried my feet comfortably by supper-time. Even if they had been ruined, I should not have been inconsolable, well as they fit; should have considered it but a small mishap, one of the minor misfortunes of war."

"How much longer do you intend to drive two in hand?" interrupted the other. "Take care! it is a dangerous game!"

"I grant it—to the inexperienced," was the

confident rejoinder. "I remember, moreover, your insinuation against my adorable Allen, as expressed in the French proverb. Hearken, O unbeliever! My politic show of interest in the arrival of the interesting youth this forenoon was a bullet in the heart of the real game. Whilst I was making sure of the decoy here upon the sands this afternoon—partly because he might yet be useful to me, partly because my heart softened at the thought of his miserable state, and I was not loth to leave him 'with a sweet taste' of me 'in his mouth,' as the children say; while I was doing this, a certain young gentleman was galloping restlessly through country lanes and woods to while away the tedium of the afternoon which I had named as the period I desired for deliberation upon the subject of a letter slipped into my hand at dinner. Now, since this cogitation occupied less time than he expected, was I to mope in my room, like Marianna in the 'moated Grange,' through all the glorious sunset? This would have been especially nonsensical after I had seen my melancholy second-best strolling towards the beach. To cut short my story, at ten o'clock I am to meet the writer of this document in the pavilion on the bank back of us, and give him his answer. I was in a very good-humor towards the whole world, as you may suppose, so, as I could spare an hour after supper to the aforesaid No. 2, who the fates have decreed shall be No. 0 by to-morrow, it was but kind in me to bestow this parting blessing."

"How did you get rid of him finally?"

"Poor fellow! He is now diligently staring into the windows of the 'National,' expecting to recognize me in every girl that floats by in the waltz. It hurt my conscience to fib out-right to him, but it was necessary to get rid of him. He is called the 'black sheep' of the family, and he is very like a sheep-burr in his pertinacity, where he once fastens himself. What a noisy heathen old Neptune is! Let us go on. I do not care to crack my voice before the interesting interview at 'ten o'clock this moonlight night.'"

And warbling the song she had quoted, she walked away.

CHAPTER V.

NONE of Allen Tyndale's kindred have looked upon his face since that summer night, four years ago. A brief line to his father, dated from New York the day after he left the sea-

shore, is all the direct intelligence they have ever had from him. It stated his intention of immediate departure from the country, without assigning his reasons for doing so, or his destination. A month later, an acquaintance just returned from a Southern tour informed Mr. Tyndale that he had met his son in New Orleans, in company with several Filibusters of Walker's army; had spoken to him, and received a sullen recognition, which, however, did not surprise him, as the young man was evidently intoxicated! Every means of inquiry was resorted to by the alarmed parent, but no further information was ever gained.

The mother knows not if the son she nurtured upon her bosom is still a fugitive and a wanderer upon the earth; or, if he moulders in a nameless grave; or, more distressing yet, if he's in a malefactor's cell, awaiting the day of doom. On her the stroke has done its work. Remorse, late and ineffectual, sets before her his shadowed childhood; his embittered youth; his neglected manhood; and asks, "Was there no balm in a mother's love—no pity in a mother's heart, that could more than compensate to him for Nature's deficiencies and the world's slight?" This voice it is whose accusations have robbed spirit and body of rest; made her old while yet in her prime—a change that causes friends to wonder, and acquaintances to conjecture what mysterious grief thus weighs her down, which arouses the husband's fears for her health and reason, and the daughter's indignation at the extravagant expenditure of sentiment upon an object so unworthy.

"It may seem unsisterly in me not to sympathize with mamma's anxiety," she says to her friend and neighbor, the still pretty and blooming Mrs. Delisle, "but what else could she—what could any of us expect? You know yourself, Minna, that Allen was always our 'black sheep!'"

READ ALOUD.

READING aloud is one of those exercises which combine mental and muscular effort, and hence has a double advantage.

To read aloud well, a person should not only understand the subject, but should hear his own voice, and feel within him that every syllable was distinctly enunciated, while there is an instinct presiding which modulates the voice to the number and distance of the hearers. Every public speaker ought to be able to tell whether he is distinctly heard by the farthest

auditor in the room ; if he is not, it is from a want of proper judgment and observation.

Reading aloud helps to develop the lungs just as singing does, if properly performed. The effect is to induce the drawing of a long breath every once in a while, oftener and deeper than of reading without enunciating. These deep inhalations never fail to develop the capacity of the lungs in direct proportion to their practice.

Common consumption begins uniformly with imperfect, insufficient breathing ; it is the characteristic of the disease that the breath becomes shorter and shorter through weary months, down to the close of life, and whatever counteracts that short breathing, whatever promotes deeper inspirations is curative to that extent, inevitably and under all circumstances. Let any person make the experiment by reading this page aloud, and in less than three minutes the instinct of a long breath will show itself. This reading aloud develops a weak voice and makes it sonorous. It has great efficiency, also, in making the tones clear and distinct, freeing them from that annoying hoarseness which the unaccustomed reader exhibits before he has gone over half a page, when he has to stop and clear away, to the confusion of himself as much as that of the subject.

This loud reading, when properly done, has a great agency in inducing vocal power, on the same principle that muscles are strengthened by exercise ; those of voice-making organs being no exception to the general rule. Hence, in many cases, absolute silence diminishes the vocal power, just as the protracted non-use of the arm of the Hindoo devotee at length paralyzes it forever. The general plan, in appropriate cases, is to read aloud in a conversational tone, thrice a day, for a minute, or two, or three at a time, increasing a minute every other day, until half an hour is thus spent at a time, thrice a day, which is to be continued until the desired object is accomplished. Managed thus, there is safety and efficiency as a uniform result.

As a means, then, of health, of averting consumption, of being social and entertaining in any company, as a means of showing the quality of the mind, let reading aloud be considered an accomplishment far more indispensable than that of smattering French, or lisping Italian, or dancing cotillions, gallopades, polkas, and quadrilles.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

LESSONS IN MOSS PAINTING.

BY C. E.

In this kind of painting, moss is the first article to be procured. It can be found in forests or swamps, and there is also a few varieties to be found in the open fields. The moss that grows in pine woods or rocky places is much the best, as it keeps its color better in drying. Four varieties are necessary ; more can be used to advantage. That of the darkest color will be found growing on the bodies of trees, in small tufts. After procuring your moss, place it with the top down on paper near the fire, and dry quickly *without scorching*. After it is dry shake off all impurities, such as dead leaves, grass, sand, and rotten wood. Moss that grows in swamps must be thoroughly washed, as the roots are always dirty, and hard to clean after they become dry. As soon as it is dry put it away in a *dark* place until time to use it.

Procure a sheet of bookbinder's pasteboard, or get a thin board made perfectly smooth, or, what is better still, a canvas prepared the same as for an oil-painting. If pasteboard or board is used, it should be coated with thin paste, and paper muslin laid smoothly upon it, the glazed side up ; it will be firm when dry, if the paste is good ; but there must be no wrinkles, as that spoils the beauty of the picture. After it is dry take a crayon or pencil and sketch a landscape ; if not used to drawing, procure a picture to copy from. Any one can sketch a landscape sufficiently well if they have one to look at. A picture with old ruins, distant mountains, one or two large trees, with river or lake partly visible is a good subject ; or an old, ruined saw-mill, with trees, mountains, and the mill-pond in sight. There is a picture sold at the print-shops called the "Ruined Abbey," which looks beautiful when copied. One thing I wish to observe here—the larger the picture is made, the better it looks. Never attempt to get too much on a picture of moderate size, as it invariably looks cramped and clumsy.

—If we work upon marble, it will perish ; if we work on brass, time will efface it ; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust ; if we work upon immortal minds—if we imbue them with high principles, with just fear of God and of their fellow-men, we engrave on these tablets something which no time can efface, but which will brighten to all eternity.

DIRGE.

UPON old Time's empurpled flood
How deep are shadows cast!
Here written are in fire and blood
The records of the past.
I gaze upon a lone, bleak shore,
And hear the lion's fearful roar
Where towers and temples reared of yore
Their spires into the sky;
And see all desolate the wold,
Once smoothly paved with purest gold,
Where heroes dwelt, and gods of old
Smiled on them from on high.
Cities of yore that proudly stood,
Lay level with the ground,
And o'er them awful solitude
Reigns mournfully profound.

O'er old Judea's hills and plains—
The golden land of yore—
No more the great Jehovah reigns,
As in the past, no more.
And where they reared the cross on high,
The bloody cross of Calvary
That bore Messiah up to die,
Gave back to God the Son—
Is now a fearful hold, and strong
Of Moslem rule and Moslem wrong,
And superstition's mighty throng
Bow down to gods of stone.
There is no end to woes of earth,
No end to human strife;
All gayness here is madness—mirth
Is mockery of life.

Though free in heart, and brave and stout,
And strong to raise a battle shout,
None but have entered with a doubt
The dark, mysterious tomb;
And as the ages onward flow,
Still shall the souls of mortals go,
With doubt of joy and fears of woe,
Into eternal gloom.

Thus doubts and fears encompass all
That breathe this mortal breath;
Thus doubting, fearing, trembling, fall
Before the reaper Death.

Mem'ry is all with sorrows fraught;
O past! how sad thou art!
And mournful is man's present lot,
The erring feet must smart,
Yet in the future looms no light
To guide our footsteps on aright,
But all is fearful, black as night—
As wintry night with rain!
And musing of the coming years,
With eyes bedimmed with many tears,
I, burdened with these doubts and fears,
Oft deem that life is vain.
But still there seems to be a goal
Beyond the present day,
To energize the weary soul
Upon life's thorny way.

The past is one eternal tomb,
A dwelling of the dead;
Wide o'er the present endless gloom,
Broad wings and dark have spread.

Still ages on in darkness glide,
Still life and death stand side by side,
And will, till vast oblivion's tide,
Dark rolling fearfully,
Shall separate them far and wide,
And leave between an awful void;
Man hath no choice, but must abide
In boundless misery,
Must bow before affliction's rod,
Must sink despair beneath,
Until the universal God
Reclaims the soul from death.

UNDER THE SNOW.

BY M. W. HACKELTON.

GATHER the white shroud over it;
Cover it deep with clay;
Dust of the pure and beautiful,
Hide in the dust away;
Silent and cold and motionless,
Freezing the soul with woe—
Make for the dead a sepulchre
Under the drifted snow.

Veil the closed eyelids reverently;
Eyes that have been thy heaven,
Holy with trust and tenderness,
Love to their light had given.
Seal the pale lips all silently;
Lips that have clung to thine,
Dewy with love's sweet ecstasy,
Rich with its glowing wine.

Gather the white shroud over it,
Mourn for the glory fled—
Faith, thou art lost forever!
Love, thou art cold and dead!
Silent and cold and motionless,
Freezing the soul with woe—
Over the icy sepulchre
Gathers the drifting snow.

MY BIRTHDAY.

BY MRS. M. M. HINES.

I STAND midway on my journey,
And behold where the rising sun
In a flood of crimsoning radiance
Told of a life begun.

And I look far away to the westward,
An untravelled and lengthening plain
See the tops of the mountains of evening,
Where that sun will set again.

Around me the glare of the noonday,
Yet back glancing well do I know
That my footsteps have passed the meridian,
By the shadows beginning to grow.
Yet, if with brave heart I press forward,
Nor murmur and faint by the way,
I need fear not when deepening shadows
Come with the closing day.

For when the last gleaming of sunset
Shall fade in the softening west,
A kind guide is coming to bear me
Away to the land of rest.

NOVELTIES FOR FEBRUARY.

Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.



Figs. 1 and 2.—Night-caps for a bridal wardrobe: the most tasteful, and at the same time becoming and serviceable styles that we have given in years.

Fig. 1 is particularly comfortable; it is cut in one piece, and the crown receives the full twist or braid of hair. The frill is put on in a new way, and, together with the band and bow, is of the same material as the cap, fine linen lawn. The frill is scalloped in needle-work; the band and strings have a narrow rolled hem. Fig. 2 is of the same material, the crown coming into the cape, and the band looped instead of tied; the strings are broad, and all the trimming has a needle-work finish.

Fig. 3.—Dress cap of white over black blonde; trimming, blonde, full blown rose, buds, and foliage, with a large bow of black velvet ribbon at the opposite side.

Fig. 4.—Fichu of black and white lace for evening dress; it is trimmed between the rows of lace by narrow black velvet, and a rosette of the same, with long loops, fastens it at the waist.

Figs. 5 and 6.—Undersleeves for morning

Fig. 3.



Fig. 4.

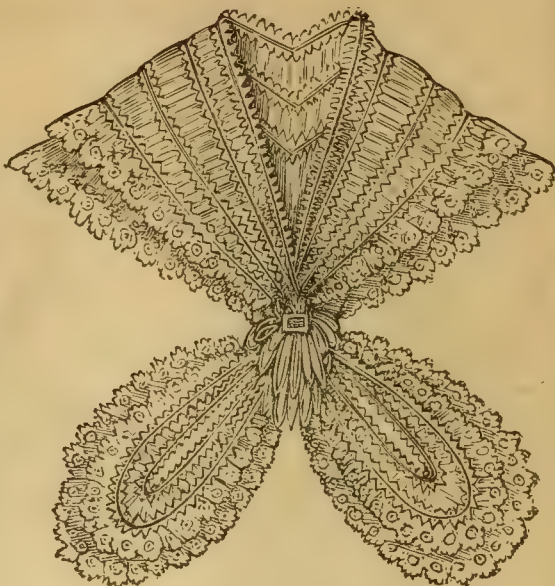
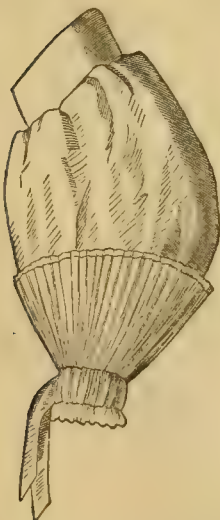


Fig. 5.



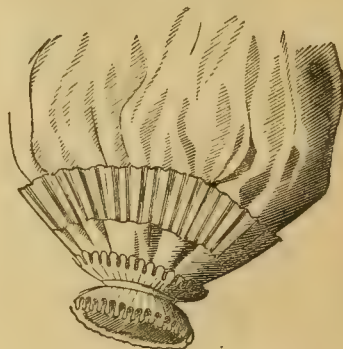
wear, of tarleton, French muslin, or crape; they set close to the wrist with frills of the same material.

THE CINDERELLA SLIPPER.

(See engravings, page 108.)

Material.--Two skeins, each of four shades, of scarlet wool, the darkest to be the color of a dark clove pink,

Fig. 6.



the next of a military scarlet, the next two shades lighter, and the next two shades lighter again; one bunch of No. 6 steel beads; one-quarter yard of Penelope canvas, that which measures twelve double threads to the inch; four wool needles; and one reel of No. 33 cotton.

This pretty slipper is adapted for a child four years old, but may be made either larger or smaller. Its glittering appearance, which sparkles with every movement of the foot, has an exquisite effect. As a morning slipper for young ladies, it cannot fail to please; for fancy fairs it would also prove a very salable article.

First pencil from the engraving the outline of the slipper in thin writing or other paper;

then cut it exactly in the pencil marks; pin or tack it on the canvas; then, with needle and black cotton, tack an outline on the canvas, outside the paper all round, but observe to have only 16 stitches across the instep; fasten the cotton off securely, and run a black thread through the centre between the 16 stitches. Now, with the darkest wool, cross-stitch over this outline of cotton. Then commence to work the slipper thus: Begin first stripe close to the line of instep, but two stitches of the canvas from the centre thread of black, and having the *heel of the slipper at the right hand*; with the lightest shade on the 2d row of canvas from the centre work 8 cross-stitches; then slip the needle under four threads of canvas, and work 8 more stitches on same row; then slip 4; 8 more stitches; slip 4; work any that may be left in same row. Take the 3 next shades, and work exactly the same. Thus there will be two rows of wool stitches on each the dividing line of black thread.

2d stripe.—Miss 2 rows of canvas; with lightest shade work 2 stitches; miss 4; work 8; miss 4; work 8; miss 4; work the remainder with the remaining three shades exactly the same.

3d stripe.—Miss 2 rows of the canvas; work 8; miss 4; work 8; miss 4; work 8; miss the

remainder, and finish the stripe towards the heel in similar manner.

It will be scarcely necessary to give any further directions for this pattern, which latter must be worked entirely over the slipper before proceeding to work the bars across, which are worked exactly in the same way; but, instead of slipping the needle under the canvas, the needle will be slipped under the 4 worked rows; but observe that all the stitches are crossed in the same direction. The intersection of these bars will cause 4 stitches of canvas to be left between each bar (*see engraving*), and these 4 stitches are filled up with steel beads, thus: Take No. 30 cotton, *doubled*, and fine needle; fasten the cotton into back of slipper; thread two beads; cross these over the stitch of canvas the same way as the wool stitches are crossed; then 2 more over next stitch, and the same over the other 2 stitches of canvas. Thus there are 8 beads in each 4 stitches of canvas; but, as the beads would wear off round the sole, and round the edge of the slipper where the binding comes, fill these squares in with steel colored twist, or silk used double. The slipper should be trimmed with a rosette of scarlet or cerise color satin ribbon, of a tint not to obscure the brightness of the wool.

THE RAILWAY STOCKING.

TO BE WORKED IN COTTON THREAD OR WORSTED.

Cast on the needles as many stitches as would be required for an ordinary stocking for a child. Knit it once around, then rib it until an inch long, then bind off. Take up the stitches and commence knitting straight around plain stocking stitch until you have a finger and a half done; then knit once around, dropping every other stitch off the needle; then stretch out the stocking, and the stitches will run down until it reaches the ribbed piece, and no farther, forming a beautiful open worked stocking. Having kept the remaining stitches on the needles, finish off the toe by knitting straight around, narrowing every time on each needle. It will shape itself on the

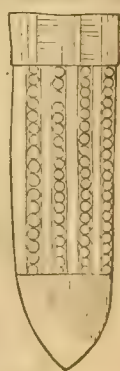
When on the leg.



When first knit.



When done and stretched.



leg, and will be sufficiently long, as it only requires two fingers in length for a lady's stocking.

BAG TO BE BRAIDED ON VELVET OR CASHMERE.



Gold braid on velvet, or cerise on black cashmere, are both pretty.

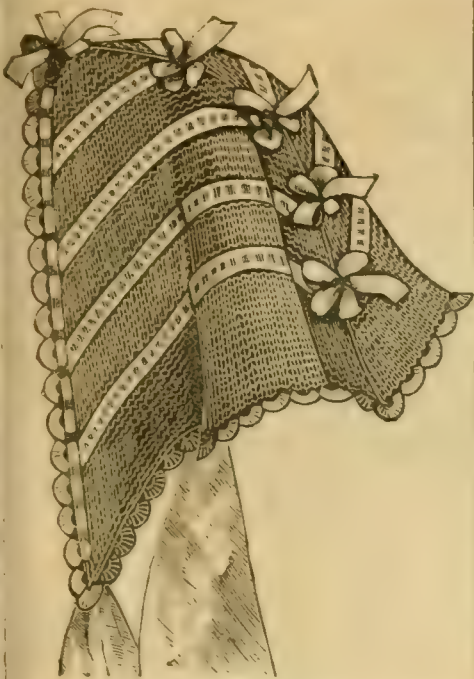
To those who are unacquainted with the method of transferring the designs to velvet, or any dark material, it would be as well to say that the pattern should be drawn on thick paper, then carefully pricked. Then the pat-

tern should be laid over the material to be worked, and some powdered starch or whiteness rubbed over it; on removing the pattern, the design will be traced in white spots, which are then to be followed out with a camel's-hair pencil and white lead.

 INSERTION.


A NORWEGIAN MORNING OR BONNET CAP, IN SHETLAND WOOL.

Materials—Half an ounce each of cerise and white Shetland wool; two steel knitting pins, No. 12; crochet hook, No. 2.



CAST ON 240 stitches. K (or knit) two plain rows *; now knit one stitch; take two together; knit 115 stitches; take two together, and take two together again; now K the remainder, taking two together before the last stitch. The next row back is plain; now repeat from * till there are 18 ribs of knitting in which there are 36 rows alternately decreased and plain. Take the white wool—knit three rows in the same way, which is one rib and one row, decreasing as before: K one stitch; take two together; wind the wool twice over the pins; take two together, wind twice over the pin again till there are 41 holes; then take two together twice; make 41 holes again; take two together; K 1; now knit three rows plain, again decreasing as before.

Now, with cerise wool, knit six ribs or twelve rows, decreasing as before. Then with white the same as the first white stripe. Then continue with white and cerise alternately till there are four white and four cerise stripes irrespective of the first deep border. Now, with cerise, knit 16 rows, decreasing as before. This finishes with one stitch. For the border along the

14*

front, with cerise, make 2 L stitches, with 1 ch between each L; in one loop of the knitting 3 ch; 2 more L as before in an equal space to the 3 ch: this is along the front only. 2d row, 9 L with 1 ch between each u the 1 ch; 1 ch dc between next 2 L; 1 ch 9 L with 1 ch between each u next; 1 ch repeat. This last row is worked with the knitting at the back within the row of L stitches. Run cerise ribbon in the alternate holes of the white rows, and the same in the alternate L stitches of the border.

THE KNITTED WINTER SPENSER.

Materials.—Seven skeins of dark fleecy four-thread; one skein each of gray fleecy, four shades; No. 8 pins; No. 1 Penelope crochet hook.



Stitch Brioché, thread forward, slip 1, knit 2 together, the same backwards and forwards.

Cast on 141 stitches, knit 2 plain rows.

Knit 40 rows.

Knit 4 ribs besides the outside half rib. Increase, do this by picking up two of the back stitches with the right hand needle, placing them on the left, wool forward, slip 1, knit 1, knit 39 ribs, increase as before, knit 4 ribs.

Knit 10 rows.

Knit 5 ribs, increase, knit 39 ribs, increase, knit 5 ribs.

Knit 10 rows.

Knit 6 ribs, increase, knit 39 ribs, increase, knit 6 ribs.

Knit 10 rows.

Knit 7 ribs, increase, knit 7 ribs, cast off 2 ribs, knit 21 ribs, cast off 2 ribs, knit 7 ribs, increase, knit 7 ribs.

Pass off the fronts on to a thread, knit 44

rows for the back, increase a rib on each side nearest the shoulder.

Knit 10 rows.

Decrease by casting off 1 rib 8 times—that is, 1 rib at the beginning of each row; there will be 8 ribs, and 7 ribs on the top of the neck.

Knit a plain row, cast off.

Take up the front, knit 7 ribs, increase, knit 7 ribs.

Knit 10 rows.

Knit 8 ribs, increase, knit 7 ribs.

Knit 30 rows.

Increase a rib the side nearest the shoulder.

Knit 10 rows.

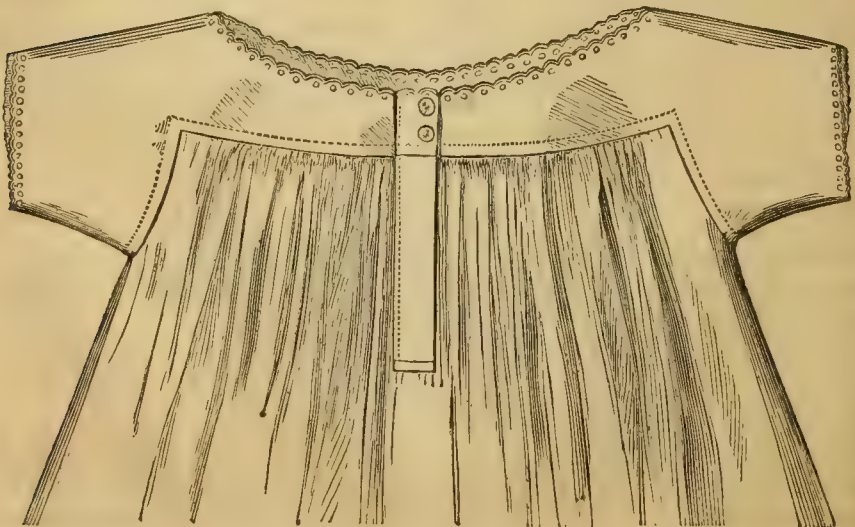
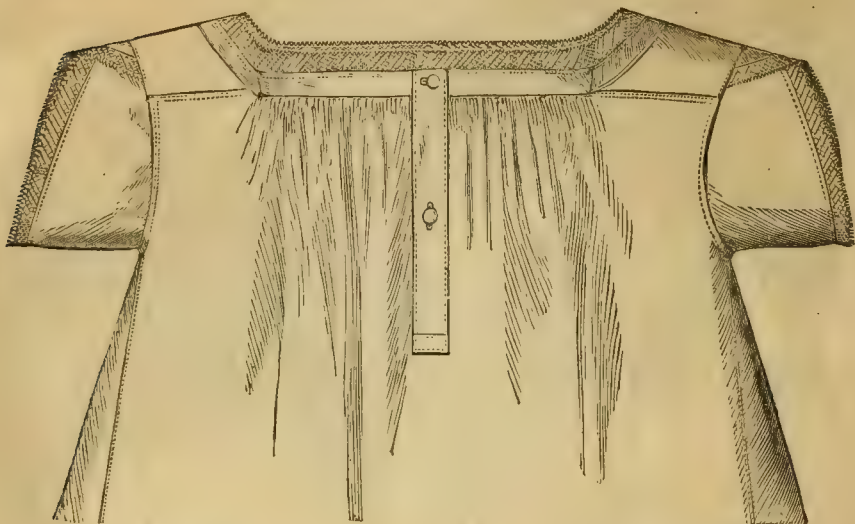
Cast off three ribs, then decrease every row equally till to a point.

FOR THE SLEEVES.—Cast on 81 stitches, knit 22 rows.

Increase a rib, knit 60 rows, decrease a rib, knit 22 rows, cast off.

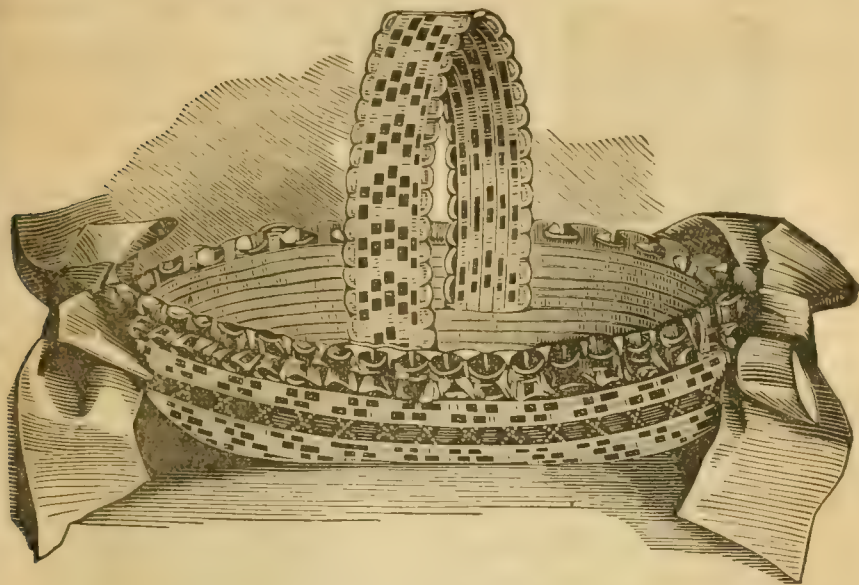
Work 4 rows of long stitches in crochet all round with the four shades of gray fleecy.

CHEMISE PATTERNS.



INDIAN CANOE WORK-BASKET.

FOR CARRYING ON THE ARM, WITH A LITTLE PIECE OF WORK OR KNITTING.



Materials.—One ball of crochet cord, gray or drab; one knot of colored satin cord; satin ribbon, and a coarse crochet hook.

MAKE a chain loosely, nine inches long, and work on it one row of sc. Then hold on the cord, and work over it, 4 stitches, 2 ch, miss 2, 1 stitch over cord; 2 ch, miss 2, repeat to the end. At the finish of the row, cut off the crochet cord, but not the satin, which bend back along the next row, and work in the same way; only the last of the four stitches must come on the second chain stitch after the four of the previous round. The third row the same. At the fourth you again bend back the satin cord, and do the same stitches, making the fourth crochet stitch come over the third of last row. In the fifth row, the satin cord is, as in the third, ready to work over; do the same as the fourth. After these five, cut off the cord nearly close. Do one row of sc without the satin cord. Then the open row, thus: 1 long to stitch, 1 diamond open hem: repeat to the end. Then a row of sc. Now resume the satin cord; repeat the five rows with it, and the three without, until five cord stripes are done. Do one row of sc, and then a row *round*: that is, on the foundation chain as well, to close the two sides for the top of the basket.

With a needle and crochet cord join up and fasten the threads at the two ends.

Run a narrow ribbon through the open rows under the diamonds, and over the straight bars.

Make the handle exactly like one stripe, with the satin cord; with a simple scallop edge on each side, thus: *1 sc, 3 ch, miss 2. *repeat to the end.

2d row.—*1 sc on each ch, 1 sc over sc, inserting the hook in the row beneath it. *repeat to the end.

The handle should be about eleven inches long, and sewed inside the basket, which may be lined with silk, or not, according to the taste of the worker. The ends of the basket are drawn, so as to be rounded. Quill some ribbon, and set it on round the top, with a bow of broader ribbon at each end.

The diamond open-hem is worked thus: begin with the thread three times round the work, as for long treble crochet: do half the stitch, having drawn it twice through. Pass the thread twice more round, miss two, and work an ordinary long to stitch, only draw the hook through at the third movement; 2 ch, put the thread once over the hook, and do a dc stitch where the two bars join. A perfect cross or X is thus made.

KNITTED CUFF IN BRIOCHE.

STITCH WITH CROCHET EDGE.

Materials.—Six skeins of colored four-thread Berlin wool; one skein of black Shetland wool; No. 15 pins; No. 2 Penelope crochet hook.



Cast on 57 stitches, knit two plain rows, knit 70 rows, knit two plain rows, cast off. Sew up the cuff.

On the side that was cast off make 5 chain, dc into 2d loop, 5 chain, dc into every second loop.

With Shetland dc under the 5 chain, 5 chain, dc under next five, 2 chain, *twist the wool twice over the hook*, 7 long under next 5, 2 chain, repeat.

Do under the 2 chain, 5 chain, dc under the 2 chain, 5 chain, dc under the 5 chain, 5 chain, repeat.

Five chain, dc under the 5 chain, repeat.

WINTER CUFFS IN DOUBLE KNITTING.

Materials.—White four-thread Berlin wool, and four skeins of scarlet; two bone or wooden pins of such a size that a string put tightly round shall measure half an inch.



DOUBLE knitting is one of the best stitches

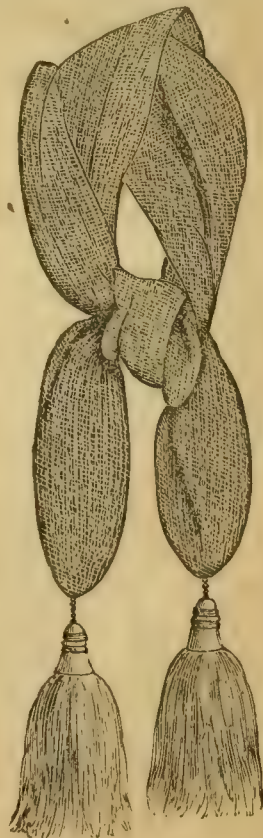
that can be used for comforters, cuffs, and chest-protectors, also for babies' cot-covers, being very light, soft, and elastic, and not liable to get hard in the washing, and, of course, being double, the warmth is very great.

For a Lady's Cuff.—Cast on in scarlet wool 56 stitches, and for a gentleman's 66 (*the number of stitches must always be even*). Knit 4 plain rows, then join on the white, and *; knit 1; bring the wool in front (*but not over the pin*). Slip 1, pass the wool back. Repeat from *. Each row is precisely the same.

Observe that the last stitch of each row is always slipped, and also that the *back* loop in each row is the one which is always slipped.

A CRAPED NECK-TIE.

Materials.—Cotton, No. 60; a pair of bone knitting pins, No. 12; two lumps of sugar dissolved in half a pint of hot water, and let remain till cold; two chenille tassels.



THIS is one of the prettiest articles for a neck-tie that can be made; having, when finished,

all the appearance of soft white crape, and may be adopted either in mourning or out, by adding either black, colored, or white tassels.

Cast on the pin 460 stitches, and knit in plain garter-stitch till it is five nails wide; then cast off, but not too tight; then sew a strip of calico on to each side, but only so that it can be easily untacked. If the work is at all soiled, wash it

with white curd soap and water; then rinse it perfectly, and squeeze it in a cloth very dry; after that dip it in the sugar and water, squeeze it slightly, and lay it out on a doubled sheet to dry; afterwards take off the calico, sew it up, and add the tassels. The washing and rinsing in sugar and water will always give it the appearance of being new.

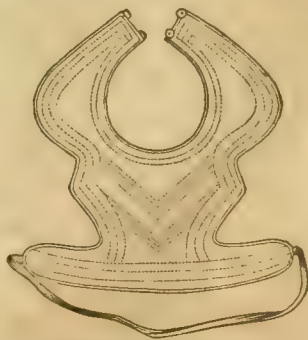
KNITTING BASKET.



PERHAPS there are few kinds of work which require a basket expressly arranged for their own reception so much as knitting, on account of the almost fatal injury which it sustains when needles are drawn out and loops are dropped. The central opening is in bright blue Berlin wool, as well as the small part within the loop at each end. The ground within the diamonds is in maize-color. Both of these are much improved by being worked in floss silk. The ground on the exterior of the design is shaded crimsons, dark, medium, and light. It requires three pieces of this form to make the basket; the two sides must be worked alike, but the third, which is the bottom of the basket, only requires to be worked in the stripes of the shaded ground. All three must be stitched on card-board of the same shape and size, neatly lined with silk or German velvet, and sewn together on the outside, the stitches being concealed by a row of beads. After this the handle must be attached, which may be of double wire, twisted round with a little cotton-wool, and then with ribbon and beads. All this being done, a silk cord must be taken, the end fast-

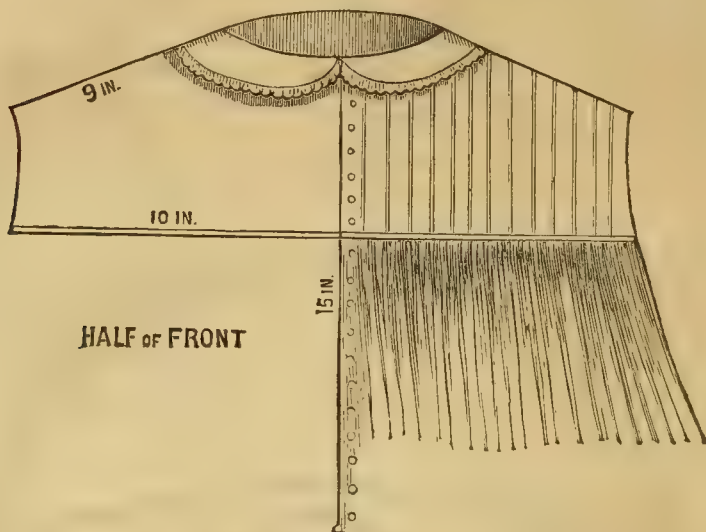
ened down close to the handle, and the cord wound round and round, each twist touching, but not over-wrapping the last, until about an inch and a half of the end of the basket is enclosed, this being an important point for the safety of the needles.

A NEW STYLE OF BIB.

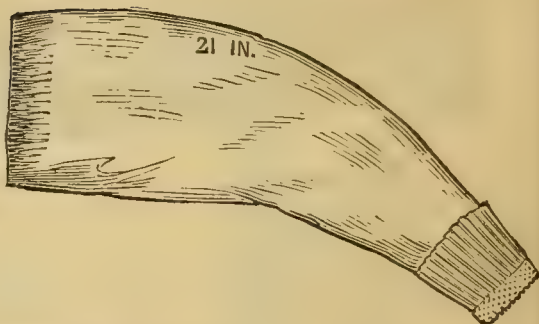


MADE of Marseilles, with rows of machine stitching on it. It buttons round the neck, and is fastened round the waist with a band.

NIGHT-DRESS WITH PLAITED YOKE.



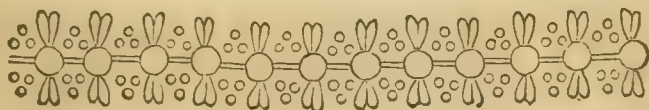
THE yoke is not cut off, but plaited on the whole piece, and cut into shape afterwards, the plaits being confined by a narrow band stitched on both edges.



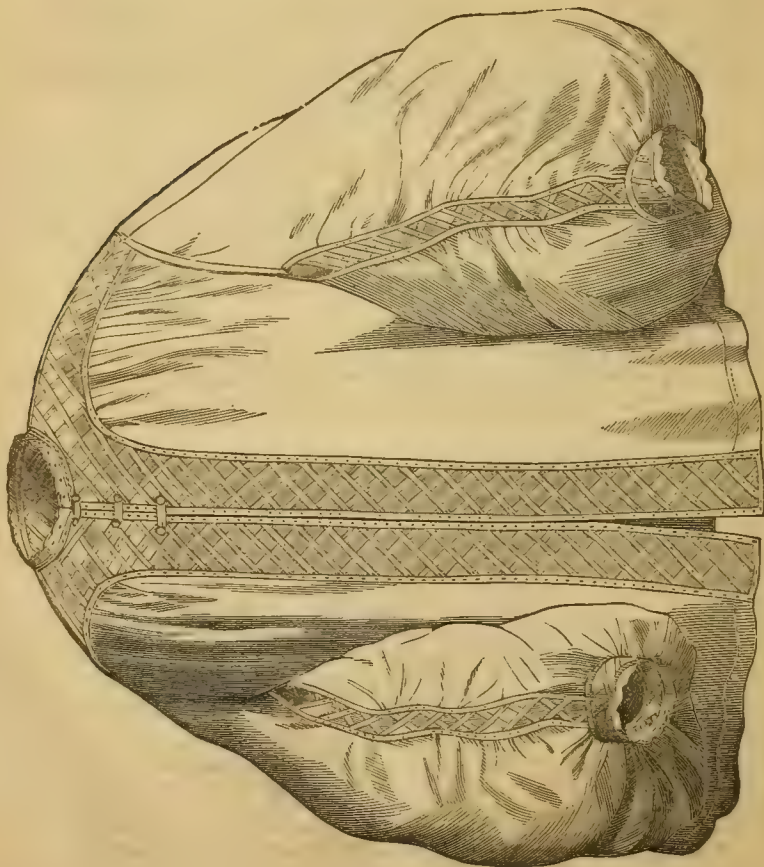
INSERTION FOR A CHILD'S DRESS.



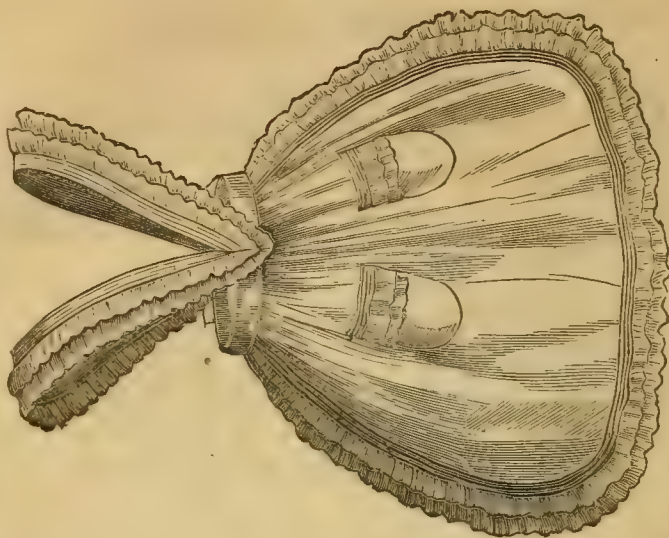
EMBROIDERY PATTERNS.



THE NOVELTY.

A MUSLIN night-dress, with yoke and trimmings of heavy *piqué*.

A BLACK SILK APRON FOR A CHILD.



TRIMMED with two ruffles of narrow ribbon, with three rows of narrow velvet above it.

Receipts, &c.

GENERAL DIRECTIONS FOR SOUPS AND STOCK.

ALTHOUGH celery may generally be obtained for soup throughout the year, it may be useful to know that dried celery-seed is an excellent substitute. It is so strongly flavored that a drachm of whole seed will enrich half a gallon of soup as much as will two heads of celery.

Mushrooms are much used, and when they cannot be obtained fresh, mushroom catsup will answer the purpose; but it should be used very sparingly, as nothing is more difficult to remove than the over-flavoring of catsup.

A piece of butter, in proportion to the liquid, mixed with flour, and added to the soup when boiling, will enrich and thicken it. Arrowroot, or the farina or flour of potato, is far better for the thickening of soups than wheaten flour.

The finer flavoring articles, as catsup, spices, wines, juice, etc., should not be added till the soup is nearly done.

A good proportion of wine is, a gill to three pints of soup: this is as much as can be used without the vinous flavor predominating, which is never the case in well-made soups. Wine should be added late in the making, as it evaporates very quickly in boiling.

Be cautious of *overseasoning* soups with pepper, salt, spices, or herbs, for it is a fault that can seldom be remedied; any provision over-salted is spoiled. A teaspoonful of sugar is a good addition in flavoring soups.

Verdure is added to soups in the proportion of a quarter of a pound for a tureen of soup for eight persons; it should be broken, then blanched in cold water, and is better if stewed in broth before it is put into the soup.

If soups are too weak, do not cover them in boiling, that the watery particles may evaporate; but if strong, cover the soup-kettle close. If they want flavor, most of the prepared sauces will give it to meat soups, and anchovy with walnut catsup and soy will add to those of fish, but must be used sparingly.

If coloring be wanted, a piece of bread toasted as brown as possible, but not blackened, and put into soup to simmer for a short time before its going to be served, will generally be found sufficient. Burnt onions will materially assist in giving a fine brown color to soup, and also improve the flavor, or burnt sugar, the usual brown ng, may be used.

To clarify soup, put into it, when first set on, the whites of one or two eggs beaten to a stiff froth; skim the pot constantly and the liquor will be clear when strained. Soak the napkin in cold water before you strain hot soup through it, as the cold will harden the fat, and only allow the clear soup to pass through. Clarifying destroys somewhat of the savor of the soup, which ought, therefore, to be more highly seasoned.

It is very usual to put forcemeat balls, of various sorts, into many different soups, for the purpose of improving their flavor and appearance.

There is sometimes great prejudice against the use of particular sorts of seasoning and spices. *Garlic* is amongst these, and many a dish is deprived of its finest flavor for want of a moderate use of it.

Tomatoes would also be found a great improvement in many kinds of soup. If onions are too strong, boil a turnip with them, and it will render them mild.

In stirring soup, do it always with a wooden spoon.

By a *tureen of soup* is generally meant three quarts.

Soup-Herb Powder, or *Vegetable Relish*, is an excellent article to keep on hand; it may always be used when fresh herbs cannot be had. Make it in the following manner: Take *dried parsley*, *acid savory*, *sweet marjoram*, *lemon-thyme*, of each *two ounces*; *lemon-peel*, cut very thin and dried, and *sweet basil*, *one ounce* each. Dry these ingredients in a warm (not hot) oven, or by the fire, till you can pound them fine in a mortar, and pass the powder through a hair-sieve. Put this powder in a clean, dry bottle, and keep it closely corked. The fragrance will be retained many months. It is an economical and delicious flavoring.

Stock.—The basis of all well-made soups is composed of what English cooks call "Stock," or broth made from all sorts of meat, bones, and the remains of poultry or game; all of which may be put together and stewed down in the "Stock-pot," the contents of which are by the French termed *Consommé*.

This is chiefly used for the preparation of *brown* or *gravy* soups; that intended for *white* soups being rather differently compounded, though made in nearly the same manner.

Brown Stock.—Put ten pounds of shin of beef, six pounds of knuckle of veal, and some sheep's trotters, or a cow-heel, in a closely covered stewpan, to draw out the gravy very gently, and allow it nearly to dry in until it becomes brown. Then pour in sufficient boiling water to entirely cover the meat, and let it boil up, skimming it frequently; seasoning it with whole peppers and salt, roots, herbs, and vegetables of any kind. That being done, let it boil gently five or six hours, pour the broth from off the meat, and let it stand during the night to cool. The following morning take off the scum and fat, and put it away in a stone jar for further use.

Or: Put into a stewpan a piece of beef, a piece of veal, an old fowl, some slices of ham or bacon, and all the trimmings of meat that can be obtained; add to these materials, where such things are abundant, partridge, grouse, or other game which may not be sufficiently tender for the spit. Put a little water to it, just enough to cover half the meat, and stew very gently over a slow fire or steam apparatus. When the top piece is done through, cover the meat with boiling water or broth; season with spices and vegetables; stew all together for eight or ten hours in an uncovered stewpan; skim off the fat, and strain the liquor through a fine sieve, or woollen *tamie*, known by cooks as a "tammy."

Brown stock may be made from an ox-cheek or an ox-tail, brisket flank, or shin of beef; which will, either together or separately, make a strong jelly, if stewed down with a piece of ham or lean bacon, in the proportion of one-half pound to every seven pounds of meat; but the shin of beef alone will afford a stronger and better flavor.

This stock may also be reduced to a *glaze* by boiling the skimmed liquor as fast as possible in a newly-tinned stewpan until it becomes of the desired consistence and of a good brown color; taking care at the same time to prevent it from burning.

White Stock.—Take scrap or knuckle of veal, ox-heel, or calf's-head, together with an old fowl and the trimmings of any white poultry or game which can be had, and lean ham in the proportion of one pound to every fourteen pounds of meat. Cut it all into pieces (add three or four large unroasted onions and heads of celery, with a few blades of mace; but neither carrots, pepper,

nor spice of any kind but mace); put into the stock-pot with just water enough to cover it. Let it boil, and add three onions and a few blades of mace; let it boil for five hours, and it is then fit for use.

MISCELLANEOUS COOKING.

CALF'S HEAD.—Choose one as fleshy and as fat as you can. Let the butcher clean the hair well off, but do not have it skinned. When it is chopped or sawn down the middle, scoop out the eyes, and cast them away. Take out the tongue and the brains, and remove that portion of the jaw containing the teeth. Place the whole in water, and soak and clean them well. Put the head into the boiler or stewpan, also the tongue, and cover them well with water. Put the brains into a linen cloth with a little chopped sage. Boil the whole for two hours, skimming carefully. As soon as it boils and has been skimmed put in a couple of carrots, two or three onions, a bunch of parsley, thyme, and bay leaves, and a quarter of a pound of fresh butter. Salt and pepper to taste. Take out the brains and chop them finely, and place them in a dish, with the tongue laid in the middle. Serve up the head with parsley and butter. Here, again, the liquor may be saved for soup.

Should you have occasion yourself to take the hair off, the process is not difficult. Soak the head for ten minutes in warm water, then powder it well with rosin, and have plenty of boiling water ready; dip in the head, holding it by the ear, and scrape the hair off with the back of a knife carefully, so as not to scratch the cheek. Then wash the whole.

MOCK TURTLE SOUP.—Get a calf's head with the skin on, and a couple of pounds of pickled pork, fat, and without bones. Have the head cleft in twain, soak, and wash it clean; soak and wash the pork also. Lukewarm water is best. Lay both in a soup kettle, with a couple of peeled onions, a bundle of sweet herbs, two heads of celery, some pepper, pounded mace, and salt. Fill the kettle with water, and boil gently till the meat is quite tender. Then take out the head and the pork, separate the meat from the bones, and put the bones back again into the soup to stew for some hours longer, then pour the contents into a large pan. When cold take off the fat, strain the soup, and thicken it with flour first browned in a frying-pan with a little butter. Add the juice of a lemon, and a wineglassful of some dinner sauce. Cut the meat of half the head, and the pork also, into pieces an inch square, and warm it up in the soup with egg-balls, and forcemeat balls also (the latter of good pork sausage-meat). A tablespoonful of moist sugar, well stirred in, will be an improvement.

VEAL FRITTERS.—Cold veal and veal suet chopped fine, equal quantities; the same of grated bread; a little shred thyme and parsley, salt, nutmeg, and pepper. Mix all together with an egg. Fry brown. Serve up with melted butter.

PIG'S FEET JELLY.—Boil the feet, ears, and hocks in a little water until the bones will come out. Add a small quantity of salt, pepper, mace, and cloves whilst boiling. When the bones and gristle are all taken out, put it into a mould and press it.

TO PICKLE A HAM.—Two ounces of saltpetre, half a pound of sugar, one pound of salt. To be rubbed every day. Let it lie a month.

RAISED PORK PIES.—One quarter of a pound of flour, one pint of water, to three-quarters of a pound of lard for the crust.

To four pounds of meat add two sage leaves, one ounce of pepper, one ounce and a half of salt, and a little nutmeg. Melt the lard and pour it on the flour whilst hot. Stir it as you would a pudding, till all the flour is well mixed. When cool enough to handle, work it till it is quite pliable, then raise it into pies. This quantity will make four nice sized pies.

BIRCHTRING DUMPLINGS.—Half a pound of flour, half a pound of beef suet, half a pound of raisins and currants mixed, a quarter of a pound of treacle or sugar, a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, a little salt, and as much milk as will make it into a very soft dough. Boil three hours in a buttered shape.

CAKES, PUDDINGS, ETC.

LEMON PRESERVE FOR CHEESECAKES.—Quarter of a pound of butter, one pound of loaf-sugar, powdered; six eggs, leaving out two whites; the rind of two lemons, and the juice of three. Put all into a brass pan, and let them simmer till they thicken like honey, at the same time keep straining them. Put into small jars, and keep in a cool place.

RATAFIA PUDDING.—Put a pint of good milk into a saucepan with the yellow rind of a lemon pared thin, a little cinnamon, and about two ounces of sugar. Place this by the side of the fire to simmer very gently for about a quarter of an hour. In the meantime, put into a basin the crumb of two small rolls, sliced thin, some pieces of Savoy cake, or four sponge cakes, a quarter of a pound of ratafias, and a quarter of a pound of almond cakes, and pour the boiling milk over, taking out the peel and spice. Cover close with a plate until nearly cold and the cakes are well soaked; then break five eggs into a basin, whisk them up well, and beat them well in with the mixture, adding a glass of brandy, a glass of sherry, and some grated nutmeg. Butter a quart mould well all over on the inside, and garnish it with stoned raisins, dried cherries, slices of orange, lemon, or citron-peel, and fill it with the mixture in the basin. Tie a piece of buttered paper over the top, and put the mould into a saucepan of boiling water, to reach about halfway up the sides of the mould. Boil about an hour and a quarter.

GINGERBREAD LOAF.—One pound of flour, one pound of treacle, a quarter of a pound of butter, one egg, one ounce of ginger, some candied peel, a few caraway seeds *ground*, and a teaspoonful of soda. Bake in a slow oven. Mix the flour in gradually; the butter and treacle to be milk-warm; put the soda in last. Let it stand half an hour to rise.

POTATO PUDDING.—Take half a pound of bread crumbs, half a pound of potatoes, boiled; half a pound of suet, chopped fine; two eggs, well beaten. Mix with milk, and boil four hours.

TO MAKE QUEEN'S CAKES.—Take a pound of sugar and beat and sift it, a pound of well-dried flour, a pound of butter, eight eggs, and half a pound of currants, washed and picked; grate a nutmeg and the same quantity of mace and cinnamon; work your batter to a cream, and put in your sugar; beat the whites of your eggs nearly half an hour, and mix them with your sugar and butter; then beat the yolks nearly half an hour, and put them to your batter. Beat the whole well together, and when it is ready for the oven, put in your flour, spices, and currants. Sift a little sugar over them, and bake them in time not more than thirty minutes.

THE TOILET.

TO HAVE GOOD HAIR.

ABOUT once a fortnight, boil for half an hour or more, a large handful of bran in a quart of soft water. Strain it into a basin, and let it cool till it is merely tepid or milk-warm. Rub into it a little white soap, then dip in the corner of a soft linen towel, and wash your head with it thoroughly, dividing or parting aside the hair all over, so as to reach the roots. Next take the yolk of an egg (slightly beaten in a saucer), and with your fingers rub it well into the roots of the hair. Let it rest a few minutes, and then wash it off entirely with a cloth dipped in pure water; and rinse your hair well, till all the yolk of egg has disappeared from it. Afterwards, wipe and rub it dry with a towel, and comb the hair up from your head, parting it with your fingers. In winter it is best to do all this near the fire.

Have ready some soft pomatum, made of fresh beef-marrow, boiled with a little almond oil or olive oil, stirring it all the time till it is well amalgamated, and as thick as an ointment. When you take it from the fire (and not before) stir into it a little mild perfume; such as rose-water, orange-flower water, extract of roses, oil of carnations, or essence of violets. Put it into gallicups that have lids, and keep it for use; always well-covered. Take a very small quantity of this pomatum, and rub it among your hair on the skin of your head, after it has been washed as above.

At any time you may make your hair curl more easily by rubbing into it some beaten yolk of egg (washed off, afterwards, with clear water), and then putting on a little pomatum before you pin up your curls. It is well always to go through this process when you resume curls after having worn your hair plain.

All hair should be combed every morning with a fine-toothed comb, to remove the dust which insensibly gets into it during the preceding day, and to keep the skin of the head always clean.

To prevent your bonnet being injured by any oiliness about your hair, baste a piece of white or yellow oiled silk inside of that part of the bonnet where the crown unites with the brim, carrying the silk some distance up into the crown, and some distance down into the brim or front.

Clean your head-brushes by washing them thoroughly with a bit of soft sponge tied on the end of a stick, and dipped into a warm solution of pearlsh, prepared by dissolving a large tablespoonful of pearlsh in a pint of boiling water. When the bristles have thus been made quite clean, rinse the brushes in hot water, letting them remain in it till it becomes cool or cold. Afterwards drain the brushes, wipe them with a clean cloth, and set them upright before the fire to dry.

The most convenient way of cleaning combs is with a strong silk thread, made fast to the handle of a bureau drawer—in front of which seat yourself, with a towel spread over your lap to catch whatever impurities may fall from the comb. Holding the comb in your left hand, and the thread in your right, pass the thread hard between each of the comb-teeth. Afterwards wash the comb in soap-suds, rinse it in cold water, and dry it with a clean cloth.

NURSING THE SICK.

In Cases of Illness almost as much depends upon the nurse as upon the medical treatment; indeed, unless there is some one calculated to carry out the instructions

of the medical man, it is hopeless to expect much benefit from them. Some people are nurses by nature, and require no teaching, while others scarcely ever attain even the proper mode of smoothing a pillow or arranging the bed-clothes. Cheerfulness and alacrity without boisterousness are the essentials to success, especially if united to that womanly sympathy with suffering which tends so much to soften the hours of pain or sickness. Even the dress should be attended to, for invalids are very captious and inclined to find fault wherever there is an opening for criticism. The colors should be light and pleasing to the eye, avoiding on the one hand those which are sombre and mournful, and on the other those which are decidedly gaudy. Officeousness in nursing is disliked by most invalids; but in this respect there is great difficulty in hitting the happy medium, some people preferring to be left alone, and only wanting the aid of a nurse when they find the necessity for it, while others, who are, however, but a small minority, are best pleased when they are constantly being asked if they want anything.

Punctuality in carrying out the medical directions is a great virtue in the nurse, and should be carefully instilled into her by these who engage her. The meals and medicines are always ordered to be given at stated times; and in the severer forms of disease it is always a good plan to write down the precise time for each, so that the nurse has a table to apply to in case of forgetting her instructions. In typhus fever, in which the convalescence is accompanied by great prostration of strength, and in which as much food as the stomach will bear must be given, this point should be carefully carried out.

In *Changing Bed or Body Linen*, the nurse should take great care to see that they are well aired, and, indeed, almost scorched at the fire. Some tact is often required to effect the change without fatiguing the patient. In very bad cases the body linen may be taken off and put on again without raising the body from the bed, by slipping the night-gown over the head, and taking the arms out, then rolling the whole body towards the other side of the bed, the foul linen is left behind, and may be removed. In putting it on, the night-gown is gathered up into a fold in front, and laid upon the part of the bed which the patient has just left, then rolling her back again, the back lies in the proper way upon the back of the gown, and the front may be lifted over the head, after which it is easy to put the arms in the sleeves, and to pull all smoothly down. In order to change the under sheet a somewhat similar plan is adopted. After folding it in half, it is laid upon the side of the bed unoccupied by the patient, the upper half is then folded over and over again close to the side, upon which the patient is turned or rolled; and in doing this the assistant nurse or housemaid draws the folded part of the sheet smoothly to the other side, and thus the patient is restored to her original position. Constant changing of the linen is desirable in all diseases, but especially in fever, in which, indeed, a daily change is often necessary.

In *Giving the Food* ordered for the invalid, everything ought to be scrupulously clean, and arranged with some pretensions to elegance. The sickly stomach is easily offended, and a dirty cloth or a disagreeable-looking fork or spoon would easily destroy the appetite.

Every Good Nurse is fertile in expedients to relieve pain or weariness, but she takes care that as far as possible they are successful. If a bed-chair is wanted, and is not at hand, a common light chair, turned upside-down

and placed behind the back, answers very nearly as well. If the patient is weak, a cord may be fastened to the posts of a four-post bedstead, or to a couple of hooks in the ceiling if these are not used, and by the aid of this as a fixed point the patient is enabled to raise herself whenever she likes with much less difficulty than she would experience with the unstable support of the nurse. If it is desired to lift a heavy patient from one side of the bed to another, the nurse must get on the bed and stand above her, and will thus have a good purchase. Sometimes the four corners of the sheet being held by four stout persons standing on chairs the helpless patient is lifted from the bed while it is shaken and made comfortable. At others, one side is shaken up while the patient is lying on the other, and afterwards that side in its turn is put straight. Indeed the clever nurse has no end to the expedients to which she may have recourse in this department, remembering always not to exceed her province by tampering with the medical treatment.

The Proper Ventilation of the Sick-Room is a point of the greatest importance, varying in degree with the nature of the disease and the time of year. Sometimes the window should be left open day and night; but this is not often safe, and is only applicable to sultry weather. A draught of cold air on the person of the patient should always be avoided.

The Amount of Light to be admitted may safely be left to the wishes of the patient in most cases.

The Degree of Artificial Warmth maintained by a fire is also greatly under the control of the patient's feelings, though these are not always the best guide. The medical man, however, will give instructions on this point. In all cases an even temperature should be kept up.

No Superfluous Furniture should be allowed in the sick-room, and especially in cases of fever, where curtains and carpets are likely to hold the infection, and should therefore at once be removed.

After Infectious Diseases, the bedding is generally sent to be purified, which is accomplished by the aid of lime. A weak solution of chloride of lime may be sprinkled over sheets and body-linen before washing, but all foul linen, etc. had better be burnt. In very bad cases the walls of the room should be washed down with a solution of chloride of lime, and then repapered or painted.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WASHING.—A little pipe-clay dissolved in the water employed in washing linen, cleans the dirtiest linen thoroughly, with about one-half the labor, and saving full one-half of soap. The clothes will be improved in color equally as if they were bleached.

TO CLEAN SILK.—Dresses cleaned by the following method have not the appearance of being cleaned:—Quarter of a pound of honey; quarter of a pound of soft soap; two wineglasses of gin; three gills of boiling water. Mix and let stand until blood-warm. Spread the silk on a clean table, with a cloth under it—there must be no gathers. Dip a nail-brush into the mixture and rub the silk well, especially where there are stains, or the most dirty or spots, and with a sponge wet the whole breadth generally, and rub gently. Then rinse the silk in cold soft water; hang it up to drain; and iron it damp. The quantity stated is for a plain dress.

EXERCISE.—Exercise should not be continued after the effort has become at all painful. Our muscles, like the rest of our bodies, are made susceptible of pain for the beneficent purpose that we may know that they are in danger, and may thus be excited to do everything in our

power to remove them from it. It is a mistaken notion that exercise of all kinds and under all circumstances is beneficial. Unless it is adapted to the condition of the muscles, it will prove the agent of death—not the giver of health.

BITING THE NAILS.—This is a habit that should be immediately corrected in children, as, if persisted in for any length of time, it permanently deforms the nails. Dipping the finger ends in some bitter tincture will generally prevent children from putting them to the mouth; but if this fails, as it sometimes will, each finger end ought to be encased in a stall until the propensity is eradicated.

FLUID INK.—Ink may be rendered fluid by putting into the inkstand a small quantity, about the size of a pin's head, of prepared ox-galls, which may be purchased at any artist's color-shop.

RICE-FLOUR CEMENT.—An excellent cement may be made from rice-flour, which is at present used for that purpose in China and Japan. It is only necessary to mix the rice-flour intimately with cold water, and gently simmer it over a fire, when it really forms a delicate and durable cement, not only answering all the purposes of common paste, but admirably adapted for joining together paper, cards, &c., in forming the various beautiful and tasteful ornaments which afford much employment and amusement to the ladies. When made of the consistence of plaster clay, models, busts, bas reliefs, &c., may be formed of it, and the articles, when dry, are susceptible of high polish, and very durable.

TINCTURE FOR THE TEETH.—Take of Florentine iris root eight ounces, bruised cloves one ounce, ambergris one scruple. Bruise the root, and put the whole ingredients into a glass bottle, with a quart of rectified spirits of wine. Cork close, and agitate it once a day for a fortnight, keeping it in a warm place. About a teaspoonful is sufficient at a time; in this a soft tooth-brush should be dipped, and then worked into a lather on the teeth and gums. It cleanses the teeth, strengthens the gums, and sweetens the breath. Apply the tincture in the morning, and before retiring to rest.

TO CURE HAMS.—One gallon of old beer, two pounds of sugar, one pound of bay-salt, one pound of common salt, and one ounce of salt prunella. The above is sufficient for twenty pounds of meat.

HAIR WASH.—A young lady friend of mine, says a writer in the London Field, was recommended by a coiffeur to use sage-water. She was obliged to discontinue its daily use, as it made her hair too thick. Pour boiling water on the sage leaves, and let them remain some time in the oven or near a stove; then strain and apply to the root of the hair daily. If any pomade is needed, an equal mixture of cocoa and olive oils, with a little perfume, is very efficacious.

TO WASH CHINA CRAPE SCARFS.—If the fabric be good, these articles of dress can be washed as frequently as may be required, and no diminution of their beauty will be discoverable, even when the various shades of green have been employed among other colors in the patterns. In cleaning them, make a strong lather of boiling water; suffer it to cool; when cold, or nearly so, wash the scarf quickly and thoroughly; dip it immediately in cold hard water in which a little salt has been thrown (to preserve the colors); rinse, squeeze, and hang it out to dry in the open air; pin it at its extreme edge to the line, so that it may not in any part be folded together; the more rapidly it dries the clearer it will be.

Editors' Table.

CONVERSATION AND READING.

We lately received a letter from one of our warm friends, requesting us to recommend a "Course of Reading that would tend to improve the powers of Conversation."

This request was made on behalf of a young lady who had been carefully educated, was not deficient in ability or in knowledge, but in the power of expression; she could not sustain her part in society for want of words to express her ideas and feelings. Such was the sum of the letter; nor is this the first application of the kind that has been made us. Many such cases have been brought to our knowledge, and most pressing entreaties urged that we would suggest some way of improving the powers of conversation, and acquiring the art of talking well.

We have only time or space for a very brief reply to these repeated requests, but will endeavor to meet the questions as directly as we can for the benefit of all our readers.

Eloquence is, undoubtedly, the gift of nature, or rather of nature's God; we have seen this proved in every class of life. Those who have not this talent of eloquence innate need not, however, despair of acquiring enough readiness of mind and speech to perform their parts creditably in society and pleasantly to themselves and their friends.

That often quoted saying of Bacon—"Reading makes a full man, writing an exact man, and talking a ready man"—has its foundation in truth; yet no matter how full any man's or woman's mind may be, it does not follow that he or she will talk well. The art of conversation must be acquired by practice, readiness comes by this practice; but to make the conversation interesting, *exactness*, that is, care and attention to both matter and manner, is essential. This exactness can only be gained in perfectness by the habit of arranging thoughts (our own or others) in writing; thus studying the charms and graces of expression and making it our own by the habit of composition. We do not mean authorship, writing books or articles for magazines, although such efforts, when time and duties permit, are improving as intellectual exercises, even when only intended for private perusal. We mean letter-writing, making records of pleasant conversations, copying out the best specimens of poetry and prose from the writings of eminent authors; all these methods aid a young person to converse well, by giving the right knowledge of using words.

This is not all, however. You may learn to talk glibly and fluently, you may have a good choice of words, and may be familiar with the niceties of grammar, what is all this if you have no matter to discuss? "Words are (often) the aching void of thought." Here reading must come in. Reading nourishes the intellect, gives spur to thought, embellishes the taste, enriches the reasoning faculties, and kindles the imagination while striving for its highest power—its creative energy. Thought, reason, taste, imagination, with the power of expression and the habit that renders expression

easy—these would form the art of conversation; governed by moral principle and purity of heart, this art of conversation would be the highest exponent of social happiness and human enjoyment. If enlivened by mother wit and originality of idea, so much the better, certainly; but the "charity that never faileth" is indispensable.

The average of mankind may not, perhaps, be gifted to ever reach the standard we have set up; but the average, in our own land certainly, may acquire varied knowledge and the power of imparting it agreeably, and this we call good conversation, if not the best.

There may be—like the young lady on whose behalf we were desired to write—young persons uncomfortably timid and shy. These must strive to overcome their social defects by the resolution not to yield to the spell. Modesty is a great charm in a young girl; its excess is far better than its opposite. We would prefer even repulsive and awkward shyness to boldness and boisterousness. Still the reverse of wrong is not always right, and an unsocial and obstinate reserve or silence is not indicative of amiability or real modesty. Silence is sometimes the result of stupidity or of vanity, and those who will not talk should be sure to show that they feel an interest in the conversation of others.

It is the duty of every person who goes into society to contribute, with an effort, if that is necessary, to the innocent enjoyment of the company. The young person who is quite a novice, and unaccustomed to the encounter of tongues, may find it of use to read stories in which dialogue prevails, being careful to choose those written by good authors, and such as have themselves enjoyed the advantages of good company. We will mention as perfectly fulfilling these conditions and as being unexceptionable in every way, the stories of Miss Edgeworth and Miss Austen.

Another method of improving the powers of conversation is to commit dialogues to memory, and repeat them frequently, because the forms of conversation and the proper dress of thought would be thus made familiar as the common modes of household speech. When we consider how many hours every day, and for how many years ladies must repeat passage after passage before they can "discourse eloquent music" on the piano, it ought not to be expected that, without any regular practice or method, they should, spontaneously, discourse well in speech on the far more comprehensive passages that daily life and the world's history offer for discussion.

We will sum up our counsel by urging Lord Bacon's advice: "Read regularly and carefully; write frequently and polish what you write; practise assiduously how to entertain your friends, *vis à vis*, with the fruits of your studies."

MISSIONARY WOMEN.

THE SCHOOL AT TOUNGHOO.

In our last number we gave a brief notice of Mrs. Ellen B. Mason, and the school she has established in Burmah for the instruction of the Karen women and

girls. We stated that Mrs. Mason had returned to the United States some month since, with the purpose of obtaining means to establish a school for the Tounghoo girls and young women. Tounghoo is in the interior of Burmah; a lovely place, with ranges of mountains six and seven thousand feet high, and a delightful climate. Mrs. Mason says there are *one hundred and twenty-five thousand* heathen women, without a single teacher; yet they are willing to receive instruction. We have before us the circular she has issued, and we hope *our friends will prove her friends and assistants*. We will give the most important points.*

WOMAN'S UNION MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF AMERICA FOR
HEATHEN LANDS.

"In view of the deplorable state of heathen women in Burmah, India, China, and Africa, and in view of the many hindrances which prevent single ladies from engaging in direct personal effort for their salvation, those who feel interested in the subject have resolved to organize a woman's society, in which the ladies of all denominations may work together efficiently for their perishing sisters.

The one object of this society shall be the Evangelization of heathen women. To effect this object, the society will undertake to send out and support ladies from America as Bible readers and teachers, TO RAISE UP AND SUPERINTEND NATIVE FEMALE LABORERS FOR THEIR OWN COUNTRY WOMEN, and the preference shall always be given to the widows and daughters of missionaries.

This society shall have the following permanent officers: namely, Vice-Presidents and Managers. And any ladies' society may become connected with this by sending a copy of its doings to the Secretary, when the Directress, Secretary, and Treasurer of such society shall become Vice-Presidents of this society, and every twenty-dollar Collector shall become a Manager."

* * * * *

"Any gentleman may become a BROTHER of the society, and be entitled to quarterly reports, by the payment of \$100. Any gentleman who shall found a Tutorship, or support a Bible reader, by the payment of \$400 annually, shall be a Life Director of this society."

Mrs. Mason has appended to the circular extracts from letters of approval from about fifty eminent men, comprising clergymen of all denominations of missionary Christians, presidents and professors of colleges, and men of business who take a deep interest in the spread of Christianity. Concerning the need of this mission, in which Christian women are to be the teachers and evangelizers of heathen women, Mrs. Mason says, in her warm, womanly way, mingling deep humility with ardent zeal:—

"We propose that we women walk very humbly; not in antagonism to the gentlemen's societies, but doing our utmost to become *agents for them*, of whom they will not be ashamed.

We propose that no subscriber be received into this society who lessens in any measure her annual payments to the present existing bodies.

What we ask on the part of our sisters is some *sacrifice*, that they make an *extra effort*, and come to the relief of their *perishing sisters*.

In Tounghoo and the Red Karen land it is estimated that there are *one hundred and twenty-five thousand* heathen women. In the A. B. F. M. Union there are more than twelve hundred female life-members. What

* Those who would like the circular shall have it sent by writing to us and remitting postage.

are these female members of the Union doing for these one hundred and twenty-five thousand heathen women?

Have they, for their conversion or education, or for *raising up Native Instructors*, a single School?

Have they a single Teacher?

Have they a single Bible Reader?

Let them answer.

We are reproached for pleading in behalf of woman. But we will have no unkindness towards any brothers or sisters who withhold their sympathies, or who scorn our work of little things. We only say, it seems to us that the responsibility of enlightening these one hundred and twenty-five thousand heathen women rests almost wholly upon the *Christian women of America*."

Mrs. Mason wants, to insure the success of her plan, one hundred Collectors, ladies, who will pledge to collect and pay *twenty dollars a year for five years*. Then she hopes and expects her school will become, like the Karen school, self-supporting. The circular says:—

"Fifty Collectors are already secured, and without taking a *single dollar* from the gentlemen's societies,

It is proposed to send out two ladies this fall—one a Baptist, for the Burmese women of Tounghoo, and one not a Baptist, for the Hindus. The one for Tounghoo is now ready to embark. Mrs. Mason paid her own passage home, and her passage back to Burmah is raised by ladies in England."

Now we want our friends to aid in this good work. We want to find, among the thousands on thousands of our readers, at least *twenty ladies* who will pledge themselves as Collectors to pay over, between this time and the first of November next, the sum of *twenty dollars each*, for the Tounghoo mission, thus becoming Managers in this interesting society. If the money is collected and sent to Mrs. S. J. Hale, care of L. A. Godey, with the *names of the contributors*, we will pay it over and give the record in the Lady's Book.

As a premium to each Collector, we will send one copy of the Lady's Book, *free for ONE YEAR*, commencing when the twenty dollars is paid in to us. Who will begin?

A TRIBUTE

TO THE MEMORY OF HENRY VETHAKE TOTTEN.

Dust to dust, and earth to earth!
Birth is death, and death is birth!
Man at birth begins to die—
Death is immortality!

Life! it is a transient state,
Even at its longest date!
But how few, with lasting strength,
Linger to its greatest length!

Standing here we mourn, to-day,
One who quickly passed away;
One who saw no waning time—
One who perished in his prime!

In his prime—Alas, too soon!—
Ere his day had reached its noon!
Full of promise, earnest, true—
Perished with his goal in view!

So the eagle, as he springs
Heavenward on untiring wings,
Ere he gains the starry sky,
Stricken, falls to bleed and die!

But, for him, the fatal dart
Vainly sought a vital part;
Dying here, he rose to be
Deathless through eternity!

Deathless in a world of bliss;
Safe from all the ills of this;
Let us follow where he trod,
'Twas the way to heaven and God!

Earth to earth, and dust to dust!
Mingle with the earth we must;
But boy and Death's gloomy gate,
Lies an everlasting state!

These clay tenements of ours
But restrain our nobler powers;
Only are our spirits free,
Through Death's awful mystery!

FRANCIS DE HAES JANVIER.

BOOKS WORTH READING.—We can commend the publications of Robert Carter & Brother, 330 Broadway, New York, to all our readers who want books for children and youth that need no excision nor caution from parental care. We know of no better selections for Sunday reading and family libraries than might be made from their publishing house, and the prices are reasonable. In our Literary Notices of this month will be found notices of some of these interesting books.

Sheldon & Co., New York, publish excellent books for home reading, and for the young.

Darby & Jackson, New York, have been successful in publishing the best American novels that have appeared during 1860. These are "Nemesis," by Marion Harland, "Benajah," by Miss Evans, and "Rutledge," author not yet known.

D. Appleton & Co., New York, are issuing a work which should be bought by all families that can afford the expense—"Chambers's Encyclopædia. A Dictionary of Universal Knowledge for the People."

BRITISH PERIODICAL LITERATURE.—We have this rich mine of intellectual culture and varied knowledge so easily at command that its great worth is not appreciated. The republication in New York of the four large quarterlies—*The London, The Edinburgh, The North British, and The Westminster*; also that old and celebrated magazine *Punch*—places the best wisdom of Europe and intelligence of the movements of the world in our power for less money than a lady pays for her Spring bonnet, which she often throws aside as useless at the end of the short season.

We have before noticed these works, and remarked that the *Lady's Book*, with the best of these British periodicals, and a good weekly paper would make a library of useful and improving reading that would educate the children and interest and instruct the most intelligent family in our land.

In the *London Quarterly* there have appeared two important papers that we wish every woman in America could have the opportunity of reading. The first "The Missing Link," etc.; the other, "Deaconesses." We mean to give our readers, soon as we have room, a synopsis of these remarkable papers.

In the *North British* for November, we find the following just tribute paid to our good friend, Dr. Holmes, as the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," of which the reviewer remarks: "A very delightful book, a handy book for the breakfast table. A book to possess two copies of; one to be read, marked, thumbed, and dog-eared; and one to stand up in its pride of place with the rest on the shelves, all ranged in shining rows as dear old friends, and not merely nodding acquaintances," etc. Of the author it is truly said, "He is a poet as well as a humorist. Indeed, although his book is written in prose, it is full of poetry, with the 'beaded bubbles' of humor dancing up through the hypocrene," etc. "Dr. Holmes is national. One of the most hopeful signs of this book

is its quiet nationality." This last observation is true, and the writings of Dr. Holmes deserve, for this true patriotism, the highest honor.

SEWING-MACHINES. Which is the Best?—The *New York Dispatch* thus sums up the matter, and we are of the same opinion, that "the Wheeler & Wilson machines make the lock stitch, the only stitch that cannot be unravelled, and that presents the same appearance on both sides of the seam; a fact of itself sufficient to account for its having the highest premiums awarded to it at all the State fairs held for the past few years. No other than the lock stitch has given such universal satisfaction, and our advice is, if you want a sewing-machine that will do your own family sewing in a very superior manner, or if you wish to earn a livelihood by sewing for others, do not get any other than a Wheeler & Wilson machine, and you will then feel certain that you have one that will give you the fullest satisfaction." We give this in reply to a letter from "our friend;" she will find these machines at 505 Broadway, New York; also at 625 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

MISS S. J. HALE'S BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, 1826 Rittenhouse Square, Philadelphia.

This school is designed to give a thorough and liberal English education, to furnish the best facilities for acquiring the French language, and the best instruction in music and the other accomplishments. An accomplished French teacher resides in the family, and also an excellent teacher of music, who gives her personal attention to pupils while practising. The moral training and the health and physical development of the scholars are carefully attended to.

References: Mrs. Emma Willard, Troy, N. Y.; Henry Vethake, LL.D., Wm. B. Stevens, D.D., Wm. H. Ashurst, Esq., Louis A. Godey, Esq., Philadelphia; Charles Hodge, D.D., Princeton, N. J.; and others.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.—The following articles are accepted: "A Day in a Pastor's Life"—"Our Darling"—"Once upon a time"—"A Mother's Trial"—"Love"—"Not all a Waif"—"Dying"—"Coming and Going"—"Indian Summer in America"—"Kitty"—"Winter"—"We were straying in a valley"—"Spring"—"Summer"—"The Just Recompense"—"Leaves from Eveline Lewis's Journal" (we would like the address of the writer)—"Pictures"—"The Memories of Thomas Hood"—and "Eventful Evenings."

The following articles are declined: "Song"—"A Fragment"—"Home"—"Sunrise"—"Acrostics and other Poems" (we have no room, and these poems are better suited to the parties for whom written. The author can have them returned by sending stamps)—"To Sarah"—"Remembrance"—"To Mrs. A. K. H."—"Verses to Miss H. A."—"Life"—"The Spirit of Intellect" (some beautiful thoughts and fine passages in the poem, but the piece is too long. The writer will do best in shorter poems)—"Affluence"—"A Dirge"—"Contemplation"—"What shall be done for the Union?"—"Earth, Air, and Water"—"Happiness"—"There is hope for me"—"An Ode" (too long, and rather commonplace)—"Elegance"—"The True Way of Living"—"Why do we Roam?"—"The best time to Marry"—"I wish it were spring"—and "My Love."

We have other articles on hand that will receive attention next month.

Will "Saverell" send us her address?

The author of "How I was Cheated, and what came

* All these are republished by Leonard Scott & Co., 79 Fulton Street, New York; \$10 for the whole.

of it," may have her MS. returned by sending thirty cents worth of stamps.

The author of "A Day in a Pastor's Life" is requested to send us her address.

Health Department.

BY JNO. STAINBACK WILSON, M. D.

TEETHING OF CHILDREN.—Teething is a healthy, natural process, and not a disease. Still the condition of the system at the period of teething is such as to constitute a predisposition to disease; and this predisposition is but too often developed into actual, open disease, by improper feeding, excessive drugging, uncleanness, insufficient clothing, and impure air. On all these points we have perhaps sufficiently enlarged.

The process of teething is generally completed between the sixth and thirtieth month from birth. The *symptoms* are redness, swelling and tenderness of the gums, with a free secretion of saliva or spittle, and a disposition on the part of the child to gnaw or bite any hard body that may fall into its hands. With these symptoms there are frequently more or less restlessness and fretfulness, and sometimes there may even be feverishness; and especially if the little one is allowed to indulge in meat, butter, pastries, and crude, indigestible food, which would be improper in all cases, and which is almost sure to result in disease in the irritable and inflammatory condition of the system which exists at the period of teething.

One of the most common accompaniments of teething is looseness of the bowels. The discharges may be frequent and watery, differing but little, except in consistency and frequency, from natural, healthy evacuations. But perhaps oftener than otherwise, in the present mode of baby management, they are not only loose and watery, but greenish and curdled, indicating a considerable degree of irritation of the mucous membrane lining the intestinal canal. Now the discharges from the bowels during the process of teething should be regarded as an effort of nature to relieve irritation—as a safety vent for the expulsion of morbid matters. Hence, within certain limits, these discharges are salutary, and therefore they should never be checked suddenly.

On the other hand, the equally grave error should be guarded against of letting a child run down to skin and bones, and perhaps into the grave, under the idea that "it is only a bowel complaint from teething," and that no harm can come of it.

Here then is Scylla on one hand, and Charybdis on the other. If the bowels are checked suddenly with astringents and opiates, the child will in all probability be thrown into a wasting fever, and die of inflammation of the brain, stomach, bowels, or lungs. If the exhausting drain is permitted to go on unchecked, the little sufferer will waste away and die from debility. And the difficulty in these cases is increased from the fact that the wasting is so gradual from day to day, that the child may be reduced beyond the point of recovery before the alarm is taken.

What shall be done then? Shall we resort to opiates and astringents to check the bowel complaints of teething? We answer, unhesitatingly, no. Such remedies may be safe in the hands of a very prudent and judicious physician, but for mothers and nurses *never*. The fact

is, the danger from debility and exhaustion is much less than that from the fever, convulsions, and inflammation that are likely to arise from injudicious attempts to check the discharges. Indeed a child will hardly ever die of the diarrhoea of teething, under the following *treatment*, which is equally safe and efficient, while it is so simple and plain that even a wayfaring *woman*, though a fool in things medical, "need not err therein." Teething is accomplished in many instances without the slightest inconvenience; and we feel no hesitation in saying that this would almost always be the case, with due attention to the directions which we will now give.

The feverishness of the system should be allayed by warm or tepid bathing, regulating the temperature of the bath according to the degree of heat; that is, the hotter the skin, the cooler the water, &c. Bathing has a most happy effect in soothing the nervous and vascular excitement; and the best of all is, it is a safe remedy, being free from the danger of congestion of the brain, and those disorders of the stomach and derangements of the general system so likely to ensue from the use of opiates and soothing syrups, powders, mixtures, &c. To quiet the restlessness, and to allay the feverishness attendant on teething, the wet sheet pack commends itself strongly to the consideration of mothers both for efficacy and for convenience. If the excitement is not very great, the sheet need not be cold, but may be dipped in warm or hot water. The warm bath, or sheet pack is especially valuable when used at bedtime. In quieting restlessness, and in inducing refreshing sleep, either of the above remedies is superior, safety and efficiency both considered, to any drug, animal, vegetable, or mineral.

In addition to general bathing, teething children should have the mouth washed frequently with cold water; and they should be allowed to drink freely of pure water, gum-water, or slippery-elm mucilage. If the child is not weaned, it should be restricted to the mother's breast; if weaned, the diet should consist of cow's milk, hot-water tea, rice-water, toast-water, parched rice, rice boiled in milk, arrowroot, tapioca, crackers or biscuit crust grated in milk, &c. &c. Under this simple treatment, combined with exercise in the open air, and a strict avoidance of all stimulants in the way of food, drink, or medicine, ninety-nine cases in every hundred of teething will terminate favorably, and all the dangers of this critical period will be safely passed.

Should any direct means be necessary to allay the irritation of the bowels, use a small syringe filled with pure cold water after each evacuation. If the discharges are acid (which will be indicated by their greenish appearance), then give a teaspoonful of a solution of carbonate of soda, or a few grains of chalk or magnesia, repeating the dose of either, at intervals of two or three hours, until the stools become less frequent and more natural in appearance.

If the gums are hot and swollen, they should be freely lanced, cutting down until the tooth is plainly felt grating on the edge of the instrument. This is a simple and safe operation; it can be performed by any one, and often gives the greatest relief. Indeed, sometimes all remedies will fail to have the desired effect until the irritation caused by the pressure of the tooth on the gum is removed in the manner indicated. Various washes are used by people with the view of softening the gums, and some seem to think that there is great virtue in the *brains of rabbits*!

It is hardly necessary to say that such things can have no specific power to accomplish the end designed, and

that such absurd superstitions should be utterly discarded by all intelligent people. Yet rubbing the gums with some substance that is not so hard as to irritate, and not disgustingly filthy in its nature, is harmless, and pleasant to the child, and therefore it may be allowed an India-rubber toy, or something of the kind.

COLUMBUS, Ga.

Literary Notices.

Books by Mail.—Now that the postage on printed matter is so low, we offer our services to procure for our subscribers or others any of the books that we notice. Information touching books will be cheerfully given by inclosing a stamp to pay return postage.

When ordering a book, please mention the name of the publisher.

From T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

HARRY COVERDALE'S COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE. By Frank E. Smedley, Esq., author of "Frank Farleigh," "Lewis Arundel," "Lorrimer Littlegood," etc. etc. Embellished with illustrative engravings. There is a world of rich humor in the writings of this author, nor is there lacking a vein of deep and earnest sentiment lying beneath; and these two qualities render his works most entertaining, and worthy to be classed among the best romances of our times. Price \$1 25.

THE THREE COUSINS. By James A. Maitland, author of "The Watchman," "The Diary of an Old Doctor," "Sartaroe," "The Lawyer's Story," etc. This might with tolerable propriety be termed a story of the sea, for the scenes seem distributed equally on land and shipboard. The story opens in New York, but it is not long before the reader finds himself transported to the Pacific Ocean. The tale is of exciting, and, at times, almost tragic interest. Price \$1 25.

HOLLICK'S ANATOMY AND PHYSIOLOGY. Illustrated by a Perfect Dissected Plate of the Human Organization, and by other separate Plates of the Human Skeleton, Arteries, Veins, the Heart, Lungs, Trachea, etc. By Frederick Hollick, M. D., the celebrated lecturer. This will be found a most useful work. The dissected plate which is given in the book is very valuable, conveying as it does, far better than any description can do, an idea of the exact relative positions of the organs of the human body. Price \$1 25.

THE NOBLEMAN'S DAUGHTER. By the Hon. Mrs. Norton, author of "Woman's Reward," "Kate Bouverie," "Sorrows of Rosalie," "Undying One, and Other Poems," etc. etc. This is a short yet pleasing tale of high life, whose opening scene is laid in France, in the time of Louis Fifteenth. Price 25 cents.

THE GREATEST PLAGUE OF LIFE; or, The Adventures of a Lady in Search of a Good Servant. By a Lady who has been almost "Worried to Death." Where is the housekeeper who will need to hear more than the title of this book to become interested at once in a tale which may prove to be but the repetition of her own trials? The lady who has been almost "worried to death" will, we are certain, find abundant sympathizers in her narration of the comical adventures and misadventures which befell her in her long-continued "search." Price 50 cents.

From G. G. EVANS, Philadelphia:—

THE UNION TEXT BOOK: Containing Selections

from the Writings of Daniel Webster: The Declaration of Independence; The Constitution of the United States, and Washington's Farewell Address. With Copious Indexes. For the Higher Classes of Educational Institutions, and for Home Reading.

From HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, through PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

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LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF JOHN A. QUITMAN, Major-General U. S. A., and Governor of the State of Mississippi. By J. F. H. Claiborne. In two volumes. This memoir of one who became, "by his own exertions, eminent at the bar, on the beach, in the army, and in the councils of his country," and yet "maintained through life his personal virtue and political integrity," will be found not unworthy of the noble character of its subject. With no pretension to literary elegance, it is plain, frank, and downright, and, therefore, however much the reader may sometimes differ from the conclusions of its author, he will at least render to them the respect due to their candor and sincerity. Aside from its political bearings, of which we do not presume to judge, this biography must, or should, prove a warm incentive to the young men of our country, no matter what may be their original station in life, to endeavor after high position by means of honest and unrelenting industry. Price \$3 00.

EVAN HARRINGTON; or, He Would be a Gentleman. By George Meredith. This is by far the most lively, varied, and attractive novel on our list. It is a picture of English life among the gentry, though the hero is born of low degree, the son of a tailor, and a tailor himself. Though perpetually haunted by the "shop," he persists in being a gentleman, if only a gentleman tailor, and a gentleman he finally remains. The characters introduced in the course of the story are well chosen and remarkably well sustained; and the narrative constantly changes from one incident to another, without any pause of dull moralizing or sentimentalizing. Whenever it deals in morals or philosophy, it is brief and to the point, making the spice of the whole book, of which spice there is enough and not too much. Price \$1 00.

THE FOUR GEORGES. Sketches of Manners, Morals, Court and Town Life. By W. M. Thackeray, author of "Vanity Fair," "The Virginians," "Pendennis," "Lovelace the Widower," etc. etc. With illustrations. Our readers have, perhaps, heard enough with regard to

these lectures on the "Four Georges," Kings of England, to render it unnecessary for us to enter into expiatory details. There is a piquancy, a commingling of private with public history about them that cannot fail to attract the interest of the most indifferent reader of biographies. This we are free to say without sanctioning all the conclusions, philosophic or otherwise, of the distinguished satirist who is the author of these spicy and original sketches. Price 75 cents.

OUR YEAR: *A Child's Book, in Prose and Verse.* By the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." Illustrated by Clarence Dobell. In this delightful little book, Miss Mulock has given evidence that she knows as well how to administer to the tastes of children, as to those of older people. The volume—a most attractive one in appearance—contains prose sketches of each month in the year, each accompanied by an appropriate poem, and illustrated by an engraving. Price 75 cents.

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these systems is excellent in its way, the author of the volume before us eloquently and forcibly advocates a union of the three as being the most certain of resulting in the well-being of the human race. We earnestly commend his reasonings, arguments, and analogies to the consideration not only of the partisans of each special system, but to the friends of education in general. Price \$1 00.

CONSIDERATIONS ON SOME OF THE ELEMENTS AND CONDITIONS OF SOCIAL WELFARE AND HUMAN PROGRESS. *Being Academic and Occasional Discourses and other Pieces.* By C. S. Henry, D. D. The ten different articles in this volume, which bear more or less on the questions of intellectual and social progress, contain many arguments ably stated and sustained, though not of a character likely to be popular. They are, however, eminently deserving of honest and unprejudiced attention. Price \$1 00.

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PRIMARY HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES: *made Easy and Interesting for Beginners.* By G. P. Quackenbos, A. M., Principal of "The Collegiate School," New York; author of "Illustrated School History of the United States," "A Natural Philosophy," "First Lessons in Composition," "Advanced Course of Composition and Rhetoric," etc. We are glad that this want, so long sustained, of a school history of our country suited to the comprehension of and capable of interesting the very youthful has at last been supplied. Many histories designed for children's libraries have been written and published, but the need of such works for the school-room seems to have been overlooked. Thus the study which might be rendered the most attractive has been too often considered the duller and most wearisome, for the lack of proper text-books.

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THE GREAT PREPARATION; or, Redemption Draweth Nigh. By the Rev. John Cumming, D. D., F. R. S. E., Minister of the Scottish National Church, Crown Court, Covent Garden; author of "The Great Tribulation," etc. First Series. The lovers of ingenious speculation on the Scriptural prophecies will find much in this new volume, by the celebrated Dr. Cumming, to interest and employ their minds. The Reverend Doctor, without claiming to be a prophet, distinctly informs us that we may expect the downfall of the Pope, and the great Sabbath of the world, about the year 1867. Price \$1 00.

WA-WA-WANDA. A Legend of Old Orange. Local

in its associations, this poetical legend, which has for its original in metre and style the Hiawatha of Longfellow, will probably find more appreciative readers in the locality it celebrates than in the world at large. It contains many descriptive passages exceedingly quaint, yet not unpleasant, in their pastoral simplicity, and not a few gems of poetical sentiment. But its resemblance to Hiawatha will provoke comparisons very little in its favor.

From CROSBY, NICHOLS, LEE, & Co., Boston, through T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

GERMAN POPULAR TALES AND HOUSEHOLD STORIES; *Collected by the Brothers Grimm*. Newly translated. With illustrations by Edward H. Wechnert. First and Second Series. What a rich treasury of delight do these two volumes of little stories present to the young people! Nearly two hundred tales of fairy wonder, and of rustic legends, full of humor, pathos, comicality, touching tragedy, childish whimsicality, and deep moral truth—all written in a naively simple style which an intelligent four-year-old cannot fail to comprehend, and yet which the wisacre of sixty will not find unacceptable to his maturer intellect. Price \$2 50.

LIFE AND RELIGION OF THE HINDOOS. *With a Sketch of my Life and Experience*. By Joguth Chunder Gangooly (baptized Philip). Here we have most reliable information concerning the Hindoos, their manners, customs, and religion, written, not by one who has resided for a few years in the English settlements in India, and who, necessarily, can have but an imperfect knowledge of the subject of which he treats, but by one eminently qualified to speak with correctness and certainty: a native, who has been educated and converted to Christianity. The book is written in very good English, and the subject-matter cannot prove otherwise than interesting. Price \$1 00.

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THE CHAPEL OF ST. MARY. By the author of "The Rectory of Moreland." The Chapel of St. Mary is a novel which we have no hesitation in commending to our readers. The style is elegant, and the story a quiet yet pleasing one. Price \$1 00.

THE KING OF THE MOUNTAINS. From the French of Edmond About, author of "The Roman Question," "Germaine," etc. By Mary L. Booth. With an introduction by Epes Sargent. This story is the most pleasing we have yet seen from the pen of M. About. It is in some sort a satire on modern Greece, which, if its condition be at all like it is herein represented, certainly is a deserving object of satire. The narrative is sufficiently interesting, but the chief merit of the book is in its quiet humor and keen though not splenetic wit. Price \$1 00.

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thor of "The Angel in the House." The rich promise which the author of this volume gave in his earlier works is not so abundantly fulfilled as we could have wished. Nevertheless, he has given us a sweetly simple poem, not remarkable, certainly, but, at the same time, of something more than common excellence. Price \$1 00.

TOM BROWN AT OXFORD: *A Sequel to School Days at Rugby*. By Thomas Hughes, author of "School Days at Rugby," "Scouring of the White Horse," etc. The first volume of this work has just been issued, and has been received by us. Nos. 11 and 12 of the monthly parts have also come to hand. Price 75 cents per bound volume, and 12 cents per monthly part.

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THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF MRS. EMILY C. JUDSON. By A. C. Kendrick, Professor of Greek Literature in the University of Rochester. We gave a somewhat extended notice of this book in a previous number of our magazine, therefore we deem it unnecessary to do more than call attention to it now.

THE FLORENCE STORIES. By Jacob Abbott. *Visit to the Orkney Islands*.

THE OAKLAND STORIES. *Claiborne*. By George B. Taylor, of Virginia.

These are each the third edition of two series of children's stories, and will prove most acceptable to the little ones. Those especially who have already obtained the preceding numbers of the series will not overlook these.

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of the Conquest of China. By William Dalton, author of "The White Elephant," etc. With illustrations by J. S. Melville. Price 75 cents.

We have grouped together these three handsomely bound and illustrated volumes, as they are all from the same publisher, and the two last by the same author, and are also all intended for youthful readers, though they are not, strictly speaking, children's books. The first gives brief biographies of Daniel Webster, Eliza Kent Kane, Henry Havelock, Robert Fulton, and many others who have become distinguished men by a careful cultivation of their talents. The two latter describe respectively adventures in Ava and China, which, though the author acknowledges them to be fictitious, are yet claims for them a careful adherence in his description to the manners and customs of the countries referred to. There may be a degree of improbability in the incidents related; but this, perhaps, to the youthful reader at least, will seem no drawback to their merits, while the narratives are sufficiently strong to awake the mind of the duller reader.

From F. A. BRADY, New York, through T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

THE RAMBLES OF FUDGE FUMBLE; or *The Love Ramblings of a Lifetime*. By the author of the "Arkansas Doctor," "Rattle-head Travels," etc. Price 50 cents.

LIONEL JOULEY: *A Scrap to Love me; Leave me not*. By Pierce Egan, Esq., author of "The Castle and the Cottage," "Snake in the Grass," "Flower of the Clock," etc. Price, paper cover, 50 cents.

ELLEN MAYNARD; or, *The Death Wail of the Hawk-huntress*. A Story of Real Life and True Love. Price, paper cover, 50 cents.

From JAMES EBBERT, New York, for sale at LUTHERAN PUBLICATION OFFICE, 42 North Ninth Street, and by DR. J. C. HART, Druggist, 24 South Second Street:—

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL in *South America, Mexico, and California*. By L. M. Shaeffer. The contents of this neat and pleasant little volume of reminiscences of life among the miners of California originally appeared in the columns of a religious paper. The period of time embraced in the sketches extends from 1849 to 1852, a period in which the ever singular characteristics of California existence were at the height of their singularity. This fact alone should give value to the work, which is written in a simple attractive style.

From THOMSON BROTHERS, New York, through W. S. & A. MARTIN, Philadelphia:—

PAUL BLAKE; or, *The Story of a Boy's Perils in the Islands of Corsica and Monte Cristo*. By Alfred Elwes, author of "Ocean and her Rulers," etc. With illustrations by H. Anelay. This is one of those stories which, designed for the reading of young persons—we do not mean children—will, by its unflagging interest, copiousness of incident, and thrilling adventure, inevitably retain the attention of almost every class of readers.

CONSTANCE AND EDITH; or, *Incidents of Home Life*. By a Clergyman's Wife. With illustrations. An attractive story, intended for youth, the perusal of which will convey to their minds and hearts wholesome moral truths.

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BIOGRAPHICAL, HISTORICAL, AND INCIDENTAL SKETCH OF OSSIAN E. DODGE. This is No. 10 of

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From F. W. HURTT & Co., Columbus, Ohio:—

THE OHIO EDUCATIONAL MONTHLY. (*Successor to the Ohio Journal of Education*.) A Journal of School and Home Education. Official organ of the Ohio State Teachers' Association. We have received the numbers for October and November, being Nos. 1 and 2 of the new series, of this publication. The November number contains a steel engraving of Rev. P. B. Wilbur, late President of the Wesleyan Female College, Cincinnati. A sketch of Mr. Wilbur's educational career, by Rev. D. W. Clark, editor of the *Ladies' Repository*, accompanies the likeness. Both numbers contain interesting articles from well-known friends of education.

From ROBERT CARTER & BROTHERS, New York:—

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS. By John Bunyan. With explanatory Notes, by Thomas Scott, D. D. Illustrated by Charles Bennett. It is unnecessary to say anything of a book so well known as this, except that it is beautifully printed in a volume just of the right size, and that the illustrations are excellent, each character being delineated to the life. We are sure that if there are any libraries still unsupplied with this important work, their want could not be better met than by this edition. Price 50 cents.

THE KING'S HIGHWAY; or, *Illustrations of the Commandments*. By the Rev. Richard Newton, D. D., author of "Rills from the Fountain of Life," "Best Things," etc. This work consists of Addresses or Familiar Sermons to the Young on the Commandments, illustrating each in a manner at once simple and forcible. The book is one that will be read with interest even by those who shrink from considering serious things, and from its earnestness and warmth is calculated to do great good.

THE LAST WEEK IN THE LIFE OF DAVIS JOHNSON, JR. By J. D. Wells, Pastor of the South Third Street Presbyterian Church, Williamsburgh, L. I. A very interesting account of the last days of a young man who was suddenly called, in the midst of health and thoughtlessness, to prepare for death. His conflict and his final conquest are related in a very striking and impressive manner.

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DAYS AT MURHEAD; or, *The Lessons of Little Olive's Midsummer Holidays*. This is one of the prettiest and best little books for the young we have seen for some time. Very lively and interesting, at the same time inculcating good morals, particularly unselfishness of life and temper.

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OUR ENGRAVINGS.—“A High Walk in Life” is one of our “brag” plates. No publisher can equal us in this, or, in fact, in any other department.

This February Fashion, is it not even better than those that have preceded it? We think it is, anyhow. These double fashion-plates are a bitter pill for our imitators: they cannot accomplish that even in an indifferent way. They may imitate the old style of fashions that we have abandoned, and no doubt they will, but they can't attempt this. We have further surprises for them yet.

There is no authorized medium for the fashions but Godey. Any one who notices can see that other magazines only follow ours from month to month. We receive, besides our foreign fashions, from A. T. Stewart & Co., Brodie, and Lord & Taylor of New York, and T. W. Evans & Co. of Philadelphia, and of articles for mourning from Besson & Co. of this city. Other magazines only copy after we have published.

“No Longer Baby.” How expressive! or, in other words, the young one's “nose is out of joint,” a matter to be realized in any family where there is more than one child.

OUR NEEDLES.—Owing to the immense demand for the needles, we may have been dilatory in supplying; but we now have an ample supply on hand, and can send at once to all who may order.

READ THIS.—We insert nothing in our Book that does not belong to it, and are not responsible for any circulars, catalogues, or advertisements that may be inserted by dealers to whom we send the Book. We are getting tired of these complaints. If people would only look for themselves, and see by whom these documents are published, they would not charge us with their insertion. Read the article on first page of the cover of the Book.

OWING, we suppose, to our beautiful fashions, it is almost impossible to keep pace with the demand for our Book. The cry is “send as soon as you can.” We presume persons compare and see for themselves the difference between our fashions and those of other magazines. We can unhesitatingly say that nothing published in France or England comes up to our fashion-plates, and we challenge a comparison.

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POSTAGE ON THE LADY'S BOOK.—Postage for three months, if paid in advance at the office where it is received, four and a half cents.

REGISTERING LETTERS.—When this matter was first proposed, some of our subscribers may remember that we protested against it energetically, again and again, as only a plan by which thieves might, without any trouble, ascertain which letters had money in them. The present Postmaster-General, in his report, says, of registered letters: “They bear a mark which indicates to all through whose hands they pass their valuable character, and this indication serves rather to *invite* depredation than to prevent it.” Why then will persons register letters? We do not pretend to look after a loss when persons write us that they have *registered* their letters—knowing full well that the money can never be recovered.

SOME HINTS.

In remitting, try to procure a draft, and don't fail to indorse it.

Address L. A. Godey, Philadelphia, Pa. That is sufficient.

If a lady is the writer, always prefix Mrs. or Miss to her signature, that we may know how to address a reply.

Town, County, and State, always in your letter.

If you miss a number of any magazine, always write to the publishers of the magazine. If *Arthur's*, address T. S. Arthur & Co., Philadelphia; if *Harper's*, address Messrs. Harper & Brothers, New York.

When a number of the Lady's Book is not received, write at once for it; don't wait until the end of the year.

When inclosing money, do not trust to the sealing matter on an envelope, but use a wafer in addition.

Mrs. Hale is not the Fashion Editress. Address “Fashion Editress, care L. A. Godey, Philadelphia.”

When you send money for any other publication, we pay it over to the publisher, and there our responsibility ceases.

We can always supply back numbers.

Subscriptions may commence with any number of the year.

THE Fashion Editor desires us to say that she receives orders from those who are subscribers and those who are not; in fact, she never stops to inquire whether they are or are not subscribers to the Lady's Book.

THE PHILADELPHIA CITY ITEM.—Mr. Fitzgerald's handsome weekly is among the most valuable and interesting of our exchanges. It is a literary, business, fine art, and dramatic paper of fourteen years' standing, and is at this moment more popular and prosperous than ever. As a poetical paper it has no superior in the country, and, as a general literary medium, occupies a distinguished rank. It is essentially the theatrical, musical, and fine art paper of the United States. Among its poetic contributors we observe writers not unknown to fame—Miss Bridges, Miss Donnelly, and Dorgan, and Stockton. Mrs. Jacobus of Alabama (one of the “Women of the South” distinguished in literature) commences her story of “The Ashtons” next week.

Club of \$25.

MICHIGAN, Dec. 4, 1860.

It is with pleasure I send another club for the Lady's Book. I could not do without it, and others think with me that it is a monthly blessing in a home. Each month better and better.

H.

OUR MUSICAL COLUMN.

Prof. Edward Arnold.—This gentleman, well known to our musical friends as one of the best of our correspondents, has been appointed to the musical professorship in Mount Allison Ladies' Academy, Sackville, New Brunswick, a flourishing institution, which has done its pupils manifest justice in this appointment. We predict that the standard of musical education in the Academy will be materially advanced henceforth, as the Professor is not merely the graceful and pleasing composer which he is known to be by the Godey patrons, but a brilliant performer, and thorough musician and instructor as well.

Union E. Dodge.—We are glad to learn that this pleasant humorist and successful concertizer is again at his old vocation, and is delighting large audiences in the West with his droll performances in music and Monusiana. He is assisted in his entertainments by Mr James J. Clark, one of the best baladists in the country, a gentleman of thorough culture and excellent style, and well known, moreover, as a composer of numerous popular ballads. During January and February they will appear in the different towns in Michigan, and we advise the readers of Godey whose localities they may visit not to lose the opportunity of seeing and hearing them, for Dodge alone, as a man of infinite jest and merriment, is worth going miles to hear. Mr Dodge was the composer of the famous Masonic Song in our December number.

New Sheet Music.—Our bulletin of new music for the month comprises the following, any of which we shall be glad to forward to any address, free of postage, on receipt of price in stamps. Orders to be sent to our own address, Philadelphia:—

By Mr. Everest, one of our best contributors: From Early Morn; In all the World; The Home of my Sweet Adelaide; Thou Little Star; Dear Mountain Home, and O It is Pleasant, a beautiful barcarole from Weber's Oberon. The first, second, and fifth of these are especially worthy of notice, but our readers will be pleased with any of them. Each 25 cents.

From Messrs. Firth & Pond, New York. Three capital songs by Signor G. Stigelli, of the Italian Opera, as follows: The Dream of Home; I know a pair of Hazel Eyes; and Were I a Soldier. This last is a splendid piece of music, martial-like and spirited, and admirably suited to a clear, ringing voice. Price of each 35 cents. Also two beautiful melodies. Under the Willow she's Sleeping, and Cora Dean, both by Stephen C. Foster, the popular composer of Gentle Annie, etc. Each 25 cents. A new edition of the ever popular Dixie's Land, now warbled everywhere, the same firm also issues at 25 cents; and a brilliant new Quickstep, Skyrockets, by Grafulla, composer of Captain Shepard, at the same price. At 50 cents, Messrs. Firth & Pond publish brilliant variations on Dixie's Land, by Charles Grobe, whose name alone is sufficient guarantee of the merits of the piece. We will cheerfully purchase and forward any of these pieces.

Music Declined.—We are compelled to decline the following MSS. sent for insertion in the Book: Home Polka; Leave me Now; I do not Forget; Katie Bell, and Prince of Wales Waltz.

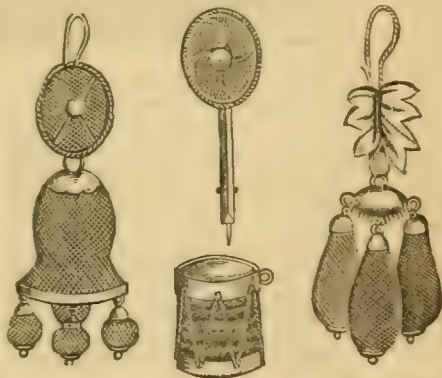
J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

We ask the attention of every housekeeper to two books they cannot well do without. "Mrs. Hale's Housekeeper's Book," price \$1.25; and "Mrs. Hale's Cooking Book," price \$1.00. With them, they can get along; without them, they cannot.

THE CELEBRATED BUTCHERS' PROCESSION.—Who is there amongst us can remember that? Some of our old folks perhaps. Yes, and they refer to it as one of the events they do remember, and as being more splendid than anything of a more recent date. It was called "White's Great Cattle Show;" we remember seeing an old print of it, but it has been reproduced. Aaron Clement of this city, residence No. 5 Pennsylvania Railroad Building, 5 Willing's Alley, has brought it out anew, but still preserving all the quaintness of the original—the old-fashioned dresses; Chestnut Street as it was, etc. But it looks bright and new, and is a picture that all should have to remind them of bygone times and bygone scenes.

THE VA. Western Review says: "Godey's Lady Book is the worthy favorite of all intelligent and fashionable ladies. The *vaude mecum* of the *élite*, a necessity in every family."

HAIR ORNAMENTS.—Ladies wishing hair made into bracelets, pins (which are very beautiful necklaces, or ear-rings, can be accommodated by our Fashion Editor. A very large number of orders have recently been filled, and the articles have given great satisfaction.



We give the prices at which we will send these beautiful articles:—

- Breastpins, from \$4 to \$12.
- Ear-rings, from \$4.50 to \$10.
- Bracelets, from \$3 to \$15.
- Rings, from \$1.50 to \$3.
- Necklaces, from \$6 to \$15.
- Fob-chains, from \$6 to \$12.
- The Charms of Faith, Hope, and Charity, \$4.50.
- Hair Studs from \$5.50 to \$11 the set.
- Sleeve Buttons from \$6.50 to \$11 the set.

A YOUNG LADY, capable of taking charge of the education of children under the age of fifteen, desires to enter a private family as teacher. She prefers a situation in Kentucky or Tennessee. Address, until the 1st of December, Miss Euna S. Osceola, Ill.

THE OLD FRANKLIN ALMANAC FOR 1861.—Winch, 320 Chestnut Street, has it for sale, and it is a most useful publication, containing a little of everything that is useful to the business man or the housekeeper. Price 14 cents.

VILLA IN THE GOTHIC STYLE.

Designed expressly for Godey's Lady's Book by SAMUEL SLOAN, Architect, Philadelphia.



CALIFORNIA, Nov. 1860.

The ladies of this place, like all the women of this wide-awake republic, find the Lady's Book a necessity in their daily lives; a companion not the less charming for being useful; a parent, aid, and comfort to the inexperienced young housekeeper; a safe adviser to both matron and maid when comes up the great question, "What shall we wear?" And not only does it administer to the outward adorning; how many times for me has it soothed the disquiet of a vexed and weary spirit by its well-told trials of other lives! Ah, Mr. Godey, if the ladies could vote, they would make you the next President—dear, glorious old Union-saver that you are!

L.

Club of \$52 60.

WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

It always gives me great pleasure to get up this club, for I feel that the Lady's Book is a necessity and a luxury that a lady cannot do without. Therefore, the ladies of this place return their most sincere thanks for the great enjoyment that they have received from the Lady's Book. They also recommend it to every mother and wife as a treasure, and only wonder how they great can do without it.

B.

Club of \$22.

MAINE, Dec. 1, 1860.

You must surely think that we appreciate your surpassingly beautiful and most excellent magazine. It is truly a gem that no lady of taste and refinement would willingly dispense with. May you live a thousand years to publish the Lady's Book, never growing old, and may the same unprecedented success and prosperity ever attend you!

H.

"THE ILLUSTRATED NEWS OF THE WORLD."—We mentioned, on page 84 of our January number, that this publication was issued from New York. We make the correction. The proper address is Messrs. H. A. Brown & Co., 14 Hanover Street, Boston, Mass.

SCHOOL TEACHING.—With regard to the practice of giving scholars lessons to be studied at home, an indignant writer says:—

"The whole system of merely *hearing* lessons recited in public schools is a cunning fraud of teachers, falsely so called. Those teachers teach nothing; they sit majestically enthroned in their school chairs, to decide daily whether the *parents* have done their—that is, the teachers'—work at home, and to punish or reward the scholar for the parents' ability or ignorance.

"When we pay taxes for public schools, or enormous fees for private ones, we want tutors, not magistrates, for our money; we want the men and women employed in schools to do something more than sit up in state and ask questions; we want them to teach our children something they did not know, and not send them home to be taught, that they, the teachers, may diurnally go through the farce of hearing them recite what parents have taught them and they know already."

The same remarks will also apply to private schools. We have long been disgusted with this system, that makes parents the teachers, and the so-called teachers the hearers of lessons. Let all lessons be learned in school, under the eye of the teacher. St. Mark's Episcopal Academy—Rev. J. Andrew Harris—is free from this objection. We copy the following from his circular:—

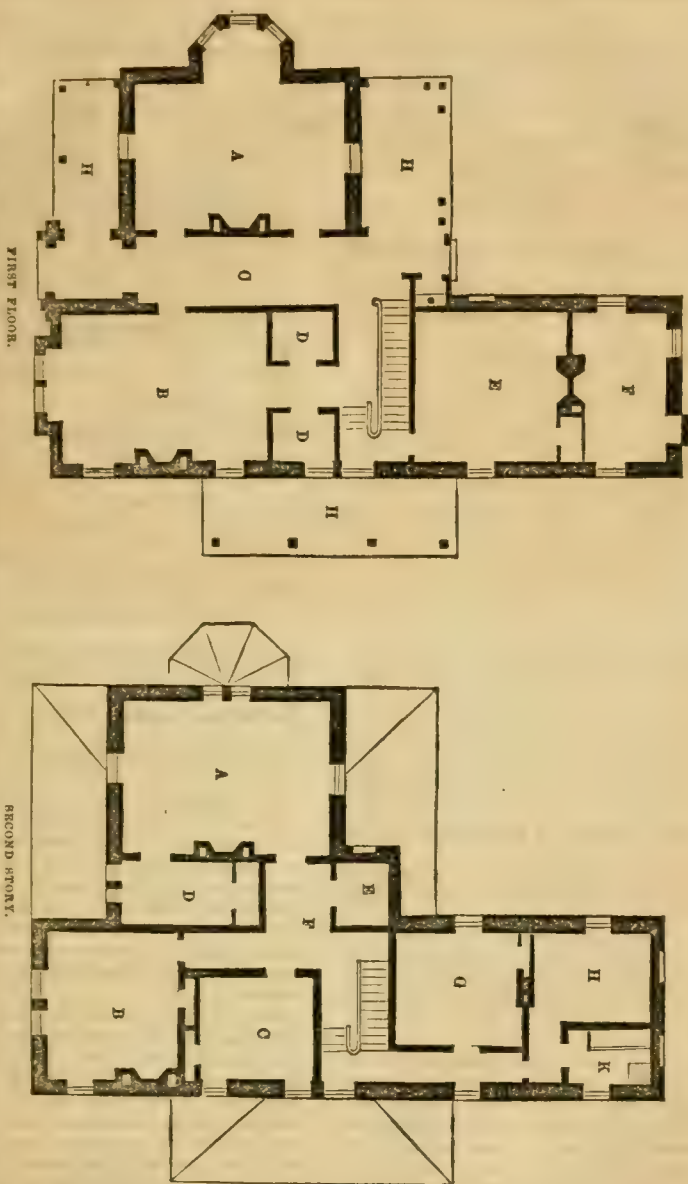
"As much time as possible will be allowed boys to prepare their lessons during school hours, under the direction of a teacher; an arrangement which will relieve parents from the trouble of taking the teacher's place at home."

EMBROIDERY PATTERN FOR A PIANO STOOL.

(See plate of Tiger in January number.)

To be worked in cloth or velvet, with chenille or wool or else on canvas, and the ground filled up with some dark color which will throw out the figures well. The Footstool in this number is to be worked the same way.

PLAN AND DESCRIPTION OF VILLA IN THE GOTHIC STYLE.



First floor — A parlor, 18 by 24 feet; B dining-room, 16 by 22 feet; C hall, 6 feet wide; D D pantry and china closet; E kitchen, 16 by 16 feet; F back kitchen; H H H H porch.
Second story — A chamber, with dressing-room D; B and C chambers; E hall; F Hnon closet; G chamber; H chamber; K bath-room. The attics have sufficient light for three commodious rooms.
 The cost for this building, if the walls are faced with stone, will be \$65,500.

A LADY from Ohio writes us: "We are fast becoming convinced that the best is always the cheapest—just as you say. So they subscribe for your magazine."

THE BEST JEWEL TO WEAR.—Jewels are an ornament to women, but a blemish to men; they bespeak either effeminacy or a love of display. The hand of man is honored in working, for labor is his mission; and the hand that wears its riches on its finger has rarely worked honestly to win them. The best jewel a man can wear is his honor; let that be bright and shining, well set in prudence, and all others must darken before it.

MISSING NUMBERS.—Those who do not receive a January number must write for it at once, and so with every other number of the year; if they do not, we do not feel obliged to supply them. A club will be sent for 1861, we will say, and we are then informed that certain numbers in 1860 never came to hand. This may be so, and then again it may not; they may have lost the numbers by lending them, and then call upon us to supply the deficiency. Now let it be distinctly understood that we will only supply missing numbers when they are written for at the time. When you receive a February number, and the January number has not been received, then write.

A LIST OF ARTICLES WE CAN SUPPLY.

Godey's Bijou Needle-Case, containing 100 very superior Diamond Drilled Eyed Needles. Price 25 cents, and one three cent stamp to pay postage, except to California, Oregon, or the British Provinces; for either of these places a ten cent stamp must be sent.

Godey's Pattern-Book of Embroideries. Price 25 cents.

Fresh Fruits all the year round, at Summer Prices, and how you may get them. Price 12 cents.

Every Lady her own Shoemaker. With diagrams. Price 50 cents.

Thirty of the most approved Receipts for Summer Beverages. Price 12 cents.

Gallery of Splendid Engravings, from Pictures by the first Masters. Price 50 cents each; four numbers now ready.

The Book of the Toilet. Price 25 cents.

How to Make a Dress. Price 25 cents.

The Nursery Basket; or, a Help to those who Wish to Help Themselves. With engravings. Price 50 cents.

Mrs. Hale's new Cook-Book. With numerous engravings. Price \$1 00.

Mrs. Hale's 4545 Receipts for the Million. Price \$1 25.

Godey's Curl Clasp. Twelve in a box. Nos. 1, 2, and 3. Price 75 cents, which covers the postage, except to California, Oregon, or the British Provinces. The price to cover postage to either of these places is, on No. 1, \$1 20; on No. 2, \$1 30; on No. 3, \$1 50.

Godey's Hair Crimpers. Each box contains twelve, of various sizes. Price 75 cents a box, which covers the postage, except to California, Oregon, or the British Provinces. The price to cover postage to either of these places is \$1 20.

Godey's Copying Paper, for copying Patterns of Embroidery, etc. Each package contains several colors. Price 25 cents. A ten cent stamp will be required to prepay postage on this to California, Oregon, or the British Provinces.

Patent Needle Threaders. A valuable article. Price 25 cents.

Indestructible Pleasure Books for Children, with colored plates, printed on muslin, and cannot be torn. Price 25 cents each.

Mrs. Stephens's Crochet Book. Price 75 cents.

The Song Bird Fancier. Every lady who keeps birds should have this useful book. Price 25 cents.

The Ladies' Manual of Fancy Work, by Mrs. Pullen. Price \$1 25.

A WORD FOR THE WOMEN.—The delicate female hand, the most beautiful and pliant instrument in the world, once thoroughly educated, the whole world of design is opened to her, and the field of her labor is boundless. There is scarcely an article of home manufacture in which we have advanced much beyond the rude old Saxon style. Every article of household use, as far as design is concerned, has to be reformed, and will be, as our tastes advance. Why, then, should not the trained female artist hasten to share the work with her brother artist?

NOR FAIR.—A person, to save the expense, will subscribe to a low-priced magazine, and then say to one of our subscribers, "Lend me your magazine, and I will lend you mine." This is not exactly a fair exchange, but we know it is done. We caution all our subscribers against such exchanges. Poverty is no sin, and if a person cannot afford to take the Lady's Book, then take a lower-priced magazine, even if it is not so good.

J. E. TILTON & CO., 161 Washington Street, Boston, publish, for Grecian and Antique Painting, the following elegant pictures, which they will send, post-paid, to any address, on receipt of price. New pictures constantly being published.

Each is prepared on suitable paper, with tints, etc.; and full directions to paint, to mix each color, frame, etc., without extra charge. There are no other publishers of such pictures, nor can any other pictures be made to so fully resemble a canvas oil painting, or remain perfect as these. The coarse and cheap pictures are not suitable, and disgust people of taste with these beautiful arts.

	Size of Plate, besides margin.	Price.
On the Prairie, very fine	19 by 27	\$2 00
Mary Dow, companion to Barefoot Boy	16 " 22	60
The Barefoot Boy, companion to Mary Dow	16 " 22	60
The Rector's Ward	19 " 25	1 00
The Marriage of John Alden, in the "Courtship of Miles Standish,"	14 " 17	1 50
The Virgin and Child, the celebrated Madonna della Scala, by Correggio	16 " 22	1 00
Evangeline, from Longfellow	16 " 22	1 00
Beatrice Cenci, from the celebrated painting by Guido	16 " 22	1 00
Jean D'Arc	12 " 16	1 00
Age and Infancy, a beautiful Family Group	16 " 22	2 00
The Happy Family, beautiful Family Group	13 " 17	1 25
Hiawatha's Wooing, from Longfellow	14 " 18	1 50
The Farm Yard, by Herring, companion to Hiawatha's Wooing	13 " 19	1 50
The Jew's-harp Lesson, by Brunet	9 " 11	60
The Little Bird, by Brunet	9 " 11	60
Les Orphelines, copy from celebrated painting	9 " 11	1 00

They are the originators of several of the most popular new styles of painting, and publish the valuable book, ART RECREATIONS. Their careful experience of several years is given in this book, with that of Professor Day, the pioneer teacher, who has successfully taught in Europe and the best seminaries in New England.

Its value to teachers will be obvious, and to those living at a great distance, for it gives instructions how to make all materials used, valuable receipts, etc. Some of the branches taught are

Pencil Drawing, Oil Painting, Crayon Drawing and Painting, Paper Flowers, Moss-work, Papier Mache, Cone-work, Feather Flowers, Hair-work, Potichimanie, Leather-work, Theorem Painting, Gilding and Bronzing, Taxidermy, or the Art of Preserving Birds, Grecian Painting, Antique Painting, Oriental Painting, Wax Flowers, from the crude wax to the beautiful and perfect flower, fruit, etc.; Sign Painting, Shell-work, Painting on Ground Glass, Magic Lantern, Imitation of Pearl, Sealing-wax Painting, Panorama Painting, Embroidery, Coloring Photographs, Water-coloring, the Aquarium, etc.

The work is elegantly illustrated, large 12mo. Price \$1 50. This and all our pictures and books sent, post-paid, by mail.

PETERSON'S PHILADELPHIA COUNTERFEIT DETECTOR.—A most useful adjunct to every man in business. Corrected by the celebrated Drexel. It is an invaluable work, and one that should be in the store of every one. Anybody remitting us \$3 shall receive the Lady's Book and the Detector one year.

BASSINETTE.

FOR OUR YOUNG READERS.

Fig. 1.

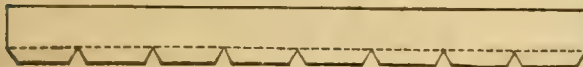


To make the framework of this, take a piece of cardboard, and cut out the bottom, Fig. 2; take another strip of cardboard, cut it out the shape of Fig. 3, and cut half through the dotted line on the front of the card, split with a penknife the outside pieces, turn round the long strip, and fix them under the bottom of Fig. 2; the sides of the bassinette may be joined together with a piece of thin paper over each end.

Fig. 2.



Fig. 3.



The two rockers must be cut out to the pattern, Fig. 4, the upper portion of the card split down to the dotted

Fig. 4.

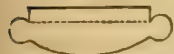


Fig. 5.

line, and fixed to the bottom.

The three ribs for the top must be cut out to the shape of Fig. 5, bent over, and the ends fastened with a little gum.

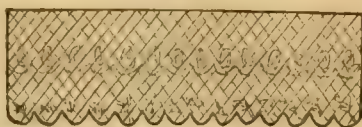
The framework being now complete, take a piece of light blue or pink glazed lining, cut this to the shape of the inside, and cover the ribs with the same; put over this lace, then a frill of lining round the outsides, and also cover these with a frill of lace not farther than the ribs, and put a piece of quilled ribbon round the edge. Then cut out the shape of Fig. 6 for the top, first cutting

Fig. 6.



out the same figure in glazed calico, putting it under the lace; tack the straight edge round the first rib, not gathering it at all, and do the same with the other two ribs, gathering it a little as you proceed. The ribs must be covered with quilled ribbon. For the curtains take

Fig. 7.



a rather broad piece of lace, and cut it to the pattern, Fig. 7. Catch it up in the middle with a bow made as Fig. 8; tack down the side, and catch this up at each end with similar bows, but with much longer ends, and also another bow at the foot.

Fig. 8.



For the bedding of the bassinette, commence by cutting

Fig. 9.

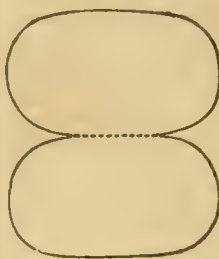
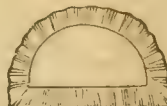


Fig. 10.



Fig. 11.



out of strong calico the feather bed, Fig. 9; double over at the dotted line and backstitch it together all round, except the top; turn it on the right side and stuff it with feathers or wadding, and, when quite full, turn in the top a little, and sew it over neatly. For the pillow, take a piece of the same material, and cut it out to the shape of Fig. 10; double it over at the dotted line, stitch it together, and fill it in the same manner as already explained. For the pillow-case, take a much finer piece of calico and cut it the same shape as Fig. 10, only a very little larger, to allow it to slip over the pillow; cut through the dotted line in this, run and fell round the curve, and hem where you have cut through the dotted line; turn it on the right side, and sew three small buttons on, also button-holes, and finish it off by putting some lawn frills all round the pillow-case to make Fig. 11. For the sheets, cut out of fine calico the shape of Fig. 12, leaving

Fig. 12.



Fig. 13.



one square at the corners, and without frills for the bottom one, and hem it; for the upper sheet round it at the top, as in Fig. 12, and hem this also; frill a piece of

lawn on to the upper part which is to turn over. The blankets must be made a little less than the sheets, and in the same manner as already described in the bed. The counterpane can be made of a small pattern marcella, and the shape of Fig. 13; sew round it a piece of work, which will finish the bassinette.

This, like the bed, may be made any size, taking care to keep each part in proportion, as well as the bedding, etc.

TOWN, COUNTY, AND STATE.—Do not forget to put all these in every letter you write. You do not know how much trouble it would save us.

PHILADELPHIA AGENCY.

No order attended to unless the cash accompanies it.

All persons requiring answers by mail must send a post-office stamp; and for all articles that are to be sent by mail, stamps must be sent to pay return postage.

Be particular, when writing, to mention the town, county, and State you reside in. Nothing can be made out of post-marks.

Miss M. E. J.—Sent pattern Zouave jacket, November 13th.

Mrs. M. B. K.—Sent basque pattern 13th.

Mrs. N. E. M.—Sent pattern 14th.

C. S.—Sent pattern winter jacket 14th.

F. N. W.—Sent cloak patterns 14th.

Miss T. L.—Sent hair rings 15th.

Miss H. C. T.—Sent hair ring 15th.

Mrs. C. McM.—Sent hair necklace 15th.

E. W. H.—Sent hair necklace 15th.

R. E. McC.—Sent hair fob-chain and bracelets 15th.

Mrs. R.—Sent pattern Prince's wrap 15th.

Mrs. M. J. A.—Sent pattern Zouave jacket 15th.

Mrs. B. A. W.—Sent pattern Zouave jacket, &c. 15th.

L. H. R.—Sent patterns 15th.

L. B.—Sent pattern Saragossa cloak 15th.

F. A. L.—Sent cloak pattern 15th.

Mrs. P. E. S.—Sent patterns child's clothes 16th.

Mrs. M. T. N.—Sent pattern Zouave jacket, &c. 16th.

G. S. G.—Sent zephyr, &c. 16th.

N. E. W.—Sent hair nets, silk braid, &c. 16th.

A. C. S.—Sent black cloth cloak by Adams's express 17th.

M. P.—Sent fur cape by Adams's express 17th.

Mrs. J. H. R.—Sent mantles, &c. by Adams's express 17th.

Miss M. P.—Sent materials for paper flowers 17th.

G. S. F.—Sent pattern Clotilde cloak 17th.

Mrs. P. N. M.—Sent embroidered collar 17th.

B. K. & Co.—Sent cloak pattern 17th.

Mrs. R. N.—Sent infant's embroidered flannel skirt 17th.

Miss S. W.—Sent pattern and trimmings for Saragossa cloak 17th.

Mrs. J. W. D.—Sent pattern Zouave jacket, &c. 19th.

Miss B. B.—Sent article 19th.

M. N. J.—Sent pattern of dress and Zouave jacket 20th.

J. F. R.—Sent cloak pattern 20th.

Mrs. H. P. P.—Sent pattern Oberon cloak 21st.

A. K.—Sent hair necklace and charms 21st.

Mrs. F. A. E.—Sent India-rubber gloves, &c. 21st.

Miss McH.—Sent articles 21st.

Mrs. M. W. G.—Sent pearl card-case, &c. 21st.

M. G.—Sent dress patterns 22d.

J. K. J.—Sent pattern opera hood 22d.

Miss S. D.—Sent pattern Clotilde cloak, &c. 22d.

Miss J. M.—Sent hair ring 23d.

C. A. F.—Sent pattern shawl mantle, &c. 23d.

B. R. M.—Sent patterns infant's wardrobe 23d.

Miss A. E. Y.—Sent package by Adams's express 24th.

Mrs. S. M. McC.—Sent patterns of collar and cuffs 26th.

Miss M. J. H.—Sent pattern sortie du bal 26th.

Mrs. L. Z. R.—Sent pattern Clotilde cloak 26th.

Mrs. C. P.—Sent embroidery cotton 27th.

Mrs. S. J. J.—Sent purse silk, beads, clasp, &c. 27th.

Mrs. A. K. S.—Sent hair nets 27th.

Mrs. J. S.—Sent patterns 28th.

Mrs. J. J. L.—Sent pattern Zouave jacket 28th.

Mrs. G. C. E.—Sent sleeve pattern 28th.

Mrs. H. A. T.—Sent pattern Zouave jacket 28th.

Miss C. McC.—Sent pattern Zouave jacket 28th.

Miss M. F. C.—Sent pattern Clotilde cloak 28th.

Mrs. P. A. B.—Sent cloak pattern 28th.

Mrs. L. R.—Sent pattern Saragossa cloak 28th.

Mrs. S. H. P.—Sent patterns infant's wardrobe 28th.

Mrs. E. H. H.—Sent zephyr worsted 30th.

Mrs. E. M.—Sent hair ring, &c. 30th.

Mrs. P. B. M.—Sent wire for artificial flowers 30th.

Mrs. H. T.—Sent hair ring 30th.

L. S. C.—Sent hair stud and sleeve buttons 30th.

N. C.—Sent two hair rings 30th.

Mrs. L. S.—Sent hair acorn 30th.

L. H. M.—Sent pattern Henry the Second cloak, &c. 30th.

Mrs. J. McC.—Sent pattern Castilian cloak 30th.

Miss A. P.—Sent pattern Henry the Second cloak 30th.

Mrs. S. W. C.—Sent cloak pattern 30th.

Wm. W.—Sent apron pattern and books 30th.

F. N.—Sent pattern Clotilde cloak 30th.

Mrs. C. H. T.—Sent pattern Zouave jacket, &c. 30th.

Mrs. S. A. H.—Sent camel's-hair pencils 30th.

Mrs. W. R. P.—Sent apron pattern December 1st.

Mrs. J. W.—Sent pattern winter jacket 1st.

Mrs. J. C. H.—Sent cloak pattern 1st.

Mrs. J. D.—Sent pattern Zouave jacket 4th.

G. S. F.—Sent pattern 4th.

Mrs. M. V. J.—Sent pattern little girl's clothes 4th.

Miss L. J. B.—Sent hair bracelet 4th.

A. M. F.—Sent hair fob chain by Adams's express 5th.

J. H. V.—Sent pattern Oberon cloak 5th.

C. D. C.—Sent patterns, &c. 5th.

Mrs. D. G. R.—Sent patterns Castilian cloak 5th.

Mrs. J. L. R.—Sent paletot by Harnden's express 5th.

Mrs. J. K.—Sent cloak patterns 5th.

Mrs. A. V. Du B.—Sent bundle by Harnden's express 6th.

Mrs. T. S. H.—Sent pattern little girl's clothes 6th.

Mrs. A. M. G.—Sent patterns 6th.

Mrs. J. F. J. L.—Sent pattern Tagus cloak 6th.

C. C.—Sent cloak pattern 6th.

Miss M. A. P.—Sent pattern Castilian cloak 6th.

Miss B. B. C.—Sent apron pattern 7th.

R. E. S.—Sent pattern standing collar 10th.

Mrs. J. H. R.—Sent kid gloves 10th.

Miss J. A. S.—Sent sleeve pattern 10th.

R. B. H.—Sent pattern Prince's wrap 10th.

Mrs. J. V. W.—Sent materials for infant's bib 11th.

Miss D.—Sent worsted slippers 11th.

Mrs. G. S.—Sent zephyr 11th.

S. J. K.—Sent Shetland wool 11th.

Miss J.—Sent Saxony yarn 11th.

A. M. K.—Sent materials for jacket by Adams's express 11th.

M. E. M.—Sent cloak by Adams's express 12th.

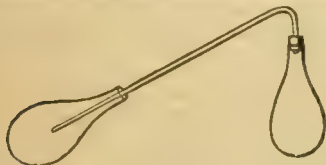
Mrs. M. P.—Sent waist pattern, &c. 12th.

- Mrs. E. A. F.—Sent hair fob chain, pin, &c. 12th.
 Miss L. J. B.—Sent hair bracelet 12th.
 Mrs. S. G. R.—Sent hair ear-rings 12th.
 S. C. B.—Sent hair ring 12th.
 Mrs. O. T.—Sent infant's wardrobe by Adams's express 14th.
 Mrs. A. V. D.—Sent box by Harnden's express 14th.
 Mr. B. F. H.—Sent pattern infant's dress 14th.
 J. H. M.—Sent pattern Clotilde cloak 14th.
 N. E. D.—Sent pattern Clotilde cloak by Kinsley's express 15th.
 Miss R. H. S.—Sent hair ring 15th.
 L. E. E.—Sent hair ring and breastpin 15th.
 Mrs. G. E. B.—Sent hair ring 15th.
 L. B.—Sent blue net for hair 15th.

Chemistry for the Young.

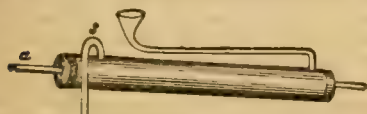
LESSON XVII.—(Concluded.)

376. The result of this combustion is nothing but water, as can be demonstrated by setting fire to the mixture in a dry, closed vessel, by means of an electric spark. If, instead of filling the bladder with mixed gases, pure hydrogen be employed, and if this gas as it escapes through the tobacco-pipe stem be inflamed, the flame being allowed to burn under a dry bell-glass, water may be seen to deposit as dew. When thus produced, water is absolutely pure, but as occurring in nature it is always contaminated by foreign substances, from which it must be purified by distillation. On the large scale this operation is performed by stills, but the chemist more frequently has recourse to retorts, flasks, etc. For extemporaneous distillations, where the condensation of all the vapor is no object, the subjoined



apparatus answers very well. It consists of two flasks joined together in the manner indicated, one flask serving as the heater or evaporator, the other as the condenser. The latter may be put into a basin, and its upper surface covered with a slip of blotting-paper, on which is allowed to fall continuous drops of cold water from a funnel, into the neck of which has been thrust a notched cork. The supports necessary to keep the parts of this apparatus in place are not indicated, because they may be just what the operator pleases, so long as the end is served. When, however, complete refrigeration is necessary, the annexed method is preferable.

The apparatus consists of an external tin plate tube about two inches in diameter and fifteen long, to which



a cork is securely fastened at each end, water-tight by means of white lead. Through both these corks is thrust a glass tube (a), and next two pieces of small

glass tube are soldered on as represented, one of the pieces being terminated by a little funnel. The operation of this instrument is as follows: Cold water being poured into the funnel, continuously enters within the metal tube, and comes in contact with the heated glass one; the water becomes heated, too, and therefore lighter; hence it rises to the syphon, and runs out. The distilling apparatus may be joined at (a) by means of a short length of vulcanized India-rubber tubing, or by means of a slip of unvulcanized sheet India-rubber slightly moistened with turpentine, heated, and wound tightly round under extension.

377. Before taking leave of oxygen it will be well to indicate the enormous amount of this element existing in nature, and the important functions to which it is subservient. When prepared separate from other bodies, oxygen exists in the gaseous form, as we have seen. When combined, however, it may be solid, liquid, or gaseous. Thus nearly one-half by weight of the common substance flint is oxygen; eight-ninths by weight of water, and one-fifth by measure of the atmospheric air. In short, no less than two-thirds of the whole components of the globe, and its denizens, animal and vegetable, are made up of oxygen! And calculations have been made to prove that the amount of oxygen consumed daily in the operation of breathing, combustion, and fermentation, is no less than the enormous sum of seven millions one hundred and forty-two thousand eight hundred and fifty-seven tons!

378. Viewing the great tendency of oxygen to effect combinations, especially with metals, we cannot wonder that the latter are so frequently discovered in natural combination with it, constituting ores termed native oxides. A slight consideration, moreover, of the chemical qualities of gold and platinum will explain the reason why they are never found in combination with oxygen, but occur in an evident or metallized state. Hereafter it will be found, when we come to treat of furnace operations, that the process of smelting, or getting metals out of their ores, involves the abstraction of the oxygen with which these metals are so generally combined; not that oxygen is the only non-metallic element which enters into the constitution of ores, inasmuch as sulphur, chlorine, phosphorus, and some others take this part; but oxygen nevertheless is the most usual, and therefore most important.

Centre-Table Gossip.

CHILDREN'S PLAYTHINGS.

MANY a young mother, looking upon the waste and destruction consequent upon the holidays, is ready to vow, that when her precious ten-months-old baby arrives at toys, it shall never abuse them after this fashion. But she finds to her mortification that her paragon of a "puppet" mashes her dolls' heads, breaks up the animals to get at the squeak, lames the tin driver and his cart, and tears her favorite pictures out of the "Pleasure Book," for the sake of convenience in kissing Mother Hubbard's dog, just the same as other children do. Care does not come by nature, and order and economy must be taught to the owners of the lavish Christmas treasures, as well as to their elders and betters. Thus toys become helps to education, as well as opiates and bribes to cross babies. They may be instructed not to break them as easily as they are taught to keep their hands

from their mother's cherished China and Bohemian ornaments; and, above all, they may be taught *how to play with them*; many a child wantonly destroys a toy because he is tired of just looking at it, and handling it, and does not see what else it is good for.

As soon as a child is old enough to play, they attach themselves the most to those that have "the most play in them." Blocks, for instance, for they can be placed in so many forms; a cart that can be trundled about and holds things; dolls that can be dressed and undressed; the delight of a little girl's heart, a tea-set; and, above all, the baby house, and the miniature store or shop, in which they can mimic the regular doings of those around them.

Paper dolls and paper furniture were a great blessing to the rising generation, and, when they are not abused, exercise ingenuity, patience, and perseverance. The last novelty in the way of cardboard toys, and, to our thinking, the best, is the "Little Builder" and "Little Engineer," published by the Appletons. The first is a complete village—church, mill, cottages, bridge, etc. all readily cut from their printed and colored flat surface, bent into shape, and secured by paper rivets, which have a corresponding slit to receive them in the walls, roofs, and towers. Nothing could be more ingenious, unless it is the "Little Engineer," in which a complete train of cars, with all their belongings, lie snugly folded. The children can make them up for themselves, and there is no end to their combinations afterwards; while at the same time, unless they practise patience and exactness, they ruin everything; and here is a valuable lesson as well as quiet amusement for stormy days.

After all, a book lasts the longest, and the cultivation of a taste for reading should be every mother's care, by reading aloud before they can read for themselves, and inciting them to be able to do this. Children love Bible stories naturally—attention and imagination are called forth; but on a weekday, do not be afraid of "Jack the Giant-Killer," "Cinderella," or "The Wonderful Lamp." They are the toys of intellect through which a higher object is gained, if the teacher is only skilful.

A TRUE FRIEND.

EVERY woman who has seen the able apology put forth by Dr. Holmes, for those indescribable ills which our sex are peculiarly heirs to, owes him a vote of thanks. If we believed in testimonials of silver tea things, we should propose that one be presented to the Professor, by the ladies of the Centre-Table, forthwith. We have ever tried to show our readers that a woman's true wisdom, with regard to her physical condition, is to avoid all that can overtax it, unless poverty forces one into the necessity of so doing. Thus we advocate the sewing machine, and every household invention that lightens a woman's work. It is wretched economy to save the wages of a servant, and spend the whole amount in a single doctor's bill; to train up fretful ungovernable children, because the mother's health has been shattered in their infancy, through a mistaken idea of duty to them. A stout-armed nurse, carefully overlooked, can attend to many physical wants of a child; but who can take a mother's place, when the mind hungers for knowledge, and the soul cries out for guidance? And now comes a wise and learned man to the rescue, with pitying, friendly words.

"An overworked woman is always a sad sight—sadder a great deal than an overworked man, because she is so much more fertile in capacities of suffering than a

man. She has so many varieties of headache—sometimes as if Jael were driving the nail that killed Sisera into her temples; sometimes letting her work with half her brain, while the other half throbs as if it would go to pieces; sometimes tightening round the brows as if her cap-band were Luke's iron crown; and then her neuralgias, and her backaches, and her fits of depression, in which she thinks she is nothing, and less than nothing; and those paroxysms which men speak slightly of as hysterical—convulsions, that is all, only not commonly fatal ones; so many trials which belong to her fine and mobile structure, that she is always entitled to pity when she is placed in conditions which develop her nervous tendencies."

Read it to your husband when he tells you that "Tompkins' wife gets along with one girl; or, his mother brought up nine children without a sewing machine;" his mission is to gather wealth, but yours is to keep that which is your best capital, a healthy mind and body.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

1. "*The best work on Good Behavior.*"—Miss Leslie's "Behavior Book" though some look at it as descending too much to trifles, is full of valuable suggestions. There is also a good volume on the subject published by Fowler & Wells. But with the best advice, many are not improved, because a true spirit of *courtesy* is wanting. It has been well said, "No woman can be a lady who would wound or mortify another. No matter how beautiful, how refined, how cultivated she may be, she is in reality coarse, and the innate vulgarity of her nature manifests itself here. Uniformly kind, courteous, and polite treatment of all persons is one mark of a true woman, and of a true man also."

2. *Garden of Acclimation.*—This institution is placed in Paris, and differs from an ordinary zoological garden in this: the object is not to form a museum of rare animals, but to acclimate to France *useful* animals indigenous to other countries. It is under the protection and established through the exertions of Baron Rothschild. Great pains have been bestowed upon the China silk-worm, the alpaca, the lama, the camel, the various beasts of burden of uncivilized countries, and, in fine, on the raising and domesticating of all animals of foreign climes susceptible of adaptation to the uses of civilization. Extensive experiments will also be made in the crossing not only of breeds, but of races. This new and interesting garden occupies a space of thirty acres, and is handsomely laid out in walks and drives, the animals, birds, and insects occupying each the kind of growth, location, and temperature to which they were accustomed in their native land. The affair is a joint stock company, encouraged by government. The admission is 20 sous on weekdays, and 8 sous on Sundays.

3. *French Diamonds.*—They are nothing more nor less than *paste*, in the manufacture of which the French excel. The basis of the imitations is a fine, pure, and white glass composition, called Strass, after its inventor, STRASS, of Strasburgh, who attained the object of sundry experiments by achieving perfect imitations of the "real" gems in the three particulars of hardness, specific gravity and refraction of light. Strass, the basis of the pastes, is a compound of silex, potash, borax, red-lead, and sometimes arsenic. For imitating the colored gems, various coloring ingredients are employed. Numerous establishments in Germany and France are now engaged in the manufacture of the Strass and colored

pastes, each of which possesses secrets, acquired by experience, for producing these articles in the greatest perfection.

Fashions.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

HAVING had frequent applications for the purchase of jewelry, millinery, etc., by ladies living at a distance, the *Editor of the Fashion Department* will hereafter execute commissions for any who may desire it, with the charge of a small percentage for the time and research required. Spring and autumn bonnets, materials for dresses, jewelry, envelops, hair-work, worsteds, children's wardrobes, mantillas, and mantelets, will be chosen with a view to economy, as well as taste; and boxes or packages forwarded by express to any part of the country. For the last, distinct directions must be given.

Orders, accompanied by checks for the proposed expenditure, to be addressed to the care of L. A. Godey, Esq.

No order will be attended to unless the money is first received. Neither the Editor nor Publisher will be accountable for losses that may occur in remitting.

Instructions to be as minute as is possible, accompanied by a note of the height, complexion, and general style of the person, on which much depends in choice. Dress goods from Levy's or Evans & Co.'s; cloaks, mantillas, or talmas, from Brodie's, 51 Canal Street, New York; bonnets from T. White & Co.'s; jewelry from Warden's or Caldwell's, Philadelphia.

When goods are ordered, the fashions that prevail here govern the purchase; therefore, no articles will be taken back. When the goods are sent, the transaction must be considered final.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL FASHION-PLATE FOR FEBRUARY.

Fig. 1.—Dinner-dress, also suited to a small evening party. Dress of slate-colored *poult de soie*, the skirt single, and ornamented by a rich Greek pattern of *apophry* in black velvet, edged by a narrow gold cord and extremely narrow ruche of black silk ribbon; three puffs of black satin to correspond cover the hem of the skirt. The waist is in broad fan-shaped plaits, moderately low. The scarf ceinture, or girdle, a marked feature of the winter dress, has an application of velvet, and is edged with the ribbon ruche. The sleeves are quite new, and in excellent taste. The velvet torsado which crosses the hair is relieved by lappets of the same and blossoms of the yellow jessamine, which relieve its sombre style. Pearl necklace.

Fig. 2.—Evening-dress for a very young lady. Robe of embroidered muslin, with double skirt; the lower one has five narrow flounces; the upper has a rich pattern of embroidery to correspond with the flounces. The waist and sleeves are of muslin, drawn in longitudinal puffs, with insets of embroidery. Corset cut square on the shoulders. *Cicche peigne* and sash of the same ribbon—a rich taffeta plaid, with a Greek fringe woven in one. Nothing could be more simple or charming for a young lady just coming out.

Fig. 3.—Dinner-dress of taffeta *rose des Alps*, made quite plain; its chief point being the new sleeve, which is tasteful as well as quite new. It is a modification of the Francis First; the fullness being quite at the back of the arm, and caught into puffs by bands of ribbed velvet

ribbon, several shades darker than the dress, edged with narrow gimpure lace. Headdress composed of loops of ribbon (black and gold), with two full blown roses to the right, the lower one set in black blonde.

Fig. 4.—Dress of delicate brocaded silk, a single rose on a gray ground. Garibaldi coat, fitting rather closely to the figure, trimmed with folds of reps silk; buttons of the same. Bonnet of *rose des Alps*, in velvet; the curtain having an edge of blonde. A half wreath of grapes, to correspond with the shade of velvet, alternating with tufts of leaves, falls to the right. A single cluster of grapes crosses the forehead and forms the garniture of the blonde cap, with leaves from the wreath bending under the brim.

Fig. 5.—Bridal morning-dress, elaborate and tasteful; material a rich corded silk, maize shot with black. The waist fits neatly to the figure, with bretelles of satin ribbon *plissé* or fluted; the front of the skirt turns back in a gradual slope, the trimming being continued from the bretelles. The corsage is closed, and the skirt ornamented by bows of gold-colored satin ribbon. The sleeves are a graceful flowing shape, and a small, round pelerine is trimmed to correspond. Hair dressed low, with a black and gold net. Small, upright ruff of embroidered muslin; loose sleeves of the same. Underskirt of plain cambric, with ruffles finished by needle-worked points.

Child's dress.—Renfrew jacket and full skirt of ribbed cloth, a new shade of tan color; the jacket has pretty *pattes* of braid, and is trimmed by bias folds of silk, a contrasting shade. Black velvet cap.

THE ZOUAVE.

(See engraving, page 100.)

We vary our report for this month, and give an indoor costume instead of the *pardessus* to which we have hitherto confined our illustration. The season for the latter has so far advanced that no further novelties are desirable. Instead, therefore, of them, we present this graceful undress for home wear.

We need only explain that the ornamental design is wrought in gold braid upon a black cloth ground. This embroidery is much improved by a bright green silk cord, or braid, accompanying the gold, as the harmonizing effect of this color relieves the garish crudity of the metal. The sleeves are also cross-laced with cording to match, completed by tassels.

Velvets, instead of cloth, make extremely beautiful and becoming articles of this description, and any favorite color may be employed.

CHITCHAT UPON NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS, FOR FEBRUARY.

By reference to our ample fashion-plate, which has unusual fidelity to existing modes as well as unusual grace to recommend it, the new Francis the First sleeve, a prominent novelty, will be perfectly understood. The puff at the back is a pointed gore, coming into the sleeve proper just above the elbow, being set in with a slight fullness. The rich velvet and lace bands make it a desirable sleeve, for a handsome material, where a tight one is to be avoided, and something fresher than the pagoda is desired.

The original Francis First is still worn more or less, the last improvement being a band with ends or lappets fastened by a button at the bottom, that is, the under part of the sleeve. Tight sleeves are chiefly made up for walking-dresses, in heavy materials, and then are

lightened by puffs and jockeys at the top, and often a deep-pointed cuff at the wrist. In flowing or pagoda sleeves there is great variety, being principally found in the arrangement of the trimming. The back seam or back part of the sleeve is frequently trimmed richly, or the *flat*, by which is meant the front, if it were a coat sleeve for instance. In bishop sleeves there is generally a loose cuff, allowing a small undersleeve or frill of lace, pointed and prettily trimmed. Elderly ladies find a tight cuff, pointed on top, a very comfortable fashion. The fulness at the top may be plaited and confined by buttons, or simply gathered. We have before us a bishop sleeve, with a very deep close-pointed cuff reaching half-way to the elbow, with a corresponding jockey or cap above the puff. Another good sleeve is a pagoda shape, quite short on the forearm. The *flat* has a trimming of two ruches, placed parallel with each other so as to inclose a plain bias of silk the width of a ribbon. The dress itself is of violet silk, the ruches are of two shades of violet ribbon, box-plaited in the middle; and at intervals, in the strip thus inclosed, are rosettes of violet-colored silk and black lace. The corsage and skirt have trimmings to correspond, the plain spaces being considerably wider, allowing treble rows of rosettes placed in diamonds. In some of the gored dresses—we mean where each separate breadth of a plain skirt is gored—one edge of each breadth is trimmed and made to lap over the next. It is a pretty style for some materials. Skirts gored in this way insure a good slope, and are generally becoming; but few people like to waste the material, and prevent all future repairs by turnings upside-down, where economy is a consideration, as we are glad to suppose it is with most of our readers.

We have just opened a pretty design for a dress of plain silk; the skirt full, the breadths gored without overlapping, and trimmed at the bottom by five narrow flounces, *fluted*, not plaited or gathered on, the upper part only being attached to the dress with a small heading. Between each flounce there is a space of about half an inch; the dress is of black silk, the flounces and headings being bound with white silk. The corsage is plain, and ornamented by a row of buttons, quite large, black with white centres. The sleeves are demi-wide at the lower part, and finished by turned-up cuffs or revers. These are cut with large scallops, and bordered by a narrow fluted frill of black silk edged with white. A similar frill extends up the back seam to the shoulder. The centre, or broad sash, is of black ribbon edged with white, the bow quite on one side.

One deep flounce or *plissé* of the same silk as the dress is also worn. If a *plissé*, it should be about ten inches wide, and the same distance from the bottom of the dress. If a flounce, it is about fourteen inches deep, headed by one row of wide black velvet ribbon, and several widths of narrow. A wide velvet is placed above the hem of the flounce, which is an inch deep, and corresponding rows of smaller ones.

Another skirt—the dress being violet silk—has three narrow flounces or ruffles around the bottom of the skirt, headed by a *bouillonné* of the same. The corsage is low, and made high for ordinary wear by a small round pelerine, coming just on the shoulder, buttoned up in front, trimmed with a puff (*bouillonné*) and two frills. The sleeves are demi-wide, puff at the top; at the bottom the same trimming that is on the pelerine. Black velvet waist ribbon, bow, and long ends.

Shirts having placons or a plain piece set on the front, variously ornamented, or side trimmings of lace,

ruches, or passementerie, are frequently seen; also plain skirts, with *putees* of passementerie, mixed with jet or tassels, and most elegant of all, flat bows of guipure lace, are perhaps the favorite style of the larger part of the community the present season. The trimming on corsage, sleeve, and skirt should always correspond.

The rich *armure* (striped) silks, and those watered in stripes, certainly need very little decoration beyond a white silk facing to the sleeve, with the satin ruche, either white or the predominating color of the dress, placed inside. Fancy buttons are in great demand, lozenge-shaped and oval as well as round; and the flat ornaments of passementerie were never surpassed in variety and richness. The fancy for black, corded or turned up with white, which the French artistes give us in consideration of Eugénie's becoming court mourning, first for her sister, the Duchess of Alba, and then for the Empress of Russia, is a marked feature of the season in cloaks, bonnets, and, as we have seen, in dresses. We may come to like it, but the contrast is too startling for immediate use!

The Garibaldi wraps manufactured by Brodie are an improvement upon the design we give, inasmuch as the sleeves are more flowing and buttons are plentiful. It is the favorite garment of the season. The *pardessus Circassini* is new. It is made of the same fancy tints in ribbed cloth, dark brown being the best shade. It laps completely from left to right, from the top to the bottom, in an oblique direction, fastened by a row of buttons. The sleeves are extremely full; have three flat plaits on the shoulder, each plait having four lozenge-shaped buttons. All the edges of this garment are trimmed by a border of a new rough woolly or furry texture called *Astracan de laine*.

Bonnets of quilting remain in great favor. There is a novelty which we can scarcely give by description. For instance, a bonnet of dark green velvet, lined with a paler green satin; on each side the lining turns over the edge of the brim in a point, making a revers of the satin on the velvet, which is edged with very fine gold cord. The cape of velvet has the satin lining forming a pointed revers in the same way. These revers, both on the brim and curtain, are fastened by small gold buttons.

Among the best bonnets of the season, one, composed of black velvet, is trimmed with ruches and puffs of blonde, a bouquet of damask roses without leaves, and a long black ostrich feather, passing along the right side, is disposed much in the same way as on the round hats. A bonnet of black quilted silk has been trimmed with fuchsia-color velvet, white blonde, and black lace, and an agrafe of jet. We may mention another bonnet, composed of velvet of the beautiful tint of the Parma violet. This bonnet is trimmed with passementerie, tassels and ruches of blonde. There is no trimming on the curtain. Several bonnets intended for *negligé* costume are composed of a combination of silk and velvet. When feathers are employed in trimming bonnets destined for plain costume, they should be small and in tufts. For bonnets worn in a superior style of outdoor dress, one long feather often forms part of the trimming; frequently it is fixed on the top of the bonnet, and then passes down the side and across the top of the curtain.

Some of the prettiest morning caps we have recently seen are of a round form; they are composed of insertion and guipure, and are trimmed with a frill of guipure and bows of ribbon. Morning caps are sometimes lined with silks of different colors, as lilac, blue, etc.

FASHION.

“SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME,”



Christ blessing little children.



GODDEY'S FASHIONS FOR MARCH 1861.

SPRING FASHIONS FOR 1861.

(To be Continued.)





THE MONACEDA.

[From the establishment of G. BRODIE, 51 Canal Street, New York Drawn by L. T. VOIGT, from actual articles of costume.]



WE commence in this issue to present the styles which await the favor of our friends. There is in this mode an elegance and a simplicity that will render it a great favorite. The material is black silk, with a passementerie of great beauty.

I am Dreaming of Thee, Dearest.

POETRY BY MRS J. H. HACKELTON.

MUSIC COMPOSED FOR THE PIANO-FORTE, FOR GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, AND INSCRIBED TO MY LITTLE NEPHEW, CHAS. EDWARD CADALZO, HABANA, CUBA,

BY EDWARD AMBUHL.

Moderato.

mf

I am dreaming of thee, dear-est, I am dream-ing still of thee; For thy spir-it haunts me ev-er, Like some

fair - y mel - o - dy; When in lone - li - ness I win - der, Or in haunts of mirth and glee, Still my heart to thine is turn - ing, I am

dream - ing still of thee, I am dream - ing still of thee.

I am dreaming of thee, dearest,
Still I dream of thee alone;
We shall meet again in heaven,
For the earth when thou wert near me,
Was a paradise to me,
And where'er I dream of heaven
I am dreaming still of thee.

There are hours when dreary shadows
Cast their gloom upon my heart,
When I think how well I love thee,
When I feel that we must part I
For I know there is no other
Ever can be so dear to me,
And where'er of love I'm dreaming,
I am dreaming still of thee.

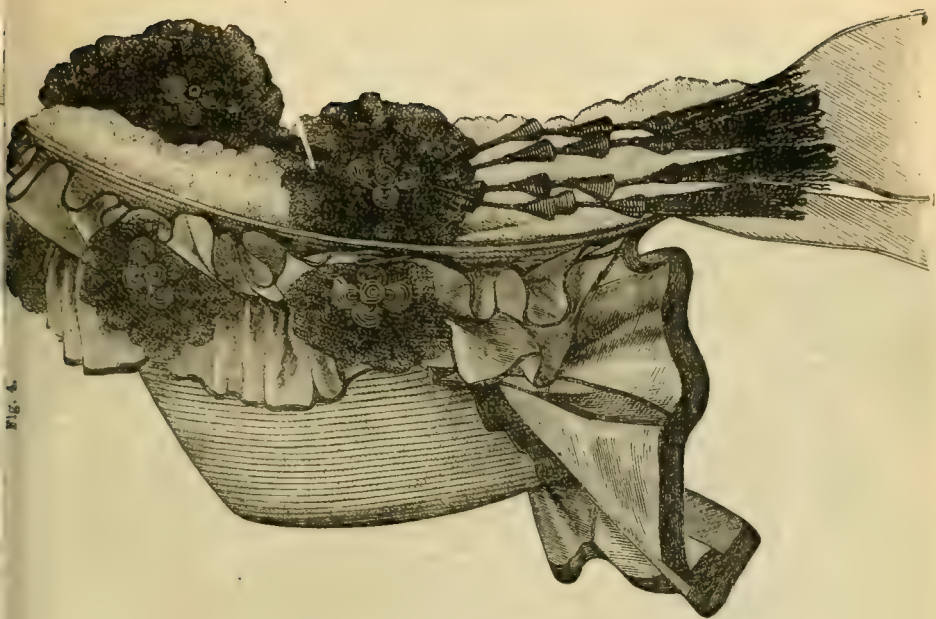
When the stars are softly smiling
Through the lone and silent night,
Then I think of thee and Heaven,
With a holy, calm delight;
For thy spirit is so radiant
In its love and purity,
That where'er I dream of angels
I am dreaming still of thee!



FIG 1



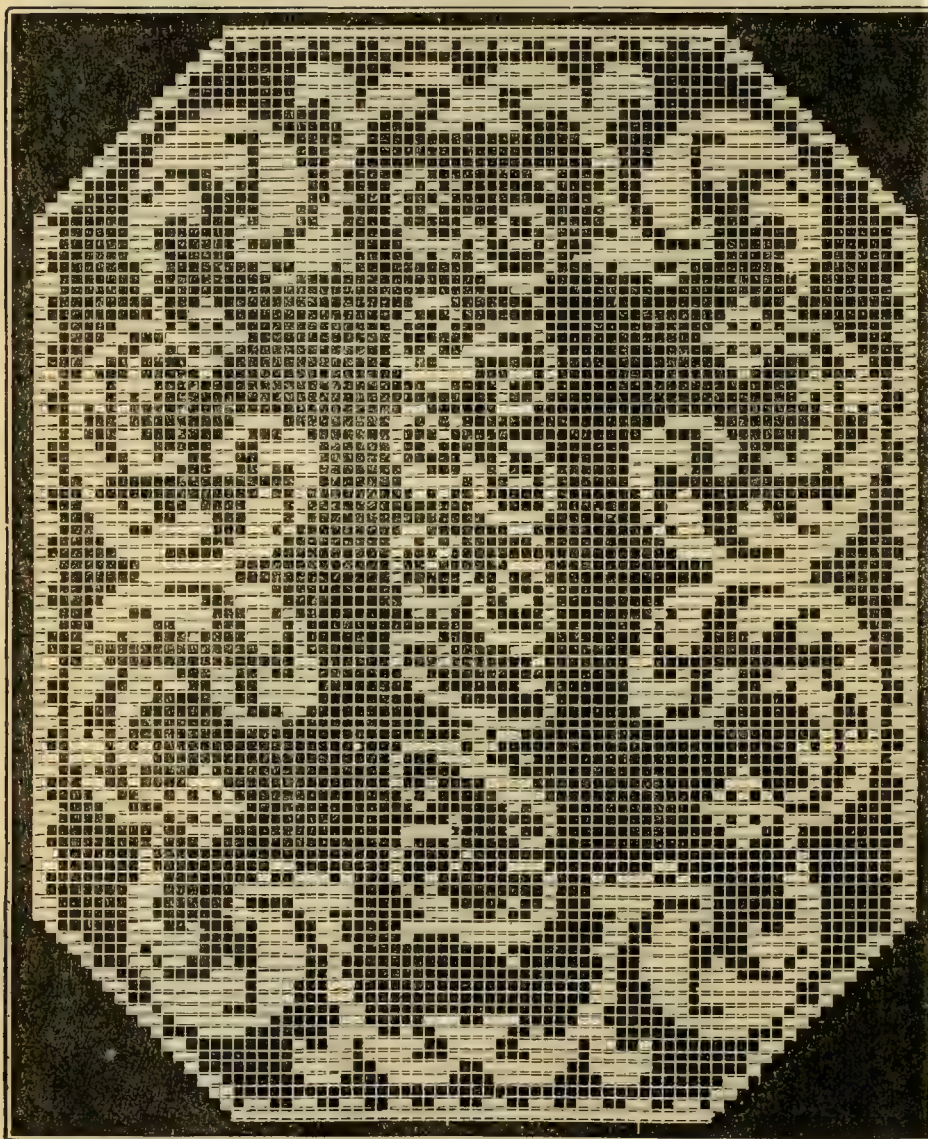
FIG. 2



EMBROIDERY.

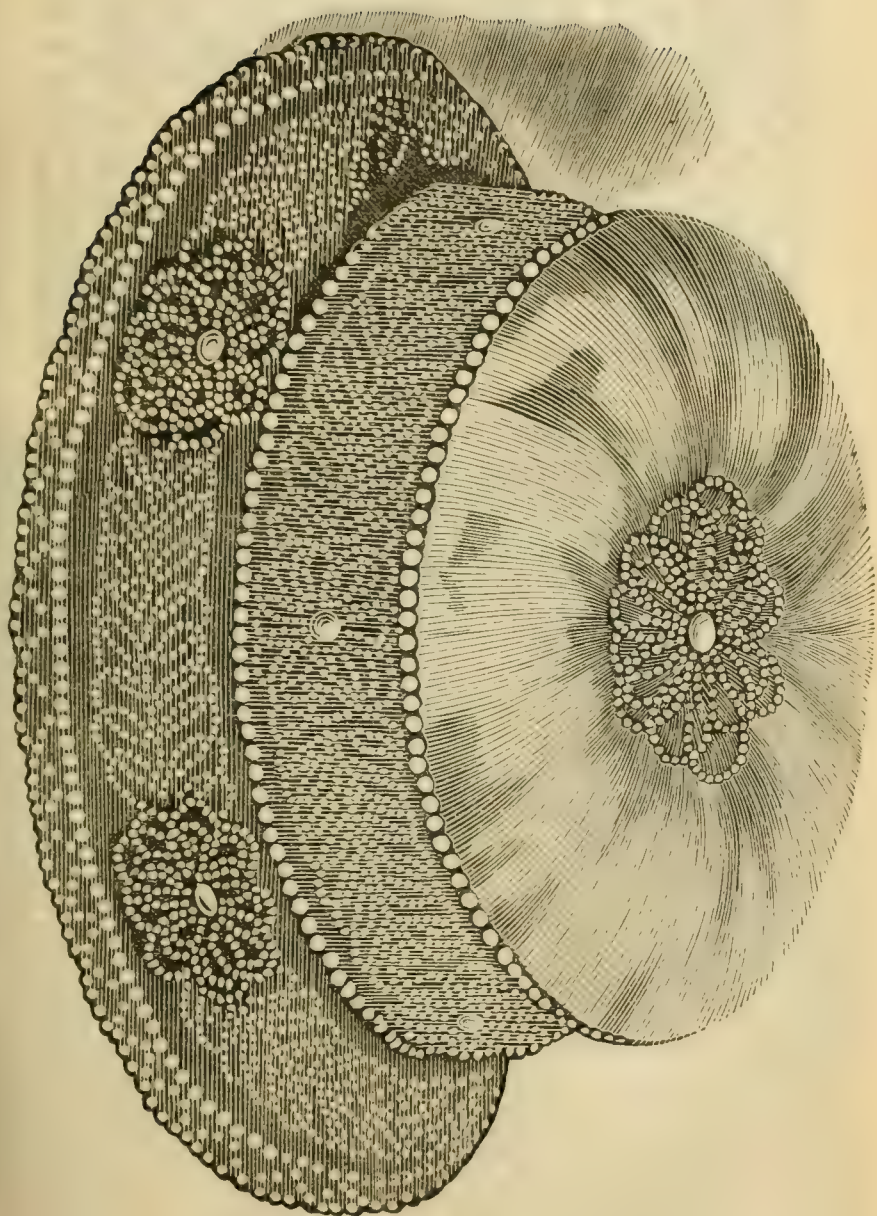


CHEESE D'OYLEY IN CROCHET.



Materials.—Nos. 12, 16, or 20 crochet cotton.

This neat pattern of D'Oyley is to be worked in ordinary square crochet, and forms a neat and appropriate ornament for the table, besides, at the same time, performing a very acceptable duty as protector of cheese from the myriad of flies which oftentimes swarm upon the festive board.



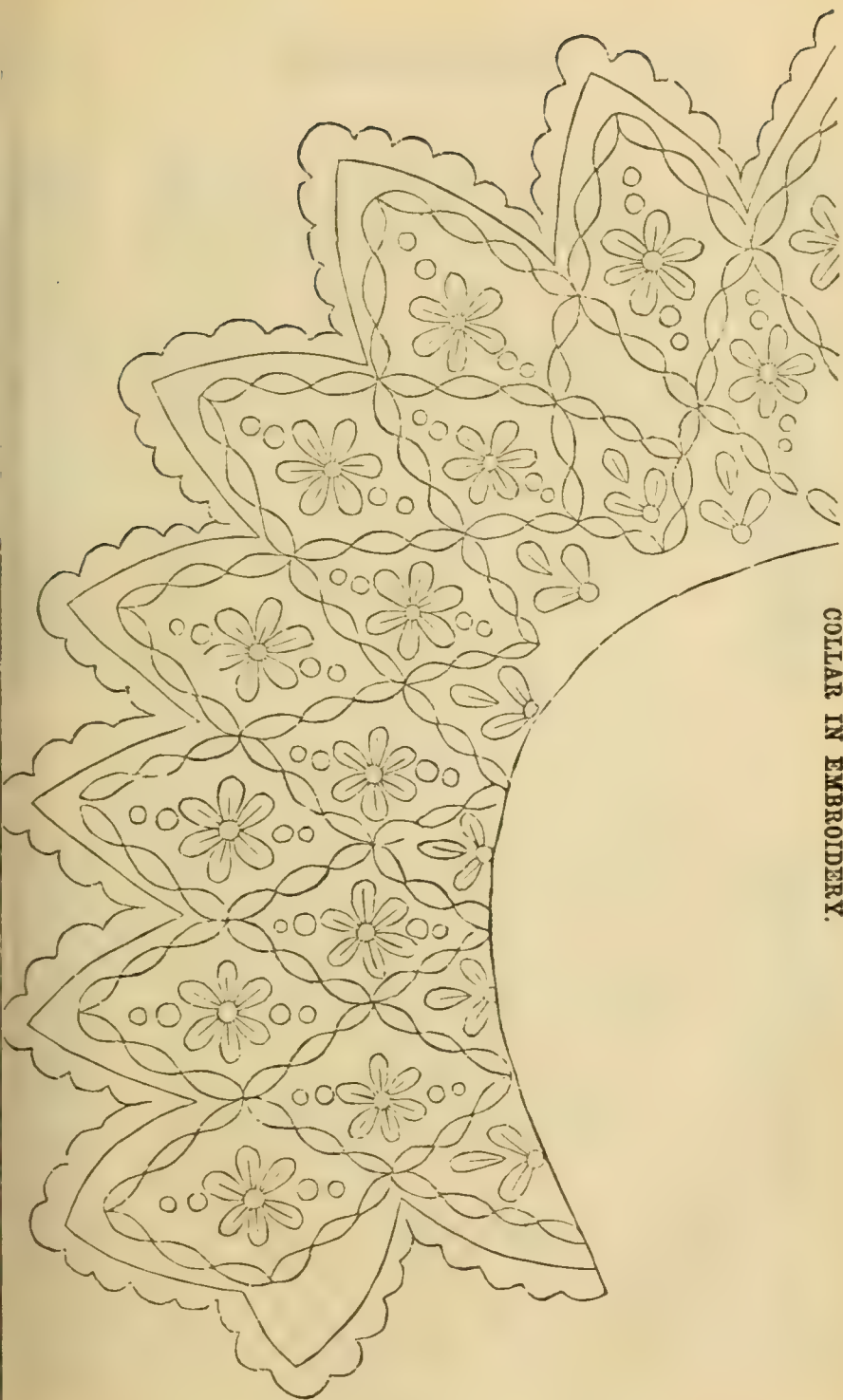
BRAIDING PATTERN.



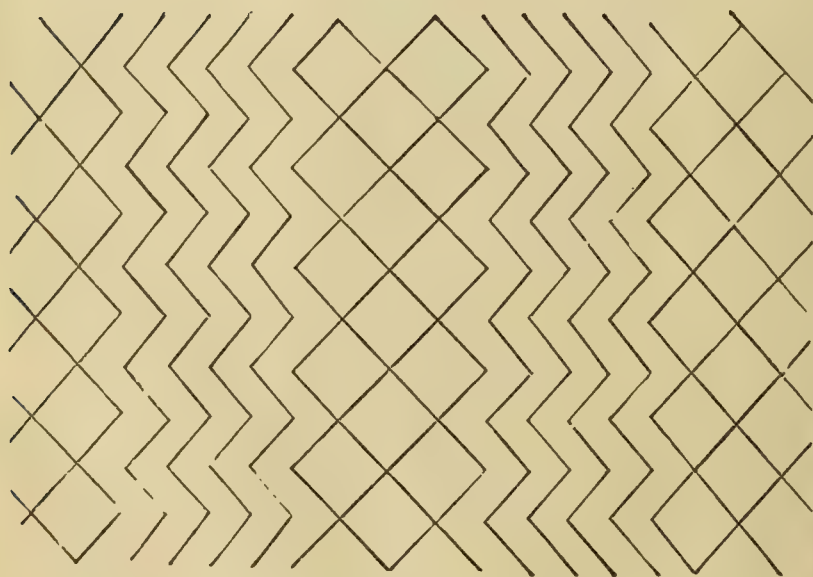
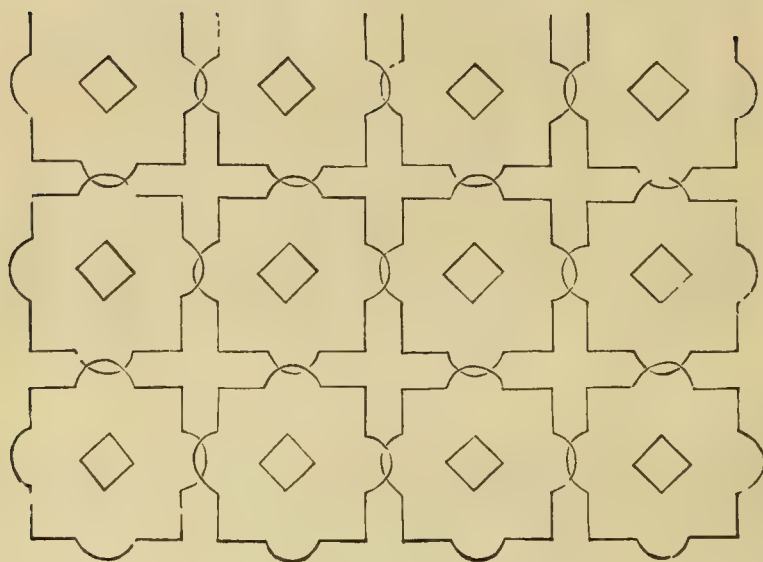
BRAIDED SLIPPER PATTERN.



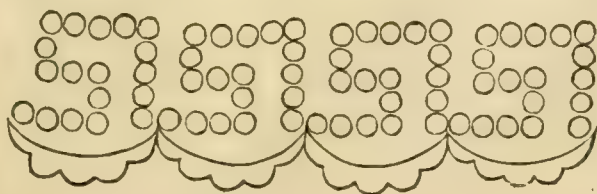
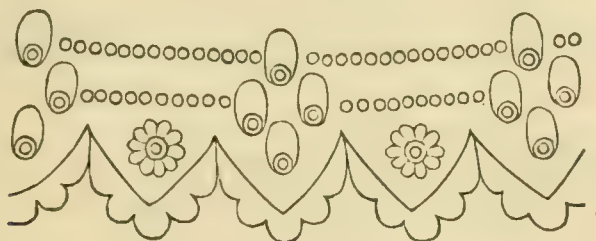
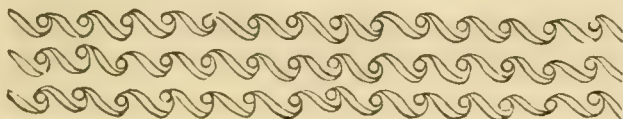
COLLAR IN EMBROIDERY.



QUILTING DESIGNS.

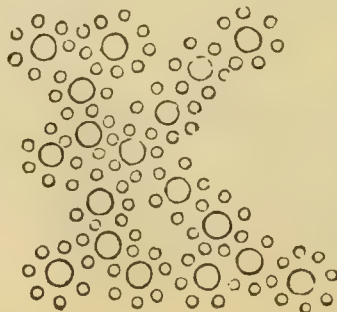
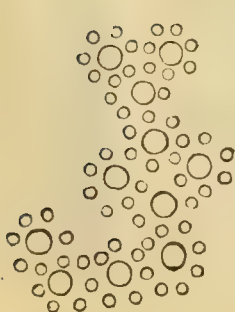
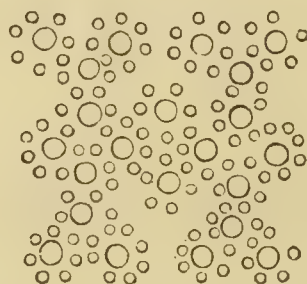
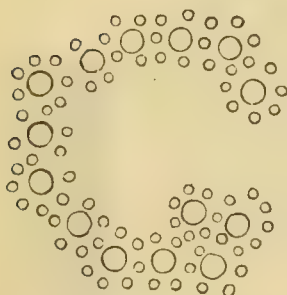
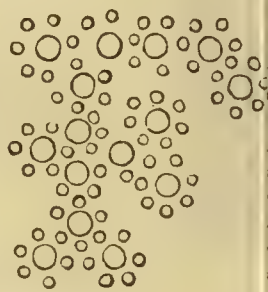
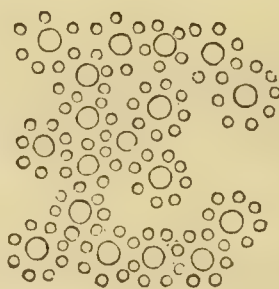
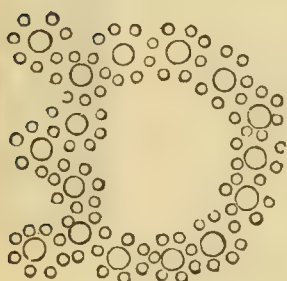
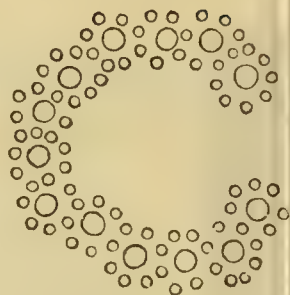
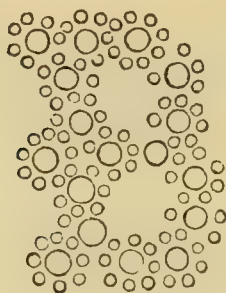
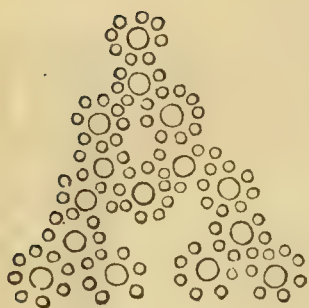


EMBROIDERY PATTERNS.



ALPHABET OF FANCY LETTERS.

FOR MARKING PILLOW-CASES, ETC.



GODEY'S

Lady's Book and Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH, 1861.

THE STEAM-ENGINE FAMILIARLY EXPLAINED.

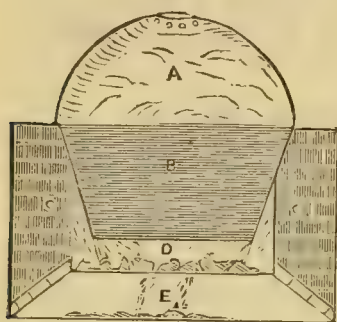
WHEN you see the tea-kettle steaming away upon the fire, we dare say you have never thought much about it, except that you have rejoiced to hear Black Sukey sing so loudly, and warning you that tea is ready. But you will be astonished to hear that the tea-kettle can show you the first principle of the steam-engine. What is it that puffs out of the spout, and round the cover? Steam, you will answer, and perhaps laugh at the question, because "every one knows that." Well, you are right; it is what is usually called steam: but we must tell you that it is not really steam, it is vapor. It was steam till it entered the air, and then it became vapor, or water divided into a very great number of small particles or drops. You can prove this by holding a cloth in it, for it will wet the cloth; or if you hold a cold plate in it, you will soon see that it becomes covered with drops of water. This is the first thing that you have to learn about steam. Water heated till it boils is turned into steam; when the steam comes in contact with the cold air it becomes vapor; but if it is exposed to something still colder, it becomes water again. You must remember this, or you will not understand what we are now going to tell you.

Water, then, must *boil* in order to be converted into steam; till then it sends out a very little vapor, but not enough to diminish the quantity of water to any perceptible degree; but as soon as ever the heat is so great that a thermometer held in it rises to 212° it is said to boil, and from that moment it begins to pass off into steam; and if the kettle is kept on the fire, *all* the water will pass off in this manner, or "boil away," as it is usually called. But we must now tell you, that when water is

in the form of steam it expands, as it is termed; that is, it takes up a great deal more room than it did before. We could tell you exactly how much it expands, if we thought you could understand; but as we wish to make this lecture as easy as possible, we will not puzzle you with this at present. Now, you will see why the lid of the kettle appears to want to come off when the water is boiling, and keeps rising and shaking whilst the steam puffs out round it. It is because the kettle cannot hold all the steam that is created within it; the steam, therefore, escapes as fast as it can, and lifts the lid to get out into the air. Now, can you guess what would happen if we were to stop up the spout and fasten down the lid, still keeping the kettle on the fire? We will tell you. The steam inside would go on increasing, and press harder and harder against the sides and top of the kettle till they burst. This will give you some idea of the great power of steam, when it is confined in a close vessel, and cannot escape. In this way even the thickest iron vessels could be blown to pieces; and one of those clever men, who first thought of making use of this great power of steam, used to fill pieces of cannon with water, and then stopping up the end and the touch-hole, burst them by putting them on the fire. This would be very foolish now, and you need not try any experiments of the kind, as it would be very dangerous; but the man I have told you of wished to see how much power could be obtained by steam, that he might contrive to turn it into some use; and, therefore, *his* experiments were so far from being foolish that he deserves our gratitude for going into all this danger for the good of others. The name of this individual to whom we are

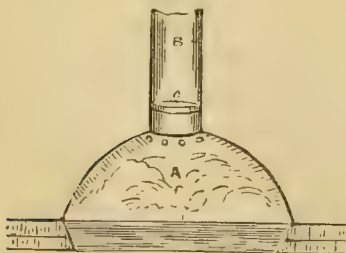
so much indebted was Papin, and we will now see how this great power of steam, which he discovered, is made use of. In the diagram, Fig. 1, is represented a boiler of simple construction, made of plates of iron or copper, riveted very strongly together. It is a large vessel fixed in brickwork, with a furnace un-

Fig. 1.



derneath; and, first of all, we will suppose it to have a cover fitting tightly into the hole at the top. We have put letters on the different parts, that you may understand us better. A B is the boiler, C is the brickwork, D the fireplace. E the ash-pit below. Now, if we take off the cover, we can pour water into this boiler at the top, and half fill it. The lines at B show you how the water would appear if you could see into the boiler; then, by means of the fire, we can convert this water into steam, so as to fill the space above, marked A; and if we put on the cover, the steam will soon increase, and press with great force on the inside of the boiler. We will now remove the cover, and put a tube in its place, with a cork pushed into it nearly to the bottom, but not very tightly fitted to it. This we must fix into the top of the boiler, so that the steam cannot escape round it; thus A is the top of the boiler full of steam, B is the tube, and c the cork, Fig. 2.

Fig. 2.

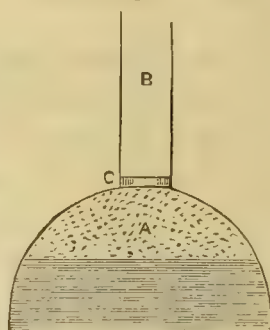


The steam, you see, cannot escape, unless it can, by pressing against the cork, push it out of the tube; but, as we have not made it fit too

tightly, it will very *soon* be pushed up in the tube, and allow the steam more room. But supposing we were suddenly to put out the fire when the cork was nearly pushed to the top of the tube, and pour cold water upon the apparatus, the steam would be cooled, and it would become water again, and require no more room than it did at first; and thus it would cease to press against the cork. Now I dare say you would suppose that the cork would remain where it had been pushed to, but it would not; it would immediately sink down to the bottom of the tube, exactly where it had been placed in the first instance.

We will explain to you. Fig. 3 represents our apparatus as it was at first, before the

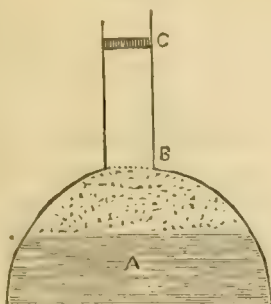
Fig. 3.



(The horizontal lines in the Figures show the water, and the dots the air.)

water was converted into steam by the heat of the fire. You see that there is a space between the surface of the water and the bottom of the cork; this space is filled with air, and there is room enough for the air and nothing else. To make it easier, we will not puzzle you with telling you of the expansion this air undergoes, when it is heated, but you may suppose it to remain exactly the same in quantity and size, throughout our experiment. When steam rises from the boiler, it makes room for itself as well as the air, by raising the cork to the top of the cylinder; but having now again got rid of the steam, while the cork is in that position, you will at once see by referring to Fig. 4, that there is a space between the air and the cork quite unoccupied, and, therefore, the air outside the cylinder will press upon the cork, which is unsupported, and force it back to the same position which it occupied at first. You will be able to understand this, by referring to the diagrams. We have assumed here that the air always occupies the same space, because it made this part of our lecture easier. We will

Fig. 4.



still quite full. The air left has expanded, and its particles grown larger and thinner. Thus you see that heat expands water by converting it into steam, and it expands air by increasing the size of its particles; and you also see that if some of the air in a vessel is removed, the remainder will immediately expand to fill up the space. When, therefore, the cork is at the top of the tube, as in Fig. 4, there is not really a vacant place between the air and water, as we at first supposed, because the air in the top of the boiler will expand to fill it (for you will observe that it is just the same as if we had filled the boiler and tube with air, and then taken away that which was between B and C).

Now some of you say that if there is air in the whole space below the cork, it will *not* return to the bottom of the tube, as we said at first; but it *will*, for the air above it is thicker and heavier than that which is now below it, and, therefore, presses upon it with greater force; but it will not push it down *lower* than it was at first, because when it has arrived there the air above and below it will be exactly equal in thickness, or density, as it is called, and so the cork, being pressed upwards and downwards with equal force, will now remain at rest, and the apparatus will be in all respects in the same state as it was when we began.

And now we have done with what we are afraid some of our young friends have thought "a dry beginning;" but there is an old saying and a true one, that "you must walk before you can run;" and if we had left out all this introductory part you could not have understood the rest. Hoping you have attended closely to what we have been telling you, we will go on now to show you how the principles you have learned are applied; in fact, we are going to show you how the first steam engine was made. Here is a picture of it in its simplest form, and it was used to pump water. The name of its inventor was Thomas Newcomen, either an ironmonger or a blacksmith, who lived at Dartmouth, in Devonshire.

A is a tube bored very smooth on the inside, and fitted into the top of the boiler (B), as in our last experiment. We will, however, now begin to call it by another name; it is termed the cylinder of the engine. Its lower end is made smaller, and has a stopcock inserted in it. You do not, perhaps, know exactly how a stopcock is made, although you often see them used in water or beer barrels. The diagram represents one taken apart, and put together. You see that it consists of two parts. A is a plug of wood or metal with a hole cut through

Fig. 5.

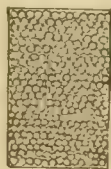
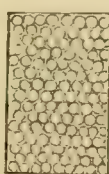


Fig. 6.



represents a box or vessel filled with air; the particles of air are represented by the globes drawn in it. There are, you see, a great many of these little globes or globules, and they are all small, and together fill the vessel. Now look at Fig. 6; it represents the same box after we have taken away some of the air. There are now fewer of these globules, because we have removed some of them, yet the box is

Fig. 7.

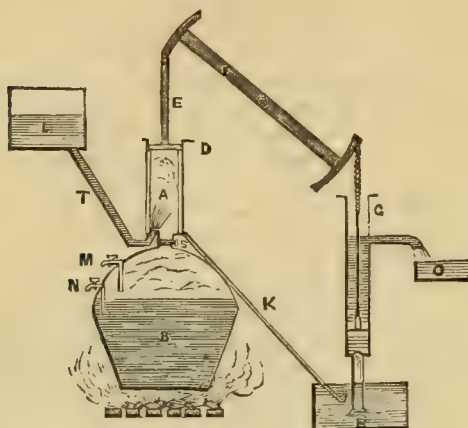
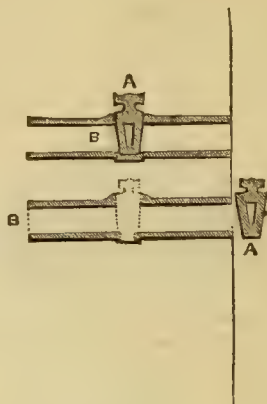


Fig. 8.



it; this fits into a tube (B); and, though made to fit it very closely, can be turned round by its cross handle. When, therefore, it is turned so that its hole is in the same direction as the hollow tube, anything may be passed through it, as steam, water, or air; but when the plug is turned so that the hole is against the side of the tube, the tube will be stopped, and nothing can pass through it. One of these stopcocks, then, is placed at the bottom of the cylinder, so that by turning it we can allow the steam to pass through it from the boiler into the cylinder, or prevent it from doing so. In this cylinder is placed what is called a piston, which is, in fact, very like the cork we placed in the tube in our first apparatus, and it will move up and down in the tube just as the cork did. It is not, however, really a cork, but a round piece of metal, made to fit the cylinder by having tow wound round its edge, exactly like the piston that you have seen in a syringe or common squirt. To this is attached a metal rod (E) called the piston-rod. F is a beam turning upon a fixed centre, like the beam of a pair of scales. The ends, you will perceive, have an arched piece attached, to the highest point of which a chain is attached, made like the chain in the inside of a watch. To one of these chains the piston-rod is attached, and to the other the pump-rod.

Thus you perceive that if we can contrive to work one end of the beam up and down, the other will also move, but in the contrary direction. We will, therefore, show you how the end to which the piston-rod is attached is alternately moved in this way, by which movement the pump (G) is worked, and the water pumped out of the well (H). The boiler is half filled

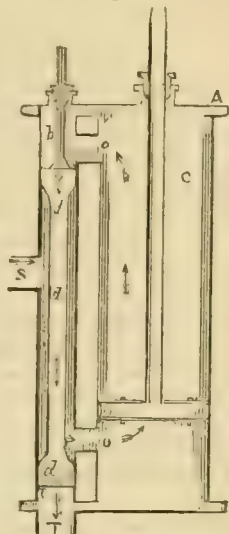
with water, as before, and the cock (S) is closed till the steam raised by the fire (C) presses with some force against the top and sides of the boiler. The tap (S) is then turned, and the piston, which was at the bottom of the cylinder, is raised by the steam below it. This will not *push up* the end of the beam to which the piston-rod is attached, the latter being only united to it by the chain; but the other end of the beam being weighted so as to be the heaviest, will now preponderate, and the pump-rod will be lowered. The piston being now near the top of the cylinder, the steam cock is shut and the cold water cock (T) opened; the cold water from the cistern (L) will now spirt into the cylinder, and turn the steam into water again, or, as it is termed, condense it; and this water will pass off by the pipe (K) into the well (H), or elsewhere. The cock (T) is then stopped, and, there being now no steam or air below the piston, it will descend with great force, being pressed down by the air above it. This alternate opening and shutting of the cocks (S and T) will, therefore, be all that is needed to keep the engine at work. The greatest force being required in the downward stroke of the piston (because the power is needed to *raise* the pump-rod and bucket), and this being effected by the pressure of the atmosphere acting on the piston whilst there is a vacuum below it, this kind is called an *atmospheric engine*. That the quantity of water and steam in the boiler may be known at pleasure, there are two short pipes (M and N) inserted in it, the end of one just dipping into the water, the other a little above it; thus, if steam issues from both, on turning the taps, there is too little water, and if water flows from both, there is too much; but if steam issues from the

upper one and water from the lower, the water is at the proper level.

Now we have got our engine to work, so far as pumping water is concerned; but we hear you remark that this is a very clumsy and unsightly machine, working slowly and unevenly, and not at all like the pretty engines you have seen, looking so clean and bright, in a jacket of green paint, with bright steel glittering here and there. But look at this egg. How unlike the beautiful green and gold kingfisher sporting in the stream! Yet the principle of the future bird is there, and by slow degrees the bird will spring from it; but it will be long ere the brightest feathers deck its form. So with our engine; it is but the bird newly hatched; it has neither arrived at its full strength or symmetry, and requires yet a great many improvements. First, it requires to be very closely watched, for it cannot make a single stroke until the cock-boy has done his office of admitting steam and cold water alternately. The first improvement was to make the engine do this work for itself. A boy was the inventor of this new movement—an idle boy, named Humphrey Potter; for, wishing to go and play, he tied the levers of the cocks to the beam and to each other, and thus made the beam, in its alternate motion, open and shut them. This was afterwards improved in various ways; but the greatest improvement was the removal of the stopcocks and levers, and the introduction of slide valves. Before this was introduced, however, the engine was very much altered; the cold water was no longer admitted to the cylinder, but the condensation was carried on in a separate vessel, by which the cylinder was kept hot. This was a great point gained, for when the steam in the old engine was first admitted to drive up the piston, part of it was condensed by the cold cylinder, and this condensation continued till the cylinder was heated to the temperature of the steam, and then only the piston began to ascend. This was the invention of James Watt, to whom all the other improvements we shall mention are also due. You have observed that as yet the power of the up and down stroke in the atmospheric engine is very different; and, although this was of little consequence in pumping water, it would be a serious drawback in the application of steam-power to driving machinery. Watt, therefore, proposed to use the force of steam both in the up and down stroke, and in turn condensed the steam from each end of the cylinder. For this purpose he fitted a cover to the cylinder through which the piston moved, air and steam tight. The mechanism by which

the steam was alternately admitted above and below the piston was at first rather complicated, but it is now very simple, and we will therefore explain it to you. C is the cylinder with its

Fig. 9.



cover (A), through which the piston-rod works, steam tight; the openings for the steam are at the side, and are marked *o*; these are connected with a cylinder or tube (*b*) closed in the same manner as the large cylinder; in this another tube (*d*) works up and down, steam tight at the parts *d'* *d'*, but leaving a space round it between these points. The rod (*e*) is worked up and down by the engine, and by it the tube is made to occupy one of the three positions of which it is capable. If you look at the diagram, you will easily understand this, although we have only drawn it in the position it occupies when the piston is at the bottom of the cylinder. Steam being admitted from the boiler by the pipe (S), will flow round the inner tube, and enter the cylinder in the direction of the arrows, and thus raise the piston; at the same time the air or steam above the piston will pass down this inner tube (*d*) into the condenser, by means of the pipe (T) leading to it. Now, suppose the piston arrived at the top of the cylinder, the tube is drawn up till the steam-tight parts are respectively above the parts *o o* (you can draw it in this new position for yourselves); then you will see that the steam can enter at the top of the cylinder, and force the piston down again, whilst the steam below is free to pass to the condenser by T, as before. When the tube is in the third position, the steam-tight parts will cover both the open-

ings o o, and, the steam being thus prevented from entering the cylinder, the engine will be at rest. We must now tell you what the condenser is. It is merely a vessel of cold water, into which the waste steam is admitted, but this water would soon become hot, and condense no longer; there is, therefore, a pump attached to it, and worked by the engine, which draws off the water by degrees, whilst cold water is continually admitted to supply its place. There is, however, a plan by which this warm water is prevented from being wasted, and it is this: the pump which draws it off has a pipe attached to it, leading to the boiler, and just in proportion as the water in the latter is evaporated, a fresh supply of this heated water from the condenser is thrown into it, and thus the water in the boiler is not cooled, as it would be if the injected water were cold. The various other additions made to the steam engine from time to time are too numerous to be specified in this brief lecture. Their objects have chiefly been to economize fuel, equalize the working of the engine, and to secure greater power combined with greater safety. One or two of the contrivances, however, we must describe, as they are of great importance, and the engine would be very incomplete without them. The safety-valve we will explain first. An opening being made in the top of the boiler, a plug or valve is fitted to it; this plug is loaded with any weight we please; if, therefore, the pressure

of the steam below the plug is so great as to overcome the pressure of these weights, the valve will be raised, and the steam will be able to escape; thus all risk of bursting the boiler is avoided.

There is but one thing to be mentioned, and that is the way in which motion is communicated to the fly-wheel, and thence to machinery. We can explain this without a diagram. You have, we dare say, often watched a knife-grinder, and perhaps examined his grinding apparatus. You observe that he puts his foot upon a treadle, from which a strap passes to a crooked part of the axis of the fly-wheel; this part is called a crank. Now there is just such a crank upon the axis of the fly-wheel of a steam engine. If, then, you imagine a rod or strap to proceed from one end of the beam to this crank, you will at once see that it will revolve as the beam goes up and down; in fact, the beam and rod only supply the place of the knife-grinder's treadle and strap. This fly-wheel is of great use; it is, as it were, a reservoir of work, for it soon attains a steady, equal motion; and if it should happen that at certain times there is less work to be done, the extra power of the engine is accumulated in, and taken up by, the fly-wheel; and the momentum it acquires also prevents the engine from stopping suddenly, and it is thus calculated to give a uniform motion to the machinery connected with it.

HOW A WOMAN LOVES!

BY MARY MAITLAND.

"You will accompany me home?" said a young man to his companion, as he threw himself wearily upon a sofa.

"No!"

The answer was in a low tone, but it was firm and decided, and the speaker showed in the troubled lines of his face, how much the pronunciation of the little word had cost him.

"No?"

Harry Grey, the first speaker, repeating the answer in a tone of profound astonishment, sat up again, and looked doubtfully at his friend.

"No? Nonsense! I will not take that for answer. You *must* come home with me."

"Do not urge me. I cannot tell you how much it pains me to refuse your invitation, but I cannot—I ought not to go with you."

"Why not? My mother and Kate write the

most urgent invitations both in their own name and my father's, and I have set my heart upon having you at Danton this summer. You will come?" and Harry, in the urgency of his entreaty, took both the hands of his companion in his own, and looked up into his face: "You will come? Do I not owe my life to you? In that fearful steamboat accident, when stunned and wounded I was sinking a helpless, bleeding form, did not your arm rescue me, and once ashore, have you not nursed me, tended me, fed and clothed me until this day? and now, when my parents and sister long to see and bless my preserver, you coldly deny their prayer."

"My friend," and Dr. Hill looked lovingly down upon the handsome face raised to his, "I did my duty—no more. I saw you lived, though

wounded, and I drew you ashore, for I was there to save all I could. When I had once saved you, was it not natural to bring you here to my house, and, finding you had lost all in the burning boat, to lend you from my own wardrobe what you required? Your kind heart exaggerates my service."

"I owe you my life."

"Well, well, so let it be. I thank God for permitting me to so expiate——"

He stopped, and with a shudder, gently put the young man from him.

"You will go with me?"

"Harry, do not urge me. I—I cannot tell you *why* I refuse, but if I did, you would take away your hands from mine, and look upon me with abhorrence. You would say with me, 'Never shall this man come into my peaceful home.' I cannot—I cannot go where there are tender, loving women, and noble men! I have loved you as I never thought to love any one again, and your affection is very grateful to my heart, but were I to tell you all, to make you shrink from me with hatred——"

"Never! I hate you? I, who have seen how good, how noble you are? Do not tell me your secret, but come home with me. Sorrow you may have known, sin—I am sure you do not mean that your own sin would make me hate you?"

"No, not that! My hand and heart are free from any heavy crime as your own. We are all sinful, but I—oh, why will you urge me thus?"

"Because I will have my petition granted. You shall never tell me this secret which I have seen is wearing out your life, but I implore you to come home with me. My mother, whose invalid condition keeps her confined almost entirely at home, writes with her trembling hand the letter urging you to come."

The doctor paced the room as his friend spoke, struggling with strong emotion. Suddenly he stopped.

"Do you know," he said, almost fiercely, "how you are tempting me? Do you know that for ten years I have crossed no threshold save where crime, poverty, and disease called for relief, and I could make my knowledge and purse useful? That for ten years no man's hand save your own, has clasped mine; no man's voice called me friend? Do you know how I hunger and thirst for one hour spent in a *home*? That the prospect you hold out is like bread to a starving man? Do you know that I was hunted from my native town like a wild beast, and should I return there to-morrow, I should

be mobbed and hooted? This is all *true*! Now do you ask me to go home with you?"

"Look in my face," said Harry. "So, full in my eyes! now, by the love between us answer me! Were you responsible for this crime which drove you away from home. Is the sin on your head?"

"No; but——"

"Stay, I ask no more! I only repeat again, more warmly, more urgently than before, my petition. You will go home with me?"

"Yes, I will go. But remember, if you ever repent my coming, you have been warned." And as he spoke the doctor left the room.

The next day found them on their journey from S—, a small town in Indiana, to Danton, Harry Grey's home.

Egbert Hill, the physician who had saved Harry's life, was a man between thirty and forty years of age, and the most romantic school-girl would never have called him handsome. Tall and powerfully built, his face was one which showed strength of will, iron resolution, and high intellect in the broad forehead and large black eyes, while the mouth in its delicate outline and sensitive motions showed as plainly the tender loving heart in this strong frame. Every emotion was shown in that flexible mouth. The brow might frown, the eyes flash, the large features be set with feigned anger, but the quivering mouth and trembling lip betrayed the gentle pity with which every tale of sorrow, however clouded with crime, fell on that noble heart. Over all, the white forehead and large eyes, there dwelt ever the cloud of a heavy sorrow, a deep sadness that even Harry's voice was powerless to remove. No smile ever came on that beautiful mouth, no light joyousness ever came to the strong, hard features. And as his face portrayed it, so was the doctor's heart.

Speeding on before the travellers, let me show the reader the home to which they were bending their way, and the family waiting to receive them.

It was a large, handsome house, yet the trees about it grew so thick and high that it was hidden away from every point but one, where a long avenue of elms led up to the front door, and on the broad piazza, seen through this vista, the family were assembled, awaiting the travellers.

Mr. Grey, a short, fat, comfortable-looking, elderly gentleman, sat by his wife, whose small, slight figure was enveloped in a shawl on that warm June afternoon, and whose pale, delicate

face told of some severe bodily suffering, while her soft dark eyes and cheerful expression spoke as plainly of the mental peace and patience. Last of the group, Kate, the only daughter, stood leaning against one of the tall pillars, looking down the avenue.

Of medium stature, Kate Grey's figure was just full enough in its outlines to escape the charge of thinness, but the graceful shoulders, the slender throat and white arms, gave promise of a splendid development when years should have added maturity to her charms. She was very young, only eighteen, and from her earliest childhood had never known one sorrow. There was a bright joyousness in her large blue eyes, in the pretty smiling mouth, and the quick, graceful movements of her slender figure. It rang out in the sweet, silvery tones of her voice, and sent back its echoes in her merry, rippling laugh. Her exquisite features were like her mother's, but no impress of pain marred their pure outlines. Life had been to her one long sunny day, and none of the depths of her character had been called forth by the searching hand of tribulation.

"They are coming! I hear wheels, and see, there is the carriage at the end of the avenue. How fast Harry drives! Here they are!"

Truly enough, there they were. Harry sprang out first, and tossing the reins to the lad who jumped down from the seat behind the open carriage, turned to assist his friend. The doctor stood beside him in an instant, and then the young man went to receive his parents' welcome. It was a hushed moment, for he was like the dead come to life again, and after a long, fervent embrace, the mother turned to the doctor. She took his large, strong hands with her thin, wasted ones, and looked up into his face. He was looking down upon her; the large black eyes were soft and tender at that instant as her own, and his lip quivered with emotion. There was a long, silent gaze, and then Mrs. Grey drew him down gently, till he dropped on one knee, and his face was level with her own. She put her lips to his forehead and kissed him with a loving pressure, but no word could she speak. The doctor received the embrace without any of the reluctance he had shown to entering into her home. His own noble heart read truly the deep, speechless gratitude that kiss betokened.

When he rose, the father poured forth his warm words of thanks and welcome. Then Kate's turn came. Until that moment the doctor had not seen her. Now, as she came to him, her lovely face lit with a glow of tender

feeling, he started at her innocent, childlike beauty of face and expression.

"Let me too thank you," she said, holding out her hands, "for restoring my brother, and speak my gratitude to you, who have made this a home of thanksgiving instead of mourning. God will bless you for the deed, Dr. Hill."

To her surprise the doctor only bowed gravely in answer to her words, and seemed not to see her outstretched hands. Piqued, she turned again to her brother, who had a thousand questions to ask of the changes which had occurred in his absence of nearly a year.

Evening fell while the group sat on the porch, and the summons to tea first broke upon their converse. The bright lights in the dining-room showed Harry that the habitual gloom on his friend's face was deepened instead of dispelled, as he had hoped it would be by his intercourse with the family. The conversation between Mr. Grey and his guest was on the current topics of the day, politics, European news, the new literature, and the state of crops, and Harry was surprised to find that his recluse friend's information was up to the latest dates.

The drawing-rooms were in subdued light when they entered them after tea, and Mr. Grey's practical suggestion that to leave them so would keep out the mosquitos, prevented Harry from raising the wicks of the astral lamps. They fell into couples—Harry and his mother, Mr. Grey and the doctor; and Kate was alone. She went for a few moments out on the porch, and then, seeing all engrossed in conversation, she went softly in again.

Mr. Grey had fallen asleep, and the doctor sat silent, his head leaning against the wall. Harry was telling his mother of the doctor's untiring devotion to him in his illness, after the accident which threw them together, and the mother's eyes were fixed on the tall figure dimly visible in the shadowy light.

On the silence, broken only by the low murmur of Harry's voice, there came low, trembling notes of music. At first, soft, hardly sounding, but swelling gradually into a sweet melody, not sad, but so full of sweetness and power that the heart of the hearer almost ached in listening. Harry ceased talking, and the music rose higher as Kate became interested, lost in the ravishing sounds her own fingers drew from the grand piano. The half light and the silence lent a quieting influence to the girl's light, gay heart, and after a sweet symphony, she began to sing in a clear, rich voice, that beautiful song—

"Be kind to the loved ones at home."

The last line had scarcely left her lips, when she was startled by a deep, heavy sigh, almost a sob, at her side. She turned to see Dr. Hill.

"Pardon me," he said, quietly, "if I have startled you. Your music drew me here with as irresistible power as a magnet attracts a needle."

"You are fond of music?"

"Passionately! Years ago I cultivated the little talent I had for it; but for ten years I have neither heard music nor tried to bring it out from my piano."

"How could you give it up?"

"I gave it up at a time when all pleasure went from my life, and I became the sad— Well, well, we will talk of other things. What right have I to cloud so bright a heart as yours with my sorrowful thoughts?"

There was something in the rich tones of Doctor Hill's voice which moved Kate strangely.

"Shall I play for you again?" she asked.

"Will you? I cannot tell you how gladly I will listen!"

Two hours passed away, and the piano gave forth sweet sounds under those white taper fingers, while still, motionless as some tall statue, the doctor listened. Then Kate rose; and, after waiting for the doctor to speak, and finding he did not, she went to the sofa where her mother lay.

For a few moments there was total silence in the room, and then again music filled it; not sweet, cheerful melodies, such as Kate had brought forth from the keys; there was a strong, heavy chord, followed by a succession of other chords which pealed forth strongly, as if some gust of passion prompted the player; then came wailing passages, stirring the heart with an aching sadness. The doctor seemed pouring out some hidden agony in this wondrous music. It was an impromptu *Miserere*, to listen to which it was almost maddening, such power had the strong wails over the heart. Two soft, white hands fell upon the doctor's.

"O stop!" said Kate. And her voice betrayed that she was weeping. "I feel, as you play, as if some heavy grief were hanging over me."

"Heaven forbid!" said the doctor, earnestly. "I will play no more. It is the first time for ten years that my fingers have touched the keys, and I forgot that I might wound those around me. Will you forgive me, my child?"

"Nay, you take me too seriously," said Kate, whose tears were already dried. "Come

to mother. She was hoping you would join our group."

It were too long a tale to tell thus minutely the course of events in the month Dr. Hill spent at Danton. As in his own home, he sought out there the poor and sick. Hardly a day passed that Kate did not hear of some generous gift, some weary night-watch in a poor hovel, some long walk to assuage suffering, performed by their guest. She marked the tender, gentle, pitying respect he showed her invalid mother; noted the high intellect his conversation betrayed, and she learned to listen for his voice and step; to feel with keen delight the grasp of his hand, and miss him languishingly in his frequent absences. Had she tried to define her own feelings, she would have failed to give them their right name. She only felt that he was noble, good, far, far above her, and that her brother's friend was always in her thoughts.

It was just one month after the doctor's arrival at Danton, when Kate, sitting in the shadow of the window curtain in the parlor, heard him come in with her brother. It was twilight, and the gentlemen did not perceive that the parlor was occupied. Harry spoke first.

"But why? Why must you leave us?"

Leave them! Kate felt a cold, sickening chill pass over her, and then for the first time the girl knew herself how she loved, almost worshipped, this man.

"I will tell you. I never thought to tell my story to a living being, but I will tell you." The doctor's voice was stern in its evident struggle against violent emotion. "Harry, I love your sister! For the first time in my life I have felt how a strong man *loves*. Do you smile at the idea of a sorrow, crime-stricken man loving that bright woman?—nay, child, for she is a child in her pure, fresh youth and gentleness."

"But, Egbert, my friend, why do you not tell her you love her?"

"I! I! Bind that life to mine! Cloud her sunny spirit by making her *my* wife! Never! Stop! do not interrupt me! I will tell you why I must tear this love from my heart; leave this happy home to return to my lonely life at S—. I will begin at the first year of my life:—

"When I was only four years old, I was sent from my own home, in the South, to Philadelphia, to my aunt's care. I did not know for many years why my mother thus banished her only child, but I found it out at last. For twenty-one years I never went home. I was educated, passed through college, studied medi-

cine, graduated, and began to practise in Philadelphia, but I was not recalled to the South. Every summer my mother paid my aunt a short visit, and sometimes my father accompanied her; but, although she evidently loved me fondly, she resolutely resisted my entreaties to be allowed to return home. Ten years ago, in my twenty-fifth year, the summons came at last. My mother was very ill; dying, the letter said, and she sent for her child to say farewell. I had been home but a few days when I knew why my mother had banished me for so long a time; my father was a gambler, and—oh, this is hard for a son to say—a drunkard, as well. Still, in his worst moods—and they were neither few nor seldom—he was always kind to my frail, suffering mother. One evening”—the doctor shook from head to foot, like a man in an ague fit, as he continued —“one evening I went with my father to the gambling house he haunted; I went because my mother hoped I would restrain his insane passion for play, and I shared the hope. I cannot dwell on the events that followed. One of the men present charged my father with false play; high words led to blows, and—and there was murder done. He, my father, killed his opponent; struck him with a knife. We were both arrested, my father and I. I was acquitted, for there were witnesses to prove I struck no blow; but my father was condemned, and executed for murder. My mother died whilst we were in prison. I stayed with my father until the last, and then I was driven from the town. But one man there believed in my entire innocence, and that was my father's lawyer. To him alone I wrote after I left the town, telling him my assumed name; and when my aunt died, leaving me a handsome fortune, he arranged my legacy so that I received it. You should have listened to me when I refused to come here. But, Harry, do not utterly hate me.”

Before Harry had time to speak, a figure glided between him and the doctor, and Kate spoke.

“Egbert!” Two soft hands drew the doctor's head down on Kate's bosom, and she pressed her lips to his forehead.

“Kate, do you know—”

“Yes, I have heard all!”

“And you caress me—a murderer's son!”

“Hush! Let it be my task to console you for your sorrow; to atone for men's injustice; to love you! Egbert, to love you as you love me!”

Harry stole away.

It was hard to overcome Mr. Gray's opposition when he knew who it was that wooed his bright child; but Kate's love conquered all.

The heavy cloud passed from the doctor's face, and there shone forth clearly the noble heart that so earnestly wrought good works to atone for a father's sin. Kate's life had its sorrows, as all lives have in maturity; but to her husband, she turned ever, in her own troubles and in his, proving year after year how nobly, how truly a woman loves.

THERE IS SOMETHING STILL TO CHEER US.

BY W. G. MILLS.

By the pebbly shore, on the sterile rock,

Where the waves give no repose,

The velvet moss on its tender stock

In its delicate softness grows:

To cheer the wanderer in pensive mood

That sees no beauty around,

That lets his lonely thoughts intrude,

And deems not a friend can be found.

The mistletoe thrives in a lonely place

When winter his claims has laid,

And grasps the branch with a warm embrace,

Though withered and leafless made;

It tells us a tale to cheer the heart,

'And brighten our gloomiest lot:

That winter and age can beauty impart,

And there's life where we thought it not.

The ivy clings to the mouldering wall

That its friendly form receives,

And covers the ruin from us all

With its garb of verdant leaves;

Thus should we hide from the envious eye

The faults in our nature found;

And our neighbor's follies that open lie

Through the mantle of love around.

The lofty pine and the cedar, too,

As evergreens appear;

Fadeless and fresh they continue through

The mutations of the year;

And so in the changes that mark our way,

Through wealth and adversity,

Though sunshine or storm make out our day,

We should cheerful and changeless be.

Yes! as on the bleak and sterile rock

The delicate velvet-moss springs;

As the mistletoe thrives on the withered oak,

On the ruin the ivy clings;

As in the keen blasts of winter's breath,

'Mid the storms of hail and snow,

The pine and the cedar know no death,

But luxuriantly grow.

So, Heaven be praised! in our human lot,

Whatever our trials may be,

There still is some green and fertile spot,

Something grateful to feel and see:

Which in coldest hours its tendrils entwines—

The vigor of life to impart—

Round the broken arches and crumbling shrines

Of the desolate fanes of the heart.

SUNSHINE AND SHADE; OR, THE GOVERNESS.

BY FANNIE WARNER.

[Entered, according to act of Congress, in the year 1860, by LOUIS A. GODEY, in the clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

(Continued from page 191.)

CHAPTER VII.

SABBATH IN THE COUNTRY.

The heaven, the air, the earth, and boundless sea
Make but one temple for the Deity.—WALLER.

NINE o'clock the following morning found Mr. Ellis and his family starting on their Sabbath day's journey. It was an extremely warm September day, but the breeze from the river whose shining waters were visible through the trees, and the shaded path which they travelled, prevented them from feeling the heat very sensibly. They went at a moderate pace, befitting the holiness of the day, but, as the horses could not go abreast, there was no opportunity for conversation. The path was a crooked one, and every turn brought to their view others travelling the same narrow road; and as Edith watched them "on their winding way," she thought, if they were spending the time in serious meditation, their minds must be well prepared to enter upon the worship of God in spirit and in truth.

The air was filled with the song of birds, and their notes had never seemed to her so prolonged or so melodious, and as she listened to the sweet music, it conveyed to her mind the meaning of "linked sweetness long drawn out." She was one eminently calculated to enjoy such sights and sounds as greeted her eye and ear; for everything in Nature had a charm for her. From the tiny, half-hidden spring flower, to the majestic plants and towering trees; the timid, feeble sparrow flying low to the earth, and the bold eagle skimming the blue ether; the rocks, over which dash the roaring cataracts, and the smooth pebble, washed by the rippling stream; each read to her its own peculiar lesson, and this quiet Sabbath morning, as she rode slowly through those grand old woods, drinking in the music of birds and perfume of flowers, her heart went up to the God of Nature, and she worshipped him in that temple not made with hands, with a more appreciative sense of his might, majesty, and power than ever she had experienced while kneeling in the little chapel at home; and she wondered that any person

endowed with sight and hearing could disbelieve in "God the Father Almighty."

The meeting-house was "set on a hill" in the woods, and was a rude building, with a door at each end, but without windows; there was an open space in front, and a few steps on, a temporary shelter had been erected for the accommodation of unusually large congregations in hot weather. As they approached it, Edith thought the whole place had more the appearance of a gypsy-camp than a place of worship. Horses were standing under the trees, and on the branches above them were hung different colored saddle-blankets and riding-skirts, and on the grass lolled negro men and women, dressed in gay holiday attire, and little black children, with their heads tied up in yellow bandannas, scampered about almost under the horses' feet.

Farties were approaching from every direction, and at each fresh arrival, servants recognizing their master's family, jumped from the grass and stationed themselves at the horses' heads, while gentlemen stepped from the group assembled at the door, and assisted the ladies to dismount.

Uncle Sigh, Uncle Peter, and Josh took hold of the bridles when the horses halted, and Nellie and Oak stood ready to take the riding-skirts. A gentleman standing a little apart from the group before the meeting-house wheeled suddenly and started towards our party, and before he reached them Edith recognized Mr. Irving. "What a nuisance!" she involuntarily exclaimed. Mr. Ellis caught the expression, and speaking quickly to Uncle Sigh, said, "Take Miss Mary off so that I can dismount;" but before that could be accomplished, Mr. Irving had hold of Edith's hand, and was dragging her from the saddle in the most awkward manner. There was no block to step on, and as she attempted to spring to the ground, her foot caught in her skirt, and she fell forward, and was clasped in Mr. Irving's long, thin arms; before she could recover her balance, he released her suddenly,

and started back, and she fell headlong to the ground. Her feet were so entangled in her skirt that it was with difficulty she arose, even with Mr. Ellis's assistance, and then he was obliged to support her while Nellie pulled her skirt from under her feet. She could have cried with vexation, and the hot blood mounted to her face as she saw the author of the mischief walk rapidly towards the meeting-house, as if he expected chastisement if he lingered. She did not wonder at his abrupt departure, when, glancing at Mr. Ellis's face, she saw the angry flush on his brow, and the indignant flash of his eye as it followed the retreating figure of the discomfited merchant. It was no longer the calm, deliberate gentleman, with gentle, winning manners, who stood before her, but the impulsive passionate man; and as he almost hissed out "Dolt! blockhead! idiot!" she thought he displayed rather more anger than the occasion warranted, since Mr. Irving's intentions had been kind; her own resentment subsided, and she said in a pleasant tone—

"It was mostly my own fault, Mr. Ellis; you know I am not accustomed to such long skirts."

"Nor such long arms either, I imagine!" he replied, his eyes still flashing. Her face became scarlet, and noticing it, he added, quickly, "But I have not inquired if you are hurt?"

"I believe I have sustained no injury," said she, brushing some dirt from her sleeve. The words were scarcely out of her mouth before she uttered an exclamation, as if attacked by sudden pain.

"What's the matter, Miss Edith?" said Mary.

"A pain in my ankle," said she, limping, as she attempted to walk; "I must have turned it; but it's nothing of consequence, I guess;" and dropping her veil, she signified that she was ready to proceed to the church.

"You are sure it is not sprained?" said Mr. Ellis, with extreme solicitude.

"O no; the pain has gone already," she returned, smiling; and they walked on, but the compression of her lips, every time she stepped with the right foot, told that she was suffering, though she would not acknowledge that it was anything but "slight, very slight pain."

The room was filled, and services had commenced when they entered. Edith and the two girls sat down near the door, and Mr. Ellis crossed the room, and seated himself opposite to them. Benches were arranged in rows on either side of the room; the gentlemen occupying one side, and the ladies the other.

The pulpit was occupied by three ministers, who prayed and exhorted alternately, and joined in the hymns with so much energy that Edith concluded their lungs must suffer. A bucket of water stood on a low table beside the pulpit, and one of the preachers, a young man, not very prepossessing in appearance, helped himself frequently, dropping the dipper (which was made of a gourd shell; had a long handle, and a rim of silver) back into the bucket, with the utmost indifference as to whether it splashed the water on the dresses of the ladies sitting near, or not. Some of the female voices were very sweet, but others produced horrible discord, which jarred terribly on Edith's cultivated ear. All feelings of devotion had been driven from her mind by the morning's adventure, and she tried in vain to fasten her thoughts on holy subjects; but the pain in her ankle increased, and she was obliged, before the meeting closed, to loosen her gaiter, on account of the swelling. She looked around the congregation; but so many eyes were fastened on her that she turned her own towards the pulpit, where she kept them until the benediction was pronounced. The time seemed very long, and she thought the prayers, exhortations, and hymns never would come to a close. She missed the beautiful service of the Episcopal Church, but I doubt if she would have enjoyed it in that warm, crowded room, and with the throbbing pain in her foot and ankle.

At the close of the meeting she requested the girls to remain in their seats a few moments, for she thought she should certainly fall if she attempted to go out with the crowd; but she almost regretted having done so, for so many of their friends stopped to speak with them, and to inquire if their teacher was hurt when she fell from her horse. Mr. Ellis joined them as soon as possible, and, introducing "Mr. Ward," one of the preachers who had occupied the desk, he immediately inquired if she still felt the pain.

"Yes, I feel it most acutely at present," she replied, "and I fear it is more serious than I at first apprehended."

"Will you allow me to look at it? I am the surgeon on my plantation," he said, with a grave smile.

She lifted her foot without hesitation, and placed it on the bench before her. He examined it, and said, with a troubled look: "It is, indeed, an ugly sprain. Your boot must come off, and a handkerchief must be bound tightly around your foot." Taking a penknife from his pocket, he slit the gaiter down on the out-

side, and drew it off as gently as possible; and, though Edith did not shrink or groan, her pale face and white compressed lips betrayed how much she suffered. Mr. Ellis bound his own handkerchief tightly around the swollen member, while Martha called Oak, and desired her to bring a glass of water, and Mary stood looking on, with the most distressed face imaginable.

"Do you think you can sit on your horse?" said Mr. Ellis, taking the tumbler from Oak, and handing it to Edith.

"Yes, I think so," she answered, though her voice faltered.

At this moment Mr. Ward entered in haste. "Ellis," said he, "Irving, fortunately, has his gig here, and offers it to you, and will ride your horse home. Better take it, for Miss Stanford will never reach home on horseback with that swollen foot; my word for it, she'll faint, as sure as you're born."

"I accept it, thankfully," answered Mr. Ellis, the cloud disappearing from his brow, which had gathered there at the mention of Irving's name. "But, Mr. Ward, you will have to take charge of my daughters."

"Oh, I'll do that with pleasure," returned Mr. Ward; "we'll take the bridle path, and meet you at the bridge."

"Scarcely, I think," said Mr. Ellis, smiling, "as I'm not going that way."

"Not by the road, certainly," said Mr. Ward, in surprise; "why, it is three o'clock, man, and the sun is powerful hot; she'll faint, as sure as you're born!" This last clause was delivered in much the same tone in which he had thundered from the pulpit, "You'll die, as sure as you're born!"

Not at all disconcerted by the smiles on the faces around him, the bustling preacher caught up his saddle-bags, saying to Mr. Ellis, as he passed him: "No use arguing with you, Ellis, for you always were a stubborn boy; but, my word for it, she'll faint—" The last of the sentence was lost, as the preacher and saddle-bags disappeared out of the door.

"He seems to be an original genius," said Edith, looking after him, and laughing in spite of her suffering.

"He is, indeed," said Mr. Ellis. "But, notwithstanding his almost jovial disposition, and abrupt, unpolished manners, he is the most effective, if not the most earnest preacher on this circuit. I have seen persons drop on their knees, overcome, during one of his exhortations, who have listened with the most stoical indifference to the more studied sermons

of his graver brethren; and, when stepping from the pulpit, he has stood beside them repeating the Saviour's promises of pardon and love, I have been reminded of Paul in his tempestuous journey to Rome, who, 'when all hope that they should be saved was taken away,' stood forth in the midst of his trembling companions, and said: 'I exhort you to be of good cheer; for I believe God it shall be even as it was promised.'" Mr. Ellis was slowly walking up and down before Edith, waiting for the horses to be brought to the door, and, while he spoke, his usually grave face wore an almost sad expression, as if other thoughts had been suggested to his mind; and it was even so, as Edith afterwards learned.

"De gig am ready, massa," said Uncle Peter, stepping into the meeting-house, with his hat off. "Miser Irving took your hoss, and gwined home; but Miser War kep de saddle-blanket for to make a pillar for Miss Eden's foot."

"I am obliged to Mr. Ward for his thoughtfulness," said Edith, with a grateful smile. "The blanket, with my riding-skirt, will support my foot nicely."

"Drive the gig to the door, Peter," said his master, "and tell Sigh to have Selim ready for Miss Martha. Oak will ride Miss Edith's horse, unless you wish to ride in the saddle, Mary"—turning to his daughter, who stood beside Edith.

"I would rather ride behind Matty," she answered, with a doubtful glance towards her sister.

"Indeed, Mary, it is entirely too warm! I'd as soon be a peddler at once, and carry a pack on my back! If you can't be sensible, and ride Flash, you'll have to ride behind Mr. Ward." Seeing Mary's look of distress, she turned to Edith with a merry twinkle in her eye, and added, *sotto voce*, "She'll faint, as sure as you're born!"

"I'll ride Flash, I reckon," said Mary to her father, seeing no alternative.

"Very well," he answered; "but mind and keep him in the path. Don't drop your bridle," said he, with a meaning smile, as he went out to the gig, which at that moment appeared before the door.

"Are you afraid to ride by yourself?" asked Edith of Mary.

"O no!" she answered, laughing, as if she thought it quite ridiculous to be afraid.

"It's just laziness, Miss Edith, and nothing else," said Martha. "Papa told her not to drop her bridle, because the last time she rode Flash she dropped it, and let him go into the

woods, and when we looked around she was away off behind some trees."

"I was not lazy," Mary said, in a gentle voice, but coloring; "I only forgot where I was. I was trying to repeat some of the 'Lady of the Lake,' and shut my eyes; and before I knew it Flash was out of the path."

"Yes, and a nice 'Lady of the Lake' you'd have been if he had gone to the Branch," said Martha.

"Now, Miss Edith, we must lift you into the gig," said Mr. Ellis, coming in. "You are getting a little better color. Is your ankle easier?"

"Yes, in this position," she replied, with a distressed look, as if she dreaded to have it moved.

"I am sorry to disturb it; but trust me! I'll lift you as gently as possible. You do not look very heavy"—glancing at her slight figure, and smiling. "I think I can convey you to the gig without much difficulty." And, taking her in his strong arms, he carried her out with as much ease as if she had been a child. The color fled from her face, leaving it almost marble-white, and when he placed her on the seat of the gig, such a look of suffering was depicted there that Mary exclaimed, with the tears running down her cheeks, "Oh, papa! isn't it dreadful?" Many persons came forward with offers of assistance and expressions of sympathy, while others stood apart, watching the proceedings with interest. Poor Edith! she was not conscious of anything but the throbbing, excruciating pain in her foot and ankle, and only heard Mr. Ellis give some directions to Uncle Sigh about the young ladies' horses, and had a vague sort of feeling that he was adjusting the articles under her foot, and raising it by placing something underneath; then the top of the gig was pulled over, and Mr. Ellis seated himself beside her, and they slowly rolled away. No words were exchanged until the jolting, unsteady motion had ceased, and they were moving rapidly over a smooth road.

"How does your foot feel now?" asked Mr. Ellis.

"Somewhat easier, though still very painful," replied Edith. And then, with a faint smile, she added: "My attention is divided between my foot and head; the one seems striving to outpain the other."

"Perhaps, if you were to take off your bonnet, your head would be somewhat relieved of the pain; you have had it on since morning," said Mr. Ellis, kindly.

Edith untied the strings, and removed the heavy straw bonnet; and, with womanly thoughtfulness, her companion loosened the veil, and, throwing it over her head, said it would be a protection from the dust.

"What time is it?" asked Edith.

Looking at his watch, Mr. Ellis replied that it was four o'clock. "We shall reach home about five," said he. And then, pointing towards the west with his whip, he said: "The Bluff lies in that direction. We seem to be leaving it, but in order to reach home by this road we are obliged to go three miles in this direction; then the road forks, and brings us on to the one leading to the Bluff."

"Mr. Ward mentioned a road by the bridge. Is that a shorter route than this?" asked Edith, striving to keep up the conversation.

"Yes, and much more shady," replied Mr. Ellis, "which was probably the reason that Mr. Ward was so surprised at my not taking it; but it is hardly fit to travel in a covered vehicle, as in many places the branches hang low, and interrupt the way; and it is very rough, which is another objection, as the jolting would have been intolerable to you."

"I suppose the girls will arrive home before us," said Edith, after a pause.

"Yes; half an hour or so," returned Mr. Ellis.

"I regret this accident so much on their account; it is so unfortunate, for I suppose I'll not be able to enter the school-room for a week," she said, in a despondent tone. And then, as if a happy thought had relieved her mind of a load of anxiety, she added, with a brighter look: "But that need not prevent their studying, for I can attend to them in my room; they can bring their books there."

"As many books from the library as you please to order," said Mr. Ellis, with a pleasant smile, "but none from the school-room. You are to be my pupil for a fortnight or thereabouts, and learn resignation; I fear you are lacking in that cardinal virtue."

"A fortnight!" exclaimed Edith, in dismay. "This will certainly not confine me to my room a fortnight."

"Not necessarily to your room; you can be carried to any part of the house you choose; but I fear you will not be able to use your foot for some time, as the delay that has occurred in applying the proper remedies will undoubtedly aggravate the swelling and inflammation. 'But I exhort you to be of good cheer,'" said Mr. Ellis, turning to her with a quiet smile, as he

repeated the words of Scripture which he had before quoted when speaking to Mr. Ward.

This led Edith's thoughts into another channel, and she asked if Mr. Ward intended to preach to the black people in the evening. Receiving an answer in the affirmative, she remarked: "He is certainly a very energetic preacher, and, I judge, one calculated to make an impression on the negro mind."

"Yes," answered Mr. Ellis, "he has made several converts among my people, and is always welcomed, even by the most lawless of them, and listened to with profound attention. I entertain a particular regard for him myself; not only on account of his merits as a preacher, and unblemished character as a man, but"—here he hesitated a moment, and then continued—"he was instrumental in the conversion of my wife a short time previous to her death, and administered to her the sacrament the first and only time she ever partook of it. It was the Sunday before she died," he resumed, after a moment's pause, "and just a month after her baptism by the same hand. I, being a member of the Episcopal Church, could not accompany her to the communion-table, as the Baptists are close-communicants. We both regretted it exceedingly, and, returning home, she made the remark that she should have enjoyed the sacrament more fully could we have received it together. At that moment her horse stumbled, and, being a careless rider, she slipped from the saddle, and fell to the ground, her foot remaining in the stirrup, and her head striking against a stone. Mr. Ward, who was returning with us, assisted me in raising her, and brought water from a brook near at hand, with which we bathed her head, and, after binding up the wound, which was the only external injury she received, save a slight bruise on her shoulder, she was able to sit on her horse, and proceed home. Two days after, she was taken suddenly violently ill, and died in a few hours."

This had all been said in a manner very quiet and deliberate, but there was an inexpressible sadness in his tone, and on his face there was that look of melancholy which in his gay moments Edith had noticed suddenly settle over it, chasing away the brightness which a moment before had lent an additional charm to his strikingly handsome countenance.

Edith made no remark, for, though interesting to her, she did not wish to continue a subject evidently painful to her companion. After a moment's silence, however, he continued, as if thinking aloud: "A singular coincidence!

Ten months ago to-day she met with the accident." A pause; and then, as if the events separated by an interval of ten months were associated together in his mind, he looked at Edith, and said: "But yours is slight comparatively."

"Nothing at all!" she rejoined, quickly, with a perceptible shudder, as the thought passed through her mind that it *might* have been fatal.

He noticed the shudder; and, divining the cause, he changed the subject by asking, "Did you enjoy the ride to church, Miss Edith?"

"Very much," she replied; "it was such a lovely morning!" Then, glancing at her foot propped up before her, she said, with a sigh: "My life is like an April day—clouds and sunshine!"

"Yes, it is so with every one," said her companion; "and it is well that we have the contrast of shade occasionally, for the sun would lose half its genial warmth, and its benign influence would not be appreciated, if we were to bask in its light continually."

"True, but I would not like a similar shadow," nodding towards her foot, "to fall across my path frequently."

"It would not be very agreeable, certainly," returned Mr. Ellis.

There was silence for some time. At length Mr. Ellis pointed toward what seemed to Edith a grove, and said, "Do you see the house yonder, through the trees? We will be there presently;" and touching the horse with his whip, they rode on a little faster.

Uncle Anthony and Sigh met the gig at the gate and followed it up the lawn. Martha, Mary, and Mr. Ward stood on the piazza, and at the sound of wheels Aunt Cilla and the other house-servants came running out, all with anxious faces; but on the old housekeeper's countenance there was a dismal, funereal expression, as if she were watching the approach of a funeral cortege.

"Leave me take her out, Massa!" she said, as soon as Mr. Ellis threw the reins to Uncle Peter. "Poor chile! Better be took right up stars and put to bed. What for you do dat any way?" she exclaimed, turning to Edith with a look of mingled sorrow and vexation.

"I'll carry Miss Edith up stairs. Is her room ready? Stand one side, Cilla."

"Yes, Mass, and a big dish ob lye to souse her foot in. De bery bes' ting in de worl' for sprain. Tried once when you's away from hum, Massa. when my ole man sprain him

ankle, and was laid up for four weeks wid de 'flamation."

"I judge that Miss Stanford would be laid up fully that length of time under similar treatment," said Mr. Ward, with perfect gravity; "but I think your master will use cold water applications."

"Cole water, Miser War! Gib de chile cole, sure as you lib."

"No, Cilla, it will not give her cold. Bring up a dish of cold water and somelinen," said Mr. Ellis, lifting Edith from the gig.

He carried her up to her room, and placed her in an easy-chair beside the bed, and Martha, lifting the sprained foot gently, placed it on a pillow in another chair. The handkerchief was unbound, and after Aunt Cilla had made an awkward attempt to draw off the stocking, it had to be cut off, as the boot had been, exposing the naturally small, white foot, now inflamed and swollen out of all proportion. Mr. Ellis proceeded to examine it; then, without any remark, bathed it freely with cold water, and bandaged it up again in linen dipped in the water.

"How is your head?" he asked, kindly.

"Better, I thank you," returned Edith.

"Aunt Cilla will stay with you to-night, for the cold water must be applied frequently. You must be kept very quiet, and live on low diet for a few days."

"Will she have to take any medicine?" asked Martha, making a wry face, as if she tasted something nauseous.

"A dose of cooling medicine would benefit you," said her father, turning to Edith.

"I will take it then," she answered. And saying that he would prepare some and send it up, Mr. Ellis left the apartment.

As soon as the door fairly closed on her master, Aunt Cilla, who had been very quiet, burst forth, "Bress your heart, honey, but dis am unfortunite. And it minds me so ob missus when young massa and Miser War brought her home de day she broke her head. And den de day she died too. I tinks ob it all; ob de little dead baby dat was buried wid her, and ob her poor, pale face, and I reckon as how young massa members it too, for he looks so grave like. He was ginning to look like hisself, and now it'll all be brung so forcible fore him dat I'm afeard he'll be down at de heel agin. Well," she ejaculated, piously, "de Lor gins and de Lor takes away agin. Bress de Lor's name, I hope he'll take away young massa's gravity and disflamation fore morning."

"Is all that redness inflammation, Aunt Cilla?" asked Mary.

"Yes, honey, it am sure, and if cold water don't 'lay it, I'm afeard mortification'll come in, den de foot'll have to come off to de ankle—p'r'ops to de knee—and shouldn't be sprised, honey, if young massa had to chop off de whole leg clean up. Heard tell of such tings, honey."

"Oh, Aunt Cilla!" exclaimed Mary, with a look of compassion towards Edith.

"What's that you're saying, Aunt Cilla? Miss Edith's leg'll have to come off, will it? Now that's keeping her quiet, as papa directed, isn't it?" said Martha, entering with the medicine.

"I only 'lowed it will have to come off, honey, that's all, if mortification sot in, you know. De Lor gins and de Lor takes away, and he may take de leg, you know. Neber be sartin ob noting in dis worl', honey."

"I am certain of one thing—Papa will not allow you to stay with Miss Edith if I tell him how you talk. I think I'll tell him, any way;" and she made a movement towards the door.

"Oh, now, honey, don't go for to bodder young massa. Goodness gracious! I only 'lowed it, you know." And the old negro seemed thoroughly alarmed.

"Well, papa don't allow it; but if you won't frighten Miss Edith again, I won't go."

"I was not frightened, Matty," said Edith, smiling; and Martha closed the door which she had opened, with apparent unwillingness, however, and going up to Edith, whispered in her ear that she did not intend to tell her papa, but only wished to frighten Aunt Cilla into holding her tongue.

"I am to give you this medicine as soon as ever you are in bed," she said, with a consequential air. "Horrid, isn't it? But you know you promised papa that you'd take it;" evidently anticipating as much opposition from Edith as she generally offered herself when required to take medicine.

"Now, honey, de bed am ready. I'll lif her in, Miss Mary, and you jist hold up de chur and slide her foot off."

"Oh, Martha, dear, not so high!" exclaimed Edith, as Martha, pushing her sister aside, caught hold of the chair, and it went up suddenly, considerably above the level of the bed. At length she was established in bed, and she laid her head on her pillow with a feeling of relief and thankfulness that she would not have to be lifted to another place before morning.

"I spec as how you'll be glad ob some tea, honey, for you had no dinner. Now what'll

you hab?" said Aunt Cilla. "Hot egg-bread, and corn-pone, and chicking, and——"

"Nothing but some toast and a cup of tea. You know Mr. Ellis said I must have low diet," interrupted Edith.

"Bress him heart, he knows bes', young massa does, dat's sartin; but I'm ob de 'pinion lat you'd been a heap better if your foot been ousened in lye, and a hot supper gin you to waller instead ob dat medicine. What you oring dar?" turning to Nelly, who entered with a server.

"Miss Eden's supper," answered the black girl.

"Humph! Toas' an' tea! Dat's young massa's orderin', I knows. Isn't it, now?" and Aunt Cilla peered into Nelly's face, obviously expecting her to say "no."

"To be sure it am. Who knows in dis house what to gib sick folks, 'side Massa Jacob?"

"I does; and I was jist gwine to order tea an' toas' dis bery minute," replied Aunt Cilla, with a triumphant look.

After tea, Martha and Mary asked Edith if she wished them to sit with her.

"Perhaps you are sleepy?" said Mary.

"Not sleepy, dear, but very tired," answered Edith.

"We will stay here while Aunt Cilla goes down to the quarter to preaching," said Martha. "They have blown the horn, and papa and Mr. Ward went down before we came up stairs," she added, turning to Aunt Cilla.

"Neber you mind, honey," replied the old woman, not wishing to resign her charge into other hands. "I done heard all Miser War's sermons; he'll preach to-night from de tex' 'Sarvants, obey your marsers;' haint took dat un dis long time; I knows all he's gwine to say on dat subjec', honey; stored in my mind long ago; but I reckon I'll go down and see what dat Nell's a-doing in de dining-room."

"Will one of you read me a chapter in the Bible?" asked Edith as soon as the door closed.

"Mary will, she reads best," answered Martha. And taking a small Bible from the table, she handed it to her sister, who seated herself by the window, for it was not yet dark, and opening the book at random, she commenced in a clear, sweet voice, "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me." Aunt Cilla returned before the chapter was finished, and stood in the doorway listening, with her head bent, and her eyes fixed on the floor. When Mary closed the book, she shut the door, and repeated the last part of the twenty-seventh verse, then said, "No fear in

dis ole heart, Lor; I tink it hab peace, and I is willing to rise and go hence; bless de Lor's name and Miser War's teachins;," and a tear dropped from her eye, and rolled down the dark cheek of the old negro, as she proceeded to light the small astral lamp.

Kissing Edith, and bidding her good-night, the two girls went into their own room, and she was left alone with Aunt Cilla, her sprained ankle, and her thoughts. And so closed the day—her first Sunday at Beech Bluff.

(To be continued.)

THE BEREAVED MOTHER.

BY MRS. JULIA MILLS DUNN.

In a gorgeous festive room,
Fragrant with the rich perfume,
Brilliant lamps are all aglow,
Waves of music ebb and flow;
Softly falls the measured beat
Of the merry dancer's feet;
Pictures hang upon the walls
Of those courtly ancient halls,
In whose beauties, day by day,
Artists wrought their lives away;
And in robes like purest snow
Lovely forms glide to and fro.
But, apart, there standeth one
Who would all this gladness shun;
On her ear the laugh of glee
Falls like bitter mockery,
Mingled with the music's tone,
She can hear a childish moan,
Never song were half so sweet
As the patter of the feet
That one autumn morn grew still
In the shadows deep and chill,
And adown Death's solemn river
Floated out of sight forever!
Gems may glitter on her brow,
Lordly heads in homage bow,
And the artist's dreams of grace,
Wrought in beauty's form and face,
Pass before her eyes; and yet
Can a mother e'er forget
That dear face which used to rest
Close against her throbbing breast?
Where the picture that would be
Half so dear to memory
As the sunny clustering curls,
And the baby teeth of pearls?
Sorrowing mother, murmur not
At the anguish of thy lot!
Far across the silent sea,
Childish hands are beck'ning thee;
She hath risen from its tide,
And she standeth glorified!
Thou shalt one day hear the words,
Sweet as song of summer birds,
Feel the baby fingers press
On thy cheek their mute caress;
See again the loving eyes
On the shores of Paradise!

ACTING CHARADE.—STRATAGEM.

BY S. ANNIE FROST.

Characters.

MR. CREDULOUS, *an elderly gentleman.*
FANNIE LAWTON, *Mr. Credulous's ward.*
FRANK HORTON, *Fannie's lover.*
PROF. AMMONITE, } *Characters assumed by*
AGIB FADLADDIN, } *Frank Horton.*
DR. TRUSTY, }
MATTIE, *Fannie's maid.*

STRATA-

SCENE I.—*A parlor handsomely furnished.*

Enter FANNIE and MATTIE.

Fannie. Oh, Mattie, what will become of me? Mr. Credulous wants me to marry him.

Mattie. The old horror? And Mr. Frank?

Fannie. Forbids him the house. O Mattie! Mattie! just think of being Mrs. Credulous! Why, my guardian has a new hobby every hour.

Mattie. Mineralogy, bugology, butterflyology—every ology under the sun. But poor Mr. Frank!

Fannie. Who studied only Fannieology. My guardian informed me this morning that he wished to improve my mind by a course of scientific study.

Mattie. Poor thing!

Fannie. And I am to commence by a course of geology. Prof. Ammonite, a gentleman from England, has sent a letter to Mr. Credulous, and is to call here to-day.

Mattie. Don't your guardian know him?

Fannie. Never saw him. Prof. Ammonite is looking for pupils in this country, and I am to be the first victim on the altar of science.

Mattie (joyfully). I've hit it! (*In a low, mysterious voice.*) Miss Fannie, I am—(*Enter Mr. Credulous.*) Mum! another time. Only, Miss Fannie, don't you be astonished at anything. (*Exit Mattie.*)

Mr. Credulous. Well, Fannie, my dear, are you ready for your first lesson in geology? I expect Prof. Ammonite every moment.

Fannie (sighing). I thought I had finished my studies when I left school.

Mr. Credulous (taking a stone from his pocket). Such a glorious study! Such interesting research necessary! See here, my love, what a beautiful piece of rock I have; three specimens of various strata in one piece.

Fannie (contemptuously). Strata! What do I care for strata? If your geology will discover a gold mine in the garden—

Mr. Credulous. There's no saying it will not (*putting the stone in his pocket*). And then (*lovingly*) won't its little Fannie have everything her heart can desire!

Fannie (shortly). No!

Mr. Credulous. No? What can my love want that a gold mine will not buy?

Fannie. My liberty! Can I stir hand or foot; see a friend; even converse with my maid, without being subjected to a hateful system of—

Mr. Credulous. Stop, my dear. To be sure, I won't let Mr. Frank Horton visit my lady-bird, because—

Fannie. Because you are an old tyrant.

Enter MATTIE.

Mattie. Prof. Ammonite is here, sir.

Mr. Credulous. Ah! I must go to him. Fannie, my love, be ready to take your first lesson.

Fannie. I won't see him. (*Exit Mr. Credulous.*)

Mattie. Don't say you won't see him, miss; only don't screech when you find out it's Mr.—

Mr. Credulous (behind the scenes). This way, sir. (*Enter Mr. Credulous and Frank Horton. Frank wears an old-fashioned suit of brown cloth, a heavy black beard, large spectacles, and a broad-brimmed hat.*) Fannie, my love—(*Fannie turns her back on Mr. Credulous and Prof. Ammonite.*) My dear, let me introduce you to Prof. Ammonite, from London.

Fannie (courtesies without turning). Good-morning, sir.

Frank. Good-morning, my dear young lady.

Fannie (turning suddenly). Ah!

Mattie (aside to Fannie). Don't scream, or you will spoil all.

Mr. Credulous. What is the matter, Fannie?

Fannie. I pricked my finger with a pin. See how swollen it is.

(*As Mr. Credulous looks at her finger, Frank kisses Fannie's other hand behind Mr. C.'s back.*)

Mr. Credulous. I don't see the place, my dear.

Fannie. Well, never mind. It is better now.
Mr. Credulous. Then you will take a lesson in geology?

Fannie. Certainly, anything to oblige my dear guardian.

Frank. May I trouble you, sir, for pencil and paper?

Mr. Credulous. Mattie—

Fannie (hastily). I want Mattie to go to my room for a pocket handkerchief.

Mattie. Yes, Miss. (*Exit Mattie.*)

Mr. Credulous (pettishly). She could have brought the pencil and paper at the same time.

Fannie. Oh, if you are not willing to take that small amount of trouble for me, I decline studying.

Mr. Credulous (hastily). Oh, I'll go! I'll go!

(*Exit Mr. Credulous.*)

Frank. My dear Fannie!

Fannie. Dear Frank! What a capital idea!

Frank. Mattie's notion. Now, instead of listening to the lecture on geology, do you attend to my remarks in parentheses, and—and—your guardian is coming. (*Enter Mr. Credulous.*) The first thing to learn is the formation of the different strata of which the earth is composed.

Mr. Credulous. Capital! (*Hands Frank pencil and paper.*)

Frank (breaking the point of pencil). This pencil has no point. May I trouble you for a penknife?

Mr. Credulous. No point! I have just sharpened it.

Frank (showing it). You see yourself, sir.

Fannie. Do go for a knife, Mr. Credulous. I don't want to wait all day for a lesson. (*Exit Mr. Credulous.*)

Frank. We will meet now every day, and watch for a favorable chance to elope. Ah, Fannie, young wits will overreach an old head.

(*Enter Mr. Credulous.*) And, having found out how many strata there are, we will next consider of what each strata is composed. (*Aside.*)

Fannie, strata is about the only geological term I know. (Mr. Credulous gives Frank the penknife, and then sits down to watch the lesson.

Frank and Fannie sit side by side at the table with a sheet of paper before them.) I will first sketch the plan of a mountain which, split by some great convulsion of nature, leaves exposed the different layers of strata of placiods, ganiods (*let me hold your other hand under the table*), and other oids of which (*that's a darling*) it is composed. Do you understand?

Fannie. Perfectly. Oh, geology is delightful!

Mr. Credulous. I knew you would like it!

Frank. Do not interrupt me, if you please, sir. You see, my dear young lady (*very dear*), according to Humboldt and Agassiz (*what a dear little soft hand you've got!*), these strata—I believe I mentioned strata before?

Fannie. Yes. (*Don't squeeze my hand so, sir.*)

Frank. You understand that when the animalculæ of the aqueous and sedimentary fossils (*how that old idiot listens!*)—

Mr. Credulous. Eh, I didn't catch that last sentence.

Frank. I beg you will not interrupt me, sir. I say, my dear young lady, that the contorted equalized strata of igneous laminative horizontal perpendiculars make (*I'll be at the foot of the garden walk this afternoon*) a lateral escarpment of geological deposits, the quaternary metamorphic tertiaries meet the serpentine mineralogical crystallines, and—and (*give me a word*).

Fannie. Explode.

Frank. And explode. Do you understand?

Fannie (turning her head aside to conceal a smile). Perfectly!

Mr. Credulous. It's more than I do.

Frank (to Mr. Credulous). May I trouble you for another piece of paper?

Mr. Credulous. Write on the other side of that piece.

Frank (pompously). I generally allow my pupils to frame my sketches, and write only on one side.

Mr. Credulous (rising reluctantly). You might have said you wanted two pieces when I went before. (*Exit Mr. Credulous. Fannie and Frank rise and come forward.*)

Frank. Did you read what I wrote on the paper?

Fannie. No; I did not think of that.

Enter Mr. Credulous, unperceived. He goes to the table, and reads the paper.

Frank. Never mind; I will fold it, and give it to you before I go. What a genius Mattie is! She told Prof. Ammonite, the real Professor, that your guardian was out of town for a week, and we have all that time to arrange our plans. (*Puts his arm round Fannie.*)

Mr. Credulous (furiously). What's all this? An appointment! I'm an old fool! (*Fannie and Frank start away from each other, and stand still.*) Signed Frank. (*To Frank.*) Out of my house, sir. Perhaps I am more penetrating than you imagine.

Fannie. Good-by, Frank. (*Holds out her hand.*)



Frank. Farewell, love. (*Kisses Fannie's hand.*)

Mr. Credulous. Will you go?

Frank (going). I am gone. *Au revoir*, Fannie—

Mr. Credulous. Stay, a moment! The next time you want to lecture on geology, I will give you a certificate that the strata most fully developed in your composition is impudence.

(*Exit Frank.*) [Curtain falls.]

GEM.

SCENE 2, same as SCENE 1.

Enter FANNIE.

Fannie. Two weeks to-day since I took my geology lesson, and I have not seen dear Frank since. My guardian will not allow me to stir from the house unless he accompanies me. What a nuisance it is for an old man to fall in love with a young girl! Is he in love with me, or is it the money he has taken care of for me that tempts him? Poor, dear Frank! Where can he be?

Enter Mr. CREDULOUS.

Mr. Credulous. How is my lady-bird to-day?

Fannie. Pining for liberty, as all caged birds do.

Mr. Credulous. I have promised you liberty when you listen to my suit, and become my wife.

Fannie. Liberty when you have riveted the chains that will hold me for life! Thank you! On those terms I decline my liberty.

Mr. Credulous. My angelic, fascinating—

Fannie. Flattery, sir, from a man of your age, is disgusting.

Mr. Credulous. Now, Fan, don't let's quarrel. You quarrel with me every time we meet.

Fannie. I should think that very fact would make you glad to get rid of me. A wife who quarrels every day will not make a very fascinating companion.

Mr. Credulous. Ah, my dear, I am the best judge of what I prefer for a wife. I had rather quarrel with you than caress anybody else.

Enter MATTIE.

Mattie. There's an Oriental peddler—that's

what he says he is, and I suppose he knows—wants to see Mr. Credulous.

Mr. Credulous. Now, my dear, if you will give me one kiss, you may take your choice of his pack.

Mattie (to Fannie). Say yes; he must come in.

Fannie. How do I know if his pack contains anything worth that price?

Mattie. O my, miss! he's got Ingy shawls, and Chiney scarfs, and such loves of muslins!

Mr. Credulous. Show him up, *Mattie.* (*Exit Mattie.*) Nothing like finery for clearing up a woman's brow, turning frowns to smiles.

(*Enter Mattie, followed by Frank. The latter wears a full Oriental dress: red trousers, slippers, blue jacket, white turban, and carries a tray of wares. His face is stained brown, and he wears a heavy black moustache and imperial.*)

Frank (bowing). Most illustrious and glorious of the present generation, permit the humblest of your servants to lay at your bride's feet the offerings collected in years of travel.

(*Frank kneels on one knee before Fannie, resting the tray upon his other knee. Fannie looks in his face, starts, and then bends down to the tray.*)

Fannie (cheerfully). Oh, what an exquisite fan!

Mr. Credulous (aside). Just see how she alters at the very sight of the finery!

Fannie (aside to Frank). How long it is since you were here!

Frank (joyfully). Have you missed me, dearest?

Fannie. Hush! he is watching us.

Frank. Fairest of ladies, let Agib Fadladdin, who is not worthy to raise his eyes to your radiant beauty, display the gem of his humble collection, which will appear dim when compared with those lustrous orbs.

Fannie. Oh, what a dear, delightful man!

(*Frank rises, places his tray on the table, and takes a small jewel box from his pocket; he opens this, and shows it to Fannie.*)

Fannie. Splendid! charming!

Mr. Credulous. Allow me to see it. (*Takes the box.*)

Frank (aside to Fannie). Look under the pile of fans for a note.

Fannie (going to table). *Mr. Credulous,* I want a new fan, one of these scarfs, a shawl, a dozen pineapple handkerchiefs, this box of perfume (*finds the note, and hides it in the bosom of her dress*), and that jewel in your hand.

Mr. Credulous. Is that all? What is the price of this jewel?

Frank. Sir, that ring is the setting of a gem

not to be purchased for less than five hundred thousand dollars—

Mr. Credulous. What?

Frank. Worthy to sparkle on this fair hand. (*Takes the box from Mr. Credulous, and places the ring on Fannie's finger.*)

Fannie. Beautiful! Oh, I can never take it off!

Mr. Credulous. But the price! Impossible! I am sorry to deny you—

Fannie (sobbing). After promising me my choice of the lot.

Mr. Credulous. Why, that is double the amount of your fortune!

Fannie. You may take the ring. Of course, if I want it, that is sufficient reason for declining to buy it.

Mr. Credulous. But, my dear, do be reasonable!

Fannie. I am reasonable. Take it. (*Gives the ring to Mr. Credulous, and then joins Frank at the table.*)

Mr. Credulous (coming forward and examining the ring). I wonder what it can be, to have such a price set upon it?

Mattie (coming to Mr. Credulous). Please, sir, let me see the gem that is worth so much.

Frank. Look over the tray, darling, and select a souvenir.

Fannie. Help me to choose.

Mr. Credulous (still turning his back to Frank and Fannie). It looks to me like a piece of agate; agate is not so rare a gem.

Frank. Let me clasp this bracelet on your arm. (*Clasps the bracelet, and then embraces Fannie.*)

Fannie (laying her head on Frank's breast). When shall I see you again?

Frank. Read my note, my angel, and you will see that I have completed every arrangement for our elopement. My dear little— (*Kisses her.*)

Mr. Credulous (turning suddenly). I don't believe this gem—Hey-dey! (*Frank and Fannie bend again over the tray.*) What's all this? Come here, miss! So! so! another masquerade! Leave the house, sir!

Frank. Return my ring, sir. I designed it for this lady; she will not refuse to accept it.

Fannie. Never (*extends her hand*).

Mr. Credulous. She sha'n't accept it!

Frank (putting the ring on Fannie's finger). Gage d'amour. Souviens toi de—

Mr. Credulous. Hold your tongue, sir! *Mattie,* show that impostor to the door, and, harkye, you baggage, if he ever comes inside of it again, that instant you leave.

Mattie. Game 's up! Come, Mr. Frank!

Frank (to Fannie). Cheer up, we will meet again soon! (*Exit Frank and Mattie.*)

Fannie. Don't speak to me, sir. (*Kisses the ring.*) Dear, dear, Frank!

Mr. Credulous. Before my very face! Give me that ring!

Fannie. I'll part with life sooner. As a pledge of his love, it becomes indeed a priceless gem!
[*Curtain falls.*]

STRATAGEM.

SCENE 3, same as SCENES 1 and 2.

Enter MATTIE.

Mattie. What idiots love does make of people! Two of the prettiest plans ever invented spoiled because Mr. Frank and Miss Fannie must go to love making the minute they meet. This is the last time I shall attempt to bring them together. I consider myself mistress of stratagem, but if they will betray themselves constantly, what can I do?

Enter FANNIE.

Fannie. Is all ready, Mattie?

Mattie. Yes, Miss! Mr. Frank is in a fever of impatience to see you. Now, Miss Fannie, you are ready for him this time; you won't spoil all by letting him make love, will you?

Fannie. No, no! Hark, here comes Mr. Credulous. (*Sits down in a large chair, and leans her head on her hand as if in great pain.*)

Enter MR. CREDULOUS.

Mattie (smoothing Fannie's hair). That poor, dear head!

Mr. Credulous. Is your head still so bad, my dear?

Fannie. Do lower your voice. Oh, my head! (*Groans.*)

Mr. Credulous. I have this morning received a letter from a Dr. Fusty, who cures all diseases by mesmerism. Would you like to see him, my dear?

Fannie. No, it is of no use! I am resigned to suffering.

Mr. Credulous. But, my dear, mesmerism is now the greatest agent to relieve and prevent suffering. I have told you so for several days.

Fannie (aside). Hobbies are useful animals sometimes to those who do not ride them.

Mr. Credulous. I wish you would let me send for Dr. Fusty.

Fannie. Oh, pray do not tease me! let me die in peace!

Mr. Credulous. Die! Good gracious! don't talk so.

Fannie (sentimentally). What is an aching head to a broken heart! Can Dr. Fusty "minister to a mind diseased?"

Mr. Credulous. I dare say he can. Let me send for him.

Fannie. Leave me; I am fatigued! Oh, my head!

Mr. Credulous. Do see Dr. Fusty.

Fannie. Well, well, go for him.

Mr. Credulous. He will cure you. (*Exit Mr. Credulous.*)

Fannie. How charmingly that blessed old idiot walks into the trap! It was such a good idea of Frank's to write to him; that disarmed suspicion at once.

Mattie. I told him to stay in his office all the morning, and as it is so near, he will soon be here.

Fannie. I hope he won't make me laugh. Mattie, give me a footstool. So. Now give me a bottle of eau de Cologne; draw the curtains. Mattie, you are sure that there is everything I shall need in that valise.

Mattie. Yes, ma'am. And the carriage is waiting at the back gate.

Fannie. Oh, Mattie, how my heart does beat. Are my bonnet and cloak in the carriage?

Mattie. Yes, Miss. Hark, here they come!

(*Fannie resumes her languishing attitude, her eyes half closed, and her hands crossed on her lap. Mattie bathes her forehead with eau de Cologne.*)

Enter MR. CREDULOUS and FRANK. Frank wears a wig of long white hair, a white beard, and an old gentleman's dress. He carries an umbrella and a large book.

Mr. Credulous. Fannie, my dear, here is the doctor.

Mattie. Don't speak to her now, sir, she's just had an awful time.

Frank (sitting down beside Fannie). Ahem! Nervous! Allow me. (*Feels Fannie's pulse.*) All nerves, my dear sir. Your daughter, did you say?

Mr. Credulous (pettishly). My ward, sir!

Frank (laying aside his book and umbrella). My dear young lady, in order to be favorably affected by the process I propose to use in your case, you must fix your eyes upon mine, and resign yourself wholly to my will. Are you willing to do this?

Fannie (smiling.) Perfectly!

Mattie (aside to Fannie). Don't laugh! Oh, please don't!

Fannie (moaning). Oh, my head! such pain.



Frank (passing his hands over her hair). Does that relieve it?

Fannie (with a deep sigh). Wonderful! the pain leaves me.

Frank. Look into my eyes. (*Fannie raises her eyes to his. As he speaks to Mr. Credulous she makes the actions he names.*) You see, sir, already there is a peaceful, smiling expression in the place of the look of pain your ward wore when I came in. The head begins to droop! As I thus pass my hand over her hair, I throw, by the force of my will, a strong spell over the young lady's mind. See, her head falls back, her eyelids slowly droop, her hands fall powerless in her lap, and now—she sleeps!

Mr. Credulous. Astounding! She assures me that she has not slept for ten nights.

Frank. I can show you still more wonderful results. Your ward is now completely under my control; without me at this instant she could not live.

Fannie (in a tender, dreamy tone). Do not leave me!

Frank. You hear, sir. Now, to prove this,

observe, if I remove my hand from her hair, she will become convulsed (*takes away his hands.*)

Fannie (trembling and panting). Ah! save me! I faint! I die!

Frank (taking her hand). I am here. See how quiet she is! (*Fannie lets her hand fall on the back of the chair, as if in profound slumber.*)

Mr. Credulous. I can scarcely believe my eyes. Do you think she is perfectly free from pain? (*To Fannie.*) Fannie, my dear.

Frank. She cannot hear you; she can hear no voice but mine. Miss Fannie!

Fannie (in a dreamy tone). I hear you.

Frank. Are you in pain?

Fannie. No, I am in a dream of delight!

Frank (to Mr. Credulous). Yet, so potent is my power that by one motion of my hand I can again bring the pain. See (*makes a motion.*)

Fannie (moaning). Oh, my head! Oh, my head!

Frank (smoothing her hair). I cannot bear to see her suffer! (*Fannie again seems to sleep.*)

Frank. Although she would not hear a can-

non fired at her ears, nor heed it if the house burned down around her, you will see that she obeys my slightest word, and when I take my hand from hers, she will follow me wherever I may go. (*To Fannie.*) Open your eyes. (*Fannie obeys every order.*) Stand up! walk! sit down! close your eyes!

Mr. Credulous. Marvellous!

Frank (dropping Fannie's hand). Now she is not *en rapport*, as we say, with me. Take her hand yourself, and she will answer then any question you may ask her.

Mr. Credulous (taking Fannie's hand). Fannie, are you better?

Fannie. Well now, quite well!

Mr. Credulous. Do you love me, Fannie?

Fannie. With the tender regard a *ward* owes her guardian.

Mr. Credulous (dropping her hand). Bother!

Frank. Your movement was too sudden; see how her hand feels for yours.

Fannie (stretching out her hand). It is so dark! I am lonely!

Frank (taking her hand). I am here.

Fannie. Ah, now it is light!

Frank. Observe sir, now, as I withdraw my hand, how your ward will follow it. (*To Fannie.*) Open your eyes. (*Frank, extending his hand towards Fannie, steps slowly backward round the room, she following him, till he gains the door—then exit, Fannie still following.*)

Mr. Credulous (after a moment's pause). Why don't they come back?

Mattie. They'll be here in a minute. Oh, sir, won't it be nice to have Miss Fannie free from headache?

Mr. Credulous. I must go find them. (*Exit.*)

Mattie. Too soon! Can they have reached the gate? (*Runs to the window.*) Ah, there they are! They have reached the carriage. They are in. Hurra! That stratagem succeeded. There goes old Credulous without his hat, running after the carriage. He is too late! Ah, he is coming back! It is time for me to vanish, to get Mr. Frank's new house ready for Miss Fannie! Stay! one word (*to audience*) before I go. Do not blame me too hardly for cheating my master, but remember that—"All's fair in love and war."

[*Curtain falls.*]

THE OLD HOME.

BY E. N. H.

THE withered leaves fell thick and fast upon the wildwood path that led me to my childhood's home—the old stepping-stones, the shady trees and crystal spring were there. I find my favorite wildwood path unchanged; the water trickled down among the stones as it was wont to do of yore. On, on I pass over the old bridge and up the hill through the gate, each step bringing up vivid memories of the past. Nature is as beautiful as in my childish days, but I, alas, am changed! Years have gone by and left their traces on my brow; and now, with feeble steps and slow, onward I go to gaze upon the spot that gave me birth. No familiar faces greet me, no kind hands are stretched to welcome me. O for some quiet spot in which to weep the bitter, burning tears that well up from the fountain of an aching heart! What visions crowd upon me here! Each step I take is treading on the past. Faint shadows of loved forms glide these halls, their memory coming to me like a pleasant dream. Here, in the old kitchen, by the fireside, our joyous group were wont to gather at eventide. What pleasing memories linger here! The hours of toil and weariness have fled, and only

cheerful looks and loving words are thought of now. Here, in the parlor, day after day, the Holy Word was read, and the song of thanksgiving and the voice of prayer were heard. There is our father's place, and here our mother's chair was wont to stand. Here, in years gone by, holy vows were spoken; and here, O, yes, I well remember *where* the sainted dead were laid, and mourners gathered round to weep and take the last sad look. And now I come, a pilgrim and alone, and find each cherished spot desecrated by strangers' tread; and I must wander forth and tread my childhood's haunts again, and breathe the pure fresh air, and drink in strength to bear the changes time has wrought. The old seat beneath the shady tree is gone; the garden spot looks wild and desolate; wild grass is tangled through the bushes, and where my flowers were wont to bloom rank onions grow. The barn is full of sweet-scented hay and clover. I open the little gate and wander on over the wide fields, and gaze upon the far-off blue hills that bound my home; there, where the shadows used to fall, they linger still, and the deep blue of the mountains mingles with the cloudy sky. Those

old wood-crowned hills, how I have loved them, when they bounded in my world of hope and love; and how I love them still, and ever shall till memory fail. But where are they, the loving and beloved, that were around me then? Some, like me, are wanderers—some amid the wildwood, some on the briny deep, and in a prairie land far, far away; and some of the beloved ones sleep the sleep that knows no waking. Alone I sit in the old seat in the little meeting-house, and wander through the tall weeds that grow among the tombs—all, all is desolate. Alone, and with the dead! But even here I may not weep in peace; strange eyes must watch my bitter grief; sadly I wander on, in vain I seek one little grave to pluck a blossom there. But yet I sorrow not as those who have no hope. In the better land, in my unchanging home, I shall find my lost again. Farewell, my long-loved home, I am bidding thee a last adieu.

Yes, my heart is almost breaking,
While a last sad leave I'm taking,
How my heart with anguish swells!
While the birds are sweetly singing,
And the echoes wildly ringing
Through thy woods and sunny dells.

Where the murmuring streamlet floweth,
And the wild wind gently bloweth
Through the branches of the trees;
There, in days of youth and gladness,
Without fear of grief or sadness,
I have listened to the breeze—

Listened while it swept around me,
With a breath that ever bound me,
Still rejoicing to be glad;
Glad the future ever beameth,
With a light that brightly gleameth,
How can youth and hope be sad?

Hope, bright hope, thou hast departed,
Here I wander broken-hearted,
Sad and dreary and alone;
There is not one voice in gladness
Cometh now to break the sadness,
With the music of its tone.

Hope, with all I loved and cherished,
From thy dear old haunts has perished,
And I may not linger here—
May not stay to dream of changes
Which the true, fond heart estranges
From the friends it once held dear.

Why, then, should I linger longer?
Even though thy ties were stronger,
I must surely break the spell.
One last look, and then I leave thee;
Yes, although it deeply grieve me,
I must say a last farewell.

THE CITIES OF REFUGE.

A TALE OF JUDEA.

BY M. W. B.

CHAPTER I.

EVENING stole over the inheritance of Reuben. The parting sun had marked his retiring course by a train of glorious light bordered by gorgeous clouds, which, gradually diminishing in splendor, faded at length into the deep azure of a summer evening sky; while the brilliant stars sparkled in its serene depths, as if emulous to replace the departed glory. The balmy breeze, redolent of a thousand perfumes stolen from the flowers and fruits of that lovely region, imparted fresh vigor and energy to the languid frame enfeebled by the sultry heats of the day.

In Heshbon, "that ancient city of Heshbon," and bordering upon a portion of its wall, was situated a spacious and beautiful garden; delightful in its arrangement of refreshing shade and pleasant bowers. A fountain poured forth its abundant waters to play awhile in the air and return to its reservoir, again to rise in spreading jets, and again to return to its source. Two figures near its margin were sprinkled by its spray, and

fanned by the fragrant breeze; a stately young man supported the form of a weeping girl; the scene and the hour seemed sacred to peace and happiness, but these two suffering hearts felt not its peace, thought not of its beauty; sorrow deep and engrossing had excluded all other emotions. They were betrothed lovers, and the coming week was to have witnessed their bridal, and rejoicing friends were even now preparing to grace with their presence the holy ceremony. Why, then, these bitter tears? this agonizing grief? Why does the almost fainting form of the beautiful Zillah shrink from the enfolding arms of her lover, as he seeks to sustain it? Alas! his hands have shed the blood of a brother of his tribe! He has slain a man, and the Avenger of blood is upon his path: He must fly, must relinquish hopes so precious, and all the other blessings his God has so bountifully spread around him, and seek safety in a "City of Refuge," so mercifully appointed by Jehovah to receive the unfortunate man-slayer.

"Shrink not from me thus, my beloved!" he

cried in tones of the deepest anguish; "if guilty in deed, I surely was not so in intention; light of my soul, believe and trust thy Reuben; speak, and say that thou hatest him not!"

"Tell me," sobbed the wretched girl, "tell me truly, how was it that the son of the righteous Ebenezer could descend to become a criminal and a murderer?"

He started. "A murderer! Yes, the death of another is upon my soul; and thou art just, Zillah, and dost wound me righteously."

"Reuben, I meant it not; forgive me. Ah! what can I say that will not add to thy distress? Yet I would fain know the worst."

"Thou shalt know all. When Zillah consented to wed her Reuben, Abner, the son of Simeon, was displeased, for he likewise sought her for his wife, and his wrath burned fiercely against her chosen husband. Happy in the possession of her love, Reuben could well pity his disappointment, while he scorned his threats of vengeance. But, Zillah, when he assailed thy fair fame, when he dared to heap obloquy upon the name of thy father, I resented the cowardly insult, and he smote me! Yea, in the extremity of his wrath, he dared to smite me, and with my sword I pierced his craven breast. Could I have done otherwise?"

"Oh, I know not! Thou wert sorely tried; but is there no hope—may he not yet live?"

"There is no hope for him, Zillah; and I have fled hither to see thee once again, ere we part forever."

"Forever! didst thou say? And for my sake thou art thus afflicted and desolate; and I have been so unkind, so forgetful, that thy happiness as well as my own is destroyed. Oh, best beloved! what can we do in our distress? The brothers of Abner—will they avenge him? will they have no pity?"

"They are even now seeking me, and wherefore should I strive to escape their rage? Zillah loves me no longer."

"Say not so, my Reuben," and her face sought shelter on his breast. "But hasten to Bezer in the wilderness, where thou wilt be safe from their fury; let me not see thee slain, my betrothed; then would life be without value to me."

"Already are the gates watched by the kindred of Abner; only by the wall can I hope to escape from the city—and how can that be soiled?"

Zillah clasped her hands with renewed hope, as she exclaimed, "The Lord be praised for that thought! By yon lofty palm thou canst reach the top of the wall; thou wilt be saved,

my beloved, and we may yet be happy. But how canst thou descend upon the other side?"

"A rope secured to the tree will aid my descent, and since thou still lovest me, Zillah, my life shall be precious in my own eyes."

The undiminished affection of his betrothed inspired the heart-stricken youth with fresh energy, and through her exertions he succeeded in effecting his escape to the suburb, without the wall of the city; and, as quickly as possible, passing through the most unfrequented streets, issued into the open country, in the quarter most remote from the road which led to Bezer; rightly believing that his enemies would watch the gate nearest to that place with the greatest vigilance. A circuitous route and a cross-road brought him to the highway leading to this place of refuge, which, in accordance with the humane law of the country, was always kept in perfect repair, and provided with every facility for assisting the unfortunate man-slayer to reach a place of safety, into which, having entered, he was relieved from farther pursuit.

The bright moonlight, while it rendered his way plainer, made it also more unsafe, as the heat of the day had delayed many wayfarers, who were now striving to accomplish their journey during the balmy coolness of the night; and Reuben was compelled to guard against the recognition of many to whom he was well known; who might have borne the tidings of his flight to the family of the hapless Abner. The bold free step exchanged for a limping gait, and the body bent almost to deformity, presented no resemblance to his own lithe and graceful form; and it was not until the shadows of the setting moon were succeeded by the darkness of night, that, freed from the apprehension of immediate danger, our fugitive quickened his pace, and resumed his upright attitude. Several hours of unceasing travel at length produced a degree of fatigue which warned him to seek for a place of rest and security during the approaching day. But whither to direct his steps? Where seek for those who would furnish him food and shelter without betraying him?

He was aware that with the morning dawn the friends of his victim would scour the country in pursuit of him; he knew, also, that with his own fleet steed under him, he could have defied their efforts to overtake him; but his sudden flight had deprived him of that advantage, and where could he dare apply for another? Worn with fatigue, and sad at heart, he seated himself upon a rock at some distance from the

roadside, and soon became so wholly absorbed in reflection, that he was unconscious of the near approach of a young lad, whose light footsteps scarcely sounded on the smooth sand, until he stopped suddenly beside him, and was gazing earnestly in his face. Reuben started up on beholding him, but spake not, and the boy said, in a voice expressive of deep sympathy—

"Thou art very weary, stranger; is it not so?"

"Thou speakest truly, my good lad," Reuben replied, with a faint smile; "canst thou bring me where I may find food and rest?"

"My father's house is near, but he is in the field. My mother loves the stranger; wilt thou go to her?"

"Gladly, my kind friend; for I am sorely in need;" and they turned to commence their walk, when the lad exclaimed—

"Look! look! how yon daring riders dash down the hill; I would be sorry to place my neck in such jeopardy. They ride like madmen!"

One look served to assure Reuben that the foremost horseman was Hazael, the brother of the fallen Abner. "Come," he cried hastily, to the boy, "run with all thy speed, and I will overtake thee, tired as I am, before thou reachest thy father's house."

"We will try it," was the reply; and the race began.

The love of life was strong in the heart of the young man, and this extremity imparted strength to his limbs, and fleetness to his footsteps. The two entered the house together, and as the youth advanced to present his companion to his mother, he was surprised to hear him exclaim, as he approached her, "I implore thine aid! Hide me, if thou canst, from those who seek my life; ask what thou wilt for thy reward, for I am rich! But save me now! the pursuer is at thy door!"

Suppressing the surprise and curiosity which filled her mind, the woman gazed at him an instant in silence, then bowed her head in token of assent, and, with ready kindness motioning him to follow her, led the way to a door opening upon the corridor that surrounded the inner court; then bidding her son fasten the door, she conducted the weary stranger, thrown thus unexpectedly upon her hospitality, to the brink of a well, which occupied one corner of the court. Pointing to several steps which were arranged within its circumference, on which she was accustomed to place such food as required protection from heat, she desired

him to descend and seat himself upon one of them. He obeyed mechanically, and, aided by her assiduous son, she fitted the cover to the aperture, and spreading a clean cloth over it, emptied a bag of grain upon the whole, as if for the purpose of drying it preparatory to grinding. When these arrangements were completed, she said, in a gentle voice, "Have confidence in me, son of Ebenezer, and pray to the God of thy fathers to rescue thee from this great peril. Now, my son, let us about our tasks; and remember that, in sheltering strangers, we follow the example of our father Abraham; and bethink thee also that, as he was honored by entertaining angels, so may we, perhaps, be favored by the presence of a good man. Let nothing tempt thee to betray his trust in thee." Then unfastening the door, she proceeded quietly to the performance of various household duties, while the lad, taking a suitable vessel, went out to procure water for the family use.

CHAPTER II.

It was indeed the brother of Abner whom Reuben recognized; who, fearing lest his enemy, as he considered him, should effect his escape from the city by some method unknown to himself, had left others to guard the many gates of Heshbon, while he, followed by his servant, rode through the various highways by which it was possible the unfortunate fugitive might avoid him, and thus it happened that he appeared so early near the place where the exhausted young man had thrown himself for an hour of rest. On reaching the brow of the hill, and observing two persons conversing near its foot, his anxiety to make inquiries induced him to rush headlong down the descent, regardless of all danger. But what was his surprise when they suddenly darted forward at their utmost speed, as if striving to avoid him! Could he doubt that he had found the enemy he sought? With a shout of exultation, he plunged forward as if desirous to annihilate the considerable space that intervened between them. A bend in the road behind a rising ground shut them from his sight, still he sprang onward; another turn behind a grove of trees filled with underwood, but he saw them not; yet another, and a neat and comfortable dwelling-house met his eye, and beyond it one tall figure still pressing forward as if life depended upon the effort. "The Lord hath delivered him into my hands!" he exclaimed, as he

dashed after the flying figure. "Now, Abner, shall thy blood be avenged!" Suddenly the figure halts, then turns into a field, and stops before the mouth of a bubbling spring, and Hazael, maddened by disappointment and rage, is ready to destroy the object of his anger.

It is the youthful Joel whom he has thus fiercely pursued.

"Who art thou, boy?" he cried, in an infuriated tone, "and why didst thou run from me with such speed?"

"Who am I?" repeated the lad, as if astonished at the question. "I am the son of my father, if it concerns thee to know, and I ran to please myself; for why should I fly from thee? And who art thou that asketh such unseemly questions?"

"I could slay thee where thou art, son of Belial!" cried the enraged Hazael. "Tell me, without delay, where is the man I saw with thee but now."

"Thou hast no right to ask, and I answer thee not." Then, coolly placing the vessel, now filled with water, on the ground, he folded his arms, and gazed steadfastly on the face of his interrogator.

"I shall find a way to unloose thy tongue, or silence it forever." And, drawing his sword, he was rushing upon the undaunted stripling, when he was withheld by the hand of the servant, who whispered: "The brave lad fears not thy threats; perchance words of kindness may win him to answer thee."

"Speak them thyself, then," was the reply.

"My good lad," said the man, addressing Joel, "my master is in pursuit of a murderer, of a man who has killed his brother, and he believes that he saw him in thy company not far from hence. If it is so, I trust thou wilt not screen from punishment one whom the Lord hath pronounced accursed."

"Of a certainty I would not."

"Then where is he?"

"Speakest thou of the tall man who left me but a little time ago?"

"Even so."

"Thou wouldst not call him a murderer, surely."

"Dost thou know him, lad?"

"Do I know my father, peaceful and righteous as he is beloved!"

"Thy father! Where dwelleth he?"

"In yonder house. If thou wouldst see him, he is abroad in the field."

"The man we saw left thee before thou passedst the house. He must have entered it."

"My father chooses the nearest way to the

fields when he goes to his labor, and this is not it. I came here for water, and my mother will think I linger long; so farewell." And he lifted his vessel to his shoulder, and turned on his way homeward.

"Not so fast, my young man!" exclaimed Hazael. "Thy words do not satisfy me. I will see thy mother and search thine house."

"That will depend upon her wish. But hasten and follow me, for I have tarried too long already."

The thoughts which occupied the mind of the mother of Joel were many and exciting, but she felt assured that, whatever might be the guilt of him whom she had secreted, one thing was indisputable—he had besought her aid, and thrown himself upon her hospitality with undoubting faith in her honor, and she was therefore bound by every holy consideration to shelter him from evil. "And then," she said, mentally, "I cannot believe he has done anything very wicked. Do I not know Reuben, the son of the noble Ebenezer, a prince of his tribe? and is he not my kinsman? Of a certainty I have a right to protect him. His enemy I know not. But Joel comes, and brings two strangers; I must finish my precautions." She then returned to the court, and removed the small mill used for grinding nearer to the well, filled it with grain, and, kneeling beside it, began turning the handle, while she chanted such portions of the Psalms of King David as she thought would convey most consolation and support to the heart of her imprisoned hearer. "Lord, how are they increased that trouble me! Many are they that rise up against me, but the Lord is my Deliverer." "I called upon Him with my voice, and He heard me out of His holy hill. I will not be afraid what man can do unto me, for Thou art"—here she was interrupted by the entrance of Joel and his companions, who now approached her.

"Thou hast tarried long, my son; I fear thy father must wait for his morning meal. What has detained thee thus long from thy duties?"

"These strangers—I know not their names—are searching for a murderer, and have mistaken me for him," Joel smilingly replied.

Sherah arose, and, saluting them courteously, said: "I marvel for whom thou couldst mistake this stripling; though of a goodly height, his years are but few in number."

"The lad speaks unwisely," replied Hazael. "I seek one whom I saw with him this morning; a man of lofty stature, who parted with him near this house."

"Didst thou not accompany thy father to the field this morning, my son?"

"Of a truth, my mother; and, as thou knowest, he is of uncommon stature. But the man is not satisfied."

"What wouldst thou have?" she asked, turning to Hazael.

"I would see thy husband, of whom thou speakest; and, with thy permission, would examine thy house."

"The early morning suiteth not best with thy purpose; yet thou hast my leave. Joel, lead this stranger through the apartments, and then hasten to call thy father from the field."

With haughty step and frowning brow, Hazael followed the receding form of the boy, while Sherah, as if to reassure her prisoner so entirely dependent upon her faithfulness, resumed her sacred song. "Put thy trust in the Lord, commit thy way unto Him, and He will bring it to pass." And she continued singing snatches of various songs composed by the pious Psalmist of Israel until the return of the other party.

"I trust thou art satisfied," she said to Hazael, as he re-entered the court.

"I am not satisfied. The son of Ebenezer is not in thy dwelling, but he may be hidden in some secret place. I would see thy husband."

"Be it so. My son, accompany this man to the presence of thy father."

"Let my servant go with him; I would stay with thee."

"And wherefore? I like not thy presence alone. I will call one of my maidens."

"Fear me not; thou art beautiful, but I would not harm thee. I seek only revenge on the slayer of my brother."

"And why shouldst thou burden thy heart with the fell passion? He must be tried by the law of Moses, and if found guilty will surely be punished, for thou knowest that the wilful murderer finds no mercy in that law."

"I cannot wait for that slow justice; I must slay him before he reaches the City of Refuge. I thirst to shed his blood with my own right hand, to pierce his heart with my own blade as he pierced the heart of my brother." And he raised his glittering weapon with an air of savage menace.

Sherah started back in indignation. "Thou art thyself a murderer at heart!" she cried. "See that thy fearful thirst be not quenched in thine own blood. Is it the noble Reuben whom thou pursuest with such bitter hate?"

"Even so."

"And why slew he thy brother?"

"It needeth not that I should tell thee, wo-

man; let it suffice thee that his life shall answer for the deed."

The handmaiden now entered the court, and Sherah, addressing her, said: "We go into the house; finish thou the grinding, and prepare the loaf for breakfast." Then, motioning to Hazael to follow her, she led the way into the apartment they had before occupied, and almost immediately were joined by Joel and his father, accompanied by the servant.

"Thou art not summoned to thy morning meal, my husband," said the now smiling wife, "but to certify to this man that thou art not Reuben, the son of Ebenezer, of Heshbon."

Before he could reply, Hazael, advancing to the man, addressed him: "I would ask thee, Eldad—for I know thee, who thou art, and deceit dwelleth not with thee, as with the woman—I would ask thee whether thou ventest forth with thy son at early morning-tide?"

"Of a surety I did so."

"And thou wert with him at the foot of yonder hill?"

"It was even so; thou speakest truly. We had been seeking a strayed lamb, and, restoring it to its bleating mother, I bade him return to the house, and went myself to the field to my labors."

"Hast thou seen that son of Belial, Reuben, of Heshbon, this day?"

"Thy question is harshly put, Hazael; nevertheless, I will answer thee kindly. Many days have gone since I saw the princely Reuben, and methinks he is too busy with his marriage preparations to spend much time abroad; and the beautiful Zillah would claim all his leisure hours."

"She is lovely as the morning cloud!" cried Sherah.

"Ay!" muttered Hazael, gnashing his teeth, "she may weep until her beauty fades like the cloud when the sun withdraws its light, for Reuben shall return to her no more. I have vowed his death, and God so deal with me as I will keep my vow!"

"Hearken to me, son of Ocran!" replied Eldad, sternly, "thou hast intruded into the privacy of my dwelling, thou hast questioned and displeased my wife, thou hast threatened my son with death, and thou hast summoned me from my labor, and all to assure thyself that he for whose life thou thirstest is not hidden within my house; thou hast not found him, and if thou still seekest him, up and away; for he is swift of foot and has many friends, and may escape thee while thou art lingering here."

CHAPTER III.

PLACED near the table at their morning meal, in the house of Eldad, were himself and Joel, and the weary wayfarer who had experienced such signal and timely kindness from Sherah; rest, and food, and present safety had effected a very favorable change in his personal appearance, but the deep dejection of his countenance remained unaltered. When breakfast was completed, he arose to depart, saying to his generous hostess, "The blessing of the God of Israel be upon thee and upon thy house! As thou hast had compassion on the stranger and the fugitive, so may He have mercy upon thee and thine, in thine hour of greatest need." He then turned to address Eldad, but was prevented by him.

"Hear me, I pray thee, my brother! for art thou not of the same tribe, and kinsman to my wife? This is the day of preparation for the holy Sabbath; and beset, as thou knowest thy way is, by great perils, thou canst not reach Bezer at all; time would fail thee to attain a more distant place of refuge, and the sacred day would overtake thee, a wanderer on thy way. Tarry with us, and share the blessings of the hallowed hours under my roof. When a fitting time offers, I will lead thee to a place of security."

"Yea, stay," added Sherah, "and thou shalt learn that, in sheltering thee in thine hour of danger, I was but repaying a debt of kindness which my father owed to thine. Tarry then with us, for thou art most welcome."

"And if thou shouldst now depart," said Joel, archly, "I should not have power to clear myself to thee from the suspicion of falsehood which thou mightest entertain; then, for the sake of mine integrity, thou wilt consent to remain with us."

"Thy reasons are unanswerable," replied Reuben, his sad face lighting up with a smile, "more particularly thine, friend Joel, and I accept the offered hospitality with gratitude, believing thou art sincere in offering it. And now for thine explanation."

"First let me say," answered the playful boy, "that it was well for me that the madman Hazael had not asked me whether I had seen any other man than my father this morning; if he had, mine integrity would have been sorely straitened; but, happily, he forgot that question in his anger, and I was able to speak the exact truth."

"But he forgot not to ask thy father," observed Sherah.

"Very true, my mother; and as he had not seen any other man this morning, his true answer was all that was needed."

"And where didst thou meet our princely guest, my son?" inquired Eldad.

"After thou hadst left me for the field, my father, I obeyed thy command to hasten homeward; but, thinking I heard a noise in the thicket, I returned to the foot of the hill to discover the cause—and there, pale and weary, I saw him resting by the roadside. Was I wrong in offering him the comforts of thine house?"

"Nay; my blessing be on thee, my boy! The Lord loveth the stranger, and thou didst thy duty in protecting him. But why spakest thou not of this thing as we came from the field?"

"The eyes of the servant were upon me, and I could not tell thee. But is it not better that thou knewest it not? Thou hadst nought to conceal, and thy truth confirmed my words."

"Be ever thus, my son," cried the gratified parent; "be wise and prudent, but harmless as the young lamb; mayest thou also be as innocent. But thou, my Sherah, hadst thou no fears that my surprise would betray thee, when I should behold thy well so covered?"

A charming smile beamed on the face of the wife as she answered, "I was careful that thou shouldst not behold it, and therefore met thee in the house."

"What led thee to think of such a place of concealment?"

"I remembered the story of Jonathan and Ahimaaz, and was well pleased to find so good and secure a hiding-place; although I had great fears that my prisoner would grow distrustful from being confined so long."

"Thou wert very kind," said Reuben, "and thy pleasant songs refreshed my spirit, while they gave me full assurance of thy truth and piety; and I praise the Lord God of Israel that although I have sinned grievously, He has remembered mercy, and dealt so graciously with me."

The day wore away in safety for Reuben, and pleasantly to his generous friends, to whom he related the circumstances of his unfortunate rencontre with his rival; his subsequent parting with his mistress; his deep regret that a hasty blow should have been followed by consequences so dreadful; and his determination, on arriving at a place of security, to surrender himself into the hands of those appointed to judge his case, and await their decision. "If it be against me," he said, "I must die; but I will not willingly fall by the hands of an infuriated avenger."

"Thou art right, my brother; nevertheless, thou hast wrought a great evil by bringing the sin of blood-guiltiness upon the land. Be it thy care, by penitence and prayer, so to appropriate the evening sacrifice offered by our High Priest, that Jehovah may pardon thee, and make thine innocence clear in the sight of man from all intentional wickedness."

An hour before the setting sun had poured his departing beams upon the land of Israel, the family of Eldad had completed their preparations for the approach of the day so sacred in the sight of the Jews, so holy, and so blessed to the heart of the true Christian. The Sabbath began as the sun sank behind the horizon, and, previous to that moment, all the business of the week was to be either completed or laid aside. Eldad and his son repaired to the synagogue; but Sherah, assisted by her maidens, covered the table with a cloth of snowy whiteness, and placed upon it a vessel of wine, and a couple of loaves of newly baked bread, over which was spread a clean napkin; the *two* loaves, baked on Friday, being used in memory of the manna, which, on that day, fell in double quantities for the children of Israel. On the centre of the table stood a candlestick with seven branches, emblematical of the seven days of the week; and Sherah, on lighting the candles, uttered this prayer: "Blessed art thou, Lord God of the Universe, who hast sanctified us with Thy commandment, and commanded us to light the lights of the Sabbath."

On the return of her husband and son, Sherah welcomed them with an affectionate embrace, and the latter, after returning her caress, besought the blessing of both his parents. "Thy mother's blessing rest upon thee, my son," the fond mother replied. Then Eldad, laying his hand upon the bowed head of the youth, raised his eyes to Heaven, and prayed. "The blessing of thy father also be upon thy head, and may the God of thy fathers do unto thee as he did unto Ephraim and Manasseh." After withdrawing his hand, he bade his son bring water, which he poured upon the hands of his guest, and performing the same ablution himself, he addressed his family, "Lift up your hands in holiness to the Lord;" after which they placed themselves at the supper-table.

While Eldad was pouring out a cup of wine, he repeated from Genesis, "And on the seventh day God ended His work which He had made; and He rested on the seventh day from all His work which He had made. And God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it: because that in it He had rested from all His work which

God created and made." Then blessing the wine and tasting it, he distributed it to his family: the bread was consecrated and distributed in the same manner; and thanks, after supper, completed the duties of the ceremonial law for the evening.

Beautiful and affecting was this constant remembrance of their Heavenly Father, in the eyes of Reuben; and, sorrow-stricken as he was, he experienced heartfelt gratification in witnessing the lovely harmony and warmth of affection produced by it in the members of this small but happy family; and the perfect trustfulness with which each one relied upon, and responded to, the pure faith and unchanging love of the others, and he felt assured that although humble in rank, their lot was far preferable to that of thousands in the more elevated stations in life, who drank not at the fountain of true happiness—obedience to the will of the Almighty.

The holy Sabbath was observed with consistent devotion—every member of the family uniting in such duties of the synagogue as were appropriate to them. Even Reuben, secure in the sacredness of the day, ventured forth, and returned unharmed, although not unseen. Hazeel, still suspicious, had appointed one to keep watch on the habitation of Eldad, who now became aware of his retreat; but other eyes were equally vigilant, and Joel informed his father that a stranger had followed their footsteps as they returned from the second service.

At the conclusion of the evening meal, the son lighted a lamp having two wicks, which he held in his hand, while the father, taking a cup of wine in his right hand, and a box of spices in his left, uttered a short prayer; then changing the contents of his hands, he concluded the ceremonial by another prayer. The family inhaled the fragrance of the spices and drank the wine, thus intimating that the holy Sabbath was separated from all other days, and ended; this cup of wine being called Habdallah, or the cup of separation.

(Conclusion next month.)

THE ideas, as well as children of our youth, often die before us; and our minds represent to us those tombs to which we are approaching, where, though the brass and marble remain, yet the inscriptions are effaced by time, and the imagery moulders away. Pictures drawn in our minds are laid in fading colors, and, unless sometimes refreshed, vanish and disappear.

MR. AND MRS. RASHER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MISS SLIMMENS."



CHAPTER III.

SHOPPING.

O LUD, Rasher, Fitz-Simmons and I have had such a day! Has Thomas announced dinner yet? I'm tired to death, and so hungry I can hardly wait to get rid of my wraps. Here, Rosine, take my furs and bonnet, and then descend and command Thomas to ascertain if the dinner is ready to be served. (I always love to use good language when I'm speaking to Rosine, she's such a stylish person for a maid.) If there's anything calculated to make a woman tired and hungry, it's going shopping. Fitz-Simmons and I have been shopping from morning till night, as you might say. She was glad of my carriage to get in and out of before Stewart's, and Tiffany's, and Ball & Black's, and Arnold & Constable's, etc., with Patrick in his new livery, and our coat-of-arms on the panels, and everything; and I was glad of her good taste and experience. Lal she's as familiar with camel's hair shawls as she is with her own name, and knows diamonds from paste about as well as the jewellers themselves; and as for lace, she knows every style and quality, which is all very useful to me, who don't know anything about them. The clerks all know her, and they're killingly polite to her and whoever she brings with her, for they know that, if she cannot buy much herself, she always brings rich friends along. It's so queer I can't get used to it, though it's very pleasant and agreeable to have them running out to the carriage to take our orders, and carry our parcels, and making footmen of themselves, you might say, to open our carriage door for us, and showing us

the very best of everything, at the same stores where a few years ago I used to slip in so modestly to buy a plain silk or merino, and be asked whether I wanted a cheap article, and my answers hardly heard, whether I did or not. But there's dinner, and let's go down. Why am I like the soup? I don't see any resemblance. Because we're both *deer* to you, and both turtle, and you always like to see us both at the dinner-table? Dear me! Well, sit down.

I do admire them clerks so—some of them; they're *perfect*! so gentlemanly, and so well dressed! they bow so elegantly, and have their hair always cut in the very latest fashion. What's that? Pity I hadn't married one of 'em? Pshaw, Rasher! you know I think enough of you; though, I must say, it's the one trial of my life that you ain't more gentlemanly. But, if you are a plain little man, you're a good provider. I don't expect them drygoods clerks sleep with rose-colored silk curtains around their beds when they're at home, but you'd think they did, to see 'em waiting upon customers. I don't know what we should do without them. Some of those disagreeable reformers, who try to make us think everything is wrong, and rich people have no business to spend all their money on themselves, and poor women can't find enough to do if they're disposed to work, pretend to believe we ought to employ lady clerks; but I, for one, abominate 'em, and I guess the merchants know they wouldn't sell so many expensive things if it wasn't for the fascinating manner in which those young men recommend them. They're my *beau ideal* precisely, and I'm willing you should hear me say it. If there were only women in the stores, we would only go shopping when we had something to buy; but, as it is—Do we go when we don't want to buy? What a question, my dear! I didn't think you were so simple. Why, how much do you suppose I have spent to-day? Not twenty dollars, and I've looked at thousands of thousands of dollars' worth of lovely things. How would we spend our time, when we're bored to death for something to do, if it wasn't for going a shopping? I know lots of ladies who vow they should go insane if it wasn't for this amusement. They don't care about reading, unless there's a first-rate new novel out,

and there's nothing to do from breakfast to dinner three days of the week, allowing one day for receiving calls and two for making 'em, as it's not very often we have a *matinee* to help us. I never used to have any difficulty about passing away the time? Will you help me to another slice of the roast turkey? Thomas, bring some ice-water. (I do wish you'd be careful what you say before the servants, especially Thomas. That fellow's the torment of my house, yet I can't get along without him. What do you suppose I heard him telling Mrs. Clarence Cornell's butler, who was over to see him last night? I happened to be at the dumb-waiter, and heard him, down in the dining-room, as plain as day. He said, if it wasn't for the extra wages, he wouldn't stay with us a month; that we was very good people, and didn't look any too close after the leavin's, but we was *parvenues*; he'd never lived with *parvenues* before! What do you see in that to laugh at? The fellow's deserving of a better place? I do believe you laugh just as heartily when the joke's against as when it's for you.) You can bring on the pudding, Thomas. (He said, also, that he'd a dozen bottles of champagne laid up for the party. I inferred it was to come off the first night we should be out late.)

Did I buy me a shawl to-day? Didn't I just say that I hadn't spent twenty dollars? I wouldn't wear a camel's hair that cost less than seven hundred. No, I didn't take any, for it's getting rather late in the season for them; but I looked at two or three hundred in the course of the day. I *did* intend to take a velvet cloak, but Fitz-Simmons persuaded me to wait until next week; "because," as she whispered to me just as I was going to order it sent home, "we can have the pleasure of deciding next time; there's always such a charming excitement about purchasing a velvet cloak!" Poor dear! *she* hasn't had that excitement for the last two years. What little money I did spend was for her. She coveted a lace-set so much, and I knew she needed it badly, and so I made her a present of it. She'll be in a good humor with me for the next month; and, to tell the truth, I like her best when she's most pleased; she has a cool kind of way of saying things to you and about you when she isn't. Why is such friendship like pork? You can answer that best yourself, my love. Because it has a marketable value? To be sure it has; she and I understood that thoroughly. As she says herself, "she is my letter of introduction; I couldn't any more get along without her than a stranger in a foreign land could without his

passports." That was such a funny idea about the foreign land; she thought I didn't understand it fully, but I did. There's a mighty distance, I can tell you, between B—— Street and a three-story brick and the Avenue and a four-story brown stone; it's as far as from here to Paris, though, to be sure, a person can travel it in fifteen minutes by stage. And, for your part, you don't feel any more to home in it than you would in Paris; if you could get back to the old place, you'd be happy as a pig in clover? It's astonishing what a difference in tastes there is! Now, Fitz-Simmons, she—Blast Mrs. Fitz-Simmons? How can you be so wicked as to use such language, Rasher? You'd like to blow her up, you mean! I'll warrant you! You can't even let me have a female friend in peace. You hurt my feelings, sir, speaking in that manner of a woman who—"Ought to be barrell'd up." O horror, Mr. Rasher! barrel up my dearest friend! Nothing could have put such a savage, such a ferocious idea into your head except the business you follow. It all comes of your dealing in mess pork, I know it does. You only meant that, as she was always getting other persons into a pickle, she ought to be pickled herself? Excuse yourself for your unnatural ferocity in that way, if you please. Very well, I'll let it pass; but if she ever disappears mysteriously I shall know where she has gone to. I don't know but I shall begin to be afraid of you myself. I've always heard that butchers were cruel and hard-hearted, and, though you are not a butcher exactly, you and they have dealings together, and you may catch it of 'em. Another cup of coffee! How long will it take you to learn that it's not genteel to take more'n one cup after dinner, and that you shouldn't take cream in it? I'll let you have it, seeing we are alone; but I'd advise you to begin to practise, so as not to forget at my next dinner party.

Fitz-Simmons is so sorry I didn't get my carriage earlier in the season, as she and I could have had a splendid time showing it off in the Central Park. She's nearly crazy to get to drive out there with a new carriage, and new liveries, and coat-of-arms, and all. We're going out to-morrow, if it's fine. There'll be dozens and dozens of our friends there, and she says it'll be glorious to show 'em we can go as well as they. You know you won't be back from your warehouse in time to go; and she's promised to accompany me every time. You *had* thought of trying to get home to-morrow to drive out with me, as you'd like to see the

improvements? Couldn't you put it off till some other day, my dear? I'd just as soon you'd go along as not—almost; but Fitz hadn't, I know. There! you needn't look mad! I don't wonder she don't take to you particularly, when you talk of treating her as if she were a—a—don't flirt your chair back in that manner, if you please. I declare, if you ain't tilting it against the wall, and putting your feet on the rungs! I've always scolded you about that, ever since the first nice set of chairs we got, after we'd been eight months to housekeeping—six mahogany ones, with black haircloth cushions. I took more comfort with those chairs than I do with all the lot we've got in our parlors now, because they were the *first* nice ones I'd ever had. It used to worry me so when you'd tip back in 'em and put your feet on the rungs when you was telling your stories of evenings; and I'd say, "Remember, my dear!" and you'd laugh, and say, "A man that had worked hard all day ought to take some comfort in the evening with a nice home and a nice wife in it;" but you'd take your feet down, for all. I believe you was better tempered then than you are now. You guess it's I that was better tempered? There's Thomas back again, and let's go in the library, where we can have some peace talking, without a low fellow eavesdropping every word. My! I guess I've eaten too much dinner, by the lump I feel in my stomach; but shopping always makes me dreadfully hungry; it's about as hard work as I care to do. I picked out a set of pearls to-day for Cerintha, for a Christmas present when she's home from school; and a diamond brooch and earrings for myself. Mrs. Fitz-Simmons advised me to take them. She said it was getting to be such hard times that every such thing was cheaper than usual, and it was a splendid time to buy. You guess you'll have to put a stop to all such extras for the present? Why so? It's hard times for you as well as other folks? Nonsense, Rasher! you're not going to frighten me into being economical. Folks have got to eat, if it is hard times; and as long as there's people to eat pork will sell. You see I know something about business, if I am a woman. I'm going for the things to-morrow, and you may expect they'll be sent home to-morrow night. The bill will come with them, and you'll have it to pay. You'd advise me not to order them? Seems to me that you're taking on uncommon airs to-night. You're not taking on airs, but you do not choose to be regarded as a convenient household machine out of which money

can be pumped whenever wanted, and the rest of the time to be kept out of the way as much as possible? Oh! you're referring to the ride, are you? There's plenty of women ride around without their husbands at their side every instant; women that have got stylish husbands, too, of whom they might be proud. The reason why I suspected Fitz wouldn't care about your company to-morrow is that she has invited a friend of hers to go along, a very fine young man that you could have no objection to. There's room in the carriage for four? Perhaps there is, if you insist upon going along. We'll try and make room for you, if you want to go. You *don't* want to go? Then what have you been making all this fuss about? Men are so unreasonable! I think they were made to provoke and torment the female sex. We'd get along better if every one of them was banished to some world of their own! Only I don't know who'd settle the bills, and keep out house-breakers, and bring us our coal and kindling-wood, and keep the boys in hammers and hobby-horses; though, to be sure, the children then would all be little girls, and wouldn't want anything but dolls, which we could make for them. What's that? I've forgotten those delightful clerks! How could I get along without *them*? It's very true it would be rather melancholy work, shopping and giving parties, and all that; but we wouldn't have to be bothered with husbands, which would be a privilege worth making some sacrifices for, and—la! there's the Schottish and the Lancers; we'd have to dispense with those sweet dances, which would be a great disappointment to the girls, just as they are ready to come out. I'd be willing there should be a few men in the world, if they were all what they ought to be. Why am I worse than my own wish? Dear me! I can't guess, and I don't want to. But why am I, my love? Because that was a rash wish, but I am a Rasher! Oh, I'm not going to be coaxed into a good humor by a vulgar conundrum. You think yourself so very witty, just let *me* return the compliment. What would the women do if the men were all banished to another sphere? Try to go after them? No, that's not it. What is it, then? Well, I don't know myself; but I thought I'd pay you back in your own coin, you're always so dreadfully funny.

What are you leaning your head down on that piano cover for? It aches, and you were wishing Felicia was at home to play for you? She's a splendid pefessor they say, better than Cerintha. I'm glad she's got something

to set her off, and help her make a good match, for she's not near so pretty as her sister—she's dumpy, like you. Good gracious, Rasher, how you startled me! What did you thump your fist down in that style for? If you'd only remember that ladies have nerves, you'd be more agreeable. You were thinking of your children—wondering if they would have to come home, learn such trash, and live such lives as we are living? As if there could be any better way of living! Why, we live nearly as well as the Cornells, and my girls will be envied by the most of their acquaintances. Thinking of their moral and spiritual lives? If you mean, as the father of a family, to insinuate there's anything immoral about this house, speak out plainly, and you'll hurt my feelings less; while, as for spiritual, you get beyond my comprehension there. I'm a consistent member of a highly respectable church; I had my children baptized in their infancy; and I presume the girls will be confirmed in their mother's church; of their own accord, after they've had a season or two of gayety, which it is very natural they should desire. Now, sir, I want you to explain yourself, and if you've any charges to make, make 'em. This is the first time I've seen tears on your cheeks since we buried little Timothy, and if you've any good cause for 'em, let me know. You did not intend anything so serious as I inferred, but you do not like the frivolity, the want of real happiness, the attempt to show off—. There! there! you needn't go any farther. If that's all you've got on your mind, you may keep it there. It's infringing on the privileges of our sex for a man to be giving curtain lectures; and if you ain't curtain-lecturing exactly, you're meddling with the affairs of the house, which if you don't quit, you'll see me down to the warehouse some day, carrying on your business for you. My girls are girls for any mother to be proud of—graceful, stylish, educated—up to the ropes in good society, and capable of setting an example to you and me both; and what you find to cry about on their account is a mystery to me. And now, I'm going to the opera to-night; if you want to go along, you may. You guess you'll step over to Brown's and spend the evening? I think it's a very good idea; you hav'n't been there for some time now. Give my love to Mrs. Brown, and if she asks why I hav'n't been there for so long, tell her I've been extremely busy—"shopping and riding with more fashionable friends"—but am going to come soon and take tea with her. You can't see what there is in the opera?

Neither can I, so far as the music is concerned, but I can see a good deal through my opera-glass that's interesting to me; and it's an excellent place to wear handsome things. When Fitz is in my box, as she usually is, we have such pleasant chats with the young men, between acts; and there is no better place to display jewels and mantles and dress bonnets; besides, it *won't* do not to be there. I don't understand the music, but I pretend to, and when young Grimace says "divine!" "superb!" I say, "it is indeed perfectly refugent!" or cast up my eyes, sigh, and say nothing, which is much more effective. When Fitz-Simmons leans forward and holds her breath, I do the same. I dare say, none of our set knows but what I am enraptured, when I'm dying with impatience to have Pattie done with her screaming, so that I can finish the sweet conversation I was having with our friends before she began. But la! I hear the carriage coming to the door, and I've got my dress to change yet. Good-night, my dear, take care of yourself; I suppose Mrs. Brown will treat you to some ginger-nuts and bottled cider. You'll be home and asleep before I get back. If you're tired, you'd better take the stage down as far as B— Street. Good-night.

CHAPTER IV.

THE DRIVE.

DID I enjoy my ride this afternoon? Oh, immensely! It's so fortunate you weren't along, Rasher, for I hadn't much more'n driven around for Fitz and her friend, before we saw Grimace sauntering along the avenue, as if he didn't know what to do with himself, and so we picked him up and took him along, and he was so delighted with the chance, it would have been a pity not to have given it to him. He isn't able to keep even a single horse to ride out on, though he hires one from Disbon occasionally, and it was a real treat to him to show himself off in such an elegant establishment as ours. Of course, as you own an establishment, you can go wherever you please, and it wouldn't have been such a treat to you. You don't see as you can? Well, who prevents? I'm sure you can have the carriage whenever I'm not using it. Don't you ride down to your place of business in it every once and awhile? It was such an Injun-summer kind of day, everybody was taking advantage of it; I don't suppose we shall have another such a day this season. The next time I go to the Central Park I pre-

sume I shall go upon skates—after I get there, I mean. You'd advise me not to try skates at my time of life? And why not, I'd like to know! You are afraid of the consequences of a fall to a woman weighing nearly two hundred? Pshaw! I don't weigh an ounce over an hundred and seventy-five, and if I go upon parlor-skates there'll be no danger of my falling. Fitz can cut figures on the ice, she's so expert. What kind of a figure do you think I'd cut?—the figure of a pig on the ice? This isn't the first time, Rasher, you've compared your wife to those vile animals in whom you deal. A man with one particle of refined feeling in his breast would never be guilty of so indelicate an allusion. It's well I'm as large as I am, and able to take my own part, for a man who can say such things wouldn't hesitate to whip his wife, if he was big enough. But you ain't, my love, and you know it. You're under my thumb pretty well, and if you don't behave yourself I'll allow you less privileges than you have now. You sha'n't come into the room at all when I've company, and you'll have to go up a story higher to sleep; it's ridiculous to think of you sleeping under a silk counterpane. What's that? I've got a *sty* coming on my eye! I haven't either—I never had one in my life. My eyes are red, riding in the wind to-day. The next thing in order you'll be accusing me of having four feet, and being a biped and done with it.

I don't know when I've enjoyed myself so well as I did to-day. My hat was as handsome as any I saw, and my cloak was splendid. I went out this morning and got the velvet I was speaking of. Our carriage is very well calculated to show off our dress. Next year I mean to have one made so that people can see to the best advantage all I have on, down to my gaiters, with a fender round it to keep off the mud; it will be so pleasant to ride around, like a queen on a throne, without mussing up your skirts any, and very beneficial to the health. My health is not so good as it might be; I have a pain in my stomach after eating turtle-soup, or ducks with dressing; probably, next summer, I shall have to ride a great deal for my health. I intend to take our establishment to Newport. And, oh, dear me, Rasher, don't you think you'll be able to afford a set of gold-mounted harness by that time? I saw a set to-day—it was splendid! and I felt so provoked at our plain silver mountings. I think it's almost the height of bliss to recline in a luxurious carriage, with your best things on, and drive slowly around and around the Drive,

nodding to your friends as you pass 'em, and scrutinizing them at your ease. I never expected to arrive at such an earthly Paradise when I married you, Rasher. You've worked hard enough to bring it about, and think I ought to show a little gratitude, instead of trying to crush you out of existence, as it were! I have never tried to crush you out of existence, my dear. If you'd do as I've asked you to so often, I should bring you forward all I could. All I want is for you to wear kid gloves, and not put your hands in your pockets, nor talk about your business, nor slap folks on the shoulder when you're talking to 'em, and not talk so much in company, and leave off them horrid flowered vests, and learn a few French phrases, and keep quiet, and dress in black. Now, what are you smiling about? You were thinking, if you should do all that, I'd be guilty of bigamy? How so? Because you wouldn't be the man I married any more?

You aren't putting your hat on to go anywhere, are you? Going to your club! Rasher! have you joined a club? Didn't you always promise me you would never do it as long as you had a wife and children? You might as well have none! It's very bad and unreasonable for you to fling out in that way because I occasionally go out evenings, when you stay to home of your own choice. It will be very uncomfortable coming back from parties and places, and finding you not back from your club yet, and having to be disturbed by your coming in after I've retired; and that's the way it will be if you belong to one of those horrid things. You'll get to card-playing and telling your never-ending stories till after midnight. I pity the club that you'll belong to; obliged to listen to your stale jokes and tedious anecdotes, and perhaps having you play practical jokes at their expense; and it'll cost enough to get me them diamonds. There! I guess that's them now; and if you don't take them and pay for them, I shall be so mortified I shall never want to go to that store again. "A consummation most devoutly to be wished?" There they are, sure enough! just look at them, my love—beauties! It would be disgraceful to send 'em back, and the messenger's waiting for your check. You guess you'll give him a check? Oh, my dear, don't keep me in such suspense; say yes or no. There, that's a good little man! I knew you would! Come, hang up your hat again, and sit here in my boudoir. I don't expect any company to-night, and we'll have a real old-fashioned chat together. See this lovely Egyptian vase that I brought

come yesterday. It looks to you like an ugly earthen jug? That's because you don't appreciate it. Our tastes require cultivation, Mr. Critic Aster says, and it's true. Now, I didn't see to like Sultana Sauce with my roast beef, and I do since I've cultivated a taste for it. By the way, what was you quoting to Critic Aster the other night, with such a grand flourish, that made Mrs. Cornell and others laugh at me? He was saying something to you about the divine mission of the writer and poet, or some such highfalutin' I didn't entirely understand, and you—"Told him I considered that the pen was mightier than the sword;" and, while he was bowing and smiling his acknowledgment of the compliment, I added, 'The pig-pen, I mean, of course, sir, to which I owe all of my prosperity.' " He'll never come here again, Mr. Rasher, after such an avowal as that, and I was just priding myself upon having induced him to come to my house; he's quite the fashion, and I was tickled to death to get him, and you've went and gone and ruined everything, as usual. It's up-hill business getting into the best society when one of the team is pulling back with all his might.

LOLA LEIGH.

BY EDWARD ESTANG.

LOLA LEIGH lived on the river,
Close upon the river edge;
There the cottage of her father
Stood behind an orange hedge.
Her eye was bright with joyous lustre,
And she sang from morn till night;
Never did I pass that cottage
But I heard her with delight.
Never did she have a lover;
Never did she seem to care
Whether there was one to woo her,
And her happiness to share.
But when once I stole beneath
The orange trees that grew close by,
I saw her stop a moment singing,
Look up to God, and sweetly sigh!

Ah, that sigh was not of sorrow,
No regret did it bespeak;
Not a tear-drop drew a line
Of care across her lovely cheek—
But her voice again so sweetly
Rang out clearly in the air,
And I ever shall remember
What the words of her song were:

"Lovely, lovely orange tree,
Oft I've sat beneath thy shade,
And have eaten of thy bearings—
Precious fruit which God hath made;

My delight has always been
To wander here among thy boughs;
Thou hast heard my prayers to Heaven,
Thou hast witnessed all my vows.

"Lovely, lovely orange tree,
Thou hast been my sole delight;
Not a day since God did make me,
Have I passed without thy sight:
Now, my lovely orange tree,
I will never, never leave thee
Till my father with the angels
Up in Heaven shall receive me!"

Such a song sang Lola Leigh
As I beneath the orange laid,
And I never will forget it—
Sang so sweet the lovely maid.
But when next I wandered thither,
Lola's voice I did not hear;
God had called her up to heaven—
But the orange trees were there!

NOT LOST.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

You call her lost, and say that nevermore
Her gentle presence can be found us here;
You think that one shut in by heaven's bright door
Would never wish to leave that harbor dear;
But while I wept last night, my dripping eyes
Glanced upward through the gloom of leaden bars,
And then I saw that on the soft, pale skies,
Another star shone 'mid the host of stars.

And still I missed her—missed her happy voice,
Her quiet voice that I had loved so well;
I said, "How can my lonely heart rejoice
When she has gone so far away to dwell?"

And then, while anguish paled my faithless brow,
And doubt crept in to anchor in my breast,
A blessed zephyr, like her voice so low,
Breathed musically from out the fragrant West.

A little comfort came—I'd felt her breath,
Not cold and icy, as when last she kissed
Me, with her lips pressed close by tyrant Death,
And her blue eyes curtained with heavy mist.
But yet I called God stern in his fixed law,
And thought he was too cold to merit love;
I said, "His mercy hides itself in awe"—
And blamed the King enthroned o'er realms above.

Then, wandering in my garden's linden walks,
Down by the fountain hushed in the still hill,
Remembering all the tender twilight talks
I'd had with her now lying dead and chill—
I found upon a vine a single rose
I'd never seen on that green bush before,
Its petals white as the white cheeks of those
Who've folded up their hands to toil no more.

O star! and breath of wind! and balmy flower!
Sweet comforters! she loved ye—so may I;
And when the memories of my great grief lower,
I'll look from earth up to the starry sky—
To see her spirit shining sweetly down,
To catch her breath in breezes on my brow,
And see, in roses, emblems of the crown
Which rests upon her saintly forehead now.

TWELFTH-NIGHT.

BY FRANZ FRANCO.

GENTEELY descended and connected, wealthy, talented, and accomplished, of genial disposition, just returned from a five years' residence in Paris, a bachelor of thirty-five, of course Frank Allen was extensively "cultivated" by his friends and acquaintances generally. He was eccentric, whimsical very—well, that only made him more attractive; gave proof of an original genius. Your common geniuses may indeed affect oddity, but it is never labyrinthine. One glance gives you the clue, and they can never again surprise you, for you know all the crooks and turns, all the ins and outs of their affectation; indeed, by this you know that it is an affectation. Oddity is always native; it can never be naturalized. But, as we were saying, or rather intended to say, Frank Allen's oddity was innate. His popularity had been vastly increased of late by the applause which had accrued to him as the profit of a course of lectures on "France and her Emperor." 'As this was a private affair, the audience being composed of the select circle of friends to whom he chose to present tickets, of course it was also a very genteel affair. Each one present, being pleased to be thus distinguished from the common outside multitude, was in the best of humor, and inclined to do full honor to the intellectual entertainment provided for them, which, to do it justice, was really worthy of great commendation, though it might fairly be a question if they would have discerned its merits so readily had they been of the excluded crowd, and allowed to read a report of it at their own quiet firesides; of course "delivery is a great deal!" (We hope, reader, you will infer we were there!)

Mrs. St. Simon gave her usual Twelfth-night party on the evening succeeding the last of the lectures. These parties were always nice easy affairs, very select and very social. All of the lower rooms were thrown open to the guests, who, collected together in circles as their tastes inclined, could find seats enough to enjoy a pleasant time comfortably. Frank Allen gracefully bestowed himself in an arm-chair which occupied the centre of the library, the group around him being composed of his most ardent admirers, the *litterati* and *literaculi* of the assembly, and perhaps we should add, as a separate class, some very pretty and very marriageable

young ladies, whose intellectual proclivities were rapidly developing under the anxious chaperonship of their worthy mammas. We would not be understood as saying that all the intellect gathered under Mrs. St. Simon's roof was inclosed within the four walls of the library, or that all within that inclosure were constitutionally inclined to brain fever, for to either assertion many exceptions might be made; we only intended the penultimate remark as a general one.

This explained, we may proceed to say that the allusion was naturally made to the lecture of the preceding evening, and finding it, apparently, a very interesting subject to the company, Frank Allen was led to speak, somewhat at length, of beautiful France, ending with the remark: "But now I have come home to live and am looking round for a wife; so, young ladies, if you deem me an exemplary young man, worth patronizing, I commend myself to your good graces!" And he finished with a graceful bow to the ladies addressed, some of whom blushed, others smiled frankly, two or three were very busy with their bouquets, and one or two looked decidedly cross!

"Well," said the father of three daughters, "you must indeed be hard to please, if the spring finds you 'fancy free.'"

"The lady I shall choose," said Allen, with an air half-serious, half-gay, "must answer three several tests; and in this age, such ladies must be very rare;" and he rose to examine a painting. A half hour later, a hand was laid upon his shoulder, rather roughly, inasmuch as it served to turn him almost half-way round, and blunt Captain Summers exclaimed—

"Frank, lad, what on earth induced you to declare you were looking for a wife? Don't you know you have drawn down upon yourself the fire of all the designing mammas and daughters, and frightened away all the modest, worthy girls, with the fear that they may be thought designing?"

"Don't fear for me," replied Allen, gayly; "I had a design in what I said. Only please don't dislocate my arm, for I have not yet got a wife to make it pleasant to be disabled."

"Had a design in it, hey?" and the old gentleman stroked his beard in evident perplexity.

"Oh, Mr. Allen, I want to know if it is true, such a funny thing as I heard you said," exclaimed Fanny Ellison, breaking in upon the dialogue.

"What did you hear I said?"

"Why that you were looking for a wife who must pass three tests, and that all the girls in the library had better try for you. Pity I hadn't been there!" and the little lady pouted.

"All right except the advice, Miss Ellison," said Allen, laughing. "I simply intended to commend myself to the attention of young ladies in general, if they thought me a desirable article of household furniture."

"Ah, indeed," said the lady, with the most provoking sauciness in the toss of her pretty head; "and what day do you appoint to decide your selection, and offer your services to the fortunate one?"

"Oh, I don't know; say this day six months," said Allen, carelessly.

"Now, don't you imagine," resumed the lady, "that you are the only one watching and testing." Don't think you have said anything original to-night. You gentlemen study us, but don't forget, in your self-conceit, that we also study you, and are not more easily pleased than you are. Why, I myself have some tests which a gentleman must pass who would win my promise to 'love, honor, and obey.'"

"And pray what may they be?" asked Allen, quickly.

"Why, the first is, that he must first have been refused by at least twenty-five other ladies."

Allen looked at her in surprise.

"Yes," she continued, "I should learn from that that he did not lack courage or perseverance; but, above all, I should have some hope he would have lost some of his self-conceit, and really be quite endurable, for you must allow that, as a class, men are fearfully self-conceited."

"You want a meek man whom you can keep under a little wholesome restraint, I suppose?"

"No," said Fanny, with a quick gleam in her eye, and a very decided tone; "my husband—if ever I can have one—must be able to command me; not because I fear him, but because I love and respect him; and, indeed, this is my second test."

"And your third?" asked Allen, amused.

"Beg your pardon, sir, but I shall expect a return of confidence; I have told you two tests when you asked me, and now, of course, expect to hear two of your tests;" and again the lady smiled an arch, provoking, little smile.

Allen bit his lips in vexation. He had walked right into the trap the artful little lady had prepared for him, and how was he to escape?

"But if I divulge my secret, I put the ladies upon their guard," pleaded Allen.

"Oh, but I promise not to tell any one."

"Suppose I should wish to try my 'tests' upon you; 'forewarned, forearmed,' you know," said Allen, with a forced laugh.

"Me! O dear, that's no use. I warn you I am entirely out of the question."

"Are you engaged?" asked Allen, quickly.

"Saucy!" pouted the lady.

"I beg pardon," said Allen, with a quick flush, for he had spoken upon the impulse of the moment.

The lady bowed, but waited, toying with her fan.

"Confess now that you have been commissioned to extort from me this secret."

"Confess now that you have been most unjustly suspicious," said the lady.

"Is it so?"

"The last, not the first."

"Why, then, do you ask?"

"From my own curiosity to watch the game, and to teach you not to ask questions of others which you are unwilling to have returned upon yourself."

Again Allen bit his lip, though the lady's bright eyes were bent upon his face.

"Ask something else, and release me from the obligation to tell you this."

"I will," said Fanny, with a bewitching smile. "You shall have your choice between telling me this, and informing me of the fact within twenty-four hours after you have offered your services to your captivator, to which bit of information you will please add the lady's name;" and the lady gave her fan the "merry flutter" described by Addison.

"Miss Ellison, there is a call for you at the piano," said a gentleman, approaching, and offering his arm.

"The first or the last?" said she to Allen, as she accepted it.

"The last, if it must be," was his reply, as she retreated.

"Very well, indeed," said Frank Allen to himself, tossing his things right and left, as every man thinks he has a right to do in his own room; "only that teasing little witch, Fanny Ellison—what in the world induced her to play me such a neat little trick? Well, she was merciful enough to let me off at last, for she is too ladylike to hold me to such a promise

as that." And, five minutes after this, Frank Allen came as near snoring as a gentleman ever comes. He did not tell his dreams the next morning, so of course we cannot give them.

"Wonder what they can be, Carrie?" said Mrs. Locke to her daughter.

"What what can be, mamma?" asked Carrie, though knowing very well that mamma's thoughts and her own were running in very nearly the same direction.

"Why, those three tests of Mr. Allen's?"

"It's very evident what one of them must be," answered Carrie; "he said such ladies must be rare in these days, or something like it. Now the age is notorious for extravagance, so of course the lady must be economical."

In consequence of this belief, perhaps, it was that Carrie was resolute in her opinion that the dress mamma pronounced very suitable for Mrs. St. Simon's Twelfth-night party would be equally suitable for the next party to which she received a card of invitation, and that to support the justness of this conclusion against mamma's vigorous protestations, she sought the aid of Mr. Allen's eloquence—that gentleman's call happening to interrupt the dispute. Mamma was forced to hear Carrie's wise economy highly commended, but she was not forced to hear that gentleman's exclamation as he closed the street-door—"Saved Locke one good bill, at least; but, Miss Carrie, you have missed your reckoning this time!" A very commonplace little story, this last, the reader will say. Alas! dear reader, that it is so commonplace.

Frank Allen's next call was at Kittie Littleton's; but when ushered into the drawing-room, he found Fanny Ellison was there to keep him company in waiting for Miss Kittie's appearance. It was—well, not *very* long before Kittie came, looking so sweet and rosy that it did one good to look at her. She had evidently been busy at work, for carelessly thrown around her neck was a skein of basting cotton. Noticing it, Fanny hoped she was not interrupting her.

"O dear, no," Kittie said; "she was only trying to cut herself a morning-dress. She never had tried before, and if Fanny had any bright ideas in her head on the subject, wouldn't she be good enough to impart them?"

Fanny declared she never had thought of cutting her own dresses, and had no idea on the subject.

"And what is your idea in turning dress-maker, Miss Littleton?" asked Allen.

"My idea? Why, I happened to take up a

paper the other day that had a distressing long article upon 'Ladies' Extravagance.' Of course it wasn't *true*, but I began to think whether I had been very extravagant, and where I could retrench. One must have judiciously about so many gloves and kerchiefs, and many yards of lace and ribbon, in a year, you know; and I could not think of a single cent could save, till I thought of this dress; so I began to cut it this morning."

"And how are you succeeding?" asked Fanny.

"Oh, indifferently well," said Kittie; "I have only run up the breadths yet. Why don't you try, Fanny?"

"Oh, Annie Heywood can suit me better than I can suit myself, and she needs the work, and I would rather have the time 'to improve my mind.' That's the phrase, is it not?"

"Well," said Kittie, laughing good-naturedly, "you improve your mind, and I will improve in dressmaking. If you should ever be poor, suppose you could teach, or write a book for living; but not having brains enough for either, I will learn to cut dresses *à la mode*; that is, I don't get discouraged."

"And give your customers equal parts of drapery and French?" asked Allen.

"Yes," said Kittie, "if I find that fills the money-drawer."

"And you, Miss Ellison—are you going to teach young ladies to talk French, or write books?"

"Not the first, certainly," said Fanny; "I like French well enough to read or study, but I do not like this mongrel, part French and part English, and often bad grammar at that!"

"Is that the reason you never use French phrases?" asked Kittie.

"Yes, as I said, I want one language or the other. An American among Americans, why should I speak French—especially as it must be with an accent that would shock a Frenchman?"

"Why, to prove you have had a fashionable education, and would have made a pretty good monkey, if you had happened to be one, certainly," said Kittie, laughing.

"You read French?" asked Allen.

"O yes, I like to read it, except in stories, part English and part French. But I suppose these ideas do not please you, Mr. Allen, after your long residence in beautiful France."

"Now why could you not have said 'Belle France?'" asked Kittie.

"Young ladies, you know, always claim the right to say what they please," said Allen.

with a graceful bow to each of the ladies, indicating that this was a sufficient answer to both of their questions.

"But," he added, rising to go, "I have been waiting for a chance to offer my services to Miss Ellison on her shopping expedition, for I see she has her shopping-bag upon her arm."

"And I have been waiting," said Fanny, laughing, but not rising, "to have a little private talk with Kittie before I go."

So Allen departed alone.

Lena Athling was Fanny Ellison's most intimate friend; and so it happened, very naturally, then, on a certain Thursday morning, all of the signs predicted a drenching rain within an hour or two, that Fanny should send a very urgent invitation to her to come to "pass the storm" with her. Lena came. The storm did not pass over till Friday, and it had been arranged that the visit should not terminate till Saturday. Various interruptions had prevented any very lengthy confidential chats between them during the day, and Lena's constitutional sleepiness, during the sleepy hours, had before proved to Fanny that it was altogether too hard work to talk and keep her friend awake at the same time. But now a long winter evening was before them, and, as they drew around the glowing grate in Fanny's room, they promised themselves a nice, cozy chat, free from interruption. It was opened by Lena's exclaiming—

"What do you think of Frank Allen, Fanny?"

"Well, I have not made up my mind yet. Some things about him I like much, but, confidentially, Lena, I do suspect he has some other despicable qualities."

"What, for instance?"

"The first thing I think of is——"

A knock at the door, and Biddy announces, "Please, ma'am, Mr. Allen is in the drawing-room, and wishes to see Miss Athling and Miss Ellison."

To paint the disappointment of the friends could not require the pencil of Salvator Rosa, but it would require more words than we have to spare; so we shall only record Lena's exclamation, "How did he know I was here?" as, in no very happy mood, they went to receive their visitor.

"How did you know I was here?" asked Lena, as she took possession of a *fauteuil*.

"Calling at your father's, I was told you were here; and, as I intended to call here to-morrow evening, I thought I would condense two pleasures into one. I hope I have not disturbed your plans for the evening?"

"But, indeed you have," said Lena; "we had just sat down for a little quiet scandal. I had just asked Fanny what she thought of Mr. Allen, and she had just reached the intensely interesting part which must have followed 'I think,' when you were announced. You ought to be intensely agreeable, this evening, to pay for the nice bit of dissection you have caused me to lose."

"Dear me, how unfortunate!" said Allen. "Pray, can you tell me whether the opinion was going to be favorable, or otherwise?"

"I don't know anything about it," said Lena; "but I doubt not she was going to say, at the very least, that you were a great calumniator of the world of females."

"How so?"

"Why, you know you said, the other evening, that ladies, qualified to be Mrs. Allen, must be very rare."

"Have a little mercy, Lena," said Fanny, laughing; "six months from Twelfth-night he makes his selection. Perhaps we may have a half hour's amusement in studying the peculiarities of this rare woman."

"Six months?" asked Allen, in surprise.

"Yes," answered Fanny, "you gave that time."

"I forgot it, but I will try to meet the appointment; and, by the way, I have met a lady who has passed one of the tests. Somebody says this public announcement of my wants and intentions will frighten from me all but scheming ladies. What do you think?"

"I think it was undoubtedly a gentleman who said it," replied Fanny; "and it is only another instance of manly self-conceit. You all think you are great bargains, anxiously sought for by all marriageable ladies; whereas, the truth is, masculine schemers matrimonial are as ten to one of the like class of our sex. If ever I feel like pardoning a certain coquette who has cruelly wronged a friend of mine, it is when I think how much good she has done by lessening somewhat the pride of some of her too confident admirers. The innocent must sometimes suffer in the punishment of the guilty."

"My dear Miss Ellison, spare your eloquence, I entreat you," interrupted Allen, laughing. "How I do pity the poor fellow who is doomed to pass your tests!"

Of course Fanny made a suitable reply, but we have put on record all of the conversation which it pleases us to make public. We hasten now to report the decision. It was generally understood among Frank Allen's acquaintances

that six months from Twelfth-night the decision was to be made. At first, this caused him some uneasiness; but, gradually becoming better satisfied with "the course of human events" in his own case, he had, upon being sorely pressed, declared, a week before the appointed day, that he was now ready to fulfil the promise so carelessly given, so far as it depended upon him. Expectation was upon the tiptoe. None could guess who the lady could be; for, if a particular attention was accorded to one, it was sure to be speedily equalled by some attention to another. Expectation, however, demanded that he should select from among eight of his acquaintances, of whom we have mentioned only four; though candor compels us to allow that our own favoritism, not Mr. Allen's, has drawn the distinction. Among Mr. Allen's gentlemen friends, quite a number of bets were taken upon the chances of these ladies—those who missed their guess being pledged to unite in giving the bride a handsome silver service. Mrs. St. Simons issued cards, for the evening succeeding the eventful day, to all the guests of her Twelfth-night party, with "malice prepense" many said, thinking that the secret might then be discovered.

On the appointed day Mr. Allen called on each of the eight ladies, but the public were unable to decide if to any of them he breathed the important subject. We will tell the reader, however, that his last call was upon Fanny Ellison; and, not to obtrude ourselves too soon, will begin reporting the following, probably in reply to something we have lost:—

"You will remember, Mr. Allen, that I also had my tests; let me see if you can pass them. The first was, you were to have been refused by twenty-five other ladies."

"Surely you are not serious?"

"Indeed, then, I am." And Fanny did not look at all as if she were fibbing. It required some time to convince him that she was really in earnest, and then he was forced to confess that no lady had ever refused him.

"Suffer me to undeceive you," said Fanny, opening an escritoire, and taking therefrom a package of letters. Allen started in surprise, but the lady, unheeding, opened a note and read: "Mr. Allen invited me to attend the concert this evening, but I was obliged to refuse him, being previously engaged." Folding the note again, she remarked: "I have proof of twenty-five similar refusals. You have passed that test, but, had you been critical in your examination of my remark, you would not thus have understood it; but the thoughts of you

men are always upon matrimony, and you judge others by yourselves."

Mr. Allen smiled. Evidently Fanny would take her own time to answer his question, and her own way also.

"My second test," continued Fanny, "is the power to command my obedience; and the third, proof that you can keep a secret. Neither has been proved; but," here the lady blushed, "you may tell your friends you have not been refused, and I will consider myself bound to fulfil any expectation such a statement may cause, on these conditions: Within six months you are to pass my second test, and, during that time, no one is to suspect, through word or act of yours, our present relations; and your three tests must not be disclosed."

To this Allen agreed, adding: "I now fulfil the promise to inform you within twenty-four hours after my decision should be declared. I am conditionally engaged to Miss Fanny Ellison."

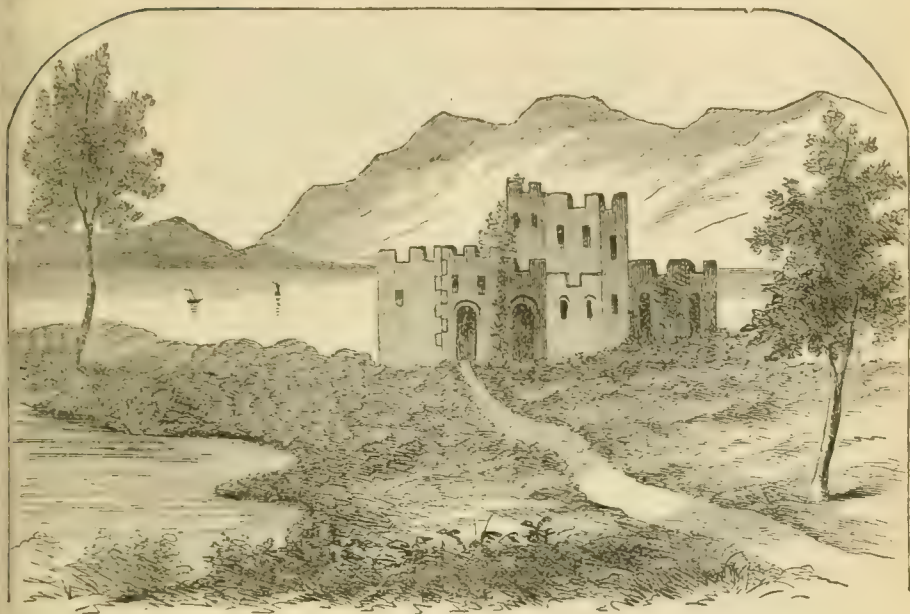
I presume, reader, there was some more nonsense uttered; but as they alone are responsible for it, let it pass. Allen faithfully kept his promise; and the next year Mrs. St. Simon omitted her usual Twelfth-night party to attend the reception of Mrs. Frank Allen; then, and not till then, did Mr. Allen make known his three tests or requirements: "A common sense and true dignity, which would not be embarrassed by the knowledge that he sought a wife; a sympathy with his great dislike of French phrases in English conversation; and, not least, the good sense to appreciate his good qualities sufficiently to accept his preference."

BEAUTIFUL THINGS.—Beautiful things are suggestive of a purer and higher life, and fill us with a mingled love and fear. They have a graciousness that wins us, and an excellence to which we involuntarily do reverence. If you are poor, yet pure and modestly aspiring, keep a vase of flowers on your table, and they will help to maintain your dignity, and secure for you consideration and delicacy of behavior.

INDUSTRY.—If industry is no more than habit it is at least an excellent one. "If you ask me which is the real hereditary sin of human nature, do you imagine I shall answer, pride or luxury, or ambition, or egotism? No; I shall say indolence. Who conquers indolence will conquer all the rest." Indeed, all good principles must stagnate without mental activity.

LESSONS IN MOSS PAINTING.

BY C. E.



AFTER the picture is sketched, and all the outlines plainly drawn, procure a small quantity of light blue paint; it can be procured at any paint-shop already prepared for use. With a fine brush put the paint where the sky is to be; put it on smoothly, then set it away where no dust can settle on it, and let it remain until it is dry. The upper part of the sky should be darker in color than the lower. If clouds are made, procure tubes of flake white, Naples yellow, vermilion, and ivory black. Light fleecy clouds are made by working in Naples yellow tipped with white. Dark clouds are made by mixing a small quantity of black and white, and, after making them the right shape, tip the edges with Naples yellow. To make a sunset scene, put blue upon the upper part of the sky, and Chinese vermilion, Naples yellow and white, mixed, upon the lower part; then with a brush blend the lower and upper paint together until you can scarcely tell where the blue leaves off and the red commences. A sunset scene is more difficult, and requires more patience, but is beautiful when nicely done.

There are also two other ways of making the sky. One is to procure a sheet of marble-

board and glue it to book-board, and then make the sky with colored crayons, after sketching the picture as before directed. Or, paste Bristol board or thick drawing paper upon the book-board and paint with water-colors. Those that understand painting in water-colors, or with crayons, will perhaps find this the easiest manner of making the sky, and it looks nearly as well as when done with oil paints.

WATER.—The water should be made to look as though it reflected what was above it. For large rivers, oceans, or lakes, paint with the same colors that are used for the sky. For a pond, or stagnant pool of water, the colors should be made darker with ivory black, except where small patches of sunshine are represented, when a little Naples yellow may be added. Such small bodies of water should be shaded around the edges with dark green, made of yellow ochre and black. Ripples and waves are made by small streaks of white. The under color should be dry before any of the shadows are added.

Nature should be studied in this matter, and almost every one has noticed that where water is shaded by trees and bushes, it looks almost black, and where the shadow is from a building

or boat, it partakes in a great measure the same color of the object which makes the shadow.

The sky and water are the most difficult parts of a moss picture; when these are satisfactorily painted, the rest will be easily accomplished.

MOUNTAINS.—Procure a quantity of fine sand of several different shades. Take out all small stones, bits of wood, or other impurities; this can be done by sifting it through a wire-sieve, taking care to keep the different colors separate. Bluish gray sand is best for the mountains, dark reddish brown for rocks, and a lighter color, more of yellow tint, for roads. Take a small brush and put a thin coat of glue (Spalding's prepared) on the surface where you wish mountains, roads, rocks, and small places that are intended for the beach of the ocean, etc. Be careful, in putting on the glue, to keep the outlines true. Take the sand and cover thickly the places that are covered with glue. Be careful and select the lightest colored sand for the most distant mountains, using darker colors on the foreground. Put the picture aside until the glue has sufficient time to dry, when the loose particles of sand can be shaken off. Mountains look well with the tops made of a lighter colored sand than that used for the base; but care must be taken in mixing it, so that there shall be no distinct dividing line between the light and dark sand. Some would, perhaps, prefer to paint the mountains. If painted, they should be a very bright, grayish purple.

CASTLES, ETC.—All buildings, such as castles, ruins, windmills, bridges, huts, and houses should be made of bark.

To procure the bark, go into the forest and find a birch-tree; one that has been dead a short time is best. Take a knife and peel off as large pieces as possible. Birch bark is the best, but elm bark will do, if it can be procured of the right thickness. The birch bark should be of a rich, dark reddish brown on the inside. After procuring your bark and scraping off all moss, rotten wood, and other imperfections, cut it with the scissors to the shape you have planned for your castle. Each different or separate part of the castle should be formed of separate pieces of bark. Much taste can be displayed in arranging the different shades of the bark, fitting the light and dark together in such a manner that a part of the building looks as though it stood in the sunshine, while the rest lay in the shadow.

After the bark is cut and prepared, place it between two smooth boards, and put weights

upon it until perfectly flat and smooth. Then put glue upon the outside (light colored side), place the different pieces where they belong, and put a weight upon them until they are dry. After the bark is nicely glued, paint the windows and doors with ivory black.

If a person can use paints well, the castle may be shaded with burnt umber and raw sienna. These directions are for bridges and buildings of all kinds.

BODIES OF TREES.—Take a piece of old rope (new rope will not do, being too light colored) and thoroughly untwist it; saturate it well with glue, press out all the superfluous moisture, and then place it upon the bodies of the trees already marked. The strands can be divided at the top to form limbs. If the rope is carefully untwisted, it will be easy to place it in the right position. Care should be taken that the bodies of trees are not drawn too straight, as that gives a stiff, awkward look to the whole picture.

Another method is to procure branches of hemlock, strip off the leaves, and glue them on for the bodies; or take elm bark and form the body of the tree with the fibres, nicely glued. The picture must now remain undisturbed until the glue is dry.

HOPES.

BY E. CONWELL SMITH.

ALL day hath my soul been filling
With musical echoes of thought;
I would they had lingered forever,
Such beautiful fancies they wrought.
All day, for the shadowy future,
I've braided bright garlands of hope;
All day I've been gathering roses,
To brighten life's snow-covered slope.

I gathered the bright buds that faded
In sorrow's weird shadows away,
And woke them to life by the magic
That breathe: from Hope's beautiful ray;
I gathered the tears that were trembling
In Memory's mystical cup,
And twined them in Hope's blessed sunlight,
Whose radiance swallowed them up.

I've woven a mantle of gladness,
And hidden my heart in its fold,
Yet still I go mournfully backward
To paths I have trodden of old.
I knelt at the shrine of the buried,
And saw their sweet faces again;
My burden of sorrow was lightened,
Hope bore away half of its pain.

Oh, life hath such beautiful treasures,
Such jewels of light and of love;
And hearts that have grown faint and weary
May hope for their resting above.

ESTHER THORNE.

BY MRS. DUNLAP.

ESTHER THORNE knew little of the gayety and freedom of childhood. She was the only daughter of a family of five children, but, instead of being on that account more petted than she otherwise would have been, it only seemed to make her more the slave of her bustling mother, and noisy, tyrannical brothers. Had there been two girls, their united wills would have made a stand to resist the encroachments made on their rights by their selfish and unthinking relatives; but poor Esther toiled and suffered alone. Her father was a stern man, who seldom noticed his children except to command them; and, although Esther loved him tenderly, yet her fear of him caused her almost to shrink from his presence. Her mother was a busy housewife, entirely occupied with providing for the temporal wants of her family. This world satisfied her, and after she had accomplished what she called a good day's work, she knew no unsatisfied want, such as a mind unfed brings to its possessor. The only talent she valued was the talent for labor; and she mourned unceasingly over Esther's strong taste for reading, as she was convinced it would only render her worthless if persevered in. What could such a woman know of the quiet yet intellectual Esther, whose love for reading seemed ever unsatisfied? Mrs. Thorne, although she had great pride in her boisterous sons, and a certain maternal feeling for Esther, yet never seemed to think she needed rest or play, and was constantly hurrying her from one task to another from morning till night.

With an active, eager, and naturally firm mind, forced into such uncongenial ways, serious evils followed to Esther's disposition. So strong had been the hand of parental authority over her, that her native traits of character had never shown themselves. She had a will strong even to stubbornness; it had never yet been roused to activity, but it caused her by degrees to neglect her tasks, if not closely watched, and steal away to indulge herself in her favorite occupation. The chidings of her mother, too, at her persistence in what she called Esther's idle ways, came at last to be sullenly taken as a matter of course.

As Esther had few books of her own, she borrowed, and read indiscriminately everything

that could be found in her circle of acquaintance; and among these there were, unfortunately, many romances of the old style, and as Esther was too young to see the absurdity of many of these tales of devotion, she drank them all in as truth. She began by admiring the heroines, but ended by making herself one, and by the aid of fancy placing herself in their positions.

Her natural reserve and lack of intimate friends of her own age strengthened this tendency so much, that she soon acquired the habit of living in a world of her own that she created in her own thoughts. In this world no one ever chided her, and there was no labor; all was made up of just such love and kindness as her heart yearned for. Gradually her thoughts took one form. She was some day to meet, and that in no ordinary manner, the hero of her dreams, who was to know her as she fancied she knew herself, and who would at once remove her from her uncongenial home to one of his own, where, in the sunshine of his affections, her chilled heart would expand, and life henceforth would be one long day of happiness. Then she was to have leisure to cultivate her taste for study, and when the temptations to wrong-doing were removed, she was to be so good!

This hero, Esther ever thought of as one far exceeding in beauty and excellence any person she had ever seen; and she never once thought of the improbability of such a person, if he even existed, fancying such a shy, homely person as herself. It made such an agreeable variety in her toilsome way of life to build these air-castles while doing the daily work she so much detested, that Esther never stopped to question whether it were a profitable kind of employment or not.

Thus passed year after year of Esther's life until she reached the age of fifteen, when a change took place in her circumstances. Her mother suddenly died, and a sister of Mr. Thorne came to preside over his household; who, being a woman of intelligence, at once understood enough of Esther's mind to sympathize with her, and it was through her influence that Mr. Thorne was induced to send her away to school. Here her zeal and perseverance were such, that she soon stood among the best pu-

pils, and she found herself quite unexpectedly the object of both admiration and envy ; and if some egotism mingled with the natural pride she felt at her progress, what wonder was it ?

But the neglects of her early years, that Esther had so keenly felt, had left too deep an impression on her sensitive nature to be easily erased ; and Esther, though very much liked, still had no intimate friend, and remained plain and unattractive. Knowing herself to be gifted in mind, she gradually came to despise the little arts of dress that would have rendered her plainness less conspicuous. Her lack of knowledge of the world also caused her to think herself better than those who had fewer gifts of mind. Her habit of living in dreamland had become fixed. She was satisfied that no common husband could make her happy ; and as years passed on after her return home, and she saw one after another of her young acquaintances marry and seem happy and contented, Esther smiled with contempt at their commonplace ideas of life.

But at last Esther loved, and, as many another woman has done before, she invested the object of her choice with all the qualities which her ideal lover possessed. What she wished to see in him, with the self-deception of inexperienced love, she saw. To uninterested observers, John Fielding was merely a sensible, good man, but by no means brilliant, and who despised romance or rather sentiment with all his heart. He was quite elated at his success in winning the fastidious Miss Thorne, and if he differed from her frankly expressed thoughts of what married life should be, he did not think it necessary to tell her so ; and so Esther married, firmly believing that she could now rest in the love her strong heart desired.

But, alas for Esther, she had fixed her hopes on an unstable foundation. Her complete isolation in her early years from those of her own age had not taught her how nearly alike are the feelings of every woman's heart. She thought herself alone in her longing for a more perfect union of sentiment than is usually found in married life, nor did she know how many a woman must see the gilded visions of girlhood fade away, and stern reality fill up the picture. Her observation of the world, after she reached the years of womanhood, had failed to correct her falsely conceived ideas of life, and consequently, after a few months, when Esther began to find that her husband was merely an ordinary mortal, and prized her as much for her housekeeping qualities as for her gifts of mind, that he loved his own will better

than he did hers, and did not anticipate what would give her pleasure, as he did in the days of his wooing, her heart sunk back in dark disappointment, and she almost forgot the worth of his real manly qualities, and ceased to prize, as she should, his genuine affection, because his actions did not shadow it forth as her exacting disposition required. When she found that she had not known him wholly from the first, she charged him with the deception she had practised on herself.

Had Mr. Fielding died after Esther had learned to love him, and before her ideas had been rudely swept away, she would have mourned for him faithfully all her life, but she could not see him as he really was, and adapt herself to the change. To those who do not know how much a woman's life is of the affections this story will have no meaning, for outwardly Esther had everything to make her happy—a home of comfort and taste, and a husband who supplied her wants cheerfully, as far as he knew them, but who had not the gift to understand a woman as morbidly sensitive as Esther.

If he had known all the circumstances which had conspired to form and strengthen her habits of thought, he might have reasoned her into a healthier tone of mind ; but he looked at things at an entirely different stand-point from Esther's. His business cares engrossed his mind, and, happy himself, he could not see why Esther was not so too ; he did not trouble himself about the matter at all, but went his way indifferent to what he called Esther's fancies, while she returned to her old habits of reserve, thinking herself the most miserable of women.

Although she had now plenty of books and leisure to pursue her favorite studies, she was too sick at heart to take pleasure in them. If Esther's trouble was fanciful, it was at least founded upon the natural feeling of every woman's heart to be loved and cherished.

Thus passed away several years, spent by Esther in sullenly struggling with her discontent, and not even could the children that came to her chase away the dark cloud from her mind.

But all truly noble minds have a self-righting power which will sooner or later develop ; and Esther was too good and true to remain ever a prey to evil thoughts. She began to see at last that the world was better as it was than it would be if every person could live for his or her own selfish happiness. She began to have a solid respect for her husband, that he could

make himself an honorable name among men, instead of being satisfied with living on the smiles of the woman he loved, as she had once wished. She began to feel that she had a work to do herself, and, if her early neglect and its consequences had unfitted her to fill her station properly, that she must now make herself competent for it. By degrees the labor required of her in superintending her household, which she had from the first performed because she despised slackness, assumed a dignity in her eyes.

As Esther felt a new spirit animate her, she resolved valiantly to throw off the morbid state of mind which had so long possessed her; to strangle any heartaches she might feel for lack of being appreciated; and to find in doing her duty her highest pleasure. The struggle it had cost her to reach this point had been O how severe! but when she had reached it she felt that she had gained a victory.

Esther had just begun to find what great aids self-knowledge and self-reliance are to tranquillity when another change came, but not to her. Her husband, who had always been a prosperous business man, met with several heavy losses, some of them being particularly aggravating, being the result of misplaced confidence in professed friends.

No man, however firm he may be, no matter how much he may profess to the contrary, is above the want of sympathy at times, and how natural and manlike it was in Mr. Fielding to turn to Esther for comfort in his troubles, confident of her being ready to give it, as if he had not turned a deaf ear to her whenever he had chosen!

And Esther, true wife that she was, did not fail him, but soothed him to the best of her ability; and, as he had the utmost confidence in her discretion, it was a great relief to his feelings to rehearse to her his sources of irritation. But there was one thing about Esther, that he now began to perceive for the first time, that quite disconcerted him. Although she studied his wishes in every respect as usual, and sympathized with him whenever he opened his heart to her, yet she seemed to take his confidence and friendliness as coolly as if it were no longer necessary to her enjoyment. Now that it was gone, he missed and yearned for the old passionate warmth with which she used to greet him. The thought of her becoming indifferent to him he had once deemed impossible; but now, as he watched her day by day and saw that her calm manner was real, not assumed out of resentment, his heart felt

many a pang keener than it had ever known before. In truth, Esther had lavished her affection on him with such prodigality that the fountain of her heart was dry, and though her mind was active as ever, feeling seemed dead. If ever it should revive again depended on whether her husband should take the right means or not.

Happily for them both, Mr. Fielding was a man of warm heart as well as good sense, whose knowledge of woman was an undeveloped sense, as yet. His misunderstanding of Esther had not been so much a wilful disregard of her feelings as an ignorance of the workings of a sensitive heart. Now that he was tried, he found himself as weak as he had once thought her. But he did not stop to mourn over what he feared to be the loss of her love; earnestly yet tenderly he strove to win it back. He no longer thought it a stain on his manhood to manifest his feelings by little kindly acts, and he found to his astonishment that women prize these small attentions more than they do important benefits. With all his care and tenderness, it took him a long time to win Esther from her indifference, but when he did he prized her love as his most precious treasure.

It was a true and generous affection that grew out of the wreck of their former selfish regard for each other. Gradually they grew to be more alike in their tastes; Mr. Fielding lost some of his worldliness, and came to take pleasure in Esther's intellectual pursuits, and Esther learned, not only to love more wisely, but to set a proper value on the homely virtue of industry.

Now, in the enjoyment of the first substantial happiness she has ever known, Esther looks back on the past with a thoughtful eye, and strives so to understand and educate her own daughters that they may avoid her mistakes.

NOT ALL A WAIF.

BY W. S. GAFFNEY.

*Here all life's dreams are only quenched in sadness,
And hearts so formed for bliss are still unblest.*

THE calm, sweet, and beautiful face of a little innocent child always seems to us like the vision of an angel. Faces wreathed in rosy smiles, eyes beaming with the halcyon rays of youth, and hearts beating with the buoyancy of juvenescent expectation are truly a picture to dwell upon with emotions of heartfelt felicity. The day-god rises in regal splendor, auspicious of hope and happiness, and joy and hope buoy up the heart of truth and innocence. There is

also an Eden brightness in every eye that goes to the heart; a sweetness

Now here and now there, giving warmth as it flies
From the lips to the cheeks, and the cheeks to the eyes!

How beautiful is the infant smile of innocence! How beautiful is the Eden-tinted bud, seated upon the knee of her who bore it, and who loves it with all the tenderness of a mother's best affection! How beautiful is the cherub in the cradle! How beautiful is the guileless sports of innocence, like a lamb in the Saviour's bosom! Beautiful is an infant, any and everywhere. Beautiful in life; ay, beautiful in death! Innocence is beauty, and O that the loveliness of Eden-tinted buds might never come in contact with the nettles of this earth! O that the unconscious bliss of innocence might never be roused by the lyre of sin and defilement! Sweet is the sleep of innocence, and O that the windows of the soul might never ope to the reality of incarnate things, or the heart ever weep for the beauty of lost innocence! Alas, then, for the *slaughter of the innocents!*

Being apprised of the important charge that you have, parents, in the person of your offspring, do you cherish them in accordance with their excelsior worth! Ah, we fear not.

Many a sweet lip is kissed as it says "good-by," and many a love tear moistens the mother's eye as she bestows a heartfelt "God bless you!" upon her precious blossom, and sends it upon its mission to school. But does it ever occur to the mother's mind that she is at the same time sending her blossom into the poisonous atmosphere of death? O let us not thus slaughter the innocents who surround us, and for whose welfare parents are irrevocably responsible! Let us not prison them too closely in the school-room, nor, while providing for their mental culture, neglect their physical wants. Let them breathe the free atmosphere of heaven—the pure ether of life—and suffer them to romp and skip untrammelled among the beauties of nature, those beauties which, transient as they are, would seem to be their existing counterparts. Let us not slaughter the innocents in the school-room nor under the roofs of their own youthful homes. Death will come soon enough—alas! too soon in his advent into the bosom of many a happy home.

I know not of anything more delightful to witness than the full and joyous expression of conscious happiness; that pure, unclouded ray of light which seems to emanate from the soul, and which beams glowingly and tenderly in faith; like the rainbow on the cloud, it seems

to seal the promise of future happiness. But, alas! the "garland will fade, and so will the smile."

'Tis well that "coming events [do not always] cast their shadows before;" and 'tis well that mankind are not permitted to lift the veil of destiny and prognosticate the future—to know the day when the fiat of death may go forth, and the thunderbolts of misfortune fall from the hands of the destroying angel upon the fair brow of blooming innocence. To part with them under any circumstances is full of bitterness; but 'tis well that an Almighty Father has shielded the fate of bereavement from the foresight of mortals. When the day of trial does come, and the bud of promise is torn from the parent stem, meet your fate with a religious submission, for know that

"To bear is to conquer our fate."

Life is uncertain—death is sure—immortality is the reward. Parting must certainly come; and will not be less painful in its consummation, whether the severing come in the next hour, or whether it be delayed until years shall have measured out their lengthened existence. True is it that

"Man was made to mourn,"

and women also; and, oh! while we beseech you not to slaughter the innocents, do not rebel should an All-Wise and All-Merciful Father summon them into his presence for some good reason. Mothers of angels! give not way to despair. Love's bright, fair, most brilliant gems, though veiled from your eyes by the "valley of the shadow of death," are yet safe beyond the reach of blight and mildew. They are perennial flowers in a garden of everlasting innocence.

Let not the great citadel of the soul be shrouded with despondency, but let the spirit of Christianity console the dispensation of Providence in all bereavements.

"Behind the cloud the starlight lurks;
Through showers the sunbeams fall;
For God, who loveth all His works,
Has left His hope with all."

And while we have the pledges of love—the innocent heirs of a felicitous immortality in our midst—let us do our duty by them to the best of our ability; and, above all, let us not become accessory in the "slaughter of the innocents."

Nothing is ever well done in a small household if the master and mistress are ignorant of the mode in which it should be done.

NOVELTIES FOR MARCH.

JUVENILE FASHIONS.

Fig. 1.

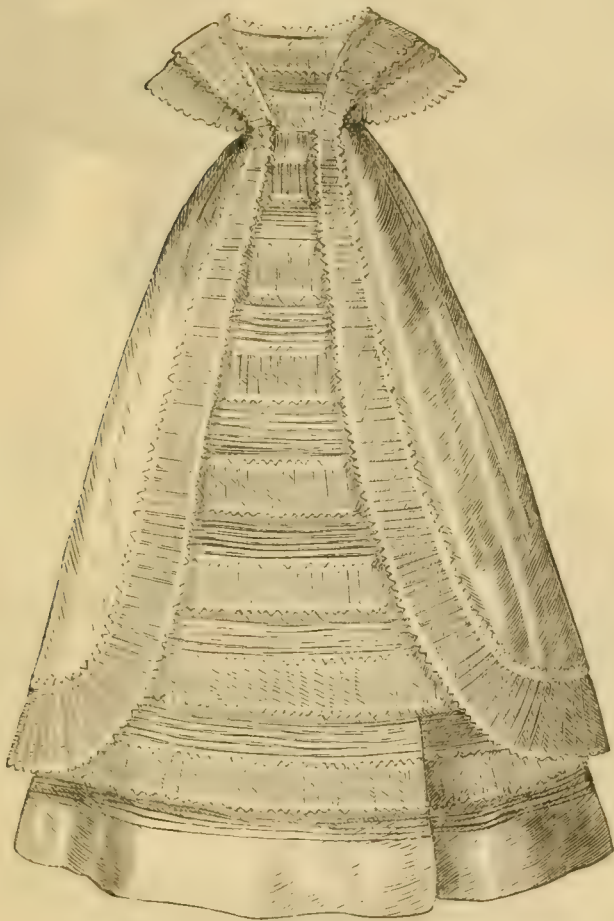


Fig. 1.—Christening robe, *en tablier* (apron fashion); the front breadth is trimmed across with alternate groups of fine tucks, and a quilled or fluted cambric ruffle, with a needle-worked scallop. The tunic has a trimming of the same, and forms revers each side of the waist. Sleeves to correspond. Many prefer inserting to alternate with the tucks, as it is less trouble in ironing.

Fig. 2.—Embroidered cambric dress for a child approaching short clothes; the sleeves are in a puff; the round yoke is covered by an embroidered bertha.

Fig. 3.—Dress of Chambray cambric, any pretty solid color. The skirt has two groups of plain bands, set on with a colored cord, the same color but a darker shade, and these bands have needle-worked scallops of the same. Straight waist, in flat plaits.

Fig. 4.—Poplin dress, with a peasant chemisette of cambric; the dress trimmed with a ribbon ruche.

Fig. 5.—A very serviceable apron pattern, in fine bird's-eye, with worked cambric ruffles, or simple edging.

Fig. 3.

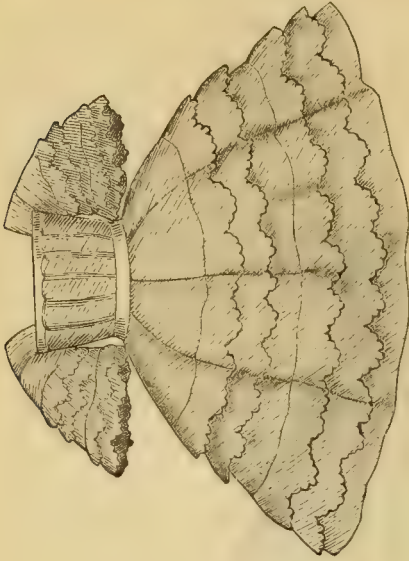


Fig. 4.

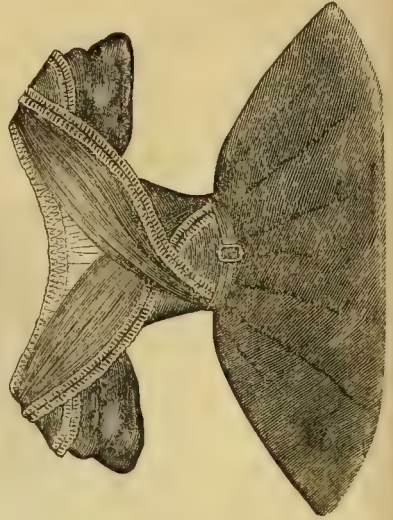


Fig. 2.

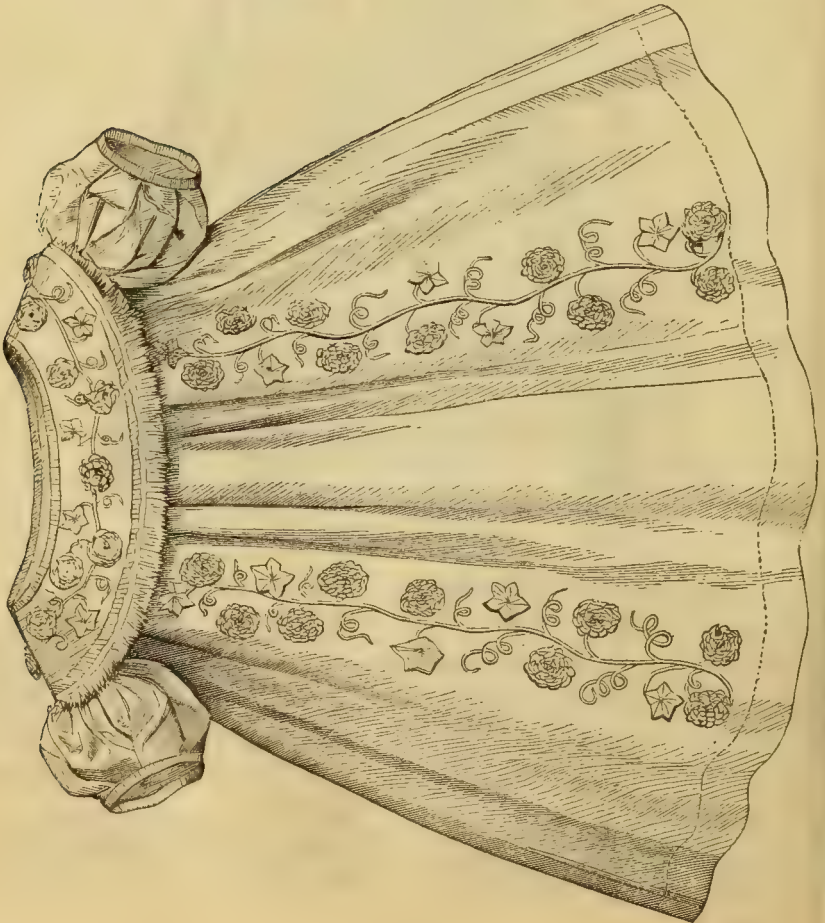


Fig. 5.



Fig. 6.

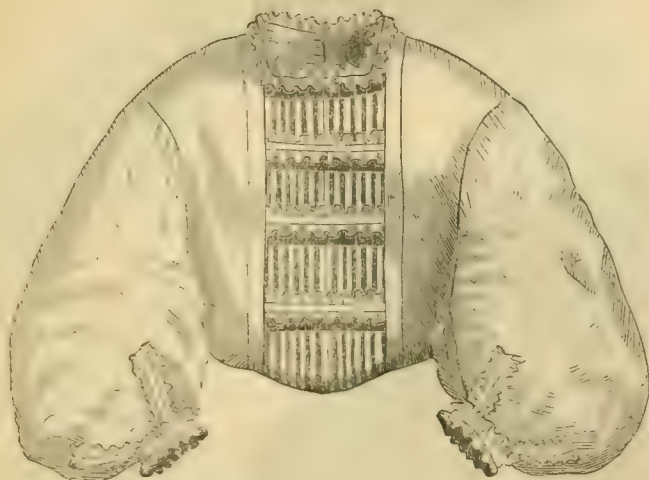


Fig. 6.—Shirt for Zouave jacket; square neck, trimmed with fluted ruffle. The bosom is formed of plaits and small ruffles fluted.

Fig. 7.—Bertha made of thin muslin, and

trimmed with puffs, with rows of black velvet between them. The lower part of the bertha is cut in waves, edged with a worked ruffle, and on each wave is a black velvet rosette.

Fig. 7.

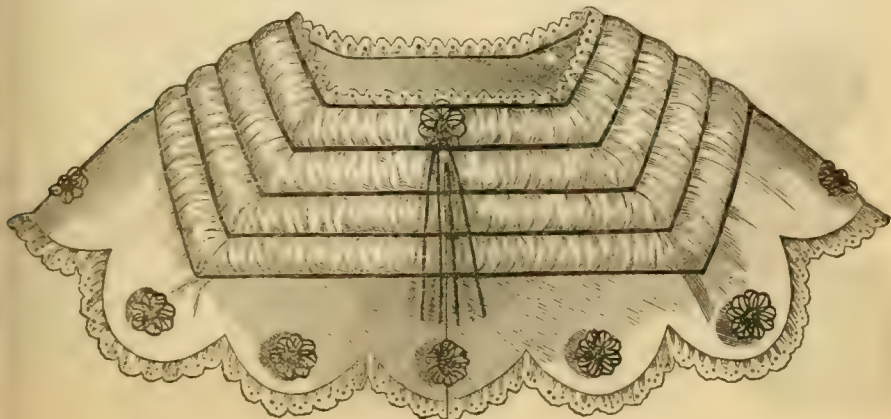


Fig. 8.

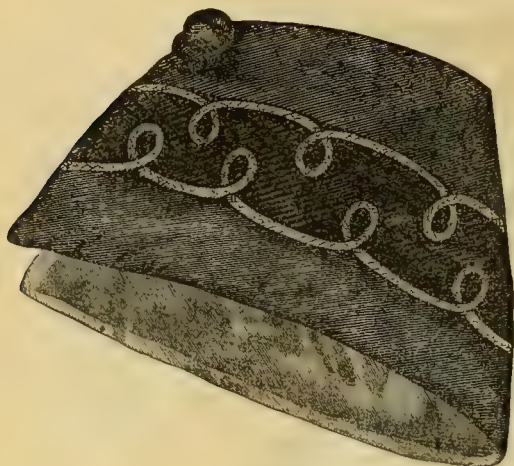


Fig. 8.—Gauntlet cuff for top of glove; made of black silk, with velvet inserted, and braided with gold braid.

Fig. 9.



Fig. 9.—Neck-tie of green silk; the part going under the collar is cut to fit the neck; the ends are embroidered with gold braid, and trimmed with black lace.

Fig. 10.



Fig. 10.—Tie of cherry silk, cut the same as Fig. 9; ends embroidered with gold braid, and spotted with gold beads.

Fig. 11.

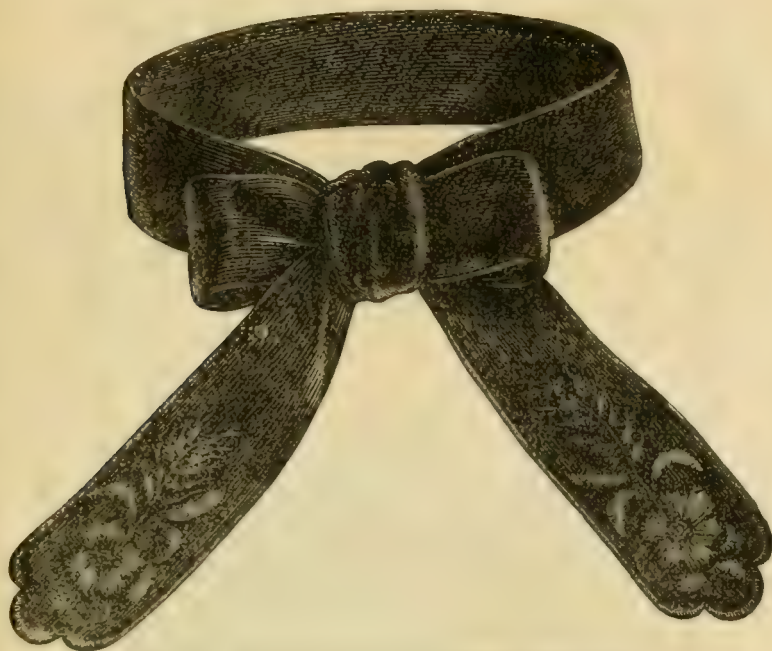
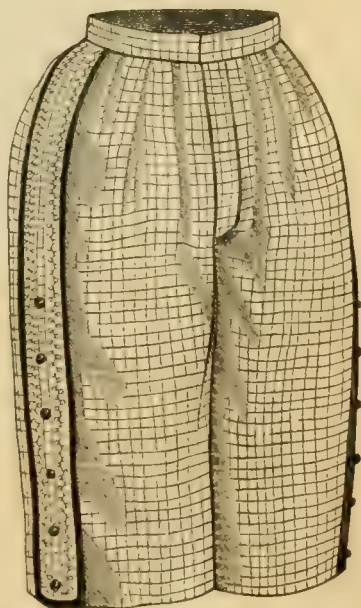
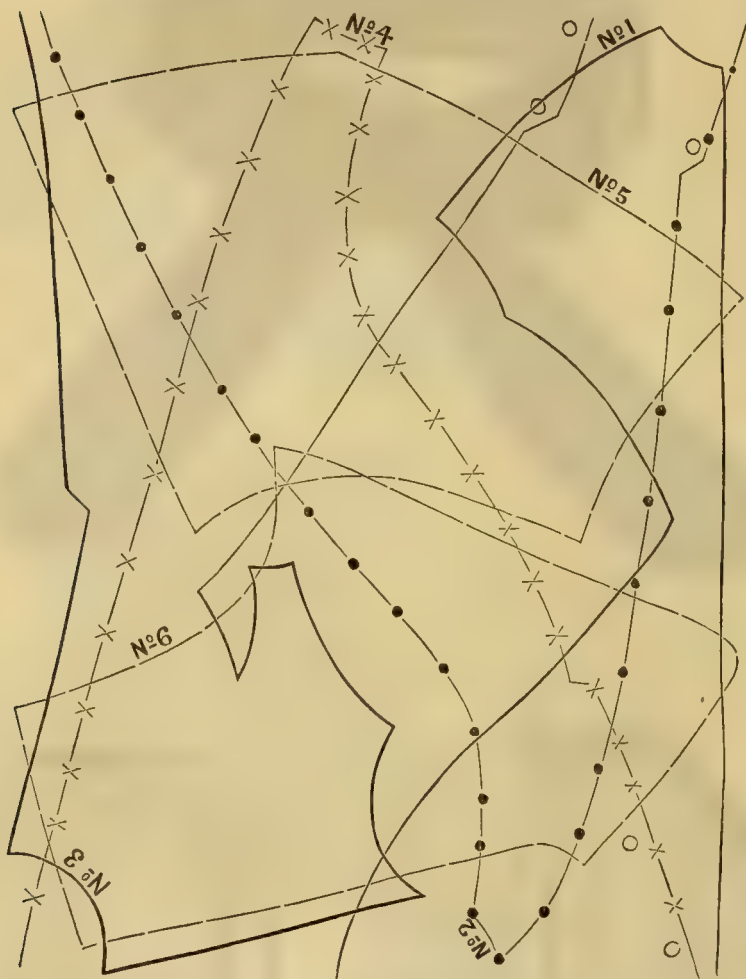


Fig. 11.—Neck-tie of velvet, with embroidered ends.

THE GARIBALDI SUIT.



IMPERIAL BASQUINE FOR A LADY.



This garment, for winter, is made of stout cloth or velvet; for summer, thin cloth or silk. When made of cloth it has a pretty binding or narrow velvet turned over the edge; when silk, it is trimmed with guipure and has velvet buttons.

The skirt of the side-piece of the back laps over on the skirt of the back, so as to form a plait like that seen in men's coats. At regular intervals, large buttons like the trimming fasten the two skirts together. The sides remain open, but require a trimming similar to that of the back.

In front, the skirt laps over on the side-piece

and offers the same repetition of trimming as the skirt of the back.

No. 1. Back. Half a yard in length and width to be added to the pattern.

No. 2. Side-piece of back. Add 10 inches in length and 12 in breadth.

No. 3. Front. Add 17 inches in length, 26 inches in width. It is fastened by large buttons.

No. 4. Side-piece of front. Add 8 inches in length, and 26 inches in width.

No. 5. Under side of sleeve.

No. 6. Upper side of sleeve. It is to be trimmed like the skirt.

WHAT-NOT.—BRAIDED IN A NEW STYLE.



Materials.—A piece of fine green cloth, stamped according to the engraving, for the back and front of the What-not; one piece of gold-colored Russia silk braid, one piece of crimson purse silk, four yards cord (gold and green), and four tassels to match.

THERE are two novelties in this pretty what-not: one is the shape, which is extremely elegant; the other is the mode of braiding, which is done, not by taking the stitches through the soutache, but across it at regular distances, with silk of a contrasting color. It is thus possible to harmonize three colors in the same article; and, indeed, the work quite loses the appearances of ordinary braiding. The ends of the braid must be drawn through to the wrong side of the cloth as usual.

It is afterwards to be made up, over stout card-board, and lined with crimson or gold-colored silk. There is a plain piece at each end, the back and front being about two inches apart. The lining should be set on in plaits here and there. The bottom has a layer of wadding under the silk, and the edges are finished with silk cord. One pair of tassels hang from the cord by which it is suspended; the other two are placed at the corners in front.

The colors selected should be such as will suit the room. Brown cloth with gold-colored braid will always look well, whether crossed with green, crimson, scarlet, or blue.

This style of braiding may be employed for any other purpose with excellent effect.

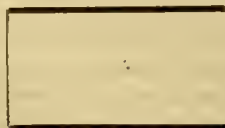
A NETTED D'OYLEY.



Materials.—Cotton, No. 12; steel mesh, No. 12.

BEGIN with one stitch, and increase every row till you have forty-six stitches. Net one row without any increase, and then reverse it, and decrease it by taking two together at the end of the row. Before darning the pattern, let the square be washed and stiffened.

For the Border: With a flat mesh the following size :



net three into every one ; then, with a smaller round mesh, net two rows all round. They should be darned with knitting cotton, No. 20, and care taken to fill the holes well in, as they wash much better.

BRIDAL PINCUSHION.

(See engraving, page 199.)

THE materials of which the bridal pincushion is formed must be either white satin or white watered silk, and two sorts of small beads. Commence by cutting a strip of card-board two inches wide and fifteen inches long ; form this into a ring, and cover it with the satin well stretched. Then take some of the fine wire used for making artificial flowers, and some small beads, and thread a sufficient length to form a loop or leaf. Fasten this down at its stalk end with a few stitches, and thread a second loop of the different beads as much smaller as will allow of its being placed within the first, so as to form a double loop. Continue this in the way shown in the engraving, until a sufficient length is done for one-quarter of the circle, which must have had a mark placed on

each of its quarters before commencing the bead-work. Having completed the four divisions of the wreath, make the four flowers, and attach them in their respective places. A row of larger beads may or may not be carried through the centre of this leaf-work, according to taste; but if the stitches which fasten down the wire should happen to show, it will be an advantage to insert them. This being done, a round cushion of white calico or linen must be made to fit the interior of the circle, and raised up in the inside, and a round of card-board sewn in for the bottom. All this being done, another round of card-board must be taken for the stand, sufficiently large for the pincushion to be placed in the centre, and leave two inches clear, all round, on which a similar row of leaves and flowers is to be worked; after which it is to be lined and have short loops of beads carried all round its edge, as a border, one overlapping the other. The cushion must then be placed in the exact middle of the mat, and strongly tied down by means of a mattress-needle brought through from underneath, looped through a bead-flower previously prepared, returned down again through the cushion, and the two ends finally tied together. The beads employed may be white, both opaque and transparent, pearl, gold, silver, or steel; and with any combination of these a most elegant article may be produced, well worthy of its name of the "Bridal Pincushion."

BRAIDED SLIPPER.

(See engraving, page 260.)

Materials.—Velvet or cloth, with gold, silver, or Russian silk braid.

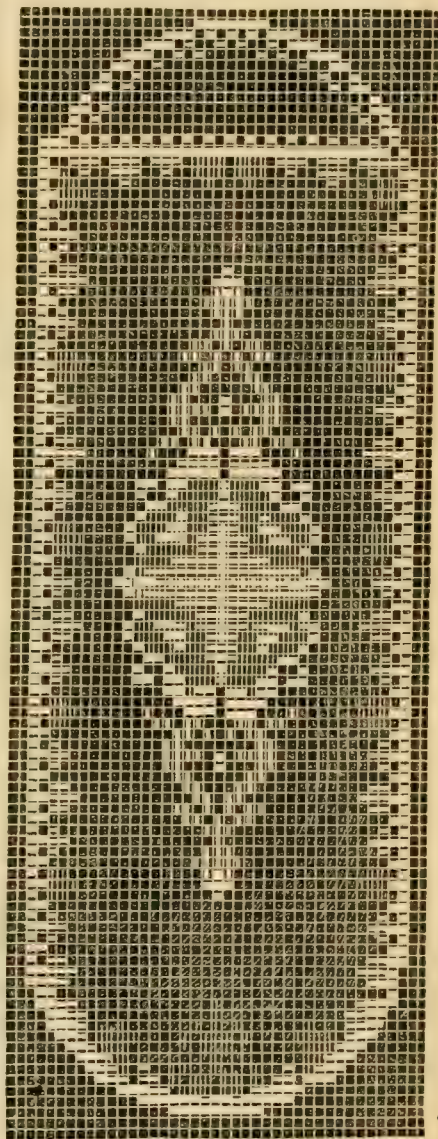
This design, though simple, will be found very effective. The slipper may be marked either in the French style (the fronts and sides separate), or joined at the heel.

It would be extremely pretty worked in chain-stitch, with shaded silk, and with an outline of gold thread.

SPECTACLE CASE.

This little article is to be worked on fine silk canvas with floss silks in tent-stitch. This will prevent the necessity of filling in the ground, and it also leaves the design more distinct when it is worked. The centre cross is in three colors, a little star in the middle is four white stitches with one gray in the centre. Round it there are eight stitches in rich dark crimson; the

four straight lines in the middle of the cross are in lighter crimson; round these four lines the cross is enlarged by two rows of bright blue stitches, in two shades. The six little stars around are in two shades of crimson. The remainder of the scroll pattern round the cross is in grays, shaded with black, the lightest parts being worked in white. The little pattern which is carried round the edge is in alternate blue and scarlet, with the rows nearest the edge in black. This will be found, when worked, a pretty effective arrangement of colors. When



the two sides are completed, they must be lined with crimson silk, and joined together afterwards. The stitches are to be hid with a row of small beads, either white, steel, or gold. The case is closed at the bottom and left open at the top.

LUTE PINCUSHION.

THIS little article is made in the following simple way: Cut two pieces of card-board to the shape given, cover them with colored velvet or satin, lay a small spot of black velvet on the one intended for the front, and fasten it down with a few stitches in silk. Then take some fine gold thread, and make the long stitches to represent the strings of the lute; sew the two pieces together, attach a bow to the end, stitch a row of pins all round, and the little article will be completed.

KNITTED ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS.

WHITE GARDEN LILY.

Six petals, six stamens, one pistil, are required to form each flower; two knitting-needles, No. 19, and a skein of superfine white Shetland wool.

Cast on four stitches.

1st row.—Slip one, purl two, knit one.

2d.—Make one, purl one, knit two, purl one.

3d.—Make one, knit one, purl two, knit two.

4th.—Make one, purl two, knit two, purl two.

5th.—Make one, knit two, purl two, knit two, purl one.

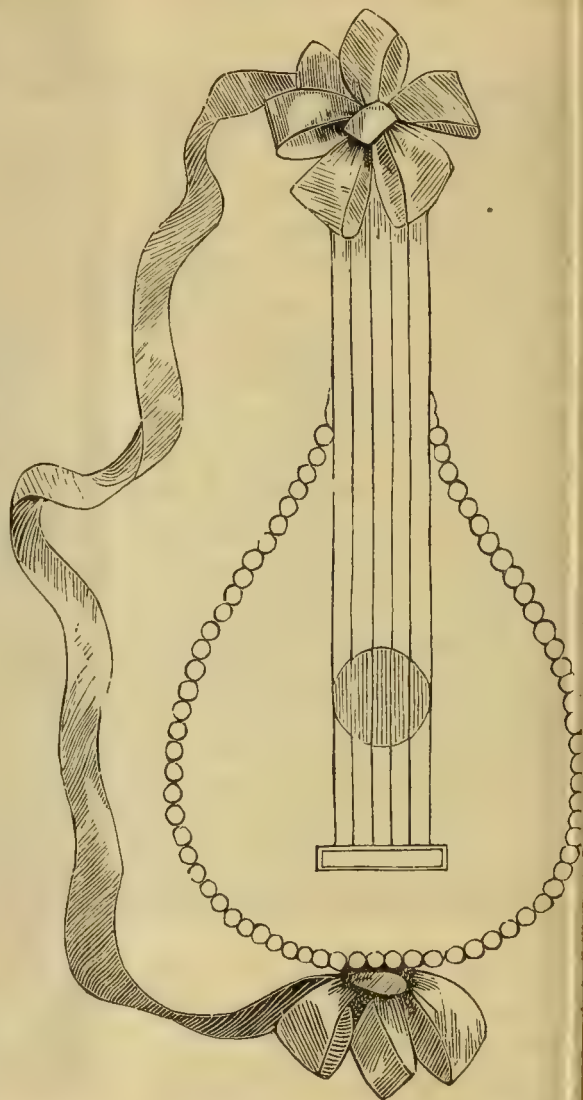
6th.—Make one, knit one, purl two, knit two, purl two, knit one.

7th.—Make one, purl one, knit two, and purl two alternately to the end of the row.

8th.—Make one, knit two, purl two alternately to the end of row.

9th.—Make one, purl two, knit two to end of row; knit last stitch plain.

LUTE PINCUSHION.



10th.—Make one, purl two, knit two to end of row; purl the last stitch.

11th.—Make one, knit one, knit and purl two alternately to the end of row.

You will now have fourteen inches, making seven ribs; continue these seven ribs until you have knitted a length of three inches from the beginning of the work. Break off the wool leaving a bit long enough to thread a rug needle with; with this needle take up seven stitches which you must fasten off; then the other seven, and fasten in the same way, which com-

letes one petal. Take a piece of fine wire sufficiently long to leave a small bit at the end for stalk, and sew it neatly round the edge of the petal with white wool, which will make it in form.

Pistil.—Cut a length of wire of about eight inches, fold a bit of green Berlin wool in six, and split in two another bit of the same wool, place this lengthwise with the other wool, and place the wire across the wool, fold the wire down, and twist it as tightly as possible, thus enclosing the wool; turn down the shortest end of the split wool, and twist the longest round the wire, so as to cover them evenly; fasten the wool with a slip-knot at the end of the stem. Cut off a part of the green wool at the top, so as to leave merely a neat little tuft of wool at the end of the wire.

Stamens are made in the same way as the pistil, merely using yellow Berlin wool instead of green, and covering the stem with white instead of green. Place one stamen with every petal, twisting the wires of both together. The pistil is to be placed in the centre of the flowers when made up. Sew the petals together, leaving them open about an inch at the top, as neatly as possible, and draw them close at the bottom, twisting the stems together.

Buds.—Several buds are required; the large ones are of a very pale shade of green, the smaller ones of rather deeper color. They look best in double knitting, and should be done in different sizes from twelve to twenty stitches. Knit about an inch of these different widths, and open them like a little bag. Take a piece of coarse wire, double some common wool about the thickness of your finger, put it across the wire, which must be folded down and twisted very tight; put this wool into the little bag, and gather the stitches of the bud at the top, catching the wire with your needle to fasten it.

This will form the shape of the bud; fasten the stitches also at the bottom, and cover the stem with green wool split in two.

Leaves.—Different shades and sizes are required. Begin them all at the top, casting on four stitches; they look best in double knitting, without putting the wool twice round the needle; increase one stitch every second or third row, till you have eight stitches for the smallest, and sixteen for the largest size. Continue to knit without increase, till the leaf is the required length. The longest should be about a finger length, the smaller in proportion. The longest must be placed at the bottom of the stem when making up.

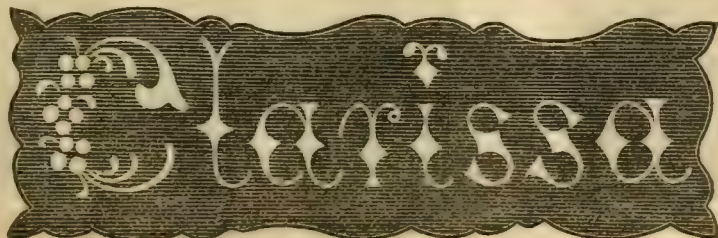
To finish a leaf, pull your needle out, and thread a rug needle with the wool, and pass it through the stitches so, as to form a little bag, into which you must insert a bit of double wire; catch this at the top or sides to fix it, and it will keep the leaf in shape. Draw the wool tight on while the stitches are threaded, and twist the wool at bottom round the little stem.

The next operation consists in mounting the branch. Begin at the top with the smallest bud, round the stem of which some green wire must be twisted. Fix it at the top of a piece of bonnet wire, the length required for the long stem; continue to twist the wool round, and thus fasten the second bud, and the rest in the same way, at very small intervals. The flowers are fastened in a similar manner, according to taste, adding the leaves as needed.

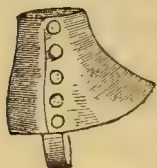
Six buds, three flowers, and eight or ten leaves, form a beautiful branch.

Although the petals of the lily can be made up with the wool as it is, they look much better if, after being knitted, they are washed with a little blue in the water, and quickly dried, before the wire is put round them.

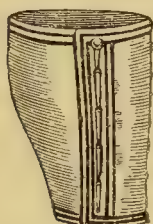
NAME FOR MARKING.



CHILD'S GAITER, TO BE MADE
OF CLOTH OR VELVET.



CHILD'S LEGGING FOR CLOTH OR
VELVET.



PLAIN MORNING SLIP FOR AN INFANT.

TO BE MADE OF BRILLIANT.



CHILD'S GARIBALDI.

MADE OF VELVET CLOTH, BOUND AND TRIMMED WITH A BRIGHT
COLORED SILK.



NAME FOR MARKING.



Receipts, &c.

SOUPS.

A COMMON camp-kettle will be found an excellent utensil for making soup, as the lid is heavy, and will keep in the steam. An earthen pipkin or jar, if of a long and narrow make, widening a little in the centre, is, perhaps, one of the best vessels for soups, and universally used by foreign cooks, who insist "that it renders the gravy more clear and limpid, and extracts more flavor from the meat than when made in tin or copper."

WHITE SOUP—Take a good knuckle of veal or two or three short shanks; boil it in four quarts of water about six hours, with some whole white pepper, a little mace, six, two onions, and a small piece of lean ham; strain it, and when cold take off all the fat and sediment, beat up six yolks of eggs, and mix them with a pint of cream; then pour the boiling soup upon it. Boil the cream before putting it in the soup.

VEAL SOUP—Skin four pounds of a knuckle of veal; wash it and cut it small; put it into a stewpan with two gallons of water; when it boils skim it, and let it simmer till reduced to two quarts; strain and season with white pepper, salt, a little mace, a dessertspoonful of lemon-juice, and thicken it with a large tablespoonful of flour, kneaded with an ounce of butter.

CHICKEN SOUP—Season two quarts of strong veal broth with two onions, a bunch of parsley, salt, and pepper; strain it, and have ready a chicken, cut in joints and skinned, put it in the broth with a tablespoonful of curry powder; boil the chickens till quite tender. A little before serving add the juice of a lemon and a teaspoonful of boiling cream. Serve boiled rice to eat with this soup. Always boil cream before putting it in soup or gravy.

HARICOT SOUP—Cut some mutton cutlets from the neck; wash and fry them of a light brown; stew in brown gravy soup till tender. Have ready some carrots, turnips, celery, and onions; fry them in butter for some time, and clear the soup from the fat; then add the vegetables, color it, and thicken it with butter and flour; season, and add to it a little port wine and catsup. If the gravy be ready, the soup will require no more time to prepare than may be necessary to render the chops and vegetables tender, and is an excellent family dish. It is wished to be made more highly flavored, put in a little curry powder.

SOUP FOR AN INVALID—Cut in small pieces one pound of beef or mutton, or part of both, boil it gently in two quarts of water; take off the scum, and when reduced to a pint strain it. Season with a little salt, and take a teaspoonful at a time.

CHICKEN SOUP—Cut up a large fowl, and boil it well in milk and water, thicken with cream, butter, and flour. Add vegetables of different kinds cut in small pieces, such as potatoes, turnips, the heart of cabbage, one or two onions, celery, etc., with thyme, parsley, Cayenne, black pepper, and mace. Boil all together, and just before you dish it add wine, or a little lemon-juice, and salt to your taste.

SHIRAZ OF BEEF SOUP—Put on the shin at 7 o'clock in the morning to boil, at 9 o'clock add the vegetables; take a large head of cabbage cut fine, twelve carrots cut small, five or six turnips, two or three potatoes, two onions roasted in hot ashes, and, if tomatoes are in sea-

son, add two or three. Put in thyme, parsley, black pepper, salt, allspice, and a little mace.

When you serve take out the meat first, and, with a skimmer, take from the bottom the thick part of the vegetables; mash them to a pulp, and pour on them the more liquid part. Serve the meat separately in a dish. This soup is excellent the second day, if kept quite sweet. Some people add mushrooms, parsnips, etc.

PEPPER-POT—Stew gently in four quarts of water till reduced to three, three pounds of beef, half a pound of lean ham, a bunch of dried thyme, two onions, two large potatoes pared and sliced; then strain it through a colander, and add a large fowl, cut into joints and skinned, half a pound of pickled pork, sliced, the meat of one lobster, minced, and some small suet dumplings the size of a walnut. When the fowl is well boiled, add half a peck of spinach that has been boiled and rubbed through a colander; season with salt and Cayenne. It is very good without the lean ham and fowl.

PORTABLE SOUP—Put on, in four gallons of water, ten pounds of a shin of beef, free from fat and skin, six pounds of a knuckle of veal, and two fowls; break the bones, and cut the meat into small pieces; season with one ounce of whole black pepper, quarter of an ounce of Jamaica pepper, and the same of mace; cover the pot very closely, and let it simmer for twelve or fourteen hours, and then strain it. The following day take off the fat, and clear the jelly from any sediment adhering to it; boil it gently upon a stove without covering the saucepan, and stir it frequently till it thickens to a strong glue. Pour it into broad tin pans, and put it in a cool oven. When it will take the impression of a knife, score it in equal squares, and hang it in a south window, or near a stove. When dry, break it at the scores. Wrap it in paper, and put it closely up in boxes. There should always be a large supply of this soup, as with it and catsup no one will ever be at a loss for dressed dishes and soups.

MACARONI SOUPS—Take a quart of gravy soup, break two ounces of Naples macaroni into pieces of little more than an inch long, putting them, by degrees, into a small portion of the boiling soup, to prevent them from sticking together, and let them boil until quite tender, but not soft or pulpy; from fifteen to twenty minutes if quite fresh, but nearly half an hour if at all stale. Vermicelli is used in the same manner. They will improve the consistence of the soup if the quantity above stated be added; but it is useless, and does not look well, to see, as at some tables, only a few strings of it floating in the tureen.

GREEN PEAS SOUP may be made with or without meat. For the former, boil three pints of peas, with mint, in spring water; rub them through a sieve, put to them three quarts of brown gravy soup, and boil together; then add about half a pint of whole boiled peas; season, and if not green enough add spinach juice. Or, if the gravy be not made, boil with the first peas a ham bone, or veal, or beef bones, and trimmings to make the stock.

To make this soup without meat, put the peas, with some butter, two onions, seasoning, and a pint of water, into a stewpan. Stew till the peas can be passed through a sieve, which being done, add to the liquor and pulp more water, half a pint of young peas, a few fine lettuce-leaves, and some mint, shred finely; stew all together till soft. Thicken with butter and flour, if requisite.

In either of the above cases the pea shells, if very young, may be boiled and pulped with the first parcel of peas.

MISCELLANEOUS COOKING.

BOILED LEG OF LAMB—should look as white as possible. Choose a ewe leg, as there is more fat on it; saw off the knuckle, trim off the flap and the thick skin on the back of it, soak it in warm water for three hours, then boil it gently (time according to size); pour a little white sauce over it. The loin may be fried in steaks and served round, garnished with dried or fried parsley; spinach or sea-kale to be eaten with it. Or it may be served with parsley and butter, or with oyster-sauce.

QUARTERS OF LAMB ROASTED. *Fore Quarter.*—Cut off the scrag one joint from the shoulder; saw off the chine-bone, and also the bone of the breast, and joint it thoroughly; crack the ribs in the middle; cut off the thick skin which covers the lower part of the breast, and break the bone of the shoulder to allow of the knuckle twisting round, and secure it in its place with a skewer from beneath the breast right up the knuckle. Put two large skewers at the thin end; pass the spit between the skewers and the ribs through the thick part at the shoulder; paper it, having a double thickness over the thin end. When the quarter is roasted whole, the shoulder should be raised either at table or when dished.

The *hind quarter* is sometimes roasted, and served with mint-sauce. It may also be larded, covered with oiled paper, and when more than half done the paper to be withdrawn, the meat basted with oil or yolk of egg, and slightly covered with crumbs of bread; then put closer to the fire to give it a fine brown. When served, it is sprinkled with the juice of a lemon.

The quarter of eight to ten pounds weight will take two and a quarter to two and a half hours in dressing, as it ought to be always well done. The fore quarter will require from three-quarters to one hour less.

FILLET OF VEAL ROASTED.—Take a leg of veal, cut off the knuckle sufficiently above the joint to make a handsome fillet. Take out the bone, fill up the space with stuffing, and also put a good layer under the fat. Truss it of a good shape by drawing the fat round, and tie it up with a tape. Paper it, put it a good distance from the fire, as the meat is very solid, and must be so thoroughly done as not to leave the least appearance of red gravy; serve it with melted butter poured over, and gravy round. Ham or bacon should be served with it, and fresh cucumbers if in season.

FILLET OF VEAL BOILED.—Choose a small delicate fillet for this purpose; prepare as for roasting, or stuff it with an oyster forcemeat; after having washed it thoroughly, cover it with milk and water in equal quantities, and let it boil very gently three and a half or four hours, keeping it carefully skimmed. Send it to table with a rich white sauce, or, if stuffed with oysters, a tureen of oyster-sauce; garnish with stewed celery and slices of bacon. A boiled tongue should be served with it.

SWEETBREADS.—For every mode of dressing, sweetbreads should be prepared by blanching, or rather par-boiling them. They should be larded and braised; and, being of themselves rather insipid, they will be improved by a relishing sauce, and by a large quantity of herbs in the braise. Slices of lemon put upon the sweetbreads while braising will heighten the flavor and keep them white, which is very desirable when sent to table with white sauce. Stuffed with oysters, they make a very good *vol au vent*.

CALVES' FEET STEWED.—When properly cleaned, rub the feet over with pepper, a very little salt, and mace;

cut them into moderately-sized pieces, and put them into a stewpan, with a little shallot and a beefsteak, also cut into pieces. Cover all with cold water, and let them simmer together for three hours. When quite tender, take them off the fire; strain the gravy through a sieve. The next day, when cold, take off all the fat; boil a small quantity of saffron in cream, and a little Cayenne pepper; mix it with the gravy, and warm the whole without boiling; one foot and one pound of steak will make a dish.

SCALLOPS OF COLD VEAL.—Mince the meat extremely small, and set it over the fire with a scrape of nutmeg, a little pepper and salt, and a little cream, for a few minutes; then put it into the scallop-shells, and cover them with crumbs of bread, over which put some bits of butter, and brown them before the fire.

Either veal or chicken looks and eats well prepared in this way, and lightly covered with crumbs of bread fried; or these may be put on in little heaps.

SPARERIE OF PORK should be basted with a very little butter and a little flour, and then sprinkled with dried sage crumbled. Serve apple-sauce in a boat.

INVALID DIET.

IN COOKING FOOD, &c., FOR THE INVALID great art is required, because the palate is morbidly acute, or disinclined to strong flavors of any kind. Thus it often happens, that seasoning which is relished in a state of health is loathed under disease; and the cook who is not aware of this fact will be almost sure to displease her employers. Hence it is that the nurse who understands the kind of cookery which is fitted for the sick will generally succeed better than the most finished cook, because she knows by experience that all rich flavors are sure to turn the stomachs of her charge. Chicken is for this reason so generally liked by the sick, because its flavor is mild, while the dark and high-flavored meat of game or ducks would be turned out of the room as soon as submitted to the nose, without even having the honor of a taste. Fat should be most carefully avoided in all animal-broths, such as mutton-broth or beef-tea; onions, garlic, and other herbs, except, perhaps, parsley, are also objectionable in the sick-room; and even the faintest flavor of the first in bread sauce will seldom be tolerated. Pepper may be used to some extent when not forbidden, and also salt, but beyond these seasonings it is seldom safe to venture far. Cloves and cinnamon, as well as nutmeg, are liked by some and disliked by others, as also are the flavors of caraway and allspice. Lemon-peel gives a clean flavor, as does orange-peel, and may generally be used for the purpose of giving a slight taste to sweets, or puddings; but even of these a smaller quantity than usual will suffice. With regard to adding wine in making jellies, it must always be ascertained whether it is forbidden, for in many cases jelly without wine would be advantageous, while the addition would be altogether wrong. The following list of receipts comprises those which are peculiarly applicable to the invalid:—

BEEF-TEA.—Take one pound of lean beef, pick *all* the fat off; cut it into small pieces the size of the end of the thumb, and score it still further to let out the gravy put it in an enamelled saucepan with a quart of water two cloves, eight to twelve peppercorns, and half a tea-spoonful of salt. Simmer for three or four hours, and skim it *as long* as either scum or fat rises, or else curdles. In cases of *extreme* debility, one pound and a

If of beef may be used. Before serving, absorb every bubble of fat with silver paper.

Tea-Mode (very grateful in convalescence, when there is no tendency to diarrhoea). Put into a preserving jar alternate layers of beef, cut into small pieces, and cold turnips; when the jar is filled, place it in a water-bath or slow oven, and let it remain for two or three days; then drain off all the tea, using a little pressure to assist the operation, and let it stand till cold, when the fat may be taken off, or if wanted directly, it may be removed while hot with silver paper.

SOUP FOR INVALIDS.—Take six pounds of shin of beef, 4 pounds of any white meat, seasoned, and an onion, sliced; put it in a stone jar, and tie down with bladder; let it boil twelve hours in a large saucepan of water, then strain it off. A tea or tablespoonful is enough for an invalid, if taken several times during the day. (It is well to know, that what remains after the soup has been strained makes excellent common stock with additional water.)

STRONG MEAT JELLY FOR WEAK PERSONS.—Take about 10 pounds of lean beef, cut in pieces, and a hock of pork about the same weight, and a knuckle of veal of eight or ten pounds, a small quantity of salt and mace, without any other spice; cover it with water and stew seven hours. Strain, and when cold take off the fat; mix it with whites of eggs, and pass it through a jelly-bag. The produce of jelly from the above proportions should be about five quarts; to be taken warm or cold, as best suits the patient.

TEAKETTLE BROTH.—Cut some small squares of crumb of bread into a broth basin, and some finely-chopped parsley, with enough of salt to flavor it; pour over it some boiling water, softening the whole with a spoonful or two of cream or milk. Some invalids like the flavor of mint, and peas when in season; and if this can be allowed by the medical man, the water used must be a few young peas, or pea-pods, and a leaf of mint added in it, before pouring it over the bread; without this addition, it is often much liked by invalids, as being free from grease, and so clean-tasting. A little clear gravy from under the dripping-pan may sometimes be added with advantage. Pepper may be used or omitted, according to the palate or the nature of the illness.

GRAVY-BREAD FOR INVALIDS.—Cut deeply into a joint of beef, or leg of mutton, while roasting; fill the opening with a thick slice of crumb of bread, and leave it there for half an hour, or till completely saturated with the gravy; then sprinkle upon it a little salt, with or without pepper, as is recommended, and serve hot.

TOAST SANDWICHES FOR INVALIDS.—Toast carefully a very thin slice of bread; cut off the crust; spread two slices of thin bread and butter, also cutting away the crust, seasoning each with a very little made-mustard and a sprinkle of salt; lay the toast in the middle, serving it as a sandwich.

JELLY OR BLANCMANGE FOR INVALIDS.—Take the bones of a knuckle of veal, well scrape all the meat from them, and stew them four or five hours in two quarts of water; when it is cold, skim it clear from all fat and sediment; melt it, and flavor with homemade wine, and a little lemon-peel. If for blanchmange, the stock must be still more reduced, to bear the addition of some milk, flavored with laurel leaf and lemon-peel; the addition of a little wine or brandy will, of course, improve it.

SOOTHING NOURISHMENT IN CONSUMPTION.—Beat up a tablespoonful of oatmeal and a tablespoonful of honey,

with the yolk of an egg; pour upon it a pint of boiling water; then boil all together for a few minutes.

THE TOILET.

ARRANGEMENT OF THE HAIR.

In the arrangement of the hair the greatest regard ought to be paid to the style of the features as well as to the general appearance of the wearer. It is thus only that we can hope to avoid such errors of taste as we frequently see committed by those who, regardless of the fitness of a particular mode of arrangement, to which they may have taken a fancy, to their own style of countenance, adopt it at once without due consideration. The mode which they admire may perhaps have been adapted by the dictates of the nicest taste to the features of the wearer, while to their own it is completely unsuited; but, pleased with its effect in those in whom they admire it, and yet ignorant of the source of the charm, they blindly adopt it, and, instead of rendering themselves more attractive, they become merely ridiculous.

When the features are large, or strongly marked, the hair should be arranged in masses, in large curls, or well-defined bows, so as to harmonize with the general cast of the countenance. If, on the contrary, the features are small and delicate, the greatest care should be taken not to render too striking the contrast between them and the magnitude of the headdress. Small and delicately formed curls or ringlets, braids, or light and airy bows are the most pleasing varieties for this style.

The features of the greater number of young ladies, however, cannot be classed under either of these extremes. When such is the case, the fancy of the individual is, of course, allowed greater latitude, but ought to be no less subject to the dictates of taste.

There are what may be called four distinct styles of arrangement, under one or other of which the various modes of dressing the hair may be classed: in bows, in braids, in twists, or in curls. To the latter class may be also referred ringlets, since they are only a modification to suit the features of particular individuals.

Bows will be found particularly suitable where the face is round, as they tend to lengthen the countenance, and make its peculiarities less apparent. The longer they can be made without extravagance, the more pleasing will be the effect. If, on the contrary, the countenance is narrow and lengthened, low, swelling bows should be adopted.

In arranging bows care should be taken to avoid an exact uniformity on each side. Such an arrangement gives an air of stiffness, from which it is at all times well to be free.

To braids the above observations are, in general, equally applicable.

Curls, no less than bows, require to be carefully adapted in size to the features. If the face is long and deficient in breadth, the great mass should be made to cluster near the temples, and fall gracefully over the cheek, taking care, however, not to conceal the latter, and thus render the length still more apparent. From the ease with which curls are adapted to every style of feature—and there are few indeed to which they are not becoming and from the facility which they afford to display a beauty or conceal a defect, this has always been a favorite style of arrangement.

Ringlets, as has already been remarked, are merely a modification of curls. They require, however, to be more cautiously adopted, as, though extremely fascinating

when suited to the style of the wearer, they give an air of ridicule to one to which they are unsuited.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PASTE FOR SHARPENING RAZORS.—Oxide of tin levigated, vulgarly termed prepared putty, one ounce, saturated solution of oxalic acid, a sufficient quantity to form a paste. This composition is to be rubbed over the top of the strap, and, when dry, a little water may be added. The oxalic acid having a great attachment for iron, a little friction with this powder gives a fine edge to the razor.

MODERN ETIQUETTE requires that a guest should always pay the first compliments to the lady of the house. Formerly it was the custom for the mistress of the mansion to occupy some place at the furthest point from the entrance of the apartment, and this obliged the visitor either to violate the law of politeness by speaking to many mutual friends on the way towards her, or else to pass them with apparent coldness; and to reconcile these differences it is now the fashion for the lady to occupy some place near the door, when the visitor may be at once received, and relieved from the difficulty which has given rise to the arrangement.

HOW TO KEEP THEM.—A few days more, and furs will be superfluous. Then comes the process of so putting them away that moths shall not invade them. The same thing is necessary to protect woollens, the moth being no respecter of anything in the line. The best way to insure immunity from destruction is to pack all in a trunk or box lined with brown Holland, first sprinkling them liberally with black pepper. This is better even than camphor, for dealers in furs are often victimized by entomological pests, though their goods be saturated by this powerful odor. Before packing away furs they should be well beaten, to dislodge any larvæ that, despite the most scrupulous care, may be deposited in them. The superiority of pepper to camphor as a preservative to furs consists in the fact that, while larvæ will incubate among camphor, there is something in the aroma of pepper which destroys them in embryo.

TO CLEAN WHITEWASH BRUSHES.—Wash off, with cold water, the lime from the bristles of the brush, and scrub well with a hard scrubbing-brush the part where the bristles are fixed into the wood. This should be done at once, as soon as the whitewashing for that day is finished. It is far better than to let them soak all night.

PASTE FOR CLEANING KNIVES.—Make a mixture, one part emery, and three parts crocus martis, in very fine powder. Mix them to a thick paste, with a little lard or sweet oil. Have your knife-board covered with a thick buff-leather. Spread this paste on your leather to about the thickness of a quarter-dollar. Rub your knives in it, and it will make them much sharper and brighter, and will wear them out less than the common method of cleaning with brickdust on a bare board.

TO EXTRACT OIL FROM THE FLOOR OR HEARTH.—Mix together two heaped tablespoonfuls of powdered fullers' earth, one large tablespoonful of potash or pearlash, and one large tablespoonful of soft soap. Add sufficient boiling water to make it into a thick paste. Spread it hot on the oil spot with a broad flat stick; let it remain an hour or two. Then brush it off, and renew the application. When the grease has disappeared, scrub the place with soap and water.

This mixture is equally good for boards, stone, or marble.

TO COLOR ALUM CRYSTALS.—In making these crystals, the coloring should be added to the solution of alum in proportion to the shade which it is desired to produce. Coke, with a piece of lead attached to it, in order to make it sink in the solution, is the best substance for a nucleus; or, if a smooth surface be used, it will be necessary to wind it round with cotton or worsted, otherwise no crystals will adhere to it. *Yellow*, muriate of iron; *blue*, solution of indigo in sulphuric acid; *pale blue*, equal parts of alum and blue vitriol; *crimson*, infusion of madder and cochineal; *black*, japan ink thickened with gum; *green*, equal parts of alum and blue vitriol, with a few drops of muriate of iron; *milk-white*, a crystal of alum held over a glass containing ammonia, the vapor of which precipitates the alumina on the surface.

TO PRESERVE FRUITS OR FLOWERS THE WHOLE YEAR WITHOUT SPOILING.—Mix 1 lb. of nitre with 2 lbs. of bold ammoniac and 3 lbs. of clean common sand; then, in dry weather, take fruit of any sorts which is not fully ripe, allowing the stalks to remain, and put them one by one into an open glass until it is quite full; cover the glass with oiled cloth closely tied down. Put the glass three or four inches down in the earth, in a dry cellar, and surround it on all sides to the depth of three or four inches with the above mixture. The fruit will thus be preserved quite fresh all the year round.

CONTRIBUTED RECEIPTS.

I HAVE seen a great many valuable receipts in your Book, and thinking you would not object to eating a nice DOUGHNUT, send the following receipt, which is considered very good:—

Two cups of sugar, three eggs, one cup of sweet cream, two teaspoonfuls cream of tartar, one of soda, one of salt, one nutmeg. Mix the sugar with the flour, and the cream with the egg. Roll out hard and fry.

RICE MERINGUE.—Boil half a cup of rice in a quart of milk for three hours, that it may be quite thick; sweeten to your taste, and let it cool; separate the whites and yolks of four eggs; beat the yolks with the rice and milk, and put them into a pudding dish; then beat the whites very lightly and add fine sugar to thicken like icing, and pour over the other. Let it bake a light brown. To be eaten with cream.

MERINGUE PUDDING.—One pint of stale bread crumbs, one quart of milk, the yolks of four eggs beaten lightly, a small cup of white sugar, the grated rind of a small lemon, and a piece of butter the size of an egg. Mix all well together and bake it. When cool, spread it well with acid preserves or jelly. Beat the whites of the eggs stiff with five tablespoonfuls of sifted sugar, and the juice of a lemon. Spread it over the top, and put it into the oven to brown quickly. To be eaten with cream.

RICH SWEETMEAT GINGERBREAD NUTS.—Put a pound of good treacle into a basin, and pour over it a quart of a pound of clarified butter, or fresh butter melted, as not to oil, and one pound of coarse brown sugar. Stir the whole well. While mixing, add an ounce each of candied orange-peel and candied angelica, and a quarter of an ounce of candied lemon-peel, cut into very minute pieces, but not bruised or pounded, with half an ounce of pounded coriander seeds, and half an ounce of caraway seeds. Having mixed them thoroughly together, break in an egg, and work the whole up with as much flour as may be necessary to form a fine paste, which is to be made into nuts of any size. Put on the bare tin plate and set in a rather brisk oven.

Editors' Table.

ART IN AMERICA.

The fine arts are to a nation what blossoms are to a tree—at once an ornament and a promise. The fruit which follows them is to be looked for in great thoughts and noble deeds, such as have made the republics of Greece, Italy, and Batavia illustrious. There are few cheering signs of the progress of our people than the rapid growth and diffusion of the love of art among them. The tendency of art is to refine and ennoble; to the mind above the materialism of common work-life, and to urge it to higher aims than those which mere love of wealth or of ease could inspire. If the love of art is not in itself to be ranked with the very best of motives, it is at least among the most hopeful of character. Foreigners are apt to call us a mere money-loving and money-making people; but we fancy that the most prejudiced critic among them would be somewhat staggered in his opinion on learning that an institution like the Cosmopolitan Art Association had, in the first six years of its existence (as we gather from the last number of its valuable *Art Journal*), obtained an aggregate of more than *one hundred and fifty thousand subscribers*. Here are half a million of dollars from this single source devoted wholly to the fine arts, and to literature as subsidiary to them. Add to this vast amount expended every year by private purchasers, and the almost incredible sums which are collected by exhibitions of single works or of art collections in all our principal cities and towns, and we shall be able to see that the taste for art in America is becoming a national trait, which those who speculate on the future of our country must take into account.

Among the most recent evidences of this taste we may mention the fine building which has lately been erected in New York, known as the "Institute of Fine Arts," in the collections which it contains. If we are not utterly mistaken, we may discern in these the germ of a future American National Gallery of Art, destined, in its site, to rival the most celebrated collections of Europe. The edifice itself, an elegant structure of white marble, towering above the other buildings on Broadway, attracts the eye by its architectural beauty, which renders it a striking ornament of that busy, commercial thoroughfare. It symbolizes, perhaps well enough, the position which art itself holds in this country—just conspicuous and important enough to attract notice, and to begin to occupy some of the ground which has heretofore been devoted entirely to the claims of hard money-making business. What is especially noteworthy is that this stately and substantial structure is not the work of a numerous or wealthy association, but is due entirely to the enlightened liberality and taste of a single patron of art, H. W. Derby, Esq., the sole proprietor as well of the building as of one of the collections which it holds—the well-known Dusseldorf Gallery.

Entering the building and ascending the spacious stairway, we find ourselves in presence of this fine collection, occupying a long and spacious hall, lighted from above, and kept constantly at an equable and pleasant temperature. A large number—sometimes

there, promenading slowly or lounging at ease on the seats, and conversing in hushed tones while they examine the treasures of art on the walls before them. Such collections, of course, attract only the more refined of the sight-seeing class, and the influence of the place is at once visible in the quiet and well-bred demeanor of the visitors. It is satisfactory to know that their number is quite sufficient to afford an adequate return for the large amount invested in the building and its contents.

About the Dusseldorf Gallery we need only say that the remarkable school of painters who, during the present century, have promised to make Dusseldorf and Munich the rivals of Florence and Venice in the roll of art glories are represented here by some of their most characteristic and attractive works. That these painters are, as a school, at the head of modern art, however high single names in France, England, and America may be allowed to stand, will not be doubted by any one who has visited the collection. It comprises pictures of every class and tone, the devotional, the historical, the domestic, the humorous—landscape, portraiture, still life, allegory; and all in the best style of the several artists. The first sight of this splendid gallery is an era in the life of every lover of painting.

Two other galleries, adjoining this, are occupied by a no less striking and remarkable collection of a different class—the "Jarves Collection" of Old Masters. Mr. Jarves, a gentleman of Boston, whose name will be familiar to our readers as that of the author of several esteemed works of travel and on art, has been fortunate enough, during a residence of eight years in Florence, to bring together a collection which, in its peculiar character as illustrating the rise and progress of Italian art, is believed to be unique. Certainly nothing approaching to it in value has ever before been seen on this side of the Atlantic. Of its claims on our admiration we may judge from the fact that a correspondent writing from Florence concerning it, two years ago, remarked that even in that city, the principal treasury of art, there were only three great public galleries superior in interest to that of Mr. Jarves. The student may here trace the whole progress of Italian painting, from its first germs in the childish simplicity and rudeness of Latin and Byzantine art in the twelfth century, down to the transcendent glories of the world-renowned masters, Raphael, Michael Angelo, and even Leonardo da Vinci himself, of whose wonderful genius Mr. Jarves has been fortunate enough to secure a specimen which would alone suffice to make his collection famous.

As a guide to the art student, and as a further evidence of the increasing taste for art in our country, we would refer to Mr. Jarves's lately published work, to which he has given the modest title of "Art Studies."* Mr. Jarves's former publication, "Art Hints," a philosophical and suggestive work, was noticed some years ago in our pages. In his new volume he has given the fruit of his matured study and experience in a most agreeable and

* "Art Studies: The Old Masters of Italy: Painting" By James Jackson Jarves, author of "Art Hints," "Parnassian Slights," etc., etc. Copper plate illustrations. New York: Derby & Jackson, 438 Broadway. 1861. Pp. 304.

instructive form, combining a history of Italian painting from the earliest times, with biographies of the principal artists, description of their works, and careful analysis of their respective styles. The whole work is imbued with deep feeling, and informed with the result of profound and conscientious thought. A more interesting or useful book could not be put into the hands of a student of art. With its aid, combined with a study of the paintings in Mr. Jarves's collection at the Institute, any one may qualify himself to appreciate and enjoy the treasures of art contained in the galleries and public edifices of Italy, which, without such assistance and preparation, will be to the traveller little better than a book in a foreign tongue. To many readers this work of Mr. Jarves will be like a revelation of a new world of intellectual and imaginative beauty.

It is only just to the publishers to say that the external appearance of the book is as attractive as its contents. It is a superb volume, elegantly printed and bound, and illustrated with fifteen copper-plate engravings, comprising representations of forty-three distinct pictures or portions of pictures by old masters, all taken from the original paintings in Mr. Jarves's collection, and drawn and engraved expressly for this work by Vincenzo Stanghi, a pupil of Raphael Morghen. It is evident that no pains have been spared either by the author or the publishers to make the work valuable and complete, and we may venture to predict that it will be hereafter the standard authority on the subject of Italian art.

In reviewing this book of Mr. Jarves and his Collection, we are led to inquire what is to be the future of art, especially in our own country. The difference between medieval and modern art is great and striking. The pictures of the old masters were, with few exceptions, of a religious character. The painter regarded himself as a preacher to the eye. His works, intended mostly for religious edifices, were almost all of a purely devotional type, and were restricted within a narrow range of mystical or "pietistic" subjects. The Saviour, the Virgin, the apostles and martyrs, and the hierarchy of angels, reappear in almost every painting of the Middle Ages. The same incidents, the same conventional figures, differing only in details and in the peculiarities impressed upon them by the artist's genius, everywhere recur. A solemn, devout spirit—the spirit of simple faith and adoration—pervades them all.

Such a phase of art was needed to lift the minds of the people, in that unlearned age, out of the slough of material debasement in which paganism had left them. In our day the necessity has passed away, and this type of art has disappeared almost entirely. A few imitators have sought to revive it, and successfully enough, as far as mere artistic talent can go, but the inspiring spirit is felt to be wanting in their works. Modern art has taken almost exclusively what is called a *naturalistic* direction. The study and reproduction of nature is its especial characteristic. It delights in landscape, in sea pictures, in still life, in domestic scenes, and reaches its highest pitch in great battle-pieces or historic paintings. It is multifarious in its objects, overflowing with artistic power, but in everything merely material. The spiritual element seems almost to have died out of art.

Is this to be the end? We cannot think it. We remark that republics in former ages have been essentially and peculiarly religious communities, and we believe our own country is not to be an exception in this respect. But the religion of our day has assumed—as well in Catholic as in Protestant countries—a new form,

or rather a new mode of manifestation. The period of contemplative, passive, adoring faith is past. Religion now manifests itself in its practical form. It searches out and relieves the poor, clothes the naked, feeds the hungry, visits the widow and fatherless in affliction, brings cheer to the convict in his cell, nurses the pest-stricken patient in the hospital and the wounded soldier on his pallet, redeems the outcast, carries the gospel to the heathen, and braves every form of suffering and danger while obeying in active, practical effort the great commandment to "love one another."

Who does not see that to the artists who shall sympathize with this phase of Christian life a vast field of religious art will be opened? An inexhaustible store of subjects of every variety, sweet, touching, sublime, or awful, will offer themselves, and at the same time will not forbid, but will rather invite, the use of all the resources which modern art has gained by its careful study of nature.

In this new form of Christian art, we may add, woman will take a new place, different from that which she has held in the art of bygone times. The sensual painters of Greece made her the plaything of man's fancy; the ascetic painters of Italy made her a divinity. Hereafter we believe, she will appear as the central and attractive figure in those great paintings in which the future Masters will delineate the deeds of charity, of pious heroism and patient self-sacrifice in which Woman has ever found her highest mission, and in which art is hereafter to find its noblest development.

MISSIONARY (OR MINISTERING) WOMEN OF ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

"The woman is appointed for the physical civilization of communities. She is to guide the house, whether small or great." So says a popular writer who has had much experience in the great work of charity, which is now advancing to promote the true civilization of doing good to all and injury to none.

The women of England are before us in the field, for the reason that this ministry of good works is their most needed. Where *one-fifth of all who die*—as now in London—*die in the prisons, poorhouses, or hospitals* we know that there ignorance, vice, and poverty must be the lot of hundreds of thousands.* But the charitable work of home has not hindered these benevolent ladies from helping the miserable heathen women of India. We have before us the report of the "Society for Promoting Female Education in the East," of which society the Marchioness of Cholmondeley is president, and find it has been in operation since 1834, and that in the first twenty-three years it raised \$231,295 in cash, and sent abroad work for sale to the amount of \$102,555, making a total of \$334,480 contributed for teaching and helping heathen women. This society has bestowed help on schools belonging to all the great Protestant missions in India, and has sent forth ninety-one European teachers.

"The Society's female teachers, European and native, are engaged in conducting or assisting in boarding and vernacular day schools, and Bible and sewing classes for native women, whom they also visit in their own dwellings as access may be obtained. In addition to these, upwards of one hundred and forty girls' schools in various parts of the East are in connection with the society, and receive such aid from time to time as can be afforded them."

* Read the "Missing Link," and learn what degradation and woe women suffer in London.

Mrs. Ellen B. Mason, who has already established a most successful American Mission School for the Karen girls, as we have shown in our last two numbers, is now nearly ready to leave our land on her return voyage to her home in Burmah, where she hopes soon to open another school which will be an honor to the Christian women of America, and a blessing, an inestimable blessing to the heathen women of that dark land. Is not this the true work of woman, this teaching, helping, civilizing her own sex? It is a work that men cannot do, if they could, it must be done or the world will never be made the abode of peace and joy, of righteousness and love.

In testimony of the benefits which the English Ladies' Society has conferred on India, an eminent British resident in the East, a member of the Church Missionary Committee, writes: "*Every year's experience strengthens my conviction of the importance of female education in this land. So long as mothers and sisters are left in their wretched ignorance, our mission work is, comparatively speaking, like writing in the sand.*"

WOMEN'S UNION SOCIETY OF AMERICA FOR HEATHEN WOMEN.

In our last number we appealed to our friends of the Lady's Book to help Mrs. Mason in her Bible mission to the women of Tounghoo. The following names and donations are the beginning; next month we hope a larger list will be sent us:—

Mrs. L. A. Galey,	Philadelphia,	\$5.
" Sarah J. Hale,	"	3.
" ——— Rathbun,	"	1.
" Wm. M. Muzzey,	"	1
" J. E. P. Stevens,	"	10.
Miss S. C. Kingsley,	"	1.
" S. J. Hale,	"	1.
" Emily Muzzey, Keene, N. H.,		1.
" Lawson,		1.
" Mary L. Lawson,		1.
" Julia Holmes, Brooklyn, N. Y.,		1.

BOOKS FOR FAMILY READING. CHEAP LITERATURE.

Good literature instructs the young, embellishes the mature mind, and is a great solace and resource for the invalid and the aged. Even the most busy among our active population, pressed by the cares of daily life, and conscientiously devoted to securing the comforts of the household, as good people should do, may yet find brief moments in their hurried day for the pleasure and improvement to be gained from books.

How important that these books should be of the kind that elevate thought, strengthen honest purpose, give nourishment to the mind, and leave on the heart the impression that truth, integrity, and honor are essential to happiness! If this can be done, then would not the privilege of cheap literature, which is in our country so abundant, prove an invaluable blessing?

THE WAVERLEY NOVELS are among the few works of fiction which best fulfil all these conditions. Sir Walter Scott's works have now stood the test of time. They are lost none of their interest for the second generation of readers. The humor, pathos, close observance of human nature, and fine picturesque fancy of the author are unsurpassed, and make these novels always new and charming. Then the historical characters are a mine of information for the student of history. In the delineation of Elizabeth, James I., and Louis XI., Sir Walter Scott has stamped these sovereigns, like Da-

guerreotypes, so to speak, on the pages of his works, till they stand out in actual life as no historian has made them appear. The novelist, by grasping the sketches of many authentic compilers, and animating the whole by the light of his own wonderful genius, has, apparently, made these and other historical personages live and move before the reader. Then the purity of thought, the high tone of patriotism, the excellent style, where bombast and slang (those pests of the sensation school of novel writers) are never found, make these works of fiction fitted for the family reading where books should be a help in educating the young as well as cheerful friends and wise guides for older readers. We are, therefore, very glad to inform our friends, who wish to buy books worth keeping as well as reading, and add the best works of imagination to their libraries, that a complete set of "The Waverley Novels"* are now to be obtained as cheap literature: all the novels of Scott, in five large octavo volumes, with a portrait and engraved title-page for each volume, neatly bound, may be purchased for the very low price of FIVE DOLLARS.

LIFE IN THE OLD WORLD; OR, TWO YEARS IN SWITZERLAND AND ITALY. By Frederika Bremer. Translated by Mary Howitt—is another work, new and very interesting, that we commend for home reading. The sketch of the Waldenses is a marvellous tale (see Vol. I., page 405 to 448), so well told that we feel the truth of Christian heroism to be not only "stranger than fiction," but as far above the heroic of worldly ambition as heaven is above earth. This work is in two large duodecimo volumes (good print) of near 1000 pages. Price \$2.50. Published by T. B. Peterson & Co., Philadelphia.

PLACES OF EDUCATION FOR YOUNG LADIES.

Ontario Female Seminary, Canandaigua, N. Y. We have the Thirty-fifth Annual Report (1860) before us. This institution differs in some respects from the usual arrangements. There are three principals (or associated instructors), and an assistant principal; also four professors, gentlemen, and six teachers, ladies. The pupils numbered last year about 170. The Trustees say of this school:—

"Its history, from the beginning to the present hour, gives it a prominent place among the female seminaries of our land, especially for domestic and religious influences, which are imperatively demanded in the education of woman. It is understood that some 300 pupils have graduated here, and more than 3000 have been instructed in the higher English and classical studies."

Brownsville College for Young Ladies, Brownsville, Mississippi. This institution was founded last year: Rev. B. H. Capers, D. D., President and Professor of Languages and Belles Lettres. The Faculty comprises four gentlemen and one lady.

Dr. Capers has had much experience in teaching, and this, as we judge from his excellent inaugural address, has made him wise to discern the right way. He says:—

"The secret of scholastic training for the sex does not consist in a variety of superficial pursuits, and the multiplication of text-books, but in a careful and persevering attention to the most important accomplishments and studies calculated to improve the manners, enlarge the faculties, and purify the affections. There should not be

* T. B. Peterson & Brothers, 306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. Messrs Peterson have published forty-four different editions of Walter Scott's works, and have sets bound in *various styles*: therefore purchasers may suit themselves, however means or tastes may differ.

less study imposed upon pupils, but fewer books, and a more intimate acquaintance with their contents."

High Point Female School, High Point, North Carolina. S. Launder, A. M., Principal, assisted by three ladies. The prominent arrangement in this institution is that of *Loan Pupils*.

"A limited number of worthy poor young ladies will be admitted as pupils on the following terms: They pay all their expenses but Tuition, every season in advance; and at the end of the session give their individual notes, without security, for their tuition in whatever branches they may have pursued."

Oakland Female Institute, Norristown, Penna. Principal, Rev. J. Grier Ralston; Vice-Principal, Mrs. Mary A. Ralston, assisted by eight ladies and four gentlemen in the various departments. There is also a "General Business Superintendent," John K. Ralston, Esq., which should prove beneficial to such establishments. Number of scholars for 1860, 122. The examining committee give an excellent report of this school.

Female Collegiate Institute of the University of the Pacific, Santa Clara, California. The Board of Instruction consists of Rev. George S. Philips, A. M., Principal, Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy, Mrs. Elizabeth Philips, Governess and Teacher of Botany and Domestic Economy, with four ladies and five gentlemen (two of whom are clergymen) assistants. The pupils for 1860 numbered 66. The course of study arranged for this new institution is liberal, and we are told that "the one RULE of the Institute will be the *Rule of Right*."

MISS S. J. HALE'S BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, 1826 Rittenhouse Square, Philadelphia.

This school is designed to give a thorough and liberal English education, to furnish the best facilities for acquiring the French language, and the best instruction in music and the other accomplishments. An accomplished French teacher resides in the family, and also an excellent teacher of music, who gives her personal attention to pupils while practising. The moral training and the health and physical development of the scholars are carefully attended to.

References: Mrs. Emma Willard, Troy, N. Y.; Henry Vethake, LL.D., Wm. B. Stevens, D.D., Wm. H. Ashhurst, Esq., Louis A. Godey, Esq., Philadelphia; Charles Hodge, D. D., Princeton, N. J.; and others.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.—The following articles are accepted: "The Picture on the Wall"—"Winter"—"Lament"—"Perseverance"—"Come not again"—"Time"—"Nellie's Grave"—"The Village Bell"—"All the way apart"—"Hura"—"Why don't he come"—"Scenes from the Kaleidoscope of Life"—"Peace, be still"—"Impromptu"—"A Leaf from my Friend's Diary"—"What am I then?" (the other contribution not wanted)—"Reveries of a Maiden"—and "The Voice of the Sea!"

The following articles are not needed at present: "To my Love"—"Song"—"Mary Malone" (this story has much interest, and is worth publishing, if we had room)—"Love" (some fine thoughts, but the poem is not perfectly finished)—"Air"—"Spring and Summer," also a prose article from the same author—"Lost"—"Ilme-garde" (well written; the writer may have it returned by sending stamps, as we might keep it years without an opportunity to publish)—"Muskitos"—"Honor"—"The Goal of Life." (We have no time to reply to the questions concerning style, composition, etc., so often

asked by our correspondents. Our "Lessons" are given in the Editors' Table; read it through the year round, and your case will be met.) "Margaret Reed"—"Autumn"—"Friendship's Tribute" and other poems (no room)—"Transient Thoughts"—"Ida Clifford"—"Children"—"The Indian's Revenge," etc.—"Bonny Black Eyes"—"Charade and Enigma" (very good, but we do not want them; a poem from the writer would be welcome)—"Encampments"—"Two Stories"—"Peace or War"—and "A Great Mistake."

We have a number of MSS. on hand that will be reported next month. Our correspondents must have patience; it is not an easy task to examine all the articles sent us. Remember that a stamp must be sent if a reply is wanted; or send an envelope, directed and stamped, and an answer will be certain.

Health Department.

BY JNO. STAINBACK WILSON, M. D.

CONVULSIONS OF CHILDREN TEETHING.—Convulsions are better known among the people as "fits." In the present mode of dosing with opiates and astringents, and of excessive stuffings with meats, grease, and pastries, convulsions are quite a frequent complication of teething. And of all the disorders of infancy, these are, perhaps, the most formidable in appearance, and the most heart-rending to a mother. The symptoms of convulsions are so manifest as to require but little description. Every mother who has seen her darling writhing under a fit, with body stiff and immovable; with twitching muscles, clenched hands, glaring eyes, labored breathing, livid face, and distorted features, has the horrid picture indelibly engraved on her memory, and she can recognize the approach of the dreaded disorder on the occurrence of the slightest premonitions, such as starting in sleep, rolling of the eyeballs, and jerking of the muscles of the fingers and mouth.

The causes of convulsions in children are numerous and various; but at present we confine ourself to the convulsions resulting from the irritation of teething. But cutting teeth alone would rarely if ever cause the disorder. As before intimated, it is generally brought on by suddenly checking the diarrhoea of teething by the use of opiates and astringents, and by adding to the existing excitement of the system by giving children gross, stimulating food. For the proper diet for teething children, and for some remarks on the dangers of drugging with opiates and astringents, we refer to a previous article. Besides the remedies already indicated, as appropriate in all cases of teething, the special domestic treatment of the convulsions of teething should consist in the use of the warm bath and cold affusions to the head.

As soon as a child has the slightest symptom of an approaching fit, the whole body should be immersed in milk-warm water, and at the same time cold water should be freely poured upon the head, while the latter is turned over the edge of the bathing vessel. The little patient should remain in the bath until the system is thoroughly relaxed, which will be manifested by some paleness about the face, perspiration, a languid expression of the eyes, and a disposition to sleep. These effects having been seen, the patient should be taken out of the bath, quickly dried, and placed in bed, or in the nurse's arms; and a thin cloth wet in cold water should be laid on the head and changed every two or three minutes. It is

best in these cases to put no clothing on the child except a gown or wrapper, so that it may be readily undressed and placed again in the bath; and this should be done on the occurrence of the slightest symptoms of another attack of spasms. The water should always be kept ready on hand, so that there may be no delay in preparing the bath.

This simple treatment with a properly regulated diet, will be sufficient in most cases of the convulsions of teething. Should other remedies be required, they should be administered under the advice of a physician. Cutting the gums, and other special remedies before prescribed, should not be neglected.

PRESCRIPTION FOR THE CHRONIC DIARRHŒA OF TEETHING.—While we are opposed to the use of active drugs in domestic practice, and while drugs of any kind will rarely be necessary in the diarrhœa of teething, if the directions before given are strictly followed, yet we can confidently recommend the following recipe in chronic and obstinate cases. According to our experience it is a most efficient compound, and it may be safely used in domestic practice: Take calomel, two grains; Dover's powder, two grains; powdered ginger, twenty grains; prepared chalk, thirty grains. Mix well, and divide into twelve powders. Give one every two, three, or four hours, regulating the frequency of the dose according to the condition of the bowels, and continuing the medicine until the discharges become natural and healthy. This preparation does not check the bowels suddenly, but gradually changes the secretions to a healthy condition. The proportion of opium to each powder is quite homœopathic, being only *one-sixtieth* of a grain, while there is only *one-sixth* of a grain of the other active ingredient—calomel.

We have tested the above prescription in many cases, and we rarely find it necessary to resort to anything else, with due attention to diet, clothing, and bathing.

ASSOCIATIONS FOR THE DIFFUSION OF SANITARY KNOWLEDGE.—We notice with much pleasure that "there has been recently formed in London a 'Ladies' National Association for the Diffusion of Sanitary Knowledge,' many of the members of which are among the most distinguished and noble ladies of England." We also learn from the same source (Lady's Book for November) that "the principal object of the Association is the preservation of the lives and health of women and children, by diffusing a knowledge of the laws of health in regard to air, food, and clothing;" and we are told, moreover, that the Association "have distributed not less than *forty thousand copies* of tracts giving plain instructions upon these subjects."

To say that we are pleased at this movement fails, greatly fails, to express our feelings; we are more than pleased, we are delighted. Next to religion (and very intimately associated with it, as we shall show at some future time), the most important concern of life is health. The blessings of health are to be attained by the diffusion of sound hygienic knowledge among the people, *and in this way only*; and this knowledge is to be dispensed mainly through the instrumentality of woman, by the influence of her example, and by the circulation of books and tracts on physiology and hygiene in her social intercourse. But, to do the work efficiently, her efforts must not be isolated, casual, occasional, and dependent on mere convenience and conventionality; they must be organized, united, certain, constant, vigorous, untiring, "in season and out of season."

We trust, then, that the good example of the ladies

of England will be imitated by the women of America, and that "Ladies' Associations for the Diffusion of Sanitary Knowledge" will spring up all over this country, so much blessed in many respects, but so grievously cursed with disease and death from ignorance of the laws of health. With a climate as congenial as any perhaps on earth, in a country where the necessities of life are produced in abundance, with institutions eminently adapted to physical as well as intellectual development, with a constant influx of new and foreign material intermingling and intermarrying with our population, refreshing the streams of life, and tending to prevent those hereditary diseases which spring from marriages of consanguinity, yet, with all these advantages, the American people—the women, we mean—are the most weakly, sickly people of the civilized world. The causes of this are to be found mainly in our absurd fashions of dress, in the excessive consumption of gross food, in the neglect of physical education in early life, in the extravagant use of drugs, in that feverish anxiety in the pursuit of wealth and honor which causes a neglect of necessary relaxation, and, in short, by general "fast living," which is only another expression for the violation of every law of our physical and mental constitution.

COLUMBUS, Ga.

Literary Notices.

BOOKS BY MAIL.—Now that the postage on printed matter is so low, we offer our services to procure for our subscribers or others any of the books that we notice. Information touching books will be cheerfully given by inclosing a stamp to pay return postage.

When ordering a book, please mention the name of the publisher.

FROM T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

LIFE IN THE OLD WORLD: or, Two Years in Switzerland and Italy. By Frederika Bremer, author of "The Father and Daughter," "The Neighbors," "Homes in the New World," etc. etc. Translated by Mary Howitt. In two volumes. Though passing through a frequently travelled and almost as frequently described region of country, Miss Bremer, with her own charming simplicity, has imparted a freshness to her descriptions, and enlivened them by incidents and reflections. The account of her journeyings is given in epistolary form, and the occurrences of each day are related with diary-like precision. Price \$2 50.

THE PICKWICK PAPERS. By Charles Dickens ("Boz"). Household Edition. In two volumes. The Messrs. Peterson seem never wearied of issuing in new forms the works of this popular author. This fact alone is evidence of the success they meet with for each successive edition. The volumes before us are printed and bound in their best and neatest manner, with finely illustrated title-pages. Price \$2 50.

FROM J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

PLANTS OF THE HOLY LAND, with their Fruits and Flowers. Beautifully Illustrated by Original Drawings, Colored from Nature. By Rev Henry S. Osborn, author of "Palestine, Past and Present." A peculiar interest will attach itself to this book among the religious community, as the plants therein described are those men-

tioned in the Scriptures, while the author has given them, besides the names they now bear, those by which they are there known. Many of these plants are represented by delicate colored plates, and the botanist and florist will find that the book contains much valuable general information. It is handsomely bound in green and gold, and will make an appropriate addition to the centre-table. Price \$3 50.

From CHARLES DESILVER, Philadelphia:—

CHINA AND JAPAN: *Being a Narrative of the Cruise of the U. S. Steam Frigate Powhatan, in the Years 1857, '58, '59, and '60.* Including an Account of the Japanese Embassy to the United States. Illustrated with Life Portraits of the Ambassadors and their Principal Officials. By Lieut. James D. Johnston, U. S. N., late executive officer of the Powhatan. Any book that furnishes information concerning these countries at the present time, when the public mind is being excited in regard to them, will be most heartily welcomed by all. No one has yet forgotten the *furor* which the Japanese Embassy caused in this country not a year ago, and in this book we find a detailed account of their visit. The volume possesses not merely narrative and descriptive interest, but the knowledge which may be gathered from it concerning commerce and international politics cannot be too highly valued. Price \$1 50.

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These three books are calculated, both by their contents and their inexpensive binding, which allows them to be offered at a price within the reach of all, to be received with popular favor.

From SMITH, ENGLISH, & Co., 23 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia:—

CHRISTIAN SONGS, *Translations, and other Poems.* By the Rev. James Gilborne Lyons, LL.D. A portion of these poems are already familiar to the public, and have received its unbounded approval. The miscellaneous poems and translations which are added to the "Christian Songs" will stand equally well the test of criticism.

From JAMES CHALLEN & SON, Philadelphia:—

THE LITTLE PILGRIMS IN THE HOLY LAND. By Rev. Henry S. Osborn, author of "Palestine, Past and Present," and "Fruits and Flowers of the Holy Land." We can do no better, in speaking of this book, than to quote the author's own words in a prefatory address

which he makes his young friends: "I have written with a desire to improve as well as to please you. You will, therefore, have to work a little, as well as play; but if you read until you have completed the book, you will not only know more of the pleasures and trials, the joys and disappointments, which attend upon a journey through that country of which the Bible speaks, but you will know more of the cities and ruins, and understand better what you have read and have been taught in the Scriptures."

THE PHYSICAL AND MORAL ASPECTS OF GEOLOGY; *Containing the Leading Facts and Principles of the Science, and a Discussion of the Great Moral Questions growing out of Modern Geological Discoveries.* By Wm. J. Barber, A. M., M. D., Principal of M. F. Institute, Senatobia, Mississippi. This book will be gratefully received by a large class of people who, being unable in their own minds to reconcile the teachings of geology with those of the Bible, have been forced to reject that science as a false one, dangerous to the interests of Christianity. This book treats of the subject in all its bearings in a most able and learned manner, and proves conclusively that the Scriptures are not inimical to it.

DRIFT WOOD *on the Sea of Life.* By Willie Ware. A heterogeneous collection of short articles, prose and poetical, many of which have already appeared in papers and magazines of the day. They all possess tolerable, and some more than ordinary, merit. It is just the book with which to while away a listless hour.

From WM. S. & ALFRED MARTIEN, Philadelphia:—

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CHARLES NORWOOD: *or, Erring and Repenting.* By Catharine M. Trowbridge, authoress of "Dick and his friend Fidus," etc. The evils of disobedience and wilfulness which this story is meant to illustrate, are well delineated and exposed. Independently of its high moral influence the book is exceedingly interesting.

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From TICKNOR & FIELDS, Boston, through S. HAZARD, JR., Philadelphia:—

REMINISCENCES OF SCOTTISH LIFE AND CHARACTER. By E. B. Ramsay, M. A., LL. D., F. R. S. E., Dean of Edinburgh. A book filled with entertaining descriptions and amusing anecdotes, illustrative of the peculiar traits of the Scottish people. There are few persons who do not feel an interest in the land of Scott and Burns, which has clustered around it so many associations, both historical and traditional. Price \$1 00.

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written in most excellent style, and, though brief, convey vividly to the reader the more striking and important events in the lives of those whom they commemorate. In addition to its merits as a book of biographies, the work will be found to comprehend a succinct history of Europe, from the time of Charles Martel to the days of the Great Condo.

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by which Many of Them may be Detected. By Thomas H. Hoskins, M. D. A book, the perusal of which will startle many a reader, when he learns what villainous compounds he consumes in the shape of food and drink ; and which, while it reveals the frauds, points out, in many cases, the means of detecting and providing against them.

CORRESPONDENCE OF FRAULEIN GUNDERODE AND BETTINE VON ARNIM. "To those who have eyes to see and hearts to understand the deep leadings of the two characters, these pages present a treasury of sweetest satisfactions, of lively suggestions ; to the obtuse, the vulgar, and the frivolous they will seem sheer folly, the cobweb tissues of a misled fancy, the bubbles on waters yet undrained." This is said of this correspondence in the translator's preface, and we are willing to admit that it may be true in a degree ; yet, in our own opinion, these letters, which may have proved exceedingly interesting to the writers, will hardly be found so by the world at large. A book written in the form of epistles is, as a general thing, the dullest of all books. There are many beauties, both of fancy and sentiment, within its pages, but to our mind the book partakes to such a degree of the heaviness and tediousness of style which is the characteristic of a certain class of German literature, that we fear most American readers will find it a wearisome task to search for them. Others, however, upon reading it, may differ from us in opinion.

From MARIE LOUISE HANKINS & Co., New York :—
WOMEN OF NEW YORK. Written and illustrated by Marie Louise Hankins, editress of the "Pictorial Family Newspaper," and authoress of "Human Life," "The Bankrupt's Wife," "The Needle Woman," etc. etc. Marie Louise Hankins, the editress of a popular literary paper in New York city, has just issued a book from her own publication office, *written and illustrated* by herself, which is, as she herself says, either remarkable or odd in every feature. We cannot claim any remarkable degree of literary merit for it, yet this could hardly be expected when we are told that in six weeks from the day she began to write it an edition of ten thousand copies were printed and bound complete, and during this short time she had her paper to conduct and many other things to attend to. Nevertheless the sketches are well drawn, and hold up to view the follies, vices, and vanities of various classes of women in New York, and the book will find a multitude of readers. Price \$1.

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From M. W. DODD, New York, through C. S. LUTHER, 1334 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia :—

GLENARVAN ; or, *Holidays at the Cottage*. We regret that we have received this and so many other entertaining children's books at too late a date to recommend them in time for the holiday sales. But such a book will not come amiss to the young people at any time of the year.

From the LONDON publisher, through A. BROWN & Co., Boston :—

THIRTEEN PORTRAITS AND MEMOIRS from the *Drawing-Room Portrait Gallery of Eminent Personages*. We have received Parts 1, 2, and 3 of this most invaluable work. Each part contains thirteen fine large steel engravings of individuals who are leading characters in the politics, religion, and literature of England. Among the number are the portraits of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Earl of Carlisle, K. G., Rev. John Cumming, D. D., Cardinal Wiseman, Lord Brougham, the Prince Consort, Lord Palmerston, Lord John Russell, Charles Dickens, and Miss Amy Sedgwick. These parts can be obtained for 5s., English money, each ; or, in advance, with *The Illustrated News of the World*, a fine, large, neatly printed, and ably conducted paper, for thirteen weeks from the date of subscription, for 7s. 11d., English currency.

From JAMES MUNROE & Co., Boston.

THE REAL AND THE BEAU-IDEAL. By the author of "Visiting my Relations." A little work, written in a thoughtful and somewhat discursive style. The main purpose of which is to show how much more it conduces to our happiness to receive things as they are and "make the best of them," in our daily household experience, than to reject all that does not reach our expectations, and weary ourselves with desires for an unattainable earthly perfection, in our surroundings.

A HAND-BOOK OF EXERCISES AND READING-LESSONS FOR BEGINNERS IN LATIN ; *Progressively Illustrated by Grammatical References*. By James Morris Whiton, Rector of the Hopkins Grammar School in New Haven. This will be a very useful work to those whose aim it is to acquire a thorough and accurate knowledge of Latin. We commend it to the notice of teachers and students.

READINGS FOR YOUNG MEN, MERCHANTS, AND MEN OF BUSINESS. Reprinted from the London Edition. A book full of valuable counsels and suggestions to business men, brought forward in a striking and at-

active form. It will make a useful part of the library of every merchant.

A HISTORY OF THE CEMETERY OF MOUNT AUBURN. By Jacob Bigelow, President of the Corporation. His volume will possess a peculiar interest to those whose relatives and friends repose in that beautiful and consecrated spot, or to strangers who wish to know something of a place so celebrated.

THE LIFE OF JOSEPH GARIBALDI, the Liberator of Italy. Complete up to the withdrawal of Garibaldi to his island home, after the Neapolitan Campaign, 1860. By O. J. Victor. Our thanks are due Mr. Victor for a copy of this work, which we have received from him. The attention which the events of the past year or two have attracted towards Italy is centred in a peculiar degree in General Garibaldi, as the prime mover in the revolution in that country. Whatever relates to this man will be read by all, whether their sympathies be with or against him. Price \$1.00.

Godey's Arm-Chair.

GODEY FOR MARCH, 1861.—"Suffer little children to come unto me." Another splendid plate, remarkable for the beauty of the subject and the fineness of the execution. "Christ Blessing Little Children" is probably the most expensive plate we have ever published, and needs no description from us. It is a subject that commands itself to everybody.

Spring! Spring! A spring fashion-plate, in-door and out-door dresses, spring bonnets, and a large plate of spring dresses. Our subscribers cannot say of us that we do not remember when the seasons roll round. Six figures in this colored fashion-plate against those of two in the others. Why, the engraving and colors of those four extra figures would almost be capital enough for a smaller magazine.

The extension-plate of spring fashions, we want it understood, is entirely a separate plate, and does not interfere with our usual variety. We give the same twelve full page plates in front of the Book in addition to this. We have not robbed Peter to pay Paul.

We illustrate in this number "Lessons in Moss Painting," and very pretty the picture thus made must look. We shall soon commence "Pebble Work." For novelties of every kind you must see Godey. Our "Novelties for March" is very full this month. This number bounds with engravings. See the illustrations of Miss Frost's Chorus of "Stratagem."

DISCOUNT AND PREMIUM.—We return our thanks to those who have had some consideration for us in these times of heavy discount. Many have remitted us current funds; others have bought drafts and paid the premium, which is but trifling when divided among many; others, we are sorry to say, have allowed the whole of the discount to fall upon us, thereby totally destroying all profit on the clubs they have sent. They would buy drafts, charging us with the whole of the premium they paid; and others would send money that we had to sell here at from twelve to fifteen per cent. discount. We have now hundreds of dollars on hand that we are holding, hoping, as Micawber did, that "something will turn up" to lessen the discount. We would ask, is this exactly fair?

A RULE THAT DOES NOT WORK BOTH WAYS.—If a person sends us money and it does not come to hand, we are politely asked to lose it. If a subscriber does not receive a number we are asked to supply it. Here is what we will not do: at the end of the year, we are informed by a subscriber that certain numbers are missing, and that we have not sent them. This is very easy to say, but in many instances this is the case: numbers are lent, and not returned; and when the numbers are gathered up at the end of the year for binding, these numbers are missing. The publisher is then informed that he did not send them. Now let it be distinctly understood that we send no missing numbers that are not asked for at the time; for instance, if the August number comes to hand and July did not, then is the time to ask for it. We are not going to be accountable for numbers lost by lending.

We publish the following as an evidence of the popularity of the Lady's Book. Advertisements we do not want:—

L. A. GODEY, ESQ.: DEAR SIR—Your Book must be a medium of advertising far superior to many other journals. A friend of mine advertised in several of the best papers of the day, and received not a single answer. You inserted a notice in your Book twice, and she received twelve applications in answer; the first coming in three days after the first one was out. The fact speaks for itself, and all who want success should seek your columns. Yours respectfully, A SUBSCRIBER.

"GODEY" AND "HARPER."—How often must we state that these two magazines are only sent when \$4 50 is received? Harper's Magazine is not in any other club of ours.

Our California friend—had better stick to the steamers in sending their remittances. We have lost several sums sent to us from California by the overland mail.

SOMETHING ABOUT OUR NEEDLES.

IOWA.

L. A. GODEY: DEAR SIR—My wife is sick in bed, and of course all rips, tears, and buttons to be sewed have to be done by myself; to-night I was trying to sew up some rents in my out-door gloves, and I broke all the needles given me; at last a young lady gave me one of your needles—it was nothing to sew with it compared to the rest. Now, sir, I want you to send me a case of your needles: two papers that will carry linen sewing-thread, and two papers, assorted sizes, all to be of sharps; then I can mend my own gloves, and if they turn out as good as the one I have used to-night, Godey will hear from me when they are gone; inclosed please find nine red stamps. Yours truly, J. R.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE PUBLIC.—Boardman & Gray's celebrated Piano manufactory in Albany, N. Y., that was burnt out several months since, is now in full operation. They have made many improvements in their mechanical department—new scales and patterns. Like everything American, a fire purifies and suggests new ideas. They still continue to furnish the Young America Piano for \$150, and School Piano for \$125.

INDIANA.—What is the matter in this State, that so many remittances by mail are lost?

OUR MUSICAL COLUMN.

Opera and Concert.—Despite the political and financial troubles which, up to this writing, have disarranged all the usual plans of social and public enjoyment, our metropolis has not been without its accustomed musical recreation. At our peerless Academy the associated artists of the Opera, Colson, Brignoli, Susini, and Ferri, have won golden opinions, if not dollars, and have been successful in every way but the one of putting money into their treasury. Yet even this is a happy result to them in view of the enormous losses which they and every other Opera company have made in New York and elsewhere the past season. In our sister city the whole Ullman combination has been broken up, and the manager ruined. Philadelphia can always make a better showing than this. The Germania Orchestra rehearsals, which are quite a Saturday afternoon institution, are conducted with vigor, as are also the soirees of M. Bonewitz, at which Mme. Johannsen assists. At the Foyer of the Academy Messrs. Wolfsohn and Thomas's classical reunions have been very successful.

Richardson's New Method.—"The New Modern School for the Piano Forte," by Nathan Richardson, published by Russell & Tolman, Boston, is the very best piano instructor now before the public, and has received testimonials from hundreds of our best artists and professors, including Thalberg, Alf. Jaell, Dreyschock, Otto Dresel, and others, men who do not lend their names to every book before the public. The work is commended to teachers and pupils, young and old, and especially to those who have acquired a faulty habit of playing. It is progressive in its character: it leads the learner step by step from the simplest to the most elaborate pieces; and both teacher and pupil may feel every confidence that no instruction book has ever been offered to the public which contains so many qualifications for their approval. Size quarto, pp. 200. Price \$2 50. We will mail it, post free, to any address on receipt of price.

New Sheet Music.—The new publications of Mr. J. H. Hidley, Albany, comprise, *How Sad the Moments are*, by Bassford, 25 cents; *The Summer Brook*, by Laurence, 25 cents; *He Sleeps beneath the Heather*, Montignani, 25 cents; *Inspirer and Hearer of Prayer*, hymn, by Morgan, 25 cents; *The Grave of Old Grimes*, Holloway, 25 cents; *Fandango*, Spanish dance, by Karl Merz, 35 cents; *La Fleur Favorite*, quadrille, by Fradel, 35 cents; *Bergeronette Galop*, by Fradel, 25 cents; *Polka Sentimentale*, by Liebich, 25 cents; and *Schrieber's Band Drum Polka*, a capital composition, 25 cents.

The new pieces from Messrs. Russell & Tolman's establishment, Boston, include *Lost Lizzie*, by Edward Clark, 25 cents; *List thee, dearest*, and *Uriella*, by H. P. Danks, each 25 cents; *O who would look sad*, and *The Yankee Girl*, by Partridge, each 25 cents; *Mary Wayne*, ballad, Jodie's Prayer, and *Don't shut out the Moonbeams*, Mother, by Hess, each 25 cents; *Teach me thy Ways*, a beautiful sacred quartette, suitable for church choirs or parlor singing, with organ and piano accompaniment, 30 cents; *Little Charlie went a Fishing*, with pictorial title, 30 cents; *Zouave*, mazourka brillante, by Kingsley, 25 cents; *Golden Galop*, Fernald, 25 cents; and *Silver Star Polka*, by Clarke, 25 cents.

We can forward any of the above pieces on receipt of price in stamps. To all who order \$2 00 worth of music we can send gratis a copy of the new and popular ballad, *Poor Ben the Piper*.

J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

A LIST OF ARTICLES WE CAN SUPPLY.

Godey's Bijou Needle-Case, containing 100 very superior Diamond Drilled Eyed Needles. Price 25 cents, and one three cent stamp to pay postage, except to California, Oregon, or the British Provinces; for either of these places a ten cent stamp must be sent.

Godey's Pattern-Book of Embroideries. Price 25 cents.

Fresh Fruits all the year round, at Summer Prices, and how you may get them. Price 12 cents.

Every Lady her own Shoemaker. With diagrams. Price 50 cents.

Thirty of the most approved Receipts for Summer Beverages. Price 12 cents.

Gallery of Splendid Engravings, from Pictures by the first Masters. Price 50 cents each; four numbers new ready.

The Book of the Toilet. Price 25 cents.

How to Make a Dress. Price 25 cents.

The Nursery Basket; or, a Help to those who Wish to Help Themselves. With engravings. Price 50 cents.

Mrs. Hale's new Cook-Book. With numerous engravings. Price \$1 00.

Mrs. Hale's 4545 Receipts for the Million. Price \$1 25.

Godey's Curl Clasps. Twelve in a box. Nos. 1, 2, and 3. Price 75 cents, which covers the postage, except to California, Oregon, or the British Provinces. The price to cover postage to either of these places is, on No. 1, \$1 20; on No. 2, \$1 30; on No. 3, \$1 50.

Godey's Hair Crimpers. Each box contains twelve, of various sizes. Price 75 cents a box, which covers the postage, except to California, Oregon, or the British Provinces. The price to cover postage to either of these places is \$1 20.

Godey's Copying Paper, for copying Patterns of Embroidery, etc. Each package contains several colors. Price 25 cents. A ten cent stamp will be required to prepay postage on this to California, Oregon, or the British Provinces.

Patent Needle Threaders. A valuable article. Price 25 cents.

Indestructible Pleasure Books for Children, with colored plates, printed on muslin, and cannot be torn. Price 25 cents each.

Mrs. Stephens's Crochet Book. Price 75 cents.

The Song Bird Fancier. Every lady who keeps birds should have this useful book. Price 25 cents.

The Ladies' Manual of Fancy Work, by Mrs. Pullen. Price \$1 25.

OUR DOUBLE-EXTENSION FASHION-PLATES.—It would take a book larger than any one of our monthly numbers to contain the favorable notices from the press, and the many letters we receive concerning them. They seem to have taken the public by surprise, and not only the public but our contemporaries. They never even dreamed that such a thing could be done; and while they were thinking over the matter Godey did it, and a great success it has been. Nothing in England, France, or America has ever approached these fashions, and the Lady's Book now bears the supremacy in these plates. Compare our five, six, and seven figure-fashions with the two (!) of other magazines.

LET it be distinctly understood that we have no agents for whose acts we are responsible, and we are only accountable to those who remit directly to us. We have no agents that solicit subscribers. Money must be sent to the publisher, L. A. Godey, Philadelphia.

THE FLOWER GARDEN.

We again greet the readers of the Lady's Book upon the approach of spring, and, whilst thanking them for their generous patronage, would remind them that now is the time to make their preparation for the garden—the taste for gardening and the love for flowers have become so universal, and are withal such an evidence of refinement and cultivated taste, that no lady would willingly be deprived of the pleasure of surrounding herself with them, where they can be placed within the reach of her means or opportunity to obtain them. It affords us much pleasure to know that our efforts have been appreciated; during the past year our labors have been lightened by the receipt of very many kind and unsolicited letters of commendation, and we take the liberty of presenting extracts from a few of them, which will convince the most sceptical that there is no difficulty (when properly packed) of conveying plants by express to great distances with safety.

GREENVILLE, S. C., March 9, 1860.

The box of plants arrived safely, and, although seven days on the road, they looked fresh and beautiful.

JACKSON, Tenn., May 16, 1860.

The roses you sent me are splendid; a great many persons have been to see them; by next fall I hope to set up quite a large list to send on for flowers and seeds too.

HOLLY SPRINGS, Miss., April 8, 1860.

I, several days since, received the package you sent, and was highly gratified to learn that you had filled the order entirely to my satisfaction.

LA GRANGE, Mo., March 21, 1860.

The box of plants, &c. which you sent me per express arrived last night, and opened in splendid order. The fuchsias and heliotropes especially were beautiful; the right, fresh green of their foliage was not damaged by spot, and every leaf appeared perfect.

FORT KEARNEY, N. T., May 2, 1860.

I have to-day received the box of plants you sent me, and am glad to be able to inform you that most of them are in very fine order. I consider the experiment successful.

We have letters of similar import from nearly every state in the Union.

By referring to the March number, 1860, of the Lady's Book, page 280, under the head of "The Flower Garden," will be found select lists of *Roses*, *Geraniums*, *Fuchsias*, *Verbenas*, &c. We are still prepared to furnish the same assortment, with the substitution of many newer and finer varieties. Among the novelties for 1861, we offer the following:—

NEW SEEDLING VERBENAS, as a great improvement on all other varieties, for their brilliancy of color, large size of truss, prominent centres and eyes, remarkably vigorous growth, and free-blooming qualities, fully maintained during the excessive heat and drought of last summer. No. 1. *Louisa*, lilac shaded with crimson, large white eye; 2. *Mrs. Haderman*, rosy scarlet, large white eye; 3. *Mrs. Mayrant*, deep claret, fine white eye; 4. *Barbaldi*, salmon red, large white eye; 5. *Mrs. H. Ingersoll*, dark indigo blue, white eye; 6. *Mauve*, purplish blue, lemon eye; 7. *Solferino*, rosy carmine, lemon eye; 8. *Vivid*, brilliant scarlet, clear white eye; 9. *Souvenir*, *Jeo. C. Thorburn*, deep glossy puce, with a distinct square white centre; 10. *Richard Feters*, clear purple, white eye; 11. *Col. Messerschert*, dark red, with a black ring round a light centre; 12. *Magenta*, dark violet crimson, white eye; 13. *President*, rosy crimson, large purple centre. Price, 50 cents each, or the collection of thirteen for \$3 00; two collections for \$5 00.

Also the following six NEW STRIPED PETUNIAS, single flowers, vigorous habit, and brilliant colors: *Forget-me-not*, *Standard*, *Gem*, *Union*, *Conqueror*, *Novelty*.

Among the DOUBLE PETUNIAS the following three are the best for size and beauty: *Mad. Mielles*, pure white; *Wm. Robinson*, rose, shaded with light blue; *Versha-feltii*, bluish lilac. Price, 25 cents each, or \$2 00 for the nine varieties.

FUCHSIAS, with double corollas, are also among the recent introductions. We offer the following three splendid varieties: *Sir Colin Campbell*, *Cheiranthiflora plena*, *Augusta Geraert*. Among the single ones, *Catharine Hayes*, *La Crinoline*, and *Wiltshire Lass* are pre-eminent. The set of six are offered for \$2 00.

LANTANAS are beautiful shrubby plants, with verbenalike flowers, bloom constantly, and are well adapted for bedding out, as they stand the heat and drought of summer remarkably well; the following six varieties are recommended: *Alba grandiflora*, white yellow centre; *Comptess de Morny*, yellow, shaded with rose; *Grand Sultan*, orange scarlet; *Lutea superba*, large pale yellow; *Flava Lilacina*, buff shaded with lilac; *Crocea superba*, bright orange. 25 cents each, or the set for \$1 00.

PENSTEMONS are also worthy the attention of amateurs; they are hardy in the Southern States; the flowers are bell-shaped; colors scarlet, purple, blue, &c. We offer six new varieties for \$1 50.

PLANTS IN COLLECTIONS.

As an inducement for purchasers, we offer the following choice assortment of seventy-five plants (invariably our own selection), including packing, for \$10 00:—

12 *Roses*, ever-blooming varieties, distinct and beautiful.

12 *Verbenas*, choice; but not the new seedlings.

6 *Geraniums*, assorted colors, for bedding out.

3 *Heliotropium*, free-blooming varieties.

6 *Phlox*, hardy perennial varieties.

6 *Petunias*, double and single varieties.

6 *Fuchsias*, the best single varieties.

12 *Bedding Plants*, assorted varieties.

6 *Dahlias*, fine double varieties.

6 *Bulbous Roots*, including *Tuberose*, *Gladiolus*, &c.

FLOWER SEEDS BY MAIL.

A flower-garden is still imperfect without a judicious selection of plants raised from seed. Indeed, such varieties as *Phlox Drummondii*, with its brilliant hues the splendid varieties of *German Asters*, fragrant *Stocks Mignonette*, *Pinks*, *Sweet Alyssum*, with many others, are indispensable in making up a bouquet during the summer months; and those out of the reach of express lines can still gratify their taste for flowers, by the cultivation from seed of many truly beautiful plants at a very small expense. The following assortments, made up of the most desirable and free-blooming varieties, will be forwarded post-paid. (Except to California, Oregon, or the British Provinces).

Correspondents will please observe to write their signatures distinctly, and give the full post-office address; letters are frequently received without address, and in some instances even without a signature; also state the number of the assortment desired.

Annuals are plants which arrive at perfection and die off the first year; *biennials*, such as last two seasons; *perennials*, such as exist from year to year. Many of the biennial and perennial varieties will bloom the first year if sown early.

No. 1. *Twenty choice annuals*, free bloomers, for \$1 00.

No. 2. *Twenty* choice biennial and perennial varieties, for \$1 00.

No. 3. *Twelve* new and rare varieties, for \$1 00.

No. 4. *Twenty* varieties green-house plants, for \$2 00.

No. 5. *One hundred* varieties, including many rare sorts, \$5 00.

The above assortments are invariably our own selection; when selected from catalogue, a liberal allowance will be made where a quantity is ordered. Catalogues will be forwarded by inclosing a postage stamp.

Address

HENRY A. DREER,

Seedsman and Florist,

327 Chestnut Street, Philada.

PENNA.

L. A. GODEY, ESQ.: DEAR SIR—A stranger to you personally, yet an old time-admirer of your taste in all literary matters, dating from the sunny days of childhood, when *Godey* was my mother's special favorite, I cannot forbear inclosing to you the notice I have given in our paper of this week (a copy of which has been forwarded to your office), and to wish you continued prosperity, a merry Christmas, and a glad New Year.

R.

LADY'S BOOK.—As we dreamily looked on the cheerful glow which radiated in sparkles of fire from out the coals of anthracite, last evening, the strange query was inwardly propounded, if genial, faultless Godey should ever be arraigned before any tribunal (which the bright eyes and loving hearts of his thousands of fair admirers forefend!) and was to demand his trial by his peers in literature, he would be acquitted, because the world could not fill the jury panel with his equals. Always in advance of every other competitor in catering to the refined and appreciative taste of his readers, the ambition of his life seems concentrated in the successful effort of making each number of its magazine superior to its predecessors in both reading matter and illustrations; as the January number for 1861 most triumphantly proves; as it is superior to any one ever issued by its honored publishers. We do not notice particular articles, for the reason that all are meritorious and interesting; and then, too, one year's subscription is only \$3.

WE ask attention to the advertisement of Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers on the cover of this number; Fredrika Bremer's new work, and "Five Languages without a Master." French, German, Spanish, Latin, and Italian without a Master. This is a most invaluable work, and the price only \$1 25. With this book and careful study, any one may master these languages. Miss Bremer's work is \$2 50, 2 vols. They will send either book, postage free, on receipt of the price.

PATTERNS FOR INFANTS' DRESSES, OR INFANTS' WARDROBES.—Our fashion editor has supplied a great many wardrobes for infants lately, and in every case has given great satisfaction. She has facilities for furnishing these articles better and cheaper than any other person. The vast influence that her connection with the *Lady's Book* gives her induces importers and others to submit to her their earliest fashions. To those who cannot afford the articles, made-up paper patterns can be sent, which will be fac-similes of the originals. We cannot publish the prices, as the postage varies according to the size of the articles ordered, and that we have to pay in advance. For particulars, address Fashion Editor (not Mrs. Hale), care of L. A. Godey, Philadelphia. All other patterns furnished as usual.

DODGE.—We do not mean to dodge the question, but the inimitable Ossian E. Dodge, late of Cleveland, Ohio, has started on a concerting tour, and we commend him to our brethren of the press wherever he goes. Dodge is a genius; he can entertain a company alone, a whole evening, with his stories and songs. Read the following from the *Cleveland Review*:—

"This gentleman, who is perhaps as extensively known as any man in America, is about resuming his labors in the concert field. Mr. Dodge has done business in this city during the past five years of over one hundred thousand dollars, and as he wins the applause of the musical public as singer, so has he won the profound esteem of all with whom he has transacted business.

"He enters the concert field next Monday, there to remain probably a year, and possibly two or three years, making this city his headquarters, and giving concerts in this and adjoining States. So popular is his name in the concert field, and so sure is he of drawing full houses, that we understand he has been offered a regular salary (secured) of ten thousand dollars a year for two years; but the offer has been refused, Mr. Dodge preferring to be his own master and to control his own movements.

"We unite with the business men of Cleveland in wishing the most unbounded success to Ossian E. Dodge."

HAIR DYE IN FOUR DIFFERENT COLORS.—The most perfect article of this kind, manufactured by the celebrated Berger, of Paris, is now for sale in this city by Fouladoux, in Chestnut Street above Fourth. It will color the hair black, brown, light brown, or of a very light almost flaxen color. There is no deception in this, for we have seen the article tried, and pronounce it, without any exception, the very best hair dye we have ever seen. Those who order will please specify what kind they want—as one case only contains one particular dye. In addition to the above, Mr. Fouladoux manufactures wigs and fronts, and furnishes every article in the hair line.

A NEW YORK publisher, in his advertisement, says: "This is the first time that Gilbert, foremost of English book illustrators, has contributed original drawings to an American publication." This is quite a mistake; the celebrated John Gilbert, of London, has contributed several original designs for the *Lady's Book*, and we have in our possession the original drawings. This is modest on the part of the New York publisher. Here is another instance we received from a New York house: an annual purporting to be original in every respect; but we happen to have in our possession, a book published by Tilt, of London, in 1834, which is the original of this "original" work—the same plates and the same reading.

WE publish the inclosed, not vouching for it. We object, as a general thing, to publishing medical receipts, but are willing to aid in giving any relief in this terrible disease:—

CURE FOR LOCKJAW.—We have noticed lately, says the *Lancaster Gazette*, accounts of a number of deaths by this disease, which induces us to republish a positive preventive and remedy for this disease. It is the simple application of beef's gall to the wound. Besides its antispasmodic properties, the gall draws from the wound any particles of wood, glass, iron, or other substances that may cause irritation, when other applications have failed.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

DANCING DOLLS.

To the young beginner this is a very easy pattern to

Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.

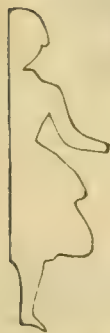


Fig. 3.



commence and practice upon. If our young pupils have any difficulty in cutting out by the eye, without drawing, they can procure a sheet of tracing paper, by placing this upon the object and going over the outline with a soft black-lead pencil, then reversing the tracing and placing the pencil lines upon the paper you wish to cut out, and going over the back of the same lines with a sharp-pointed pencil, the outline of the pattern will be clearly marked out. But it is much better to attempt and cut out the subject without drawing at all, as practising both the eye and the hand at the same time.

Take a piece of thin writing paper, and fold it four or five times; double the same again and cut out the half (Fig. 2). When opened out they will make Fig. 3, and, by cutting out two sets of four or five each, and fixing the hands together with a little gum, they can be made to form the circle as in Fig. 1.

REGISTERED LETTERS AND SECRET IN MAILING.—The editor of the *Cosmopolitan Art Journal* is rather more severe than we are upon these two subjects. Hear him. —

"HOW TO REMIT.—Single subscribers can remit us by letter, in current funds, or in stamps. Inclose the money securely, and *never register the letter nor advise any post-office official that there is money in it.* Our losses through the mail are very serious, and are greatly enhanced by the mistake subscribers make in letting *any one* know the letter which *has money in it.* Registering letters is simply a trick of the law-makers to advise thieving officials *which* letters to take. Where several subscriptions are remitted, it is best to procure a draft, if possible. If this is not convenient, send a good, *bankable* bill for the amount, making up the odd change in stamps."

We have two instances to relate that are somewhat piquant. A gentleman sent us two remittances from Arkansas, neither registered; both came to hand. The third he registered, that never was received. A gentleman in Michigan advised that by same mail he sent a registered letter containing \$15. The letter making the announcement was received, the other did not come to hand until some twenty days after. The only wonder in this case is that it was received. It bore the post-mark of the office where he mailed seventeen days after

his letter of announcement was mailed. If a registered letter addressed to us is lost, we take no further trouble in the matter.

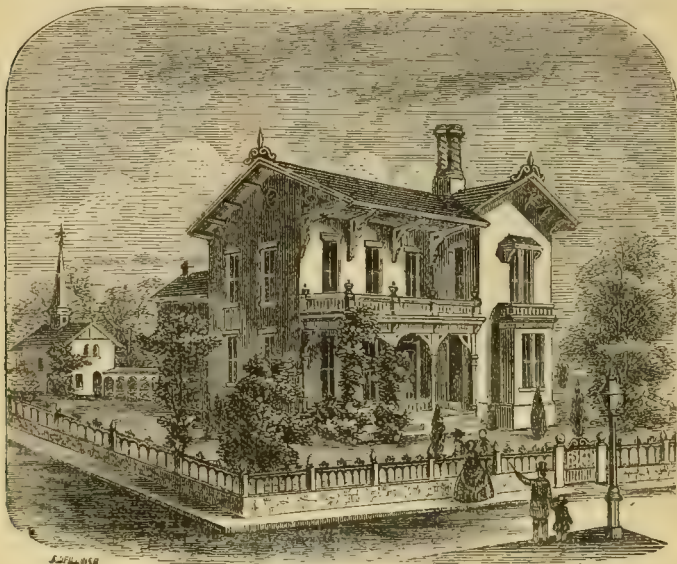
MADAME CLEMENT'S FRENCH AND ENGLISH PROTESTANT FAMILY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, Beverly, New Jersey; fourteen miles from Philadelphia; accessible several times daily by cars and steamboats. The Eighth Session will commence February 5th, 1861. The number of pupils is limited, and the instruction is thorough in every department. The recitations and study-hours are confined to the day, the evenings being devoted to recreation, reading, sewing, music, etc. The pupils enjoy great facilities for the acquisition of the French language; they hear it spoken constantly, and are required to converse in it themselves. Teachers wishing to perfect themselves in French and Drawing are received for any length of time, and on moderate terms. Terms, \$250 per annum.

References: Rt. Rev. W. H. Odenheimer; Rt. Rev. Alonzo Potter; John Price Wetherill, Esq., Philadelphia; Major Robt. Anderson, U. S. A.; C. A. Stevens, Esq., Hoboken, N. J.; Mrs. Alice B. Haven, Mamaroneck, N. Y.

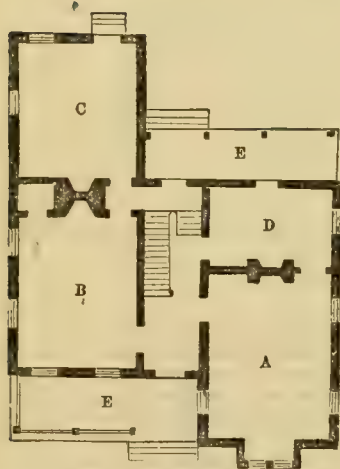
KEROSENE OIL is said to be explosive. A word of caution to our subscribers who use it

COTTAGE IN THE BRACKETED STYLE.

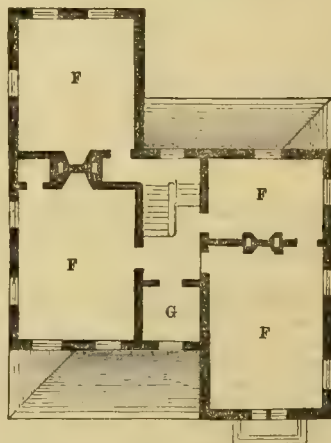
Designed expressly for Godey's Lady's Book by SAMUEL SLOAN, Architect, Philadelphia.



PERSPECTIVE VIEW.



FIRST FLOOR.



SECOND STORY.

First floor.—A parlor, 15 by 22 feet; B dining-room, 15 by 21 feet; C kitchen, 15 by 15 feet; D library, 15 by 10 feet; E E porches. The hall, containing the stairway, is 7 feet wide.

The *second story* contains four chambers and one dressing-room, with all the necessary closets, etc.

The cost of erecting this building near Philadelphia, of brick, will be \$3,800.

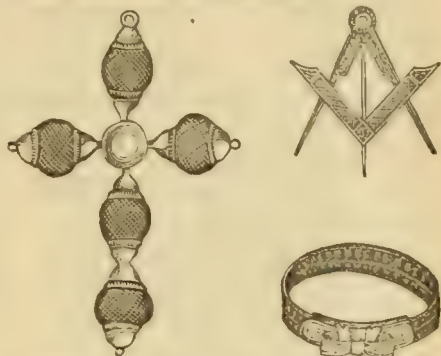
L. A. GODEY: DEAR SIR—I have been taking your excellent magazine four years, and have been both profited and entertained; I find it far superior to anything of the kind in circulation, and I wonder how any lady

can do without it. It should have a place in every family. I don't think I could do without it at all. I always have a feast on the fifteenth of each month (a feast of splendid reading matter and rich engravings). Feeling a lively interest in the circulation of the same, I have succeeded in getting up a club *without any trouble or inconvenience at all*. I just mentioned it to some of my friends as I chanced to meet them, and they paid me the amount. I shall at all times exert the little influence I possess in behalf of your work. So, hoping you may never *grow* older, and wishing you a prosperous year and a good season, I remain a devoted friend of the only Lady's Book in America. MRS. J. M.

SHORT HAIR FOR LADIES.

I know, Mr. Godey, to an absolute certainty, from *reason and experience*, that short hair would be a *great comfort and convenience*, and a *real blessing* to mankind everywhere. Any intelligent lady or gentleman *must* admit that it is a great tax upon us to have much hair to be done up and arranged every day, and sometimes often, for a common lifetime—amounting to any thousand times—just to suit a foolish fashion, and cause our mothers and grandmothers did before us. We have not submitted and will not submit to this convenience, yet women have to. Long hair, to the sick and afflicted women everywhere over the world, is a *solely a burden*, and to all others it is a great and *useless inconvenience*. And where is the 'glory' of all its fair length, so much talked about, when done up in knots in the back of the head? It is nonsense to talk its *length* as its chief element of beauty when that quality is forever concealed from human gaze, as it is in the done-up style, which makes it to all intents and purposes even shorter than the men's. Where, then, is its *glory*? Are these knots of hair on the back of our heads very handsome?—this round, knotted, imprisoned mass which gives us a conception of anything else except the length of a lady's hair? Must we sacrifice the health of the hair, its freedom, its flowing nature, the comfort of the wearer, the natural shape of the head, and all things so, for the sake of the *length* of the hair, which, after all, does not get to be seen in the done-up style; not even as much as in the flowing short style. Let me briefly show in contrast the points of difference between short hair and done-up hair. When the hair is cut to a convenient length in the neck we have the freedom of the hair, its health, the comfort of the wearer, its downward flowing nature, which poets so much admire, and which is the natural condition of the hair, and we have the natural shape of the head, always beautiful; the undergrowth of hair behind, at the junction of the head and neck, is *concealed*; besides, the hair, when cut evenly around the neck, forms a most beautiful silken border, and the color of the hair in contrast with the whiteness of the neck forms one of the most brilliant, beautiful, and angelic contrasts in the world. Then we have a *greater show* of the length of the hair. Now, contrast all these points of beauty with the entire lack of the same in the done-up hair, and then let any one decide which style is the most beautiful. And how grandly flowing hair for women corresponds with, and how symbolical of her gentle, flowing nature! Now, Mr. Godey, I submit the points I have made in favor of the convenience, comfort, and beauty of short hair for woman—which are but a few things that can be said in its favor—whether the blessings that would flow from it would not justify considerable effort on our part to change public sentiment in its favor? I have every reason to believe, from those whom I have talked with, that there are thousands in our land who would adopt short hair at once were they not over-awed by adverse public opinion. But they think, like thousands of others, that they might almost 'as well be out of the world as out of the fashion.' Mr. Godey, I know you have the interest and welfare of woman-kind at heart, and now will you aid me a little with your advice, counsel, and instructions in my efforts to change public sentiment in favor of the benefits, comforts, and blessings that short hair would give to woman-kind everywhere? Please answer soon, if it suits your convenience and pleasure, and instruct me how I can best deal with this subject to insure success."

HAIR ORNAMENTS.—Ladies wishing hair made into bracelets, pins (which are very beautiful), necklaces, or ear-rings, can be accommodated by our Fashion Editor. A very large number of orders have recently been filled, and the articles have given great satisfaction.



We give the prices at which we will send these beautiful articles:—

- Breastpins, from \$4 to \$12.
- Ear-rings, from \$4.50 to \$10.
- Bracelets, from \$3 to \$15.
- Rings, from \$1.50 to \$3.
- Necklaces, from \$6 to \$15.
- Fob-chains, from \$6 to \$12.
- The Charms of Faith, Hope, and Charity, \$4.50.
- Hair Studs from \$5.50 to \$11 the set.
- Sleeve Buttons from \$6.50 to \$11 the set.

THE better and fairer portion of human kind will be gratified to know that a preparation has been discovered which renders crinoline incombustible. Experiments were tried at a scientific meeting in Edinburgh which satisfactorily demonstrated the fact that a crinoline dress, after being steeped in a solution of sulphuret of ammonia, refused to ignite, the only effect of fire being to char it. Ammonia is a very cheap commodity, and ladies of all ranks and degrees can render themselves incombustible at very trifling expense. But, though crinoline thus prepared may not itself burn, we fear it will still possess the property of kindling as many flames as ever.

PHILADELPHIA AGENCY.

No order attended to unless the cash accompanies it.

All persons requiring answers by mail must send a post-office stamp; and for all articles that are to be sent by mail, stamps must be sent to pay return postage.

Be particular, when writing, to mention the town, county, and State you reside in. Nothing can be made out of post-marks.

Mrs. W. H. L.—Sent knitted mariposa, &c. December 17th.

Mrs. G. C. W.—Sent pattern Zouave jacket, &c. 17th.

L. A. G.—Sent headdress by Kinsley's express 17th.

Mrs. P.—Sent shirts, &c. by Kinsley's express 18th.

Miss D.—Sent slippers 18th.

Mrs. M. J. S.—Sent patterns 18th.

Mrs. J. W. D.—Sent black braid, &c. 18th.

Mrs. O. A. W.—Sent pattern, &c. 19th.

T. R. F.—Sent pattern Prince's wrap, 19th.

Mrs. H.—Sent patterns 19th.

Mrs. S.—Sent lead comb 21st.

Mrs. M. C. L.—Sent India-rubber gloves 21st.

Miss E. R.—Sent pattern sortie du bal 21st.

- Mrs. W. B. P.—Sent patterns 21st.
 Mrs. J. C.—Sent hair ring 22d.
 Miss L. J. McD.—Sent hair ring 22d.
 Mrs. J. B. F.—Sent tape and tatting 22d.
 Mrs. A. B. M.—Sent fringe 22d.
 Dr. J. L. M. B.—Sent girl's cloak by Adams's express 24th.
 Miss E. H. F.—Sent knit shawl by Harnden's express 26th.
 A Subscriber at Louisville will find the receipt in Mrs. Hale's Cook Book, price \$1.
 W. L. P.—Sent patterns 27th.
 Miss A. V. R.—Sent lead comb 27th.
 Miss L. J. B.—Sent pattern and net for hair 28th.
 M. C. C.—Sent headdress 28th.
 Miss D.—Sent smoking cap 29th.
 S. K.—Sent hair rings by Kinsley's express 29th.
 Mrs. E. G. McC.—Sent hair ring January 2d.
 Miss H. P. P.—Sent pattern Castilian cloak 2d.
 Mrs. G. W. C.—Sent pattern Castilian cloak 2d.
 Mrs. M. H.—Sent patterns 3d.
 Mrs. M. H. C.—Sent India-rubber gloves 3d.
 Mrs. M. J. U.—Sent patterns 5th.
 Mrs. G. P. C.—Sent hair bracelet and necklace 7th.
 J. S. S.—Sent hair ring 7th.
 D. E. S.—Sent infant's wardrobe by Wells, Fargo, & Co.'s express 8th.
 Mrs. A. V. Du B.—Sent worsted shawl by Harnden's express 8th.
 C. E. P.—Sent embroidery silk 8th.
 Mrs. J. D. T.—Sent pattern girl's cloak 8th.
 Miss M. H. P.—Sent pattern Zouave jacket 10th.
 L. E.—Sent sleeve pattern 10th.
 Miss G.—Sent pattern Clotilde cloak 10th.
 Mrs. S. C. K.—Sent satin 12th.
 A. C. M.—Sent infant's wardrobe by Adams's express 12th.
 Mrs. J. A. K.—Sent sacque robe pattern 14th.
 Z. E. A.—Sent infant's shawl, &c. 14th.
 Miss M. J. B.—Sent braid 16th.
 Mrs. V. A. M.—Sent pattern infant's clothes 16th.
 A. S.—Sent patterns 16th.
 Mrs. B. C.—Sent hair breastpin 17th.
 N. E. W.—Sent drawing paper, &c. 18th.
 Mrs. M. M. L.—Sent pattern infant's cloak 18th.
 Mrs. E. H. A.—Sent trimming 18th.
 Mrs. A. G. J.—Sent working cotton, &c. 18th.
 Mrs. W. A. H.—Sent infant's wardrobe by Harnden's express 19th.
 Mrs. S. E. B.—Sent net for hair 22d.
 Mrs. L. J.—Sent bracelet and breastpin 22d.

Chemistry for the Young.

LESSON XVIII.

Sulphur and Phosphorus.

MATERIALS AND TESTS REQUIRED.

379 SULPHUR: Florence flask and spirit-lamp; copper filings, clippings, or turnings; large iron wire; fragments of lead; test-tubes and a tobacco-pipe; liquor potassæ; solution of oxide of lead in liquor potassæ; charcoal powder; Epsom salt; Glauber's salt; oil of vitriol; nitrate of baryta; materials for generating chlorine, etc.

380 The element sulphur, or brimstone, is so familiar to us that any description of its common or physical quali-

ties would be unnecessary. It occurs largely as a mineral constituent, especially in volcanic countries, but it is also an element in perhaps all animals, and many plants. All the botanical natural order *Crucifera*, for instance, to which belong cress, cabbage, and mustard, contain notable amount of sulphur; and the proverbially disgusting odor of cabbage-water depends on the evolution of hydrosulphuric acid, that gaseous substance which chemists employ as a test for calcigenous metals.

381. Put some fragments of roll brimstone, or powdered sulphur, into a Florence flask, and apply the heat of a spirit-lamp flame until the sulphur fuses. Pour a little of this fused sulphur into cold water. Continue to apply heat to the remaining sulphur until the fused result turns dark in color, and remark that when this point has been attained, although the material has been considerably hotter than before, it becomes solid, and the Florence flask may be inverted without permitting any sulphur to run out. Still continuing to apply heat, the dark and solid mass will liquefy again, and the result be *now* thrown into cold water, a very strange phenomenon will be noticed. The sulphur, when cooled, instead of returning at once to its former yellow, brittle condition, will have assumed the appearance of India-rubber, and may be pulled out into long strings. In this state sulphur may be advantageously employed for taking casts of medals; which casts, when rubbed over with bronze powder, assume a very pleasing appearance. This experiment sufficiently indicates that sulphur is insoluble in water, a circumstance which we shall hereafter take advantage of in the analysis of gunpowder.

382. Boil a little powdered sulphur with liquor potassæ in a test-tube, and observe the solution which results. Neutralize the solution with an acid—say the acetic acid—and remark that the sulphur is deposited, and may be collected on a filter.

383. Set fire to a little brimstone—say the end of a brimstone match, and recognize the odor evolved; it is the odor of *sulphurous acid*. Wherever sulphur is burned in the atmospheric air or in oxygen, as we have already burned it (360), this compound sulphurous acid results. Hold a red rose moistened with water over some burning sulphur, and remark the bleaching which takes place. This bleaching quality renders sulphurous acid of great use in many of the arts. Straw bonnets, for instance, are bleached by means of sulphurous acid. Sulphur unites with oxygen in seven proportions, constituting seven acids, but the following are the chief:—

Hyposulphurous acid, forming salts termed hyposulphites.

Sulphurous acid, forming salts termed sulphites.

Hyposulphuric acid, forming salts termed hyposulphates.

Sulphuric acid (oil of vitriol), forming salts termed sulphates.

384. Mix some fragments of copper wire or copper filings with about an equal weight of sulphur; put the mixture into a test-tube, and, applying the heat of a spirit-lamp flame, remark the combination which results. Direct union of the metal ensues, and the resulting compound is termed *sulphuretted* or *sulphide* of copper.

385. Heat a small bar or large wire of iron to whiteness, and immediately bring it into contact with sulphur. Union of the two bodies will result, and sulphuretted iron will be formed. This is the compound which has been employed for the purpose of generating hydrosulphuric acid, by the addition of sulphuric acid and water (125).

386. Mix some fragments of lead with sulphur, put the mixture into a test-tube or the bowl of a tobacco-pipe, and apply heat; if to the tube, a spirit-lamp flame will be efficient; if to the tobacco-pipe, use the heat of a fire. Again, in this instance, direct combination will result, and sulphuret or sulphide of lead will be formed. Do not confound the expressions sulphide and sulphite; the difference between them will be understood by reference to paragraph 383.

Centre-Table Gossip.

HOME HAPPY.

"DEAR me, how this room smells of smoke! Poh! How can you endure it, Sarah?"

"Oh, it's only a souvenir of 'Tom's crowd;' you know he brings home his friends, instead of lounging around bar-rooms with them."

"But it will ruin these curtains." And Aunt Charity looked as if she thought her sister-in-law's wits slightly astay in permitting such destruction.

"It will cost less to get another set than it would to mend Tom's morals, if they were ruined instead of the curtains."

"You don't mean to say that all those young men who were here last night come and go over your velvet stair carpet?"

"As often as they choose; they are all gentlemen, and, I suppose, use the door-mat. I don't know what you would say to having had one or two sleep here with Tom while we were in the country last year, and taking a fancy to lunch on short-cake and broiled ham at one o'clock at night, going down to the kitchen, and cooking for themselves."

Aunt Charity subsided for the present, dumb with the audacity of the measure alluded to. Not having children of her own, she could not enter into Mrs. Smith's satisfaction at having so affectionate, so true-hearted and honest a son, who, unscrupulous as his aunt might consider him, was never ashamed or afraid to speak of his companions or his midnight doings.

"Wood! What are they carrying off kindlings for?" said the worthy spinster, an hour or two later, observing the movements of two of the younger branches of the family. "They are carrying kindlings into the stable, Sarah; a very dangerous proceeding."

"It is not used as a stable now; you know we have given up our carriage since the city railroads were introduced, and Mr. Smith has given the boys the loft for a play-room. They have a stove there now, and Willy takes the responsibility of the fire."

"If they were my boys, I should be after them pretty often, and see what they were about."

"But we always know; they always report their proceedings at tea. They have a carpenter's bench and tools."

"Cut their hands off some day; lame them for life," Interrupted Aunt Charity.

"But just now their passion is for chemical experiments. They are studying chemistry at school, and half a dozen little chaps come here regularly and work with them. Sometimes we don't get a glimpse of them in play hours for a week, and it saves my time and temper, to say nothing of always knowing where they are."

Their conservative relative listened in horror, and

gazed at the stable roof as if she expected to witness an immediate explosion.

This is no fancy picture, but a true example of the wise indulgence which has trained the pleasantest family of boys we have ever seen into intelligent, affectionate, pure-minded, home-loving sons and brothers. And, following this, we indorse most heartily another word of good advice for fathers in this instance:—

My friends, do you want to make home delightful to the young folks? Then don't come creeping from your business with all the day's cares and trials hanging like forty millstones about your neck. Leave them in their proper place. Come smiling to your fireside, as if you expected to enjoy yourself, and wanted the rest of the folks to do the same thing. If a pleasant circumstance has come under your observation, keep it for discussion at your fireside; if a smile-waking thought has occurred to you, divide it with the home circle. Don't shrug up your shoulders and draw down your mouth if a few young people "happen in" to see your juveniles. Don't complain about the noise they make. You were young yourself once, and if you go to work to help them have a good time, our word for it, the noise will soon cease to annoy you. The world has a very rigidizing influence on its disciples, and if you don't take the evenings to unbend in, you will become an absolute automaton. Forget, once in awhile, that life is not all sunshine; forget your cares, and they will diminish in proportion. There never was a day so dark but that a happy home evening could gild its shadows. Make your fireside something for all to look forward to, and think about; make it a resting-place, and you may depend upon it life will be a pleasant affair to you.

MUSICAL ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

THE best parlor music for amateurs at the present is known as "the future school," which indicates that the taste which cultivates and enjoys it has gone beyond the popular range. For those who have not yet known much of it we promise more than one delightful evening in the perusal of Miss Brewster's "Compensation," and a shadowing of good things to come when we announce a new volume from her pen; "Compensation" being the most artistic book, not only of the season, but, in its peculiar range, unsurpassed by any American publication. *Chopin* is the hero of all musical young ladies, and we have known of a musical evening being arranged in Charleston, S. C., at the house of an eminent pianist, in which the music mentioned in "Compensation" made up the programme.

Richard Wagner, the head of the school of the "future music," who is best known by his opera of *Pannhauser*, has completed a new opera called *Tristan und Isolde*, and the score is now published. For the performance of this opera are required two soprano voices, four tenors, two baritones, and one bass. *The choruses are for male voices only*; a point in the execution.

The new opera by Balfe is founded on the story of the Bravo of Venice, which gives fine scope for scenic and musical effect.

Among other musical works now going through the press in Germany, we may mention Rubenstein's grand oratorio, *Paradise Lost*, and Joachim's new violin concerto, and a serenade for full orchestra, by Johannes Brahms.

The Messiah has recently been given in England. Madame Catherine Hayes, who sang the soprano parts, gave "Rejoice greatly" with all the brilliancy and

joyous expression which that beautiful air demands. Madame Laura Baxter imparted deep feeling to her execution of the pathetic air, "He was despised and rejected;" and her fine contralto voice was heard to great advantage in "O Thou that tellest." The bass music was assigned to Mr. Weiss, who, it is needless to say, gave it in admirable style. The chorus, "For unto us," and the "Hallelujah" went off very effectively.

Meyerbeer's *Parden de Ploermel* has lately been given in Paris, and the canzonetta which he wrote when in London, for Madame Nantier-Didiee, has been introduced in the second act.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

1. *The Original of Da Vinci's "Last Supper."*—Every one is familiar with this celebrated picture, from casts and engravings. A description of the original as it appears at the present time may have general interest. It is greatly injured by time, and is gradually fading away. As a fresco, it has less hope of preservation than if it had been on canvas.

"The whole impression of this visit was subdued and mournful. It was much such as one would have in the room with the mortal remains of some noble and distinguished man soon to be seen on earth no more. That a great religious picture of the greatest painter and one of the greatest men who ever lived should perish from the earth seems a solemn and mournful thought. One sees the exquisite finish of Leonardo in those small paintings of his which are scattered through different galleries; but here was the picture which united a sublime breadth and largeness of design to the nicest delicacy of execution; which united the graces of color and drawing to the highest expression of noble and religious sentiment, and it is fading from the earth, and soon to be seen no more! No representation in existence in the least gives an idea of its higher attributes of expression. From engravings we may have an idea of the fineness of the general design, the perspective, the general arrangement of light and shade, the noble variety of heads, each so well individualized; but that central figure, on which we are told Leonardo pondered so long, and which he touched with so reverent a hand, because his conceptions were so intense with religious awe, that will never be seen when the little that remains of this noble fresco is faded."

2. *To Preserve the Eggs of Birds.*—Nothing further is necessary than clearing out the contents from a small hole made near one end; the mouth being applied to a still smaller hole near the opposite end, a very weak solution of corrosive sublimate (*a rank poison*) in spirits of wine may then be sucked up into the egg, by putting its end into it, shaken about inside, and then blown out again; this, though not indispensable, is a preservation against insects. The object of making the holes not quite at the extremities of the egg is that they may be turned downwards out of sight as the egg lies in the cabinet. They should, of course, be made in one line.

Or: The first consideration should be to get them cleaned of their contents; this may be effected with the eggs of the larger birds by making a hole at one side large enough to admit a quill, and shaking out the contents; they should then be well washed with a solution of camphor (not too strong, or it will make them very brittle by destroying the tenacity of the pellicle which lines the inside), and when dry fasten with gum, either singly or in pairs, to a piece of card-board. This method not only gives great facility for handling

them and writing the name under each, but, by concealing the hole made for the purpose of cleaning them, allows them to retain the appearance they had when first taken from the nests. As the colors of many of them are very perishable, it will be necessary, in order to preserve them, to give them a light coating of varnish, and the best for this purpose is isinglass dissolved in gin.

3. *Destruction of Red Ants.*—A simple remedy. Some one, writing to a popular country paper, gives the following simple directions:—

"A neighbor of mine, in whose word I can place the utmost confidence, says: 'Take spirits of camphor, and sop it on the shelf, making a perfect ring, and place the ants inside of the ring, and none of them can get out alive; it is sure death.' He has tried it. Those out of the ring will leave in the first train."

Fashions.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

HAVING had frequent applications for the purchase of jewelry, millinery, etc., by ladies living at a distance, the *Editors of the Fashion Department* will hereafter execute commissions for any who may desire it, with the charge of a small percentage for the time and research required. Spring and autumn bonnets, materials for dresses, jewelry, envelops, hair-work, worsteds, children's wardrobes, mantillas, and mantelets, will be chosen with a view to economy, as well as taste; and boxes or packages forwarded by express to any part of the country. For the last, distinct directions must be given.

Orders, accompanied by checks for the proposed expenditure, to be addressed to the care of L. A. Godey, Esq.

No order will be attended to unless the money is first received. Neither the Editor nor Publisher will be accountable for losses that may occur in remitting.

Instructions to be as minute as is possible, accompanied by a note of the height, complexion, and general style of the person, on which much depends in choice. Dress goods from Levy's or Evans & Co.'s; cloaks, mantillas, or talmas, from Brodie's, 51 Canal Street, New York; bonnets from T. White & Co.'s; jewelry from Warden's or Caldwell's, Philadelphia.

When goods are ordered, the fashions that prevail here govern the purchase; therefore, no articles will be taken back. When the goods are sent, the transaction must be considered final.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL FASHION-PLATE FOR MARCH.

Fig. 1.—Dinner-dress of pearl-colored *poult de soie*, trimmed with lilac silk and quillings of narrow ribbon. The over-skirt is gored, of one piece with the body, slashed at the side, and caught together by bands of lilac silk, and finished with three tassels. The underskirt is full and not gored. The cap is trimmed with ribbon and flowers to match the dress.

Fig. 2.—Child's dress of Solferino silk, flounced up to the waist; low neck and short sleeves. Garibaldi coat of light silk, finished with pinked ruffles. Hat of white straw, trimmed with black velvet and a long white ostrich plume.

Fig. 3.—Black *moiré* walking-dress, with deep puffing on the skirt. The body is composed of velvet and *moiré*;

the lower part, both back and front, being of velvet, trimmed with puffings. Sleeves flowing, and trimmed with *mauve* puffings. Straw bonnet, bound with gold color, and trimmed with a gold-colored net, with cord and tassels; strings and cape of Solferino ribbon.

Fig. 4.—Rich promenade dress of green silk, with black velvet stripes made perfectly plain. Bonnet of white silk, covered with black lace, with a bunch of black flowers, having gold centres at the side, a black and white ruche inside; gold color strings.

Fig. 5.—Dress of tan-colored silk, trimmed with flounces of the same, and bands of Marguerite silk edged with black lace, having at intervals *petites* of black gimp, body trimmed *en bretelle*; sleeves puffed, and quite small at the wrist. Ceinture or girdle of wide tan-colored ribbon, with lace inserted at the ends, and trimmed with fringe. The headdress is a net of Marguerite chenille, with two large tassels at the side.

Fig. 6.—Evening-dress of white muslin, puffed half way up the skirt, and a short tunic of rows of puffs and inserting edged with lace. Plain corsage, pointed behind and before, and laced up the back. The bertha is formed of folds of illusion in the *Savigné* style, and trimmed with a fall of *point appliqué* lace. The undersleeve is of muslin puffed, and quite short; over this is a dem angel sleeve of illusion, edged with lace. Coiffure of green velvet, with gold pendants.

DESCRIPTION OF SPRING FASHIONS.

(See large engraving in front.)

Fig. 1.—A Magenta-colored silk, with tunic skirt, trimmed with one flounce. The skirt does not meet in front, in order to show the front breadths of the lower skirt, which are trimmed, *en tablier*, with three flounces each five inches in width, and headed with a quilling of black velvet, having a gold braid sewed in the centre of it. The waist is trimmed with a bertha of one flounce, and the belt is black and gold, with a heavy gold clasp. Bonnet of pansy-colored silk, trimmed with mauve satin buttons and gold cord.

Fig. 2.—Dress of Marguerite silk, made perfectly plain. Mantle of rich thread lace, trimmed at the bottom with a looped fringe, and finished at the neck with a very *rechappee* hood. Bonnet of straw, trimmed with light green velvet, lace, and Narcissus, with black hearts. The inside trimming is a thick roll of green velvet, a small bunch of flowers on the right side, and short lace tabs.

Fig. 3.—A brown spring silk, with six flounces bound with brown velvet. Mantle of same material as the dress, trimmed with a wide puffing, flounces, bows, and velvet. Bonnet of pink silk, drawn and trimmed with ruchings of illusion.

Fig. 4.—Dress of rich mauve silk, with black velvet stripes. Circassian pardessus of black reps silk, trimmed with wide black velvet, having on each edge a thick cording of white silk. Bonnet of white velvet, lined with Solferino silk, and trimmed with flowers of the same tint.

SPRING BONNETS.

(See engravings, pages 196, 197.)

Fig. 1.—A Neapolitan braid, gray and white, trimmed with Solferino and gray ribbon drawn into rosettes on one side, with straw centres, which give them much the appearance of poppies; a long loop of ribbon, and

two straw tassels complete the trimming of the left side, and on the other side the ribbon is drawn down perfectly plain. The cape and front of the bonnet are finished with a puffing of Solferino crape. The inside trimming consists of a band and tabs of illusion.

Fig. 2.—An English chip bonnet, with pansy-colored velvet cape. On the right side of the bonnet are two bows of pansy ribbon worked with gold stars, and on the other a large bunch of scarlet flowers. The inside trimming is of ribbon and flowers.

Fig. 3.—Fine split straw, with dark crown, trimmed with a sapphire blue ribbon, and a white ribbon. On the right side of the bonnet is a large water-lily, with buds and leaves. The inside trimming is a roll of sapphire blue velvet, black tabs, and a small lily on one side.

Fig. 4.—A Tuscan braid, trimmed on one side with white ribbon bound with black velvet, and black lace rosettes with jet centres; and on the left side are handsome jet tassels fixed by medallions of white gimp. The inside trimming is a puffing of white illusion, and large black rosettes, with jet pendants. This is a beautiful style of bonnet for light mourning.

CHITCHAT UPON NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS, FOR MARCH.

THE season is unusually late in opening, owing to the financial embarrassments of midwinter, the time when most of our large importing houses are usually beginning to receive their goods. Large orders for expensive novelties were countermanded, others were delayed, and we are now seeing the effect of these things.

There is one department of dress goods in which, it is sadly true, there is always a certain demand. Death does not delay his work for any commercial crisis; and perhaps the earliest orders that reached Philadelphia were intended for the *Maison de Doud* of Besson & Son, 981 Chestnut Street. This well-known house keeps steadily on its way; and since their removal to the elegantly neat place of business now occupied by them, its excellent light, so necessary in the selection of black goods, proves that theirs are always reliable. A "good black" is always the first thing to be considered in the choice of mourning. If it be rusty or gray, no matter how costly the material, the effect is shabby. For deep black, the material most in vogue for summer wear, will be *barige grenadine*, a less costly article than the real grenadine; for though of much the same tissue, it is of mixed wool and silk, while the other is all silk. It will range from 50 cents to \$1 a yard in price. Real grenadine, always in vogue, may be had, according to quality, from 75 cents to \$1 50. A very serviceable article, that will be in general wear the present season for house dresses, in plain black, is the old favorite Balzerine, which is afforded as low as 18 cents a yard. There are also Tomatan's and crape *bariges* from 31 to 62½ cents. There is a disposition towards making up English crape over black silk—the dress and mantle alike—for best wear. It is truly elegant, but expensive, though certainly the most suitable material together with grenadine, for evening wear.

We have now come to second mourning goods, in which there are both novelty and variety; and though they are "only calicos," we must admire, in passing, the neat and varied designs of Hoyle's prints, in purple, mauve, and gray, upon a black or white ground.

Barige Anglaise is still expected to be the popular fabric for street dress in the summer heats, both in and

out of mourning—large importations have been made. At Besson's we find some entirely new designs in black and purple, gray and white, white and lilac, etc., distinguished by the dotted, striped, and *chinée* grounds, and a set figure *printed* upon the material; as, for instance, a mauve pansy without leaves, on a black ground.

In foulards, this point of set figures is still more noticeable; as, for instance, a purple pansy, or a white Marguerite on a black ground.

Where there are two colors combined the figure is called *Cammaïeny*; when it is woven to stand out like embroidery, it is known as *broché* or Jacquard.

In travelling dress goods, which are also serviceable for general spring wear, as well as the foulards, there is the Syria poplin, the India *glacée*, gray Valenciennes at 62½ cents, and black and white Cruvellis at 37½ cents, a large variety. These will be worn much the same by people in or out of mourning.

In first mourning, black crape collars and cuffs on grenadine or crape sleeves will still continue to be worn. The English fashion of adding a gold thread to the *appliqué* pattern in crape, may find favor in New York, and at the South, but scarcely in neat, plain Philadelphia, where mourning usually is *mourning*, and not a mass of crape bows, bugles, and tinsel. There is the usual variety of white tarleton collars and cuffs in folds and piping; but the novelty of the season is a laced *appliqué*, the figure being traced in a satin stitch with embroidery silk, which gives it a pretty effect. The lappel style is still in favor, though many prefer the round collar, with a small point behind, coming straight across in front to meet the brooch, extremely narrow and very neat.

In the foulards for ordinary wear, the same styles are shown in colors upon a mode, or dark, plain ground. Pansies, clusters of berries, fruit, as the cherry, the plum, are among the newest designs; following the Jacquard figures on the silks, and rep goods of the past winter. These same designs will also be reproduced upon the *barège Anglais*, the Valenciennes, and other thin wool, or silk and wool tissues. So of the light spring silks—but of these next month.

The shape of bonnets is much less of a poke than last year; flatter on top, and more open at the ears. A drawn lining for straws of crape, silk, or satin, with the edge projecting a little to form a tiny ruff of the material, when seen from the outside. The tendency is to discard blonde ruches altogether for bands, rolls, and plaitings of ribbon, plain blonde, and flowers. There is a great variety of braids, mixtures of gray and brown *orin* prevailing, and some delicately-fine Dunstables and split French straws; chip is also seen with rice straw. Leghorns are the only straw bonnets seen on the street, as yet.

Puffed sleeves, whether in a straight graduation from the shoulder to the wrist, or two above the elbow terminating in a tight sleeve below, will be worn for the plainer materials, early silks, etc.; the black velvet point, or bodice-girdle as it might be described, is suitable for the same materials. It is a very favorite style, nearly superseding the broad scarf-girdles.

Madame Demorest, at 473 Broadway, has a dressmaking department in the charge of an unusually obliging and competent lady; a great convenience to her numerous customers in patterns and crinoline. Wedding or travelling outfits, mourning orders, etc. receive prompt attention. We have seen a travelling outfit undertaken in a two days' notice, and thoroughly well

executed, arranged from the ever fresh and artistic styles of the *Moniteur*, *La Mode*, and other reliable Parisian authorities.

Cotton Balmoral petticoats, in the same neat, light colors that have distinguished those in wool, silk and wool, etc. the past winter, will be found a most serviceable article for spring wear, or for travelling through the season. They are much lighter, and of course cooler than those our readers are generally familiar with. They are also suitable as an underskirt for equestrians. We close with some sensible suggestions as to costume, from a contemporary we should be glad to credit, with the good sense of the advice to ladies who ride, very suitable for this season of the year. In our next we shall have fuller descriptions of bonnets by Mrs. Scofield and others, Brodie's Spring wraps, etc. etc. As to riding dress—

"To begin at the top, the present style of round brimmed straw or beaver Spanish hats (not wide brimmed flaps), so fashionable for young ladies' travelling headgear, is an admirable riding-hat. It would be best to leave off the lace and head-frill usually worn, as this might dash about the eyes and obstruct the sight in case of a flurry. Plumes could be added with charming effect. Dress the hair low back, and if gathered in a net, according to the present style, so much the better. It is always annoying to have their hair get loose and go flying about while on a lively ride, unless it is dressed on purpose to float at will. The underclothes have much to do with the grace of a riding costume. Hoops and all other devices for making the dress stand out, must be positively dispensed with; and all starchy goods, either for underskirts or outside habit. It does not alarm us nor shock us to see the flutter of a white petticoat or an embroidered skirt, but when such things make a show on the field, it is a sure sign that the lady is not dressed right.

"A sleeved chemise of light flannel stuff, a single short petticoat of the same, trousers to match the outside habit, rather full and gathered at the ankle in an elastic band, and buttoned about the side at the waist, is a bill of under-costume that sits well and tells no tales, while the horse is showing his best paces. Gaiters or morocco boots with heels, and long stockings, of course, will complete the footgear.

"The habit may be of soft cloth, merino, or velvet, according to the taste and convenience of the wearer, but never of any stiff or starchy material that will flap about and float up to expose the under garments. Besides, all grace is marred by the action of a habit that will balloon about, and fill and flap like a foresail. Let the habit come well up and plain about the throat, the sleeves close at the wrist, the skirt no more than half a yard longer than a walking-dress, and if for riding upon a low horse, one-third of a yard extra, is long enough.

"It is neither safe nor elegant to see an over long skirt flapping about the horse's legs, or dragging up dirt or mud. The jacket may be made separate from the skirt if desired, but where the habit is made whole there is less danger of its getting out of fix, and when once buttoned up in front, the lady may feel safe that she is dressed, and not likely to be surprised by having her garments parting company just at a time when she needs her hands to take care of her horse. A few bars and buttons upon the bosom of the jacket, and a narrow linen collar are about all that are desirable in the way of further ornament. Add to the above a pair of gauntlets."

FASHION.





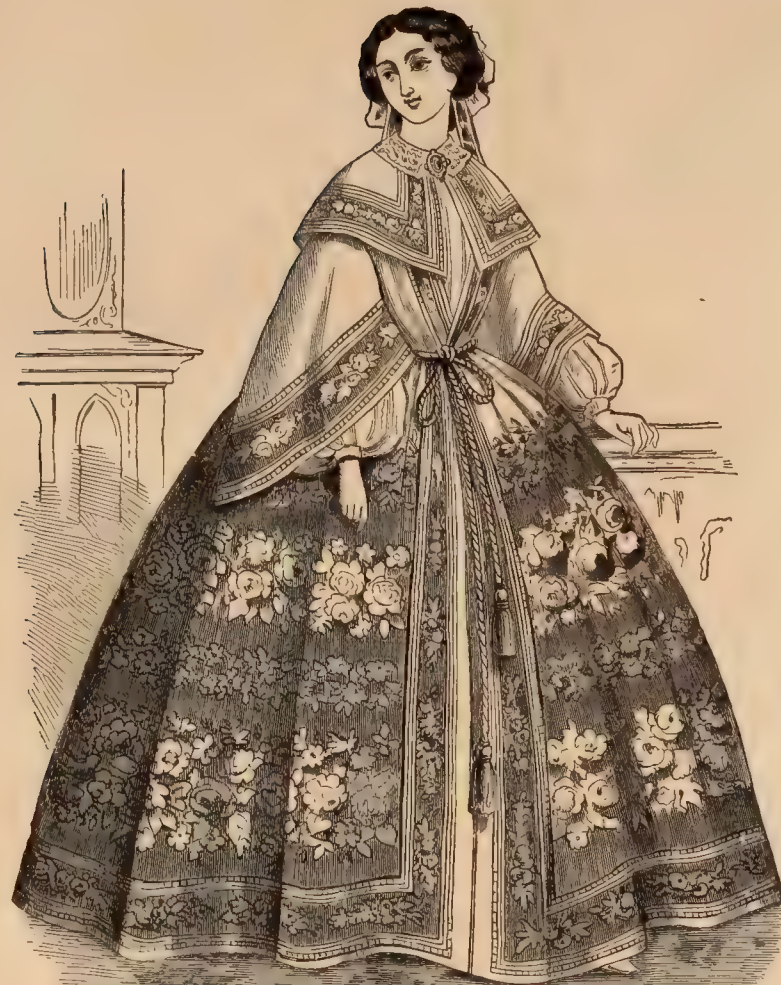


Copewell & Kimmel Sc.

GODEY'S FASHIONS FOR APRIL 1861.

A NURSERY FLOWER.

SPRING FASHIONS FOR 1861.



THE ANDALUSIAN.

[From the establishment of G. BRODIE, 51 Canal Street, New York. Drawn by L. T. VOIGT, from actual articles of costume.]



We take pleasure in offering this beautiful style to our lady friends for a spring garment. There are certain peculiarities to which we call attention.

For those who prefer the pelisse of a marked style, the border is not of the same color as that of the body of the garment, but is of white purple, etc.; the black lace which edges it lies over this lighter color, thus showing its pattern, etc., much more strongly than if falling over a black ground. A line of this lighter-colored silk is left also uncovered, as a heading or relief to the lace.

The Little Cradle and the Little Grave.

COMPOSED FOR THE PIANO-FORTE, FOR GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, BY O. M. BREWSTER.

(In memory of Charley, and affectionately inscribed to his mother.)

I had a lit - tle cra - dle, And a

Rall.:

lit - tle face slept there; It was the glo - ry of my home, That child - ish bean - ty rare.

p *colla voce.*

p *Rall: ♩ Tempo.*

And now I have a lit - tle grave: Do thou be still, my heart; God

piu lento. *Rall:*

do - eth well, And he has fixed For me the bet - ter part.

piu lento.

The cradle now I put away,
(I scarce can see through tears.)
This little grave, it will be mine
Through all my coming years.
Some day the little form would stray
From out its cradle bed:
This lovely grave will hold it well,
Till earth gives up her dead.

It is enough—my changeful life
Has this one thing secure,
This precious grave; a child in heaven,
A child forever pure.
My child is safe, forever safe;
And I must patient be,
Until I, too, look through the veil,
Christ and my baby see.

SPRING BONNETS.
(See description, Fashion Department.)



FIG. 1.



FIG. 2.

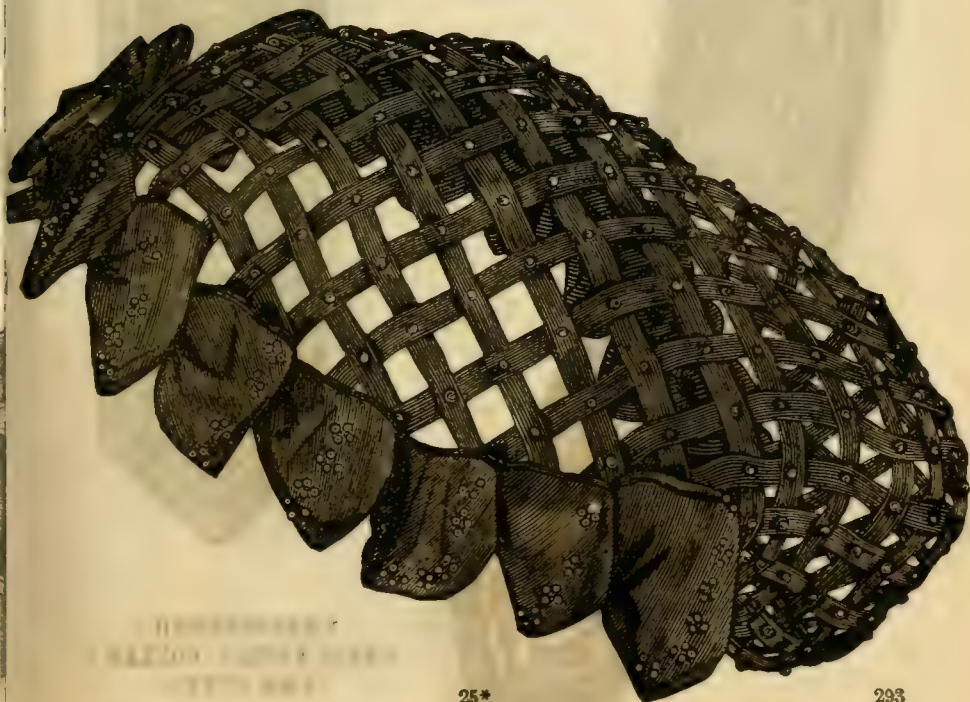
HEADRESSES.

(See description, Fashion Department.)

Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.

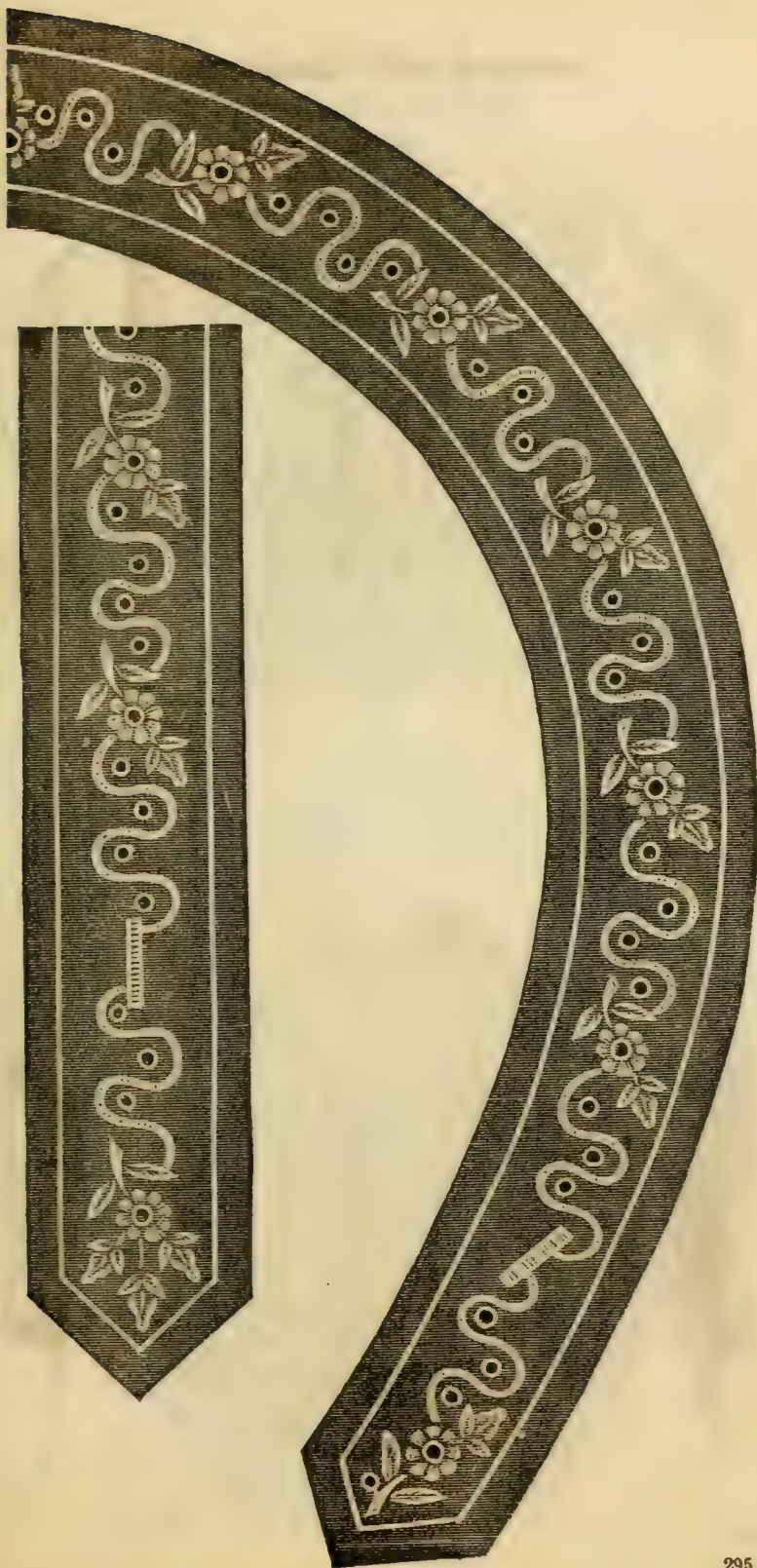




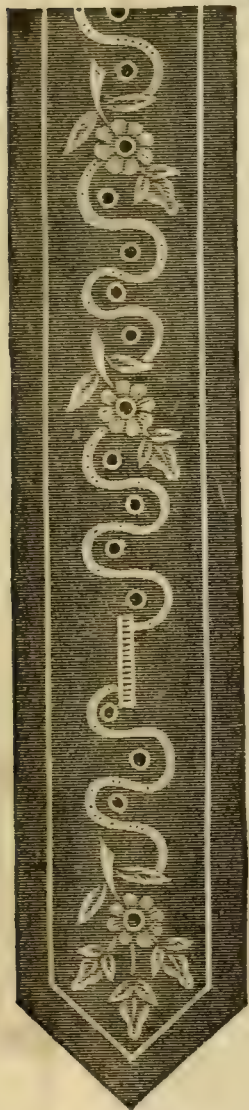
**EMBROIDERED
OVERLAPPING COLLAR
AND CUFF.**

(See description, Work Department.)

2



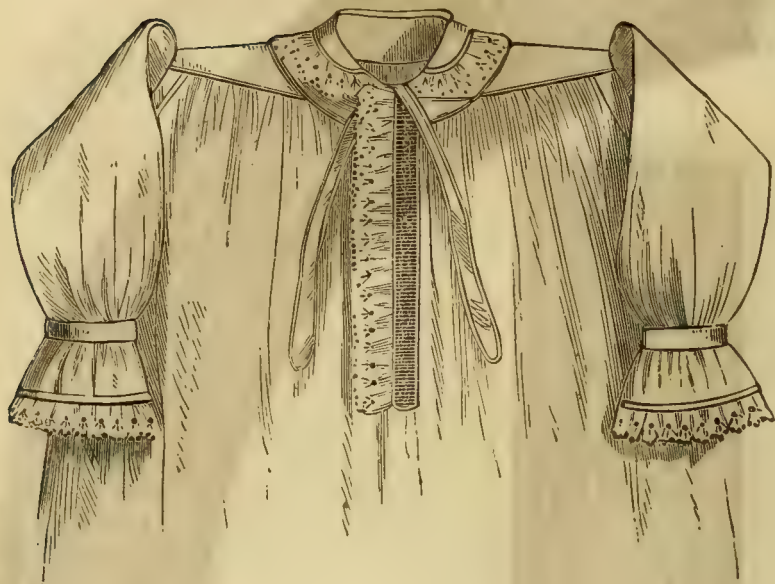
2



PATTERN FOR A NIGHT-DRESS.

(See description, Work Department.)

(Front view.)



(Back view.)



TEAPOT INKSTAND.

(See description, *Work Department.*)



BUTTERFLY PEN-WIPER.

(See description, *Work Department.*)



INFANT'S EMBROIDERED SHOE.

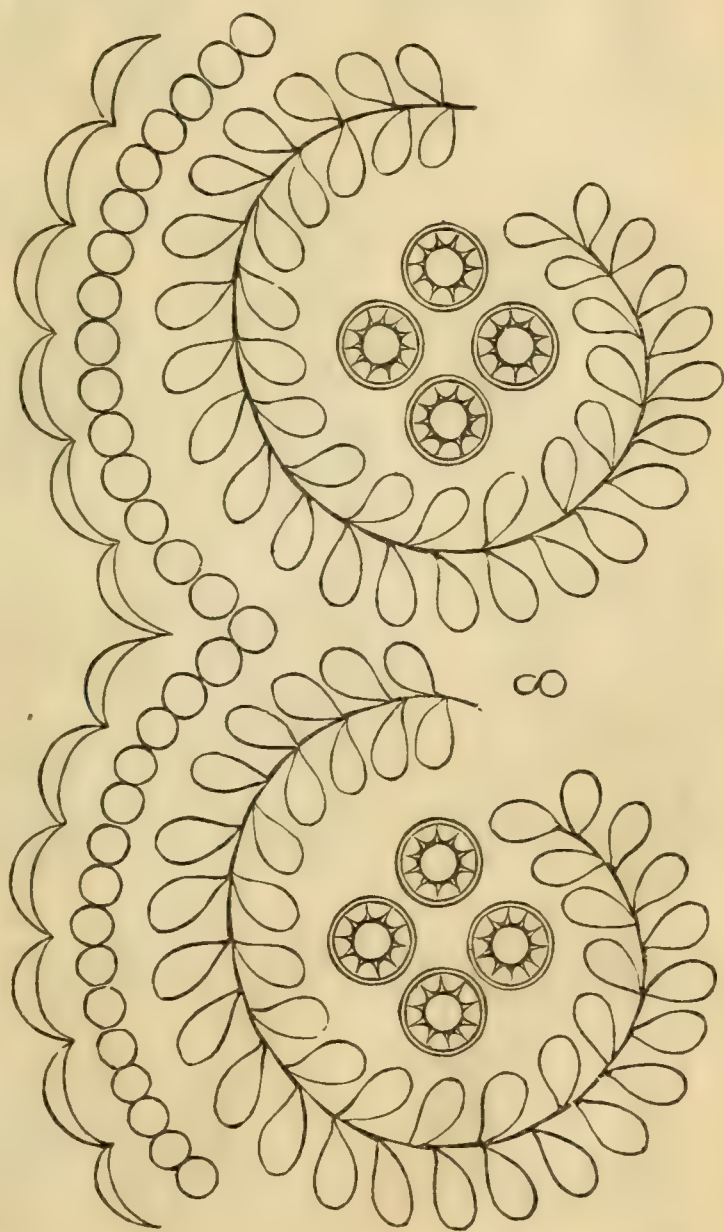


Materials.—White French merino or cashmere; and either white silk, or purple, green, and brown silk.

We give the two parts of which the entire shoe is composed, and the design may be either worked entirely in white silk or in the appropriate colors. If the latter, the veinings of the leaves must be in a darker shade of green than the leaf itself. The upper petals of the flowers are worked in French knots; the scrolls in *point de chaînette*; the calyx of the buds in pale green; the buds in purple silk.

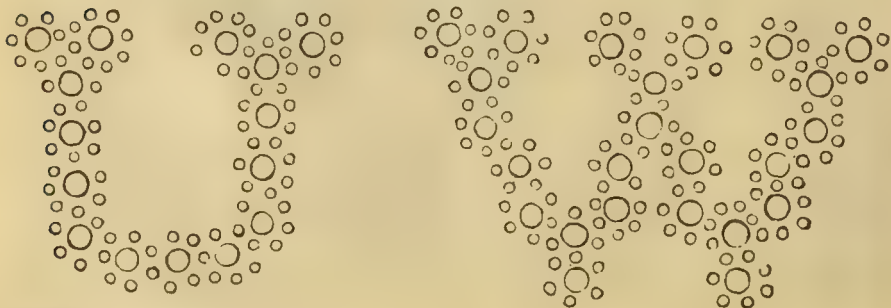
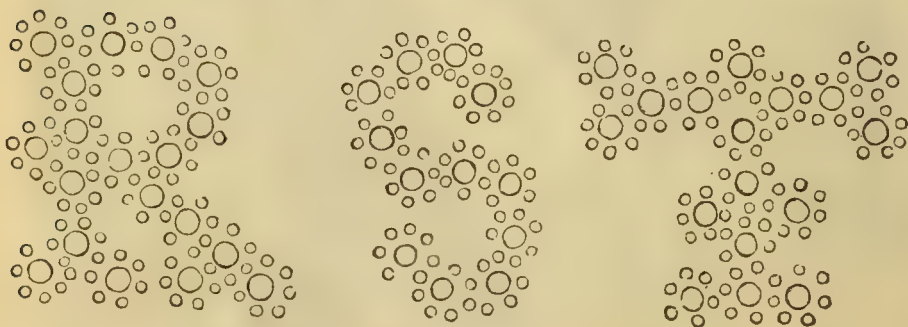
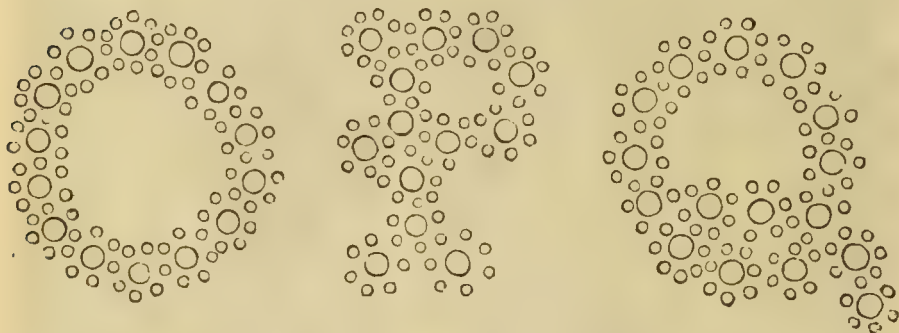
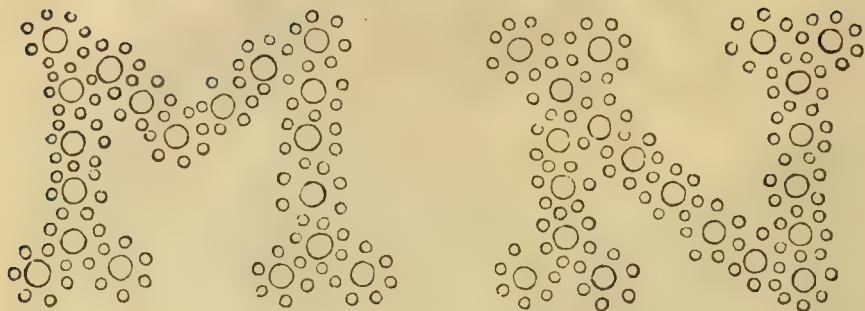
To make-up these shoes, quilt some finest of twill-muslin, with flannels for the lining; binding this lining and the outer part together with a piping-cord, covered with white silk. The soles of these very small shoes are usually also made of merino, quilted; but they may, if preferred, be cork-soles, bound with white ribbon.

EMBROIDERY PATTERNS.



ALPHABET OF FANCY LETTERS.

FOR MARKING PILLOW-CASES, ETC.



GODEY'S

Lady's Book and Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL, 1861.

ROMANCE AT CENTRE HARBOR.

BY MARY W. JANTRIN, AUTHOR OF "THE FOREIGN COUNT," "AUNT SABRINA'S DREAM," "TATTLEBOTS OF TATTLETOWN,"
"PEACE," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"I BELIEVE I will walk up to the hotel, Anna."

And the gentleman tossed a brace of valises and a shawl upon the three great travelling-trunks the driver had strapped behind the yellow stage-coach, and addressed the little delicate lady he had assisted to the inside.

"No, Charles, I want you to get in and arrange my cushions."

The voice was very thin and querulous, and the pretty face of the speaker wore a listless, languid air; for Mrs. Charles Lushington was, or fancied herself, an invalid. Moreover, Mrs. Charles Lushington was troubled with "her spine" and "her nerves;" and her physician had advised the healthy, inland retreat of Centre Harbor—cool, bracing, mountain air, agreeable company, and moderate exercise. "Don't take your servant along with you. Learn to depend upon *yourself*!" he had advised (for Dr. Plaintalk was an old and privileged practitioner); and so the little invalid lady had set about learning that hardest task, self-reliance, and actually meant to lace her own gaiters, pick up her own handkerchiefs, and braid her own abundant hair. But then, Doctor Plaintalk hadn't forbidden her taking along her cushions with her; and, if the Abigail was left behind, the downy silk pillows that had accompanied her last year to Nahant were not, and hence the querulous request, "Charles, I want you to get in and arrange my cushions!"

"But Bella or Mollie here, *they* will do that," good-naturedly ventured Charles Lushington; but there was a little knotting of the invalid's brows—"Oh, ho! husband can do better than

anybody, can he? Well, then, look out for your crinoline, girls!" and he sprang into the coach beside his wife, while the two "girls" on the opposite seat, Bella Lushington and Mary Risley, united their efforts with his for the comfortable adjustment of pillows and travelling shawls about the little lady. Finally, after a satisfactory arrangement of everything, the steps were put up, the door swung to, the driver mounted to his box, and the wheels of the stage-coach revolved rapidly through the soft, turfy soil, a luxury to the riders fresh from the rattling pavements of the dusty city.

The little groups of people who had come down to the landing to witness the arrivals by the steamer *Dover* began to disperse; passengers and their baggage were transferred to the coaches in waiting, which now wound away, filled with ladies and children generally, while the gentlemen preferred to walk up the turf-bordered, pleasant road leading up to the Senter House, nestled down amid its cool greenery; and again the steamer, which had rounded up to the wharf-landing with short, hurried breathings of her engines, swung about, and with monitory shrieks of her whistle, and great gusts of smoke from her black pipes, stood backward over the noble lake, whose waters laughed and glittered brightly in the July sun, a dimpled mirror set in its heavy frame of evergreens and purple mountain shadows—"The Smile of the Great Spirit," Winnipiseogee.

"I hope this air from the hills won't prove too bracing?" and Mrs. Charles Lushington shivered slightly and drew farther into her corner of the carriage.

"Too bracing? No, indeed! it's glorious! life-inspiring!" and Mr. L. gulped a great breath of the breeze redolent of freshness and clover blooms. "What would we give down in State Street or in Chester Square for pure oxygen like *this*? Why, Anna, we shall have your cheeks crimson as the wild roses here at the roadside in a month. And, for myself, this looks like old Berkshire country—that magnificent belt of hills yonder. I feel at home among the hills again." You would have known, by his kindling, earnest eyes, if not by the deep tones of his manly voice, that Charles Lushington felt at home anywhere near the great, throbbing heart of Nature. "But, Bella, Mollie, what are you thinking of, girls? A penny for your thoughts, Cousin Mollie!"

"Oh, I am wondering how we shall enjoy ourselves here at Centre Harbor," exclaimed the smallest, the rosiest, and the merry, piquant-looking girl of some eighteen summers or thereabouts, who sat opposite, and whose dancing blue eyes had been bent on the view without the coach-windows; "I have heard Susie Ashleigh tell so much of her vacation here last summer, that I am prepared for any amount of enjoyment. They will join us here very soon—the Ashleighs. Had a letter from Susie, written at Concord, yesterday, just as I had finished packing."

"Which will materially increase your enjoyment, I suppose—particularly if *Edward* happens to accompany them—hey, Mollie?" replied Mr. Lushington, mischievously.

"Oh, nonsense, Cousin Charles; as if I cared particularly for Ned Ashleigh!" Why did little Mollie Risley blush then, I wonder? "Oh, what a delightful little village this is!" and Mollie changed the subject, talking volubly. "How neat the white houses look! and the Senter House—that's it, I suppose? How cool it will be, with all those trees about it, and that long piazza! And that must be Red Hill over there!" pointing to the bold, rugged height beyond the verge of the town. "Susie says they make up parties frequently to ride up there on ponies."

"That horrid hill! How tedious! I should die, I am sure!" shuddered the invalid lady from her cushions.

"O no, we'll have you going up Red Hill yet, Anna," laughed Charles. "You forget what a good rider you were once, before our marriage."

"But I could not even sit a horse now. I'm sure I'm not to blame for my poor back and these nervous sensations. You talk as though

I were an Amazon, or ought to be. You're always contradicting me, Charles!" There was considerable asperity in Mrs. Charles Lushington's tones for an invalid.

"Do I, my dear? Unintentionally, then," replied the young husband, over whose forehead passed a slight contraction as of mental pain. "But, Bella, sister," addressing the slender, elegant girl, whose beautiful gray eyes had not been withdrawn from the landscape which came in glimpses with the turnings of the coach—the blue, flashing lake winding its bright lengths through the southern view, the little hamlet of Centre Harbor nestling in its circular amphitheatre among the hill country, and the dark lines of forest skirting the bases of the hills and stretching their cool depths into the distance—"how do you think you shall like this? better than Newport or Nahant, hey?"

"Infinitely better, I think, brother," was Miss Lushington's quiet reply, without withdrawing her gaze from the landscape.

"Is that true? Then, mayhap this sister of mine will meet her 'fate' here, as Mollie suggested last night!" laughed Charles. "Or is it, Bella, as Mollie added, by way of qualifying her remark, I suppose, that you've set your ideal so high no mortal man can attain it?"

"Bears, as I live! those black creatures I see through the fence of that inclosure! The same Sue Ashleigh told us about! They used to offer them candies, and make them stand on their hind legs and 'speak' for them, as your great Bruno will, Charles!"

This was not Miss Isabel Lushington's reply to her brother's query by any manner of means—I question if she scarce heard it, with her gaze on distant Red Hill rising out of its serried rampart of dark firs and pines at its foot; but it was Mollie Risley's ejaculation, glancing over at the little circular inclosure on the side of the road opposite the Senter House at which the coach now drew up—the inclosure between whose fence palisades was seen a glimpse of two great specimens of the race bruin gravely dragging to and fro the length of their chains, attached to the trunk of the tree. "Oh, I must run right over there and see them! real New Hampshire bears!" and Mollie gathered up the skirts of her travelling-dress and jumped to the piazza.

"Stop a moment, madcap!" laughed Mr. Lushington; "time enough after rest and dinner to have a talk with the bears, and the 'elephant,' too—for of course there's one here, as at every place of resort. Come, all of you; sit

down in the cool parlor here while I engage our rooms."

But Mollie was away, bent upon taking "the largest license," like all emancipated city girls do, across the road to the precincts where the two animals were keeping up their restless march; and, after a very edifying conversation, sustained principally on the part of the interlocutor, and a generous disposal of candies, was back again at the Seuter House by the time Mr. Lushington had engaged rooms for his party, and the porter was carrying their luggage above stairs.

"I like this," said Isabel Lushington quietly, and walking the length of the long, middle parlor of the Seuter House, quite regardless of the gaze through the piazza windows from the boarders who had been drawn out, as was their custom, to scan the arrivals by every trip of the steamers—"I like this, Anna; so cool, so sequestered, and homelike; and the view from these windows facing the lake! That water—so beautiful now through the flickering screen of these trees—what must it be by moonlight?"

"You shall have a chance to judge this evening, Bella," said Mr. Lushington, entering the parlor. "But come, now, our rooms are ready. Lean on me, Anna; only up one flight. And here comes Mollie, fresh from Bearville!"—as the merry-faced girl made her appearance. "Come; we all need the half hour's rest before dinner."

There was the customary scrutiny of the hotel books after the disappearance of the new arrivals above stairs, and a lingering over the names—

"Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lushington, Boston, Mass."

"Miss Lushington, and Miss Risley, Boston, Mass."

And the usual comments by the gentlemen lounging through the great airy hall where the office was kept, awaiting the sound of the dinner gong.

"Pretty girl; lively, too; that one who came in last," said one. "Stylish looking! Did you notice those new travelling capes?" This, you may be sure, was a lady's remark. "One of the ladies is an invalid, I judge; her husband took a pillow from the coach." "But 'pon my word that was an elegant girl; the tall one, who went into the parlor." This last commendatory notice of our friend Bella was uttered in a thick, throaty voice, that proclaimed its owner fond of good meats and old wine; that voice the property of the slightly obese, very rubicund-visaged, Mr. Alphonse De

Lara, who, with his elder sister and dowager mother, were from the West.

Now it so chanced that at dinner in the cool dining-room the seats of the new arrivals were apportioned nearly opposite those of the Western gentleman and his party, which arrangement greatly facilitated the opportunity for admiring gazes from the gentleman himself, as well as afforded a new target for the colloquial abilities of Miss Mollie.

"Charles, there must be your 'elephant;,' the gentleman opposite, a little way down the table," she mischievously whispered. "Those ladies address him as 'Phon;,' that Begum does, with the elegant silk and the diamonds; and the young lady in the grenadine (splendid dress!) calls him 'Phonny.' Queer pet name for an elephant, Charles!"

Mr. Lushington smiled and coughed.

"Slightly struck with the charms of the new arrivals, I think; he casts frequent glances this way," he replied, in the same undertone.

"O no! not me, but *Bella*! See, now. Open-mouthed admiration!" And Mollie bent her laughing face over the bill of fare. "A slice of roast beef, and tomato sauce, if you please." This was to Charles, who awaited her orders to the attentive waiter: "Charley, I always thought the elephant was a graminivorous animal; but this seems to add the carnivorous and the omnivorous also," continued Mollie, presently, with a side glance at the unconscious object of her remarks, who, despite his evident admiration of the elegant stranger over opposite (who was too well-bred to seem to notice his rudeness), managed to quite monopolize the services of one waiter at his elbow in bringing roasts, boiled mutton, salad, macaroni, and other "concomitants." "Astonishing! I've no faith in your ability to keep a menagerie, Charley." Bella Lushington smiled a little as Mollie's whispered conversation reached her, for her cousin was between her brother and herself, while Mrs. L. was on her husband's right. "Now I like the bears better," went on the gay girl, in an ordinary conversational tone, and quite as much at ease as at her own table. "They're real clever, I assure you, Cousin Charles! I had quite a chat with them over there. Didn't stand on ceremony; introduced myself. Said 'they'd like to shake hands with me;,' actually would have put their paws through their cage, only the restrictions of bear etiquette wouldn't allow. 'Would return my early call, only just at present they are living in rather a retired way.' Left your compliments, Miss Bella Lushington, in the

shape of a paper of candy. Told them you'd call the first opportunity, Cousin Bella"—looking direct at the gentleman opposite, who, in turn, was regarding Miss Lushington. "There, Charley, did you see him look up when I spoke Bella's name?" she whispered. "Did it purposely. Smitten; no doubt of it! The romance is begun already. Bella is certainly destined to meet her fate here at Centre Harbor. But *revenons à moutons*, as my French teacher would say. Our friend has returned to his. Actually that's the *third* mutton he's ordered. How I pity that waiter, Charley!"

CHAPTER II.

MOLLIE RISLEY was in raptures the next day. The Ashleighs—Mr. and Mrs. Ashleigh and Susie—arrived early, by the first trip of the little Lady of the Lake. They had come by the way of the Weiss, touching at Meredith village, and Susie was full of the lovely sail across the lake and among the green islands, with that cloudless, blue July sky above them.

"Oh, I'm so delighted!" she said, busy at unpacking, while Mollie sat in her room; "delighted at being here at dear old Centre Harbor again! Positively, Red Hill looked like the face of an old friend welcoming me. I watched his honest bald head from the deck of the boat. And the bears—I wanted to go straight over and hug them! There's a lot of candy I laid in for 'em"—tossing out several papers from her trunk to the carpet. "But, oh, Mollie, you ought to have spent a week in Concord during the session! It's a nice, quiet old town, with wide, shady streets and old houses, and the State House looks as square and 'set' as the Granite State people. Not very quiet during Legislature, though. Such crowds of strangers—men, mostly! Why, ladies were nowhere, nobodies then! We had been stopping at the 'Eagle,' but papa said we should enjoy ourselves better out of the crowd, and we went to board with a nice family just on the edge of the town. Such rides as we had! to Boscawen, to Hopkinton, and all the old country towns about. And, oh, Mollie, over to Canterbury, to visit the Shakers, that queer, strange people! You ought to go through their families, and see them in their meeting-houses during Sunday worship, looking like so many automatons. Such faces! vacant, expressionless for the most part, though I noticed some young girls with the loveliest complexions, and eyes like blue violets. We dined there; had

the nicest dinner, and pure blackberry wine. They make cunning little things—boxes; here's one I bought, cut from an orange-peel. Curious, isn't it? There, I believe my dresses are all out. What shall I wear to dinner? This jacket?"—laying it out on the bed. "Who is there here? Nobody we know yet, I suppose! There'll be some in August; the Bakers and Stephensens are coming from Boston, you know. I shouldn't wonder if Ned got up by Saturday; father wrote he'd better be here. *He's* obliged to leave us next week. I hope Ned'll come, don't you?"

Mollie only blushed. The tongue so usually voluble always maintained strictest silence whenever Mr. Edward Ashleigh's name was spoken.

"Oh, here's my riding-dress!" went on Susie. "We must have some excursions up Red Hill. Where's Bella? Not home from her walk yet? Oh, here she is!"—as the door opened, and Miss Lushington appeared with the fruit of her stroll up the country road—a bouquet of green leaves and wild flowers; and hasty and hearty greetings followed.

"Oh, I have some news, Sue!" exclaimed Mollie, presently. "Bella's made a conquest; the first day, too! Actually, a gentleman was so overpowered and stricken as to lose his appetite—ask Bella. 'Mr. Alphonse De Lara.' Impressive name, isn't it? A Western man. We all got acquainted last evening in the parlor. Had a dance. The gentleman has a very slight and graceful form. There's Mamma De Lara, too; wears magnificent dresses and jewelry. And Miss Celeste, thin, sallow, and with the blackest eyes! But 'Phonny,' though—now I like *him*; and if 'tweren't out of regard to Bella's dignity would cut her out. He's real clever, 'Phonny' is, what Mrs. Partington calls 'obese,' not particularly disagreeable, very expressive eyes, a trifle light, that's all; and don't weigh more than one hundred and ninety. But you and I don't want to rival Bella, Sue. Say, Bella, did Phonny help you gather these flowers this morning?"

"Maggie!" said Miss Lushington, going on in her little task of weaving a wreath from the green oak leaves. "When is your brother coming, Susie? Soon, I hope, or this idler here will tease the rest of us to death."

Mollie hastily retreated from the contest. "Vanquisher!" laughed Susie. "Oh, Ned'll be up here soon. Papa's got to get back to business, he says. A month is an age for him; three weeks at Concord, and one here."

"Charles is beginning to talk about business,

too, already," said Bella. "Why, when he was a boy he used to delight in getting away into the country or at the sea-side in summer; now the business habit is second nature. I suppose, though, if I were a man, I should experience the same sort of uneasiness at 'lounging,' as men call it. But it must be time to dress for dinner. I am going into Anna's room to help her braid her hair."

"Anna is looking nicely," said Susie Ashleigh.

"She is better, I think," replied Bella, as she went out.

"As well as you or I, Sue; that is, if she only *thought* so!" said Mollie, a little impulsively. "I declare, I've no patience, and I wonder Bella and Charles don't get worn out. It's 'Charles, lift me up,' and 'Charles, fix this pillow,' and 'Anna, I never *can* braid my hair!' O dear, I've too little charity, I suppose, Sue; but I can't help feeling so."

"I've often thought—and mother says so, too—that a little more reliance on herself and her own strength would be better for Mrs. Lushington. But then she doesn't think so, I suppose. Bella knows it, of course, too."

"Of course she does, Sue. But then she has such a lofty way with her, and only says, 'It's Anna's weakness—we must pity her!' As for Charley, he's so good and tender-hearted, that I believe, if Anna said he must carry her to the Equator, he'd do it. But I know he'd be happier and enjoy life better if 'twere n't for Anna's 'nerves' and 'cushions.' I'm going to flatter Anna up—tell her she's looking rosy, and is strong enough to ride up Red Hill before we leave Centre Harbor; see if I don't! If Bella ever gets married, Anna'll have to come out of her whims. As it is, she's just like a spoiled child, and relies entirely on her; and Bella is so much of herself that she never seems to mind it. Anna's doctor advised her not to bring her maid up here with her, but to wait upon herself; and you see how she does it—Bella's in there helping her dress for dinner now."

"Yes, if Bella should marry, it would be different. Who is this admirer of hers?" asked Susie.

"Oh, he'll do to plague her about—only that! I know Bella too well. Rich, I've no doubt; but if he had the wealth of the Great Mogul, and only cared for dogs and horses, and his dinners, Bella's eyes would be as high above him as Red Hill is above Centre Harbor. Charley says she had two such offers last summer at Nahant, and she refused them. Don't blame her—I hate a golden calf myself!" and

Mollie's laugh rang out merrily. "'Phonny' is too lumpish and dumpish—those two words describe him exactly, Sue. I have named him 'the elephant.' But I must run and get ready for dinner."

"Capital news, girls!" said Mr. Lushington, coming into the dining-hall from the post-office, where the Southern mail had been brought up by the noon arrival of the Dover, "a letter from Ned Ashleigh to his family, saying he'll be up here the last of the week; is getting lonesome at Boston without some of them there, hey, Mollie? Also, a letter for myself, forwarded by my partner, from an old college friend I hav'n't seen these seven years—Hart Gilbert. He's been cruising all over the world—Hart always had a taste for roving—and has just got in by one of the government vessels. He'd sought me out in Boston—we were the firmest friends of yore—and, finding I'd gone into the country, writes that, 'having no particular home to go to—Hart's an orphan, I believe, few relatives—he'll hunt me out up in New Hampshire, spend a week or so here, and then go on to the White Mountains.' I like that; it seems like the old college days again. A thorough gentleman, Anna; I know you'll like Hart, and Bella, too."

"No word for *me*?" exclaimed Mollie, ruefully.

"Certainly not, Miss Acquisitiveness. It was the contents of the *first* letter that related to *you*, not the *last*. I don't intend my friend Hartley Gilbert a target for Miss Mollie Risley's jests, ridicule, or shafts of coquetry."

"Oh, mercy me!" and Mollie put up both of her hands deprecatingly; "The Most Worshipful Mister Hartley Gilbert, fresh from—*where*'d you say he'd been roving, Mr. Lushington?"

"Latest, in South America, he writes me."

"The Most Worshipful Mister Hartley Gilbert, fresh from Patagonia! And I not allowed a chance arrow at the rare 'arrival!' I *will*, though—I declare, I *will*, Charley! So I warn you! If I can make friends of two black bears, I shall dare approach into the presence of this new importation. Suppose he's disagreeable and homely, though! In that case, I shall turn him over to *Bella*!"

A little laugh circled among the listeners to the gay girl's lively sallies.

"Thanks; I'll endeavor to prove grateful for small favors," rejoined Bella, quietly.

None laughed more loudly this time than Mr. Alphonse de Lara. But there was an undercurrent of uneasiness beneath it. I doubt if even Mr. De Lara with his jewelled repeater,

his superfine broadcloth, his dogs and horses, was so obtuse that he had no reason to regard the coming of this lauded friend of the elegant Miss Lushington's brother without a secret feeling of uneasiness.

"Is Mr. Gilbert disagreeable and homely, though, Cousin Charles?"

"On the contrary, very gentlemanly and remarkably handsome, Mollie. At least, he was such seven years ago in college, and these intervening years of travel must have improved him," replied Charles, gravely.

"I retire in despair. I feel overpowered—actually overwhelmed. A 'travelled man!' I might talk *at* him, but not *with* him! I resign him to Bella. What day does the distinguished arrive, Charley?"

"Don't specify. 'Some day this week—the last of the week,' he writes."

"What a pity he can't be here to ascend Red Hill with us day after to-morrow! I *might* fascinate him; I'm going to ride that little dappled pony, and everybody acknowledges my fine equestrienne abilities—don't they, Bella?"

CHAPTER III.

"ISABEL LUSHINGTON, June 25th, 1860."

That was the name, written in clear, elegant characters on a fly-leaf of a volume of Tennyson's "*Idyls of the King*," which was taken from the pier-table in the middle parlor of the Seuter House, and upon which a pair of dark hazel eyes rested approvingly, noting the exquisite, graceful curve of the letters—a chirography, which, if there be any truth in affirming (as many do) that one's character may be judged by their handwriting, denoted that the writer of that name on the fly-leaf must also be elegant, graceful, and symmetrical in mental and moral beauty.

"Here's the party from Red Hill!" broke in a man's voice from the piazza, and the gentleman laid down the book which had been taken up carelessly to while away the loneliness of the first weary hour among strangers, and from the window intently began a scrutiny of the merry cavalcade of ladies and gentlemen—some riding the ponies, and others in the large wagon drawn by four noble horses—all dismounting at the piazza.

"That's Charley! I should know his ringing laugh. He looks older, though!" soliloquized the gentleman. "Ladies with him! his wife, I suppose, that tall, elegant one, with the brown hat. Charley always had an eye

for beauty. Will wait till they've gone up stairs, then send up to his room. But no; here he comes! *Charley!*" and a hand was stretched from the open window.

"*Hart Gilbert!*" and for once Bella and Mollie were deserted, and Lushington made but two or three steps to the hall, where he was met by his friend, and the twain re-entered the parlor with hands clasped in token of the friendship seven long years had not severed. A long talk followed, broken only by the blast of the dinner gong. The gentlemen started up; again Gilbert laid down the book which unconsciously he had taken up from the table by the window where they had seated themselves. "I noticed a name in it—'Isabel Lushington.' Your wife, I suppose, Charley?"

"No, that's Bella's, my sister. My wife is up stairs. Something of an invalid, I am sorry to say. You never knew her—Anna Underwood, a Springfield lady. Don't remember Bella, I suppose? a mere child when you and I were in college."

"Yes, I do, though; a slender, quiet little thing—pretty, too—I used to play with that summer I spent vacation at your home. Fifteen or sixteen now, I suppose. She was pretty, I remember."

"Nineteen, Hart; Bella was always slender—small of her age. You shall judge for yourself if she has outgrown her beauty." (Charles Lushington was proud of his sister.) "Here come the ladies. I will let you take them into dinner, while I run up stairs a moment and brush the dust off. Anna, Mrs. Lushington, my friend, Mr. Gilbert, who arrived this forenoon while we were absent. My sister, and cousin, Miss Risley, Hart. There, girls, take good care of him! I'll be down presently!" And while Charles darted off, the party entered the dining-room.

"And so you like Centre Harbor better than the seaside, Miss Lushington?"

"I do, certainly; it is so different here. True, one misses the bustle of a seaside sojourn, the excitement of the 'hops' in the great saloon, the surf-bathing, the roar of the tumbling breakers, and the calm and rest of the long, sandy beaches; but I think I am more than repaid by this quiet communion with Nature—the daily view of this lovely sheet of water, the nearness of this hill country which seems the portal to the mountains beyond, and the exceeding beauty of the purple lights and shadows. I cannot conceive of a more beautiful sight than the Ossipee range presented as

we came up over the lake, enshrouded in its blue and purple mist; and the other day we were out sailing on this northeastern shore—a clear, bright morning—and beheld the summit of Mount Washington gleaming in faint, pearly light on the horizon. It was a beautiful and poetic conceit of the Indians who christened this lake, ‘The Smile of the Great Spirit.’ See, it seems to laugh and smile upon us now in the moonlight!”

“Then get your bonnet and shawl, and let us walk down thither.”

The speakers were Hartley Gilbert and Isabel Lushington, sitting on the piazza of the Seuter House in the moonlight evening, and a little apart from the various groups tempted there by the beauty of the night; while through the open windows, from the lighted parlor, came the sound of merry voices, and the music of the piano.

Though Mr. Gilbert had already prolonged the contemplated one week of his stay to three, and made now no mention of his departure, it was scarcely evident that Miss Lushington had aught to do with it. On the contrary, he had laughed and jested with the lively Mollie, read by the hour to the invalid wife of his friend, went trouting up on Squam Lake with Charley, and never interfered with Mr. De Lara whenever that gentleman took Isabel out for a row on the lake or a ride into the country; but, for all that, in the two or three quiet talks he had had with the lady, the gaze which followed every movement of her slender, elegant form, and the face, whose calm, stately beauty he was sometimes detected “studying,” there might have been a faint glimpse of something reserved beneath Hartley Gilbert’s apparent unimpressibility. This evening’s conversation between the two “happened so,” Mollie Risley said. “She took upon *herself* the trouble of arranging it. She and Sue Ashleigh had challenged Mr. De Lara and Ned to a game of euchre; by a slight manœuvre she had coaxed Miss De Lara into taking her hand; then comfortably installed Mrs. Ashleigh and a gray-headed old gentleman in a corner at a game of chess;” Charley had sufficient employment in adjusting Anna’s pillows and foot-cushion in another corner; and then Mollie seated herself on the music-stool and played snatches of old tunes, quite regardless of Mr. De Lara’s reiterated invitation to “oblige him by taking his hand,” protesting his ignorance of the game, and nestling uneasily as fragments of Gilbert’s and Bella’s conversation floated through the windows. “No; for her part, she

knew better,” she said, afterward, “than to let De Lara get free, and go lounging out on the piazza to break up *that* conversation! It wasn’t *often* stately Bella got her tongue unloosed, and when she did she ought to be allowed the opportunity.” And so “she just let Mr. De Lara remain, and talk of ‘bowers,’ and ‘passing;’ though she’d no doubt but he would have preferred ‘passing’ out on the piazza.”

And so Bella reappeared from her room with her shawl and Mariposa, and the twain crossed the road before the Seuter House, and, entering the garden, walked slowly down the terraced gravel walk leading to the moonlit lake.

“They will hardly miss us,” said Gilbert, as they paused and seated themselves in the rude arbor near the water. “And, to my mind, out of doors on such a night as this is far preferable to a lighted parlor. Three weeks, is it, since I came to Centre Harbor? and I ought to be moving northward, for I am a true rover, Miss Lushington. I wish your party were going on to the mountains.”

“I should like it very much, but Charles is beginning to talk of return now, and we should hardly like to go without him; Anna’s health would not admit of it.”

“I regret that Mrs. Lushington is such an invalid,” said Gilbert. “It was news to me that Charles had committed matrimony during my sojournings, and thus left his old friend and chum behind. While I have been roaming the world—the ‘rolling stone’ of the proverb—your brother has been building himself a home. Do you know to what I liken a man’s home, Miss Lushington?”

“My imagination would hardly render the interpretation,” replied Isabel.

“Well, then, it is the anchor to the drifting ship, the harbor of rest to the wave-buffed vessel. I suppose every man ought to have a home. Charles must be very happy in his. He has one of those deep, earnest natures so fitted for domestic happiness.”

Bella’s red lips were firmly compressed for a moment, for she thought, almost with bitterness, of the shoals of selfishness—Anna’s selfishness and inanity—upon which the barque of her brother’s domestic felicity was daily grating.

“I suppose, to you, Miss Lushington, situated in a happy home, this may sound somewhat strangely, to hear me talk thus; but, though I have long been a wanderer, I have looked forward, as all wanderers do, to gain the port at last where the ship shall lie with idle sails, and rove the seas no more. If I had

known a home, I think I should have been less roving; but the memory of that sanctuary of my boyhood is dim as a half forgotten dream. I am an orphan; I scarce remember my parents. I would give all this world holds to know how it seems to own a mother's love and care!"

There were tears in Bella's calm gray eyes. She did not speak then; but presently, when calmer, she said: "It is almost like death to lose one's mother. We know something of this, Charles and I; it is now five years since ours was taken. My home with Charles is pleasant, happy, but it is not like that under the home roof."

"Then we can sympathize with each other, Miss Isabel!" The words were few, but their tone was everything. At that moment the hearts of those two were very near each other; near as two human hearts could be that beat with the same throbbing sympathies and impulses. Had Bella looked upon him then, his fine, muscular figure, his well-set head, features full of character, firm lips, now mobile with suppressed feeling, she would have confessed that, both physically and intellectually, here was quite realized her ideal of a strong, noble, earnest man, fitted to be her guide and rest. Certainly, as his eyes rested appreciatingly on the beautiful picture in the moonlight; her elegant slender figure in its drooping attitude of thought, the white hands folded over her lap, the bands of dark hair parted smoothly from her low brow, the downcast eyes, the sweep of the jetty fringes over the oval cheeks, and the curve of the small, sensitive mouth, certainly Hartley Gilbert did confess, inly—"calm, quiet, lovely, thinking more than she speaks, yet eloquent with feeling when she talks, my ideal of a lovable woman!" And, mayhap, if silence had continued longer, he would have grown emboldened to lift one of those little white hands, and utter something about congeniality and homes no longer divided; but just then by chance (or was it *mischance*?) Bella found the silence irksome, and, lifting her eyes upon the lake, made some remark concerning the beauty of the silvery sheet, and the deep shadows the distant hills flung down into its depths.

"Yes, this is a magnificent sheet of water, a beautiful inland sea, whose peer cannot be found anywhere on the travelled globe. Our tourists make a great mistake who go abroad to find beauties when they neglect their own and native ones. Europe holds no water that can compare with this. Chillon, Lucerne, Como, Loch Leven dwarf into insignificance of size be-

side it, and certainly are no more beautiful. Such splendid views as are obtained here! that of the opening of the scene at Alton Bay struck me as being particularly fine. I wonder Church or some of our great American landscape painters don't paint this. You have seen his pictures, Miss Isabel?"

"Yes, his 'Niagara;' and last winter, in Boston, his 'Heart of the Andes.' I was a daily frequenter of the Athenæum while the latter was there on exhibition. You have seen that, Mr. Gilbert, and the original of the painting, I presume, many times, in South America?"

"Never the painting, but the hoary heads of the noble range have often greeted my vision when looking up from the tropic wildernesses below. 'The Heart of the Andes'—there is, in reality, no heart to the mighty chain stretching from the Caribbean to the dreary Horn; but I suppose the artist's conception is a combination of various points of rare grandeur and beauty. Tell me something of the painting, Miss Isabel."

"Oh, I cannot give you my impressions, or any idea of them! At first sight I was disappointed in the size of the painting; I had expected something larger, grander, more impressive. But that soon passed; the painting grew upon me. I could not take it all into the mind at once; I *studied* it. The blue depths of the tropic sky grew deeper; the piles and piles of distant mountains loomed up more grandly, their snowy caps buried in the clouds, and at their bases knelt the blue and purple hills, undulating masses of misty shape. At once I was taken into the heart of the scene. I heard the music of that flashing waterfall, foamy cold from the snows of Chimborazo. I felt the hush of that deep tropical forest; I breathed the air dank with the luxuries of vegetation; I reclined on rich banks of velvet moss, and long, trailing parasite vines waved against my face; I touched the cool, graceful brake leaves bending over the water's edge; I heard the throatings of gorgeous flame-winged birds, poising on flowers blooming on pensile stems; and I knelt with the pilgrims beside the lonely wayside cross. I could have gazed there for hours. The transition was painful, from that southern sky, and mountains, forest, and sparkling waterfall, back to the snow on Beacon Street again. But all this rhapsodizing must be very amusing to you, Mr. Gilbert!"

"It is not a rhapsody, but the natural criticism of an enthusiastic lover of the beautiful and sublime in nature," he replied. "Your descriptions are perfect word paintings. You

have an artist soul. You should paint, Miss Isabel."

"If I were an artist, I should sketch animate nature, *portraits*," said Isabel.

"And I should like to be a sitter," rejoined Gilbert, laughing. "I should prolong my sittings most immoderately; unless, indeed, a certain friend of the fair artist's up at the house yonder should interpose the act of ejectionment." He studied Bella's face in the moonlight.

"A certain friend? I do not understand you, Mr. Gilbert!" Bella's words were cold as the snows of the Andes' peaks whereof she had been discoursing. That was an unlucky remark of yours, Hartley Gilbert!

"What, not the gentleman whom we left at his unwilling (I doubt not) game in the parlor? the devoted *cavalier sergente* of Miss Lushington? Ladies' memories are treacherous. I should like to see a portrait of Mr. De Lara designed by your fingers. I dare say you could recall his features."

"I can give you one with my tongue, or, rather, I borrow it from Cousin Mollie, acknowledging the sense of its fitness. She has placed him in a niche of her mental picture gallery as the golden calf." It was not like Bella Lushington to repeat anything of this kind; ridicule was not her forte; but, somehow, Mr. Gilbert's words nettled and stung her.

"Miss Lushington is sarcastic on her admirers. It were hardly safe to enter the lists, were one disposed to, lest one should find himself set up for some similar caricature."

That was another unlucky speech, Mr. Gilbert. Sarcasm and a running fire of repartee do not suit either you or Miss Lushington. Sincerity is the only metal which will pass current between you now. With lively Mollie Risley, it would be different; but Bella is another personage—a little stately, very dignified, and rarely conversational as she has been with you to-night. And now, by that unfortunate allusion to Mr. De Lara as a lover, you have shut the door of her confidence, which was opening to you, and made her chilling and stately again. "What does he want?" she asked herself. "Is it a *ruse* to ascertain if I am heart-free? I will show him how little I care for *him*, or for anybody!" and so, from a desire to show how careless she was of his regard, she overstept the bounds, and grew very distant and cold. "Mr. Gilbert need have no fear of my fitting any character to *him*!"

The tone more than the words made Hartley feel uncomfortable; cool, measured, and sarcastic, as though he had seldom entered her

thoughts. It were something to know she *thought* of him, even to ridicule him; better that than to occupy no place in her heart. As for Bella, she could have cried with vexation. His jesting words at first had jarred on her; gone, in a few moments, all their confidence. Reader, you may have known how some such chance happening, foolish in itself, but mighty in its results, has Sundered two nearly-met hearts widely as the antipodes. As I said, Bella could have cried with vexation and wounded feeling; but she did not—she only arose and drew her shawl about her as if she would have returned to the house.

"You are shivering, Miss Lushington. The air strikes chill from the lake. Pardon me; I should have known better than to keep you sitting here so long."

Without another word the twain retraced their steps to the Seuter House. If Gilbert would have spoken as they gained the piazza, there was no opportunity; for the game at euchre was long since finished, and the players promenading there—Mr. De Lara ready to engage the attention of Miss Lushington on her return. But Bella manifested no disposition to converse beyond monosyllables; and shortly went up to her room. And Gilbert remarked casually to Charles Lushington, as they were about separating for the night, that, in a few more days, "by Friday, at farthest"—it was then Tuesday—"he must be moving on his journey to the northward."

"I declare! I believe they quarrelled last night, for Bella was cross as a bear, and more on her dignity than ever, after we went up stairs! Catch *me* ever managing interviews and conversations between any two silly creatures again, Charley! There's no gratitude in anybody! And here's Gilbert going off Friday, when he knew we'd set that day for a grand excursion up Red Hill. He sha'n't do it, Charley Lushington! I'll tease him myself to stay, and he can't resist *me*!"

CHAPTER IV.

FRIDAY came, and with it the excursion to Red Hill. Through much persuasion from Mollie Risley and others of the party, excepting Bella, who still kept up her cold *hauteur*, Mr. Gilbert had been induced to postpone his departure until the following Monday, and join the excursionists. Little, laughing Mollie! I dare affirm that thoughts of *her* never troubled Hartley beyond their daily pleasant interviews;

but the pale, calm face of Isabel Lushington would, singularly, follow him everywhere. "I will leave Monday," he soliloquized, after rendering an affirmative answer to Mollie's request. "This will never do! It's a dainty dream, but a *chateau d'Espagne* which hardly stands during the uprearing. Ah, well! Hart Gilbert, you're not the first who has seen his day-dreams fade under his eyes. You must leave Centre Harbor, and resign the field to Mr. Alphonse De Lara. And yet, can it be possible that this elegant girl can lower her proud gaze to look on *him*? Can it be that, with all her grace, her rich nature, her womanly beauty, she has a heart of ice? But that's nothing to *you*, Hart Gilbert, since it is evident she shuns you and treats you cavalierly as the merest acquaintance! You must go away from here. This excursion over, you must leave Centre Harbor, and try and forget her!"

The party had set out for Red Hill. It was a calm, warm day in early August. The sky was veiled with a gauze of light, fleecy clouds, tempering the otherwise hot beams of the sun; the cool dews yet sparkled on the brake and sweet fern leaves as they wound along the green bordered country road; and from the thick forests of fir and hemlock came the jubilant song of birds. There was a freshness in the morning atmosphere which exhilarated the riders, and the laugh and light badinage passed freely from lip to lip. Mr. Lushington's request, combined with Mollie's teasings, had persuaded Anna into joining the party in the long wagon, though she protested "she could never ascend the Hill, but would remain at the base and await their return." Even a faint smile was brought to the invalid's lips, and she forgot for a season her nervousness and querulousness in the general enjoyment. The gentlemen, mostly, rode the horses on which they were to make the ascent; and one or two lads were mounted on the ponies for the ladies' use. A stupid man, once aroused, is said to prove the most jealous; but, on this occasion, Mr. De Lara could not have desired a more perfect state of frigidity than existed between Miss Lushington and his formerly dreaded rival; therefore he was quite at his ease, and taxed his colloquial abilities to the utmost for the entertainment of the fair lady in question. As for Mollie, she divided her jests and attention between Mr. Gilbert and Ned Ashleigh.

As the road wound upward from the base of the Hill, the beautiful panorama below began gradually to unfold itself; and, presently, as the party came to a halt and the ladies alighted from the wagon and mounted their ponies, and

the cavalcade again began the steeper ascent to the summit, the view became momentarily more beautiful. Gaining the summit, they dismounted, and paused to rest and enjoy the magnificent scene which was spread below. Southward lay the noble lake studded with its manifold islands—a silver shield flecked with emerald gems; on its winding banks, nestling amid forests of green like birds' nests in the wood, sat Wolfborough, Meredith, Laconia, and Lake Village, and nearer, its white houses looking no larger than dove-cotes, lay the hamlet they had just left, Centre Harbor. On the Winnipiseogee, puffing its way up to the landing with faint threads of smoke cleaving the blue summer sky, they saw the little Lady of the Lake, scarcely larger to their vision than a cockle-shell on the waves. To the southeastward lay the silvery Ossipee Lake among its purple range of mountains; and nearer, close below, like a little oval mirror set in a heavy frame of dark evergreens, flashed bright, beautiful Squam. Farther in the southern distance rose the Gunstock range, and the rugged hills of Tuftonborough like the impregnable walls of a gigantic fortress.

"A goodly scene—the noble Winnipiseogee winding its bright length southward, and to the north the sentinel mountains. I like this. Yon scene of beauty is the gentle prelude to a grand oratorio; this lake region serves as the vestibule to the mountain palaces beyond." Hartley Gilbert said this with kindling eye and deep-toned voice, for he was not looking upon the scene alone. "You feel the inspiration of the view, Miss Lushington?"

Unconsciously Bella had moved aside from the party and paused near the spot where he was standing. And, unconsciously she forgot her stateliness, and smiled, and answered, "It is a scene to become a part of one's life henceforth, Mr. Gilbert."

"Are not the mountains, waves, and skies a part Of me, and of my soul, as I of them?"

quoted Gilbert. "Excuse me, Miss Lushington, but

"I live not in myself, but I become
Portion of that around me; and to me
High mountains are a feeling, but the hum
Of human cities torture."

Pardon my rhapsodizing from a poet whose love of Nature I can fully appreciate," he continued; "it is a habit I have acquired—that of thus talking to myself. But I shall not soon forget this day's scene, its influences, nor with whom I shared it. I shall long remember this visit to Centre Harbor, and the pleasant

acquaintances—I hope I may say *friends*, Miss Lushington—I made here.”

Bella did not reply; she had no words. Yet often silence is more expressive than language. I doubt not but that Mr. Gilbert found hers so, for it gave him an opportunity to study the expression of her downcast, pensive countenance, from which its late expression of *hauteur* had vanished. But just then, by a *contretemps*, lively Mollie Risley approached, saying, gayly: “Why, Mr. Gilbert, I’m astonished! Monopolizing Bella, to the great chagrin of poor Mr. De Lara. See how lonely and disconsolate he looks, standing there with only the congenial communion of that Canadian pony he rode up! Actually, I believe he’s pouring forth his grief into his ear, à la Sancho Panza embracing his donkey!”

“A little sorrow would not materially injure the gentleman’s *physique*, if he so took it to heart as to *pine* over it,” said Gilbert, smiling, and looking to where the plethoric gentleman stood leaning quite thoughtfully against his pony.

“Ah, some people have a way of settling these things rather summarily; pistols and Bowie knives, you know!” retorted Mollie, archly, shaking her finger at the twain. “I give you fair warning of the consequences. But Ned and Sue are calling me to go hunt up geological specimens. Ned says he shouldn’t wonder if we could find crystal quartz down among those rocks yonder.”

“Well, what say you, Miss Lushington?” exclaimed Gilbert, as Mollie bounded away. “Shall I restore you to your disconsolate admirer, whose grief Miss Risley has so pathetically described?”

“Mollie possesses a very vivid imagination, not only seeing ‘sermons in stones, and books in running brooks,’ but lovers in every chance gentleman acquaintance.” Bella’s reply was given in her usual imperturbable tone; but Hartley Gilbert was secretly pleased to think he detected an uneasy, vexed air in her manner. It annoyed her to be teased concerning Mr. De Lara, then?

An hour later beheld the party descending Red Hill. Slowly and with care the ponies trod their way down the slippery paths over the loose stones, Mollie laughing and boasting of the sure-footedness of her little dappled pony, really a beautiful and intelligent creature. Bella rode a small sorrel horse, who, during the ascent, had shown a disposition to stumble, and, when about remounting for the descent, Gilbert had urged her to exchange with him

for the safer animal he rode. But when did not young ladies manifest a spirit of perversity? Bella Lushington was no exception to the rule; and so she persisted that her horse was perfectly sure-footed, laughed at Gilbert’s fears as he assisted her to the saddle, and even dashed forward at a little more rapid pace than the sober step a prudent pony would warrant.

“Let me, at least, guide your horse by the bridle rein,” said Mr. Gilbert. But “No,” again. “It would frighten the animal. Safer alone,” Bella urged. And, as she was really a fearless rider, and sat her horse with great ease, he resigned the rein to her hand, only adding, “Keep a tight rein in the steepest places.”

“Oh, I never was thrown in my life,” said Bella. “I am not in the least afraid.” And away, at that unsafe trot, down the slippery, stony path went the brave rider.

But alas for boasting! The proverb, “Pride always goeth before a fall,” met with a literal interpretation. Scarce twenty rods had Miss Lushington advanced down the declivity of Red Hill when her horse’s fore feet slipped among the loose stones; and, after ineffectual efforts to recover himself, he stumbled and fell, precipitating his rider over his head into the rocky, rugged path.

“Bella! dear Bella! Good Heavens, is she killed?”

The ejaculation was not her brother’s, neither Mr. De Lara’s, though the former had sprung from his horse before the unwieldy De Lara could swing himself from his stirrups; but it was Mr. Hartley Gilbert’s, who was at her side with one bound, even before the stumbled animal had recovered his footing and stood quietly grazing the short grass by the edge of the path. And the ejaculation was not uttered loudly, but in a deep, concentrated voice, which only reached the ear of the girl he lifted from the rocky pathway and seated on a granite boulder close by. “Good Heavens!” he added. “Your head not a foot from this rock! And if you had *struck* it!” I do not know which shuddered most then, Gilbert or Bella, as he bent over her, essaying with trembling fingers to untie the strings of the brown straw hat, which had been thrust over her face. “Oh, if you had only let me hold the bridle rein!”

“I know it; you knew better than I. I should have allowed you to guide me. I am not hurt; only this bruise on my hand; believe me, Mr. Gilbert.” There was no stateliness, no coldness in Isabel Lushington’s words then, and it was wonderful, the crimson flush that broke over her face, and the light that sparkled

in her eyes ere she grew pale again, and the dark fringes swept her oval cheeks.

"Thank God! Only let me guide your steps in the *future*, dear Bella, and I am content!" It was no wonder Gilbert's fingers trembled so, untying the hat strings.

"Why, Bella, sister," laughed Charles Lushington, though his voice was husky and tears stood in his eyes, "who'd have thought of your performing a vaulting feat after that fashion?"

"Oh, dear Bella, are you hurt?" And "How fortunate!" And "What a providential escape!" These and other exclamations burst simultaneously from every lip. "'Tis a vicious beast, and ought to be shot, Miss Lushington!" exclaimed Mr. De Lara, coming up rapidly as his plethoric habit would allow. "Yes, he ought to be *shot*, Miss Lushington!" (Mollie said afterwards "she didn't know *which* Mr. De Lara meant this time, the *pony* or *Hartley Gilbert*;" for certainly any but amiable looks were bestowed on the latter, who still retained his seat by Bella on the granite boulder, fanning her with the brim of her straw hat.)

A quarter of an hour after, the cavalcade again wound their way carefully down Red Hill, each rider noting the fore feet of their pony among the loose boulders. Even Mollie was silent; but (as she averred to Sue Ashleigh afterwards) "she was busy looking at Mr. De Lara, whose eyes looked like two great green gooseberries, swollen with envy and jealousy, watching Hartley Gilbert, who had lifted Bella to his own horse, and walked beside her down the hill, with his hand guiding the bridle rein."

"Bella, you did not give me my *answer* on Red Hill," whispered Gilbert, as he lifted her from the wagon to the piazza of the Seuter House. But I suppose he read it in the rapid and blushing glance she gave him ere her drooping eyelashes swept her burning cheeks.

At the dinner-table Miss Lushington's fall and miraculous preservation from injury were the theme of general comment; yet all agreed she had never looked more cheerful or happy.

"You don't say so, Hart! The man of all the world I should be proud to call brother!" exclaimed Charles Lushington, that afternoon, as the twain walked together up the cool, green read above the Seuter House. "'My consent' Why, my dear fellow, how could you doubt it?" And he shook Gilbert's hand warmly. "Bella, the shy puss! she never breathed me a word of it. When did it happen?"

"Oh, we've known it scarce six hours ourselves. First found it out on Red Hill, this forenoon," replied Gilbert, with a smile.

"Oh ho, that *fall* was it! Thought you were a mighty long time untying Bella's hat strings. But you may have her. God bless her! God bless you both! Hart, Bella's been a good sister, and she'll make a good wife!"

There were the usual comments when the engagement became known; for, strange to relate, Hartley Gilbert decided not to go on to the White Mountains without Bella's promise to accompany him. Mollie Risley "had foreseen it all along," she said. The Ashleighs were delighted. Even Mrs. Charles Lushington, who at first said, in querulous tones, "She didn't see what Bella need go marry for! She should miss her so! Just as likely as not, she never'd have any health afterward!" even the nervous invalid at last "didn't know but 'twas all right; Bella perhaps would be happier." There was but one of the party at the Seuter House—and he Mr. Alphonse De Lara—who did not quite manifest pleasure at the information; but this gentleman (I am compelled to record, as a correct and faithful historian), from his first meditations of pistols and Bowie knives, and his characteristic exclamation of "He ought to be shot," finally returned to swallowing the bitter pill of disappointment with the good roasts, savory mutton chops, salad, and macaroni of mine host of the Seuter House.

But Bella cared very little for objections or approval now; it was all one to her. She seemed a changed being; her lofty dignity tempered to a sweet, womanly submission. "Hart Gilbert had cast a spell over her; actually *tamed* her!" Mollie Risley said. "It was better sport to watch *them* now than the pet *bears*. They lived on sweets all the time. For *her* part, she intended to come into New Hampshire again next summer, and see if she couldn't meet *her* 'fate'; if *she* couldn't have *her* share in some nice romance here at Centre Harbor!"

DEEDS are greater than words. Deeds have such a life, mute but undeniable, and grow as living trees and fruit-trees do; they people the vacuity of time, and make it green and worthy. Why should the oak prove logically that it ought to grow, and will grow? Plant it, try it; what gifts of diligent judicious assimilation and secretion it has, of progress and resistance, of *force* to grow, will then declare themselves.

DOMESTIC MANAGEMENT.

No laws can be laid down, no general rule for guidance can be given for domestic management, inasmuch as particular households require particular service; the same as in sickness, the medicine which cures one will be totally inactive on another patient. To take advice from those who are termed "good managers," is an act of feebleness, as too frequently it leads to gossip and tattle, which must, in the end, break asunder the strongest cords of mutual love in husband and wife. In fact, neither from parents nor friends should advice be sought. In the fearfulness to do wrong—in the strong reverence of a husband's love—in the solicitude to do right—in the full and perfect faith that God's strength will be given *at all times*, if asked for—a young wife will have the fullest assurance of her future. However imperfect, uncertain, or limited her means—however peculiar her husband's temper—however unskilled or untried the machinery of help with which she is daily to work out her sum of happiness—her own duties must never be neglected. The nicely-cooked and varied meal; the cleanliness and quickness of its serving; the presiding cheerfulness, yet quiet and undemonstrative; the sweetness and cleanliness of a home, of which every part must be visited daily; the methodical arrangement of the household work; the courteous receiving of visitors; and the storing the mind with matter for conversation, will make the longest day pass swiftly, bringing round the happy hour of the husband's return home, where he finds

"Something than beauty dearer—

Truth, goodness, honor, harmony, and love;

Where unweakened sense, and amiable grace,

And lively sweetness dwell enraptured."

It is in the first year of married life that a woman's real education begins. Girlhood's teaching may have laid the foundations of intellectual taste and mental resource—happy if it is so; here is a well-spring of enjoyment which neither trouble, nor sickness, nor sorrow, can ever obliterate: which nothing but crime can subvert, or turn into a curse; or, unhappily, an education may have been imparted which has only given grace and accomplishments, and left the spark of divine nature untouched. Here, here, will be the trial; can dancing, music, or dress, soothe one real pain,

chase one real trouble, or give one particle of sound advice? Summoned suddenly into life's warfare without defence, without the armor of faith, and without moral courage, what wonder is it so many battles are lost, so much ruin strewn over the plains and hills of the marriage territory? Such education is like building the superstructure of a house on some inflated substance, instead of on a solid foundation; it is like heaping precious jewels and ivory caskets upon a mound of dry bones; they may cover unsightliness till a need arises, and then all is hollow, no single stone can be taken therefrom for any useful purpose.

Then, now in the first years of married life, while love is still blind, or mindful only to pass over a deficiency; now, while the husband is

"Only weak

Against the charm of beauty's powerful glance,"

strain every nerve, use constant prayer for strength and power to become really a helpmeet, really a companion, really a helper-on, really a guardian angel in human guise to husband and children, showing the path to God's rest in heaven.

Milton, in his "Paradise Lost," has given such a perfect picture of woman in her earthly and angelic nature, that one cannot but feel that, however unhappy and wretched he was in his first marriage, from uncongeniality of temper and unsympathizing influences, yet, in his second marriage, of alas! too brief a duration, his portrait of Eve was no illusory one, but drawn from the life; but it was Eve before the fall. As to her personal charms, he says, on Adam's first seeing her—

"Grace was in all her steps, Heaven in her eye,

In every gesture, dignity and love.

When I approach

Her loveliness, so absolute she seems,
And in herself complete so well to know
Her own, that what she wills to do or say
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best.

Authority and reason on her wait,
As one intended first, not after made
Occasionally; and, to consummate all,
Greatness of mind and nobleness their seat
Build in her loveliest, and create an awe
About her, as a guard angelic placed."

This tribute is paid to her loveliness, and no

niggard of praise is he to her mental and moral worth :—

"Neither her outside form'd so fair, nor aught

So much delights me, as those graceful acts,
Those thousand decencies that daily flow
From all her words and actions mixed with love,
And sweet compliance, which declare unfeigned
Union of mind, or in us both one soul."

This is Adam's description to the angel, of his bride in the first bloom of wedded love; and the following describes so well the housewifely, graceful retirement of Eve, upon observing Adam's studious thought in conversing with Raphael :—

"With lowliness majestic from her seat

Rose and went forth, among her fruits and flowers,
To visit how they prospered, bud and bloom,
Her nursery; they at her coming sprung,
And, touch'd by her fair tendance, gladlier grew;
Yet went she not, as not with such discourse
Delighted, or not capable her ear
Of what was high; such pleasure she reserved,
Adam relating, she sole auditress;
Her husband the relator she preferred,
Before the angel"

Somewhat different this from the fussiness of modern housewives, or at least of very many.

Fussiness is almost worse than the *let alone* system; to a quiet, tender-nerved man, it is almost death; to a fussy, irritable man, who likes to fuss over everything himself, a wife who is always in a bustle is like giving an additional impetus to an express train in full motion; there can be but one result, confusion and destruction.

A powerful attraction to a home is the cultivation of a spirit of neatness and elegance throughout all its arrangements. The eye scarcely ever wearies of a beautiful prospect or a pleasing picture. The aspect of a home should resemble the latter; it should tell its own tale; its atmosphere should breathe of comfort, and its quiet, simple ornamentation delight the eye. There is a brightness about a well-kept home which neither wealth nor magnificence can impart, unaccompanied by taste. To keep best rooms, or best of anything, to be used only for visitors' accommodation, is not the wisest policy for a wife to adopt; on the contrary, company rooms contrast too greatly with daily living rooms, and suggest unpleasant comparisons. Neatness and elegance should go hand in hand; one cannot exist without the other; but it must be neatness far removed from formality, and elegance independent of costliness or profusion. Every article should appear as if intended for use, and every right article

in its right place; the very chairs and tables should be suggestive of comfort, not arranged with stiff precision, but in such a way that the attractive portions of a room shall be visible to their occupants. Sofa and chair tidies should be tacked on, otherwise they look like dirty rags crumpled into the corners. Sofa pillows should be frequently shaken, so as not to give the impression of their having done duty as a bed. The chimney or other ornamental glass must look bright, never with dull mist or smoke obscuring its surface; all corners of the room be kept scrupulously clean; the hearthrug shaken and daily brushed; the fireplace bright and flashing hither and thither its sparkling scintillations, as though it were animated by a spirit of welcome and cheeriness.

All sitting-room stoves or grates should have as much bright steel as is possible about them, but all of a plain kind; knobs and ornamental work are difficult to clean, while the plain-polished surface is easier to keep bright than anything else; and, avoiding black lead and labor, if the steel is rubbed every day with wash-leather on which very fine brick-dust has been rubbed, nothing more is required; but this must not for a day be omitted. Flowers—Nature's jewels—should in the summer be scattered as liberally as means and circumstances will permit; but these require an artistic arrangement to satisfy the eye, and as they lend a charm to the veriest hovel, so in a refined home their beauty and fragrance are enhanced by a graceful grouping. Some persons gather a handful of flowers, and arrange them as if for a bouquet—that is, all the heads are brought to one level and the stems cut to an exact length, then tied round and stuck in some unsuitable shaped vase. Nature certainly never suggested this. Take any plant in flower, and observe how gracefully the buds and the bloom spring from the leaves; such sprays, placed in a flower vase which spreads at the top, will fall into a natural position. Then shorter full-blown flowers may be placed to hide the stems of the former, and at once is formed a group of floral treasures worthy of permanent endurance in a painting. Many such pictures should be sprinkled about. Wicker baskets having saucers filled with water, alabaster vases containing wide-mouthed bottles of water, a small bowl filled with water, and all other available receptacles can be brought into requisition for the radiant gems of all seasons. Pansies, scarlet geraniums, and mignonette, placed in China breakfast-saucers, filled with water, and literally stuck with short-stemmed flowers, as pins in a

cushion, will bloom and gladden the eye, without requiring more than a weekly change.

Home should gladden the eye, cheer the heart, and satisfy the mind; therefore, all that can add to its decoration, enhance its comfort, or bring serenity to the thoughts should be lavished with no niggard hand. The expenditure of thought, time, and trouble may be great at first, but recompense will surely come

in that greatest of all blessings to a young wife—the husband's undivided and soulfelt love; such love as Milton describes that of Adam for Eve, when it rested with him to choose eternal life without or death with her:—

"Yet loss of thee

Would never from my heart: no, no! I feel
The link of Nature draw me; flesh of flesh,
Bone of my bone thou art, and from thy state
Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe."

STUDIO PICTURES.

BY JESSIE GARLAND.

"Is mademoiselle weary?"

I look up as if just awakened from a dream, to find the eyes of the artist losing their look of half-reproof, and lighting up with one of pleasure, as they pass from my almost bare canvas to the bewildering picture that rests on the easel of my neighbor. With the delight of a true connoisseur he gazes on the beauty so rapidly growing, and lavishes praises on the hand whose pencil can make a "living picture," and passes on to other pupils. I turn to my easel with a sigh, and another voice asks, "Are you tired, Allie?" and I look up again, but meet no answering glance, for the eyes of him who sits beside me have not turned from their work, and every touch of his pencil adds new beauty to what is already so beautiful.

"No, no, Cousin Walter, I am not tired, but I do not believe I will ever touch a brush again. Oh, would that I could paint like *that*!" and I droop my head despondingly, and the tears will come to my eyes; but—"Courage, courage, *ma cousine*, love can do anything. You love beauty, and you cannot help making it. It is in your heart, and will come out. Remember 'Fairy Dell,' and do not despair," are the words that come in a cheery tone to my ear, and with the lagging blood now rushing through my veins, I turn to my neglected canvas.

Oh, how much I had lived during the hours I had passed in that studio, receiving instruction from one of the many eminent artists our city afforded! From my childhood, a visit to a picture-gallery was the greatest treat any one could offer me, and as I advanced in years, the absorbing love for painting was the foundation of an affection for my Cousin Walter that grew to be stronger than that I bore my doting father. When I was sixteen that father passed away from earth, leaving me, his only child, to the

care of a half-brother, the father of Walter, and from that time we had never been separated twenty-four hours. I loved my Uncle Emmings because he was my father's brother and Walter's father, and my Aunt Emmings because she was Walter's mother; but Walter—at his very feet I laid my heart. My father's sudden death stunned me, and it was with the unexpressed belief that employment of some engrossing nature was necessary to my health, that Walter had proposed my taking painting lessons. It was something I had never attempted, for, as I had often gazed spell-bound on the work of some master-hand, the conviction that I could never attain such perfection would force itself upon my mind, and I knew I would be satisfied with nothing short of it. I said so to Walter, and told him I should be miserable if I attempted it and failed; but he only said "try," and so an easel was placed beside his, in the studio of Monsieur D'Albert, and I commenced to live. It was fascination. Sometimes I would work for hours with scarce a thought of what was passing around me, revelling in the work of my own creation. Again, if my eye chanced to fall on some conception more beautiful than my own, my pencil would fall to the floor, and my heart droop with despair until Walter's encouraging words would give me new life. "Fairy Dell" was my last piece, and had taken a premium, and it was now hanging in the gallery with the crown of roses depending from its crimson cord. I know not how long I had worked when Walter suddenly spoke—"See, Allie! they're inspecting your picture. Did you ever see any creature so lovely? She looks as if she might be an inhabitant of Fairy Dell itself."

I looked and saw two ladies—one a pale, delicate woman in widow's weeds, the other I cannot describe, but she was the realization of

my dream of a houri. I looked upon her, and why was it that my heart felt as if a knife had entered its very depths? The unveiled-to-come will make it known. Monsieur D'Albert was talking with them, and after a few moments they slowly approached, looking at the other pictures which, like mine, had taken prizes. Finally M. D'Albert's voice came distinctly to our ears—"I regret very much, madame, to refuse mademoiselle, but it would be impossible to paint a picture in that time with the other engagements already on my hands."

The elder lady's face and voice expressed disappointment as she said, "Well, then, Eva, we must try some one else, for you have no time to lose."

Walter had sat silently gazing on the face of the young girl, and now, as they approached the door, he started up, and the next moment stood before them.

"Are the services of an artist needed?" he asked, abruptly.

M. D'Albert's face brightened as he replied, "Yes, Monsieur Emmings. Do you know any one whom you can recommend?" And then to the lady, "If Monsieur Emmings recommends a painter, you need not fear to employ him."

Walter bowed as his name was pronounced, and the lady in black responded to it; the young girl quietly seated herself upon a divan.

"I know of no one except myself," said Walter, "but would offer my own services."

Monsieur D'Albert looked round, and in his surprise forgot himself, and spoke out in plain English, "I did not know you painted for money, Mr. Emmings!"

"Neither do I," said Walter, haughtily turning from him; then, with a low bow to the lady, "but if you will trust my skill, I shall be very happy to oblige you, madame."

The lady extended her hand—"I have heard your name before, Mr. Emmings; your father was one of my husband's friends before we left your city"—her voice faltered as she involuntarily glanced at her sable dress—"and I hesitate only because I fear to inconvenience you."

Walter protested that it would be only a pleasure, and in half an hour the arrangement was complete.

Mrs. Herbert was a widow, and but recently returned to her native city. Eva was the oldest of three children, and was going in a few weeks to visit some relations in a distant State, to be absent during the winter. They were gone, and Walter came back to his seat, took up his

pencil, and for the next hour my eye followed every movement of his hand. His very being seemed overflowing with beauty. I looked, and almost forgot that life is not all beauty and happiness. At last a long, deep sigh, and he pushes back his chair, looks at his watch, and says, "Come, Allie, let us go home; are you not hungry?" and he takes his hat just as M. D'Albert comes up, and words fail to express his admiration; but Walter turns on his heel, and I hear him say, "There is nothing else beautiful since I have seen *her*."

I dreamed once that I was wandering through an almost impenetrable forest in the darkness of a tempestuous night, when a kind hand led me up the marble steps, and through the wide door of a palace into the light and warmth of a gorgeous room, where all was beauty and magnificence. A delicate perfume as of the breath of spring flowers, and low, soft, birdlike notes of music filled the air. The light of many lamps was softened to moonlight radiance, and I sank amid the cushions of the chair to which the same kind hand led me, with a dreamy feeling of perfect content. I possessed one priceless jewel that I had preserved through danger and storm, and I reached forth my hand to give this to the one that had guided me, when suddenly the moonlight radiance brightened, and from each shaded lamp shot up lurid tongues of flame, that rose higher and higher, until the massive roof was one living flame of fire. The hand had vanished; my jewel—ah, where was it? With a shriek of terror and an effort to rise, I awoke, just as the door burst open and strong arms bore me from my chamber, where the flames were in very truth careering wildly over and around me.

Why do I think of this dream this morning as I walk home silently by Walter's side? Alas! alas! did not his hand lead me from the gloom and darkness of sorrow, and make my life beautiful and happy? Had I not yielded my heart, the one priceless jewel that I possessed, to his keeping? And now the gorgeous castle in which I was sinking to repose had crumbled to ashes, and my heart had been left in the flames, but, thanks to our Father, it was not to perish there. I had awakened to the reality that with my whole heart I loved my Cousin Walter; and, while I knew that he loved me, I knew that it was only as he would love a dear cousin or sister. That night there was a long and terrible struggle, but the spirit sought strength from above, and it rose purified from the fiery trial; and, before the new day was born, the green-eyed monster fled, and the

gentle sleep-angel waved his white wings over my bed.

I often wondered why Walter never spoke to me of Eva Herbert. Weeks passed, and I had not been to M. D'Albert's studio. Walter would take his hat, and "I have another engagement to-day, Allie, and cannot go with you," would be his simple remark, as he would leave the breakfast-room. I would not go alone, and avoided society as much as possible, but was gaining strength daily; and I knew that the victory was mine, when one day Walter approached and stood beside me as we were alone in the parlor. He placed his hand on my head, as he said, in a voice low and trembling with deep emotion, "Will you not wish me joy, little sister?" There was no need to ask him for what, and the words came from heart as well as lips as I replied, "I do, dear Walter, with my whole heart!"

He stooped and pressed a kiss upon my brow, and then he told me of his love for Eva Herbert; said that her bewildering beauty had at first fascinated him, but that the beauties of mind and heart had won his love. That day her picture was finished, and the next week she would leave for the visit to her friends, but not to spend the winter, as had been anticipated. O no, he could not live without her that long, and she had promised that when the snow of winter began to melt she would give herself to his guidance for the balance of her life journey.

She went. Walter again went with me to the studio, and we painted side by side as we did in the days before he saw Eva Herbert. Weeks passed, and at last came the one that would bring her home. Walter grew too impatient to paint, and he wandered about the gallery seeking to while away the tardy moments. The day came, and, ah, how joyously he said "Good-by, little sister," as he looked back, going down the steps, and saw my face at the window! I still sat there when he came in; and, sinking down beside me, he laid his head in my lap, while great sobs came from his bosom. Oh, it was a terrible sight! the strong man deprived of his strength. I bent my face down to his. "What is it, dear Walter? Has Ev—" He sprang up suddenly. "Come, Allie, come with me, sister, and see my broken lily. You know how I love her; come and tell her that no misfortune, however bitter, can ever drive her from my heart." I went with him, without asking what this great misfortune was that could so unman a proud nature. Walter led the way to a small sitting-room tastefully furnished, evidently the one

they had occupied while he was painting her portrait, for the picture, in all its fresh loveliness, still stood on the easel unframed. Mrs. Herbert, whose white face was convulsed with agony, sat on a sofa supporting the slight form of her daughter in her arms. Walter almost dragged me across the room, and, throwing himself on his knees, he caught Eva's small hand and placed it in mine. "Tell her. Ah, Allie, my soul-sister, you know what I want; tell her."

I was bewildered. In his great grief, Walter had forgotten that I knew nothing, and now I turned to Mrs. Herbert. "What is it, dear lady? My cousin is distracted with grief, and has told me nothing."

The words came from the white lips of the mother like ice-drops: "*She is blind!*"

That was all I knew then; but weeks after, when the mother could speak calmly of it, she told me that it was hereditary, and that one or two of her family had, like Eva, been stricken blind suddenly; without warning of premonitory symptoms, the light had gone out, and their lives wrapped in deep darkness. Now I thought only of Walter, and oh, there was no selfishness in my heart then, as I put my arms about his neck! "Poor Walter! poor brother!" And he bent his head to my shoulder, while tears that were an honor to his manhood gave some relief to his tortured heart. Then again came the pleading cry, "Tell her, tell her, my sister, what I want!"

Ah! I knew now what he wanted; and (thank God, no demon stood beside me then), with all the earnestness in my heart, I besought her to give him the privilege of guiding her darkened footsteps through life. She mournfully shook her head, but said nothing. I urged that it was his right, and asked her, if *he* had been thus stricken, if *she* would have deserted him, and her answer was to stretch forth her hand towards him. At last, her mother spoke: "Yes, Eva, my darling, it is right, and it must be so." She lifted her head suddenly from her mother's bosom, and for a moment a look of pain rested on her face, but it passed away, and a smile of heavenly joy came in its place, as she held out her arms. "Oh, Walter, my soul blesses you!" And he gathered her to his bosom with low murmured words of passionate love.

Not many days after, a minister performed a solemn ceremony, and the blind girl became a bride. Then we went to Europe—we, for Walter had said I *must* go, and I would not refuse;

went to consult the best oculists, to find if there was any foundation for the hope that was fluttering in our hearts. The man of science wore an impassive face as he made the examination; but when it was over, and he turned to where Walter sat, no words were needed to drive that fluttering hope from our hearts forever. There was no word spoken, but Eva's ear caught the sigh that burst from her husband's heart as he bent his head down upon the hand clasped in his. She passed the other caressingly over his hair, and said, tremulously: "Poor Walter! I knew it would be thus, and now your bright manhood will be burdened with a blind wife!" A shadow darkened her fair brow as the last words were spoken with a sudden sharpness; but Walter rose up, wound his arm around her, and drew her head upon his bosom. "No, no, not that, dear one. I only grieve that you are to be shut out from this world, that is beautiful notwithstanding its many sorrows; but I would grieve more were I not permitted to guide you through the darkness."

"Then I am content," she whispered. And the shadow passed away, and a sweet smile wreathed her lips.

And so we went back to our home, and the days of another twelvemonth came and went, and then Eva pressed but one kiss on the angel brow of her baby girl when a bright-winged messenger came to guide her through the dark valley to the eternal city beyond. And she went unmurmuringly, saying: "My Father knoweth best, and I will know her when she comes to me, be it in baby form, in lovely maidenhood, or with wrinkled brow."

Again I painted, but not in M. D'Albert's studio; I had one of my own. For weeks past, one picture had engrossed my whole attention, and no eye but my own had yet looked upon it. It was the little two-year-old Eva and her guardian angel. Far away in the cleft of rose-hued clouds the dark eyes of the child rested wonderingly on a crown to which the white finger of the angel pointed, and the angel's face was that of the beautiful blind mother ere the light had been quenched in the clear blue eyes. It was my *chef d'œuvre*, and how could it be otherwise when my heart was in every touch the pencil made? The picture was finished, and I stood looking at it and—yes, and admiring it, when a hand touched my shoulder, and I looked round and found Walter standing at my side.

"Said I not truly, dear Allie? Has not my prophecy been fulfilled? There can be nothing

more beautiful." And his eye rested on the picture.

"But it is only a copy, Cousin Walter."

"The figures are copies, I admit; but they are *perfect* copies, and the design is your own, and in it lies the chief beauty. O how gladly would I cherish the thought that my angel Eva is the guardian spirit of our child!"

I moved quietly to a window seat, and sat thinking of that day, in another studio, when I had first looked on the beauty of Eva Herbert.

"Allie." Walter is again standing by my side; and, as I look up, I feel the blood mounting to my brow, for there is that in his glance that I never saw there before when his eye rested on my face. "Allie, what would you think of one who would ask you to give a fair crystal goblet, filled with pure, sweet wine, in exchange for one seared and unsightly, and with only bitter dregs at the bottom?"

I looked wonderingly in his face. "What do you mean, Walter?"

He bends down his head until his lips touch my brow, and then he answers me: "This is what I mean: before I ever saw Eva I loved you; but it was as a dear cousin, to whose happiness I found I could contribute. To her was given the best of my life, and now I offer you a heart from which the freshness has departed, and ask in return one that is wreathed with vernal flowers and overflowing with beauty."

Gushing tears, tears of joy, are filling my eyes, for I know full well that his heart can never grow old, as I answer: "Your simile is not good, dear Walter, for you are better for having loved her."

Again his head is bent down, and this time the kiss is upon my lips. "And will you, too, bless my life with your love?"

And I answer him, honestly: "Before you ever saw Eva I loved you, I thought I had driven that love from my heart, but I find it has only been slumbering there, and will be easily awakened."

So, dear reader, the priceless gem has been recovered from the ruins where it has so long been hidden, and now rests securely in a structure whose fair proportions will be ever growing more beautiful until it stands perfect beside the tree of life.

KNOWLEDGE may slumber in the memory, but it never dies; it is like the dormouse in the ivied tower, that sleeps while winter lasts, but awakes with the warm breath of spring.

THE CITIES OF REFUGE.

A TALE OF JUDEA.

BY M. W. E.

(Concluded from page 235.)

CHAPTER IV.

WHEN all was completed that pertained to the ceremonial law of the Sabbath, Eldad addressed his attentive guest—

"Son of Ebenezer, let me not seem ungracious in thy sight, if I bid thee depart; yet not alone, I will go with thee, and we will set our faces towards the river Jordan, for thine enemy is even now at the gate."

"How knowest thou this, my friend?"

"The eyes of my son are open when his father's friends are in danger, and they have seen his secret path."

"How then can we escape his watchful vengeance?"

"The tiger must be snared. Joel will clothe himself in thine outer garment, if it please thee, and haste with all speed along the road that leadeth to Ramoth in Gilead; the man may think thou art flying thither, and peradventure, may follow him. If so, we can depart unseen by him, and when we have crossed the river, our course can be decided upon, as shall best suit thy safety."

"Thou art wise in counsel, Eldad, and I yield myself to thy guidance;" so saying, Reuben, divesting himself of his costly garment, exchanged it for the coarser one of his youthful friend, who gladly assumed his; and imitating, as far as possible, the lofty bearing of the son of Ebenezer, Joel departed upon his mission. The ruse was skilfully executed, and succeeded, and the two travellers, taking a kind leave of Sherah, set forward on their journey, and arrived at the river they sought, unmolested. But an unexpected difficulty awaited them there: the stream, swollen by the "latter rains," had become so broad, deep, and rapid, that the fords were impassable, and no one could be found willing to risk his life in an attempt to cross the turbulent waters.

"We must change our course to the north-east, my brother," said Eldad; "it will lead us to the hill-country of Gad; and perchance we may find entrance into Ramoth."

"But should Hazael be there?" suggested the weary Reuben.

"Then thou must press onward to Golan, in

Manasseh; he will not seek thee there; he will return to Bezer to find thee."

"Thou hast acted a brother's part, Eldad, and very pleasant is thy company to me, but I would not that thou shouldst forsake thy family longer for my sake; return to thy home, I pray thee, and trouble thyself no more with my fate."

"Not so, Reuben; thou art wayworn and sad, and canst not venture to ask for food; thou wouldst perish in thy helplessness. And Sherah would reproach me for my selfishness," he added, smiling.

And so they travelled on, until morning light showed them a charming grove, whose closely woven boughs and luxuriant foliage offered them both rest and security; and there, seating themselves on the trunk of a fallen tree, they looked forth upon the lovely scenery around them. Fertile meadows, whose verdant treasure bent before the morning breeze; fields, yellow with grain, almost ripened for the harvest; hill-sides alive with skipping flocks; and herds scampering in wild glee, or gravely chewing the cud as they reposed their huge limbs within the grateful shade of the sycamore or mulberry—all presented a scene of simple and beautiful nature, too attractive to remain unnoticed.

"Truly, the Lord is good to Israel!" exclaimed Eldad, as he gazed in admiration on the fair landscape. "How certainly has the blessing of Moses, the man of God's love, descended upon us! 'Let Reuben live—and not die, and let not his men be few,' were his words of prophecy; and lo! our inheritance filled with great cities, and our cities crowded with inhabitants. And Gad, likewise, 'dwelleth as a lion among us;' and 'the thousands of Manasseh' through the cities of his possession. Seest thou yon lofty mountain in the distance, my brother?"

"I see it distinctly."

"That is Mount Gilead, and beyond it lies Ramoth, thy place of refuge. But thou art faint and hungry, and we will see what my provident Sherah hath made ready for our need." Then, opening a small sack which each had alternately borne, he took from it a small

cup, some cakes of bread, and a quantity of prepared meat. A short search discovered a fine spring of cool water, and, after supplicating a blessing on the food, both travellers partook of it freely, and were refreshed.

"How skilfully, and with what matchless beauty the various shades of verdure are intermingled among the stately trees of Mount Gilead!" exclaimed Reuben, now for the first time alive to the lovely view. "Behold the tall cedar mingling its dark branches with the bright green of the sycamore, and again contrasting its lofty spire with the rounded top of the mulberry; and clusters of lofty palms nearer to us, how they spread their huge leaves, as if anxious to be first in offering their refreshing shade to the way-worn!"

"Yea, our fathers were wise in choosing this goodly land for our inheritance; it is, in truth, fruitful in pasture for flocks and herds; even our own lovely plains do not excel the hill-country of Gad in beauty, and wonderfully did Jehovah display his power in delivering it into the hands of his chosen people while he dispossessed its former owners, the Amorites."

"The Amorites were a very great and powerful nation," remarked Reuben. "Thinkest thou it was right thus to dispossess them?"

"Of a surety. Was it not a punishment for their own inhospitable folly? Had Sihon, their king, complied with the request of Moses, and suffered him to lead his people through the land, he would have been unmolested, and even benefited, for the children of Israel would have repaid them for all kindness; but he refused this reasonable request, and the Lord delivered him and his country into the hands of the children of Reuben, and Gad, and Manasseh."

"Was it not strange that the tribe of Manasseh should have divided itself, only one-half of it, as thou knowest, dwelling on this side of Jordan?"

"The land could not support the whole of the three tribes, and the other half of Manasseh found its possession on the other side of the river. The Prince of Reuben took the regal city of Heshbon, where thy noble father dwelt; and Gad, when he had slain Og, the giant King of Bashan, lived in that monarch's palace. Machir, the brave son of Manasseh, conquered the remainder of the Amorites, and made Gilead his habitation."

"In verity, Eldad, I have sometimes thought that it savored of cruelty to destroy the inhabitants with such total extirpation."

"I wonder not at thy thoughts; yet, when

thou rememberest that the Lord had delayed their punishment forty years 'after their iniquities were full,' and still they repented not, thou wilt perceive that our fathers were but instruments in His hands to punish a wicked and idol-serving nation; and also that, when at any time our people had pity and spared them, they became 'thorns in their sides,' or snares in their path, to lead them to sin."

"Thou sayest truly, Eldad. May Jehovah give us strength to resist their enticements, for many are yet among us; and may we never forfeit this glorious inheritance by our own folly!"

"Amen!" responded Eldad, and both travellers sank into silence and deep meditation.

We trace not their route farther; suffice it that they found repose and safety from the fervors of the noontide heat in the sheltering glades of the forest, and as day declined resumed their journey. Late at night they arrived at the abode of an acquaintance of Eldad, who received them courteously, and freely ministered to their necessities; nevertheless, the latter thought it best to conceal from him the name of his companion, and merely presented him as one who, in common with himself, needed his hospitality.

"Why travellest thou on foot, Eldad, thou and thy companion?" inquired the host; "thou hast mules in abundance, and art rich in worldly goods."

"It suiteth my present business better to walk than to mount a stubborn mule, friend Nathan. I go to Ramoth, which, as thou art aware, lieth but on the other side of the mountain."

"To Ramoth? Thou wilt find that place in great commotion, or rather a part of it. Knowest thou Reuben, the son of Ebenezer, of Heshbon?"

"Yea; he is my kinsman. What wouldst thou say of him?"

"Thy kinsman, Eldad! Ay, thou art of Reuben, as I remember, and can, peradventure, tell me whether the tidings be true that has fallen upon our ears?"

"Say on, speak thy tidings. Yet stay; come aside with me," he added, in a low voice; "I would not that a stranger should hear aught against the house of my kinsman."

Nathan led the way into another apartment, and then informed his guest that for a day or two past, armed horsemen had beset every avenue leading into Ramoth, for the purpose of seizing the young man, who, it was reported, had slain Abner, the son of Simeon, in a quar-

rel; that Hazael raved like one possessed with a devil, and had taken a solemn oath that his enemy, as he termed him, should never reach a City of Refuge alive.

Eldad smiled, in scorn, while he replied: "Thou sayest it is now some days since the death of Abner. Thinkest thou that the manslayer has not ere this found safety at Bezer, a place so near to Heshbon? The wilderness could well conceal him from his pursuers while fleeing thither."

"At Bezer! Then will Hazael go mad with disappointment. Thinkest thou that he has yet reached the city?"

"How can I say? Peradventure accidents may have detained him; but if, as thou sayest, he could not enter Ramoth, of a certainty he must flee either to Bezer or Golan, for the river is a flood, and he cannot strive against the 'swellings of Jordan.'"

"Verily, Eldad, thou speakest wisely; and if Reuben were not of thy kindred, I would show to Hazael where to seek him."

"How canst thou show to him what thou knowest not thyself?"

"It matters not. I will send him to Bezer; better that he should know the truth than wander up and down the highways like a demoniac, as he now wandereth."

"And when goest thou to Ramoth, on thine errand, Nathan?"

"With the morning's dawn. We will rest until then, for thou and thy friend seem weary."

"He is far more weary than I, and, I fear me, will not keep pace with us in our early walk. Why should he not await our return hither? What thinkest thou?"

"That it would be well. I must make no tarrying there, and perchance may bring Hazael with me when I return, for he is the son of my father's sister, and my house is on the way to Bezer."

"I knew not that he was of thy kindred, Nathan, as Reuben is of mine; yet let not strife come between us. Thou hast received me kindly, and ministered to my wants as a brother, and I thank thee. A time may come when I can return thy hospitality."

"So be it." And the customary salutation sealed the compact.

Yet was Eldad in great perplexity, for he distrusted the faithfulness of Nathan, and feared his penetration; but he could only repeat to Reuben the conversation between the host and himself, and leave the result to his own decision. Reuben's decision was quickly made. "Thou

hast said to Nathan, and truly, that I am footsore and weary; I will, therefore, abide here to-night, and when thou art on the way to Ramoth will seek the northern side of the wilderness that clothes the mountain like a garment, and there conceal myself until thou comest to meet me or perchance I gain admittance to the city without thee."

"It is well. I will but learn where the madman Hazael is, and straightway join thee on the northern side of Gilead, for I desire not to meet that evil man."

On the following morning, after the departure of his friend, Reuben continued for some time alone, and long and fervent were his prayers to the Great Jehovah for pardon and direction. "Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O Lord God of my fathers! and be Thou my Refuge from the malice of mine enemies!" Such was the burden of his petition, the utterance of a heart bowed down with sorrow. Then, on taking leave of the wife of Nathan, and assuring her that he felt quite able to resume his journey to Ramoth, he expressed his grateful thanks for her kindness, and departed; pursuing the highroad that led to that city while he could be observed from the house, and leaving it when a turn in the road enabled him to escape observation and seek the calm glades and shadowy woods of Mount Gilead.

For several hours our lonely wanderer pursued his devious way; now winding around, now forcing his path through the thick underwood, and now loitering in the green openings of the forest, until he arrived on the northern side of the mountain, the side on which his friend had appointed to meet him; and there, finding a spring which poured its pure and abundant waters into the channel of a small rivulet, he threw himself on the mossy turf beside and was soon absorbed in deep and sad retrospection.

A slight but peculiar sound arrested his attention; he gazed attentively around to discover the cause, but, seeing nothing unusual, he relapsed into a reverie, and was again aroused by what was now a heavy groan. To hear the cry of distress and to fly to its relief were simultaneous with Reuben, and he at once hastened to the spot from whence the sounds proceeded; but a sight met his view which almost compelled him to retreat from its vicinity. Stretched upon the grass, apparently in the last agonies of death, lay a man clothed in coarse garments, emaciated to a skeleton, and covered with the foul and loathsome ulcers of leprosy. The command of the law—to shun all

contact with an unclean object—was instinctively imperative in the mind of the Hebrew youth, but the distress of the wretched object before him drove all other considerations from his thoughts, and the feeble but agonized cry for water was irresistible. The small vessel he had brought with him was instantly thrust into the fountain, and, regardless of everything save the sufferings of a fellow-creature, he raised the disfigured head from the earth, and bathed the parched lips with the cooling drops until life was sufficiently vigorous to enable the poor being to swallow, and then a copious draught restored him to animation. Gratitude beamed in his eyes as he strove to utter his thanks. "Blessed be thou of the Lord God, and blessed be Jehovah, who hath put it into thine heart to minister to my distress, in spite of the defilement of my disease. Who art thou who hast thus proved thyself pitying and courageous?"

"I am Reuben, the son of Ebenezer, of Heshbon."

"Ah, I remember thee now. Knowest thou me?"

"Alas! have I ever known thee?"

"Thou mayst well ask the question; yet, loathsome as I now must be in thine eyes, I am Benoni, of Manasseh, and the sister of thy Zillah was once my betrothed wife."

"God of my fathers, Thou art wonderful in Thy ways!" exclaimed the astonished Reuben. "And thou art Benoni, son of the mighty Abdon, alone in this wilderness—to die!"

"Even so. Thus willeth the Lord of Hosts, whose ways are indeed past finding out. 'Lover and friend hath He put far from me, and He hath made me an abomination unto them.' Thou knowest why I am here?"

"I know that the law of Moses condemns the unhappy leper to live apart in his uncleanness; but it commands no such entire solitude, no such utter destitution."

"And what better can await the miserable being thus excluded from all the sweet sympathies of home and kindred? Forbidden to seek communion with the loved ones for whom his desolate heart is yearning, he can find no refuge from the tortures of disappointed hope, and must fly to utter solitude to conceal his agony. Reuben, thou knowest that my station was among the great ones of my tribe; thou knowest that wealth, with all its blessings, was an inmate of my dwelling; thou knowest that, wretched and repulsive as I now am, I was once of a goodly presence." He ceased speaking, from exhaustion, and Reuben replied:—

"Well do I know all this, and that not one

of the nobles of Manasseh could excel Benoni in any graceful accomplishment befitting a son of Israel."

The unhappy man uttered a deep sigh, and continued: "Knowing these things, thou wilt not wonder that Basmath, the daughter of Machir, listened with a willing ear to the voice of my passion, and that our kindred sanctified our betrothal by their approval. Benoni, the only and beloved son of his father, in whom his brightest hopes were centred, was made the idol of his father's house; and, in the midst of this prosperity, while every heart responded to the music of happiness, the fearful punishment came, and the idol was overthrown. On discovering the first symptoms of leprosy, I flew to the priest for advice; I submitted to every requirement of the law concerning it; I offered sin-offerings, and fasted, and prayed, and besought the Lord to have mercy upon me: but He heard me not; his ears were deaf to my cries, O Reuben! and I was pronounced incurable. I fled—"

"Thy fate is truly bitter, son of Abdon," replied the sympathizing listener. "But why soughtest thou the inheritance of another tribe? Thine own would have supplied the comforts thou requirest with more certainty."

"Yea, thou sayest truly; but I was estranged from my kinsmen, separated from the beloved of my soul, and driven from the society of my fellow-men, excepting such as were loathsome as myself, and I sought a place where no eye could mark my wretchedness; no tongue recall the memory of the lost Benoni. In this wilderness I have since dwelt, watching the dreadful progress of my disease, not daring by my own hand to die, yet longing for the time when it shall please the Most High to end my punishment, and release me from my fearful burden. This morning I wandered towards Ramoth, and heard strange tidings concerning Hazael, of Heshbon."

"Ha! sawest thou the man?"

"Nay, I saw him not; and on my return my overtaken strength failed me before I could reach my tent, or even the spring of water which bubbles near it, and I fell fainting on the turf. How long I was senseless I know not; thou must have heard my reviving groan, and thine unshrinking kindness blessed me with the refreshing draught for which I had so long languished. May the Lord God bless thee for it!"

"Thy gratitude far exceeds the service, my poor Benoni."

"Think not so, Reuben. It is sweet to taste

once more the tender sympathies of my kind; and thy pity falls like a healing balm upon my torn heart: but I may not trespass too far upon thy charity—another draught from the same cool spring, and thou must go thy way onward; the clean may not dwell with the unclean."

"Truly, the law is very plain, my friend; but I am already defiled, and can therefore aid thee without increasing the evil. When evening cometh, I can bathe in yonder brook and be clean; suffer me then to stay with you, while it is in my power to serve you."

Sweet tears—the tears of gratitude, overflowed the eyes of the hapless Benoni; and his desolate heart was soothed by the gentle sympathy and tender care of his new-found friend. When he was sufficiently recovered to be able to walk, Reuben accompanied him to the tent in which he had taken up his abode, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing him sink into a profound slumber, as he rested upon his bed of leaves.

CHAPTER V.

MIDNIGHT had passed, and evening was drawing near, ere our wanderer heard the signal which was to announce the approach of Eldad; then, as a cordial greeting passed between them, Reuben said—

"Thou comest not with the smiling face of a successful messenger, my brother; what hath chanced to displease thee?"

"Naught to displease, yet much to annoy me for thy sake," was the reply.

"Sawest thou mine enemy at Ramoth?"

"Nay, I saw him not; neither know I where he is to be found. Nathan, our host, was seeking him when I left the city." He paused, and then added, "I think Hazael hath left Ramoth. The judges and elders who sat at the gate, know naught of him since morning-tide. Art thou willing to venture thy safety by taking the road to the city? All seems quiet and safe, and the law forbids any man to lie in wait for thee."

"Yea, Eldad, I will go; the fear of death hath passed away; my life is in the keeping of Jehovah; and if He will that I perish, let me perish."

"God forbid that I should urge thee into peril, my friend; rather let us remain here, until we learn with more assurance the movements of Hazael."

"Say no more, Eldad, I pray thee: I have already tarried too long, and kept thee from

thy family and home. May the Lord bless thee for thy self-denying kindness, and repay thee fourfold. And now, if thou art not too weary, let us press onward."

After proceeding for some distance along the southern declivity of Mount Gilead, they descended into the highway, which extended its long and unobstructed line up to the wide ever-opened gates of Ramoth. All was tranquil—a few travellers were passing to and fro, each "on his own purposes intent," and no one seeming to notice particularly our silent wayfarers. Already they were near the gate, within which was safety for Reuben, when the ears of the watchful Eldad were assailed by sounds that filled him with alarm.

"Hearest thou that tumult, Reuben? and lo!" he continued, as he gazed anxiously through the wide portals, "thine enemy cometh upon thee like a whirlwind of the desert—bend thy tall figure to the blast, and turn aside: perchance he will not see thee as he rushes past."

"Nay, nay, Eldad, the lion hath already crouched too long; let him face the whirlwind, and bravely meet the fate that befalleth him;" and he strode desperately forward, followed by several persons who were hastening to ascertain the cause of such an uproar in the street of the city.

Two horsemen, the one armed with a spear in his hand, and a sword by his side; the other, apparently an attendant, and likewise armed, were careering through the street at such speed as to endanger the lives of all who were so unfortunate as to encounter them; while the ear was shocked by the curses and threats which issued from the lips of the foremost rider. It is Hazael—he rushes through the arch of the gate, and, as the terrified people fly from before him on every side, his eye falls upon the stately form of Reuben, as, calm and unflinching, he still presses forward to the portal. Surprise seemed at first to paralyze the frame of Hazael—for an instant he stops, then raising his spear, darts it with all his strength at his victim; but a strong and rapid hand had snatched Reuben from the deadly peril, and the fatal weapon passes on to transfix another to the earth. It quivers in the heart of Benoni, the leper. The tender care of Reuben had awakened sentiments of affection in his breast, which had induced him to follow the footsteps of his preserver, and he had thus repaid his debt of gratitude, and found the death he had so long and earnestly desired. Before either Reuben or Hazael had recovered from the con-

sternation occasioned by this unexpected catastrophe, the former found himself safe within the sheltering walls of Ramoth Gilead.

REUBEN to ZILLAH.

Beloved, that thou hast not, ere this, received a written testimony to the faithfulness of thy betrothed husband, is not that he loves thee less, but that his love is too great to afflict thee with uncertain tidings; but now that all uncertainty is removed, the judges having examined his case in all its circumstances, and pronounced him free from the stain of murder, and guilty of manslaughter; his heart is wearied with longings for the society of Zillah, and he writes to plead for great favors from her affection.

Thou knowest, light of my life, that in obedience to the command of our great lawgiver, the manslayer who has fled to a City of Refuge, although cleared from the guilt of a greater and inexpiable sin, must still abide in that city until the death of the presiding High Priest; and thus be separated from his kindred and friends, and an exile from his home, for a time to which he can affix no limits, because he cannot foresee the event which will release him from his punishment; therefore, only the death of our good and venerable Zadok can restore me to the inheritance of my fathers; and I must fain believe that my Zillah will not compel me to wish that so sad an event may be hastened, in order to complete my happiness.

Shall I say to my beloved that I have provided my house, and "hired me men-servants and women-servants," and only await the performance of promises she has made to me, to be as blessed, as, thus situated, I can hope to be? Do I ask too great a sacrifice? Can Zillah relinquish her kindred and her father's house for the home of her husband in the inheritance of Gad?

I send this missive by the hands of those who will do thy bidding, and escort thee in all honor to Ramoth; at its gate thy happy Reuben will await thee.

And now that the first desire of my soul hath been expressed to thee, I will relate to thee somewhat of the events that followed my entrance into this place.

Thou hast heard of the great danger I encountered from the spear of the unhappy Hazael; and if the kind and watchful Eldad had not forced me aside from its course, I must have been slain instead of the afflicted Benoni. How strongly were the words of our holy Psalmist illustrated by the fate of Hazael: "His violent

dealings have returned upon his own head!" Before he had time to recover from his consternation at the issue of his rashness, and disappointment at my escape, he was in the hands of the authorities, and borne away to answer for his offence.

Zillah, although the venom of the serpent was in his heart, I cannot but pity him for the pangs his conscience will inflict upon him—bodily evils cannot compare with them in intensity, so fatal are the consequences of unrestrained passions. How happy the exchange of worlds for the poor leper whom his weapon released from such indescribable suffering! The hand of the Most Merciful directed the spear, and, I believe, only to repay him with eternal happiness for all the misery he experienced on earth.

In the street of Ramoth, I saw amidst the crowd the man Nathan speaking to Eldad, and I heard him say—

"This, then, is Reuben, the slayer of my kinsman; and thou didst lead him to my house?"

"Even so, Nathan; but, as I told thee this morning, I knew not that Abner was of thy family. Thou gavest him food and shelter for the night, and I thank thee for them. Thou knowest whether more is due thee?"

"What meanest thou?"

"Spakest thou with Hazael to-day, Nathan?"

"Nay; I spake only with his man-servant."

"To whom thou saidst that Reuben was at thy house?"

"How could I know that?"

"Thou deceivest me not, Nathan; I feared thy treachery, and suspected thy business at Ramoth; yet I thought, 'peradventure I wrong him, he may be faithful;' behold the consequences of thy treachery—revenge has been defeated, and Hazael has become a transgressor."

The wrath of Nathan was great, but it availed him not.

To the brotherly love of Eldad, under the Lord, I owe my life, my present comfort, everything; and shall we not together strive to repay his untiring friendship, my cherished one?

Another incident has occurred here since my arrival, which has filled my heart with pity for the criminal, and thankfulness for my own happier lot. Yesterday, while passing down a street, I observed a crowd assembled, and was attracted by curiosity to join it. On inquiring the cause of the assemblage, I learned that a murderer who had fled hither for refuge, had been arrested by the elders of the city where he had dwelt, in order that they might deliver

him into the hands of the Avenger. It appeared that the body of a man had been found lying dead in a field of Gad, near Jabesh-Gilead; and the elders of that city, anxious to clear it from the crime of blood guiltiness which might be imputed to it, from the circumstance of its being the place nearest to the body, obtained a young heifer which they led to a valley near at hand, and there cut off its head as a sacrifice of expiation. Then washing their hands over the body, they said, "Our hands have not shed this blood, neither have our eyes seen it: be merciful, O Lord! unto Thy people Israel whom Thou hast redeemed, and lay not innocent blood to their charge."

Strict search was then made for the guilty person, and at last it was discovered that he was from Mahanaim; had long been at enmity with the Gileadite, and had slain him to gratify his revengeful spirit. Like myself, he fled here to escape; but there was no safety for the wilful murderer, and he was given up to his enemy. Blessed be Jehovah, that my fate was not like his.

Deem it not strange that I repeat this tale of woe to thee, O Zillah! my soul, filled with gratitude for my own escape, cannot withhold its emotions from thee; and thou, beloved of my heart, wilt share them; thou and thy Reuben will together lift up their songs of thankfulness and praise to the Lord God of our fathers for the preservation vouchsafed him; and thou wilt hasten thy journey, that we may the sooner unite in these proofs of our gratitude.

THINE OWN REUBEN.

Joy and rejoicing gladdened the dwelling of Reuben; for Zillah, loving and trusting, had granted his petition, and had come to throw light and beauty across his path, so long darkened by the shadows of grief and remorse. Magnificent preparations for the nuptials awaited her arrival: within the stately hall in which the holy ceremony was to be performed, was erected a splendid canopy of crimson velvet, rich with tasteful ornaments of gold and precious stones, and under this the lovely bride, closely veiled, was placed by her two attendants. A married pair always performed this duty; and Eldad and Sherah were chosen by Zillah, as most deserving the honor attached to its fulfilment. Opposite the bride, and under the canopy, stood the happy bridegroom, his fine face radiant with happiness, although he strove in vain to obtain a glimpse of the veiled features of his beloved.

The Rabbi commenced the ceremony by tak-

ing a glass of wine in his hand and pronouncing a devout benediction: "Blessed art Thou, O Lord our God, King of the Universe! who hast sanctified us with Thy commandments, and hast forbidden us the commission of sin, and hast permitted us marriage by means of the canopy and wedlock. Blessed art Thou, O Lord, who sanctifiest Israel." The couple then tasted the wine; after which, Reuben encircled her finger with the fateful ring; saying, as he did so, "Behold! thou art wedded to me with this ring, according to the law of Moses and Israel." The marriage contract was then read aloud, and the Rabbi took a second glass of wine, and after repeating seven different benedictions over it, presented it to the bride and bridegroom to drink: the empty glass was then laid upon the floor, and Reuben stamped it in pieces, as emblematical of the frailty of human life. Then were heard the voices of congratulations from the numerous friends of the wedded pair, and when these had ceased, the light figure of the youthful Joel might be seen, threading the mazes of the crowd to solicit alms for the benefit of the poor, that the hearts of the sick and destitute might participate in the rejoicings of the happy couple.

For seven days the sounds of gladness and mirth echoed through the halls of the princely Reuben; the feast and the song were there; music floated round, filling the air with melody, and the cheeks of the dark-eyed daughters of Gad bloomed with the excitement of many pleasures. Zillah, beautiful in her happy love, gave loose to her innocent joyousness. "Come thou with me, my Reuben!" she cried, placing her little hand upon his arm; "I would fain wander in the garden at this sweet hour of twilight. Hearest thou the bird of song, our own loved nightingale? How loudly he pours forth his song, as if to summon us to his lonely presence!"

"I love the nightingale's song, my Zillah, and the twilight hour is very pleasant; but when thou art near me I see only thee."

"Thy words are dear to my heart as the fragrance of the rose to the little bird that rests within the flower, yet I fear me thou art but a flatterer, dearest."

"Wherefore dost thou doubt me, love?"

"I sometimes fear thou art not quite happy, Reuben."

"And why should such thoughts enter thy mind? Beholdest thou aught in me to justify them?"

"Thou smilest with thy friends, my Reuben, and thine eye beameth with affection for thy

Zillah; and yet the watchfulness of love can at times discern sadness in thy glance and sorrow in thy voice. Let thy wife share thy affliction, my husband. Shouldst thou mourn and I not weep with thee?"

"It is from no new cause, my love; thou knowest but too well its unhappy source!"

"The death of Abner?" asked Zillah, in tones of deep sympathy."

"Even that," he replied, sighing.

"Yet the judges and elders of Ramoth pronounced thee excusable, inasmuch as thou hadst great provocation; they have acquitted thee of all intentional crime. And hast thou not offered abundantly all that the law requires in expiation?"

"True, most true, beloved; but, although the sin may be expiated by the blood of the sacrifices, and my soul cleansed from the foul stain, what shall wash away the remembrance of it from my mind? What shall release me from the awful certainty that I have deprived a brother of the life which I cannot restore to him? that I have forced him unprepared into the dread presence of the Lord God of Israel, who hath said that, 'although abundant in goodness and truth, He will by no means clear the guilty.'"

"Thou art unhappy, then, O Reuben, and thy Zillah—"

"Must suffer no painful suspicion to wound her peace," he replied. "I am truly happy," he added, tenderly, "in my home, in my station among the princes of the tribes, in my family, and, above all, in the priceless treasure of my wife; and if this single drop of bitterness put there by my own hand remain in my cup, shall I not drink it? shall I not pray that it may purify and ennoble my heart, and render me more anxious to merit the great blessings the Eternal hath heaped upon me! Shall I not strive by a life of forbearance and righteousness to atone for the evil I have done? And wilt thou not strengthen and assist this holy purpose, my Zillah?"

Tears filled the eyes of the gentle bride, and fell upon the hand of the husband as, in the fervor of speechless reverence and love, she pressed it to her lips, and held it to her throbbing heart.

HAPPY WOMEN.

A HAPPY woman! Is not she the very sparkle and sunshine of life? A woman who is happy because she can't help it, whose smiles even

the coldest sprinkling of misfortune cannot dampen. Men make a terrible mistake when they marry for beauty, for talent, or for style; the sweetest wives are those who possess the magic secret of being contented under any circumstances. Rich or poor, high or low, it makes no difference; the bright little fountain of life bubbles up just as musically in their hearts. Do they live in a log-cabin, the fire-light that leaps up on its humble hearth becomes brighter than the gilded chandeliers in an Aladdin palace! Do they eat brown bread or drink cold water from the well, it affords them more solid satisfaction than the millionaire's *pate de feis gras* and iced champagne. Nothing ever goes wrong with them; no trouble is so serious for them, no calamity so dark and deep, that the sunlight of their smiles will not "make the best of it." Was ever the stream of life so dark and unpropitious that the sunshine of a happy face falling across its turbid tide would not awaken an answering gleam? Why, these joyous tempered people don't know half the good they do. No matter how cross and crabbed you felt, Mr. Grumbler—no matter if your brain is packed full of meditations on "afflicting dispensations," and your stomach with medicines, pills, and tonics, just set one of these cheery little women talking to you, and we are not afraid to venture anything that she can cure you. The long-drawn lines about the mouth will relax, the cloud of settled gloom will vanish nobody knows when, and the first you know you will be laughing. Why? That is another thing; we can no more tell you why, than we can tell you why you smile involuntarily to listen to the first bluebird of the season among the maple blossoms, or to meet a lot of yellow-eyed dandelions in the crack of a city paving-stone. We only know that it is so.

O these happy women! how often their slender shoulders bear the weight of burdens that would smite men to the ground! How we look forward through the weary day to their fireside smiles! How often their cheerful eyes see *couleur de rose* where we only behold charged clouds! No one knows, no one ever will know until the day of judgment, how much we owe to these helpful, hopeful, uncomplaining women.

APPEARANCES seldom ought to determine our judgment. When the honor, probity, or reputation of some one is the matter in question, it ought not to be pronounced without a thorough investigation of the subject; and in that case, suspicions are never certainties.

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY "MEMOIRS OF THOMAS HOOD."

BY DOROTHEA.

"We live in deeds, not words." This may be true of the majority of mankind, especially true in an age of politeness, when art is more powerful than nature, when words are dropped carefully as stepping-stones to personal popularity, or favor, or power; still, there are those whose words gush from their hearts, throbbing and sighing with their secret joys and griefs. These are they who move the world; their deeds become facts with us; we possess them in completion, we may proclaim their glory, we may participate in their effects, but not in their accomplishment. Words sink into the heart like raindrops, moistening and soothing, or like seeds which germinate into a larger growth. They are suggestions, inspirations. Who has not some talisman, word, or phrase on which hang clusters of good deeds? some witchery of speech which slants like a laughing sunbeam through the dust of life? Luminous words spring from a luminous heart, a heart which finds sunshine in dark places, which has "silver linings" for every cloud, a heart which has never learned to stifle its sweet influences, which in its own sorest need has a gem of consolation for its neighbors.

That Hood was blessed with such a disposition (as every reader of his works was convinced), the record of his private, inner life has confirmed. We turn from what he has done to what he was, and find the man nobler than his work. His life was as harmonious as his verses; the chord which in other lives sends forth jarring, fretful sounds, in him breathed only sadder strains of music. We come to him in sorrow, to have fragrant oil poured into the worn grooves of life; we come to him in weariness, for a heart-easing laugh, and though the sun still rises on our busy, plodding life, the bubbles of laughter blown from our brain, at his will, make all labor seem airy. What a gleaming wit was his! not scathing like Swift's, or piercing like Sidney Smith's, but a genial, rippling humor which enshrined every object in crystal. Always racked but never soured by pain, he was one of the choice spirits purified by fire, and brought into closest sympathy with all earth's suffering ones. In all his mirth, we catch an undertone of sadness, swelling at times into the most passionate pathos, as in his

"Song of the Shirt." Few have ever come near that need which prays,

"But for one short hour!
A respite, however brief!
No blessed leisure for love or hope,
But only time for grief!"

How many hearts stifled for utterance found themselves pictured there? realized in their hopelessness a sympathy which had never before come to them save in dreams?

So lifelike is the agony that we shrink from it as from Rubens' suffering Magdalen; we cannot persuade ourselves that the one is a mere poem, as we cannot that the other is a picture; both seem like a vital presence.

What an exquisite charity runs through his life, which only his own words can express, as he had given to all dear ones, and all suffering ones. "Half" his "powers to eke their living out." Perhaps in the home relations of father and husband there were never more tenderness, love, and fidelity. What a rebuke to the prevailing gibes on marriage and domestic love is found in that beautiful union through which he and his wife seemed to mould each other out of all the dross of this world into harmony and perfectness. We turn from them, feeling that there are dearer treasures than gold, and that household gods are not childish phantoms. Literature, fame, honor were his; yet he suffered no rivals on her throne, and her lifelong devotion was well repaid by those touching words which bring the quick tear to every reader. "I was never anything, dearest, till I knew you, and I have been a better, happier, and more prosperous man ever since. Whatever befalls me, the wife of my bosom will have this acknowledgment of her tenderness, worth, excellence, all that is wifely or womanly from my pen."

Such words! Are they not worth volumes on the whole duty of husbands and wives? They bear the very fragrance of Paradise.

Truly he was one who thought of

"What we daily see
About our hearths—angels that *are* to be,
Or *may* be if they will; and we prepare
Their souls, and ours, to meet in happy air
A child, a friend, a *wife*, whose soft heart sings
In unison with ours, breeding its future wings."

We find in him that rare union of a fancy which caricatures even the misfortunes of life, with a provident care and lofty honor in the details of every-day business, and a Christianity not prone to words, but all-pervading and vital, a ray of the divine love, which he dispensed freely as God doth his sunlight. In all his suffering he was so far removed from pity, so self-sustained, that we have no tears for him, but rather join with him in weeping for others; but when he dies, then we murmur—

"He had kept

The whiteness of his soul, and *thus* men o'er him wept."

THE PICTURE ON THE WALL.

BY MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY.

THERE hangs a picture on my wall,
The picture of a face long dead,
That erst on me its brightness shed—
A fair young face with thoughtful brow,
And neck and arms like Alpine snow

When rosy sunsets on it fall.

And I sat alone at eventide—

When twilight gathers o'er the scene,
And thinner grows the veil between
Our yearnings and the quiet dead—
Until I hear soft footfalls tread

In measured cadence near my side.

And by the shadowy fitful light,
I see a flash of dimpled hauds,
And hair that falls in golden strands
Around fair temples veined with blue—
And eyes like violets wet with dew

Beam softly tender on my sight;

Then, when all thrilled with glad surprise

I watch the vision dawning there,

She issues from the silent air,

The smile upon her brow and lips

Undimmed by all that cold eclipse

That veiled the glory of her eyes.

Fain would I have my birdie stay!

But when, with rapture half-suppress,

I seek to lure her to my breast,

By fondly whispering o'er and o'er

The pet names that on earth she bore,

The angel vision fades away.

Then sad o'er memory's tear-washed strand

My thoughts five weary years retrace

To scenes that death can ne'er efface—

My darling's every look and tone,

Her sweet caress when day was done,

The soft clasp of her little hand.

Her questions quaint, the old-fashioned words

When of the better land we'd talk,

Its hills of light where angels walk—

Her glee, when through the window pane

The sunshine, like a golden rain,

Came with the song of summer birds!

O busy, pattering little feet!

That ever echoed on my ear

Like music tripping through the air!

O fondling arms and warm caress!
O bright head nestling on my breast,
In earnest converse low and sweet!

What's left of these? Her vacant chair—
Her garments treasured through these years,
Her toys oft sprinkled with my tears;
Her empty pillow, and her books
So often coned with patient looks,
And a soft tress of golden hair:
And here, more tear-stained than the rest,
The little shoes she used to wear,
Laid off—for aye—with tender care,
As when some pilgrim leaves on shore
His shoon to ford some dark stream o'er,
To seek a clime more pure and blest.

These, with the picture hanging there,
And visions by my deep love stirred,
Are all that's left me of my bird;
All of her earthly part, I mean,
For well I know that, though unseen
By me, she lives in realms more fair,
Where God's eternal sunshine glows,
Stirring deep music in each soul,
Which forth ecstatic anthems roll.
Her shining feet those pastures tread
Where the dear Jesus's lambs are fed,
And where His little ones repose.

There, oft beside the golden sea
That laves serene that morning shore—
Her forehead bright with heavenly lore—
Her form to fair proportions grown—
She, with her angel-raiment on,
Lingers and fondly waits for me.
Birdie, I come! my weary feet,
By God's calm angel gently led,
Nearer death's silent river tread;
While far away o'er the misty tide
I see morn flash from the other side,
Where thou waitest with welcome sweet.

A SIMILE.

BY Z. Z.

DEEP in the shade a little brook
Goes rippling on its way;
A fair-haired child in a mossy nook
Is close by its side at play;

A little fleet of acorn cups
She launches on the tide,
And claps her hand in childish glee,
As swiftly on they glide.

A little way, and mossy stones
The babbling brook divide;
Those tiny barks unconscious sail
Without a hand to guide.

They strike the rocks—rebound—and then,
All trembling from the shock,
Some slowly glide adown the stream,
Some sink beside the rock!

Just so our plans are mimic barks
Upon life's stormy sea,
And all who 'scape the treacherous rocks
Are help'd, O God, by Thee.

AUNT SOPHIE'S VISITS.—NO. IX.

BY LUCY N. GODFREY.

"DEAR me, I am so tired!" gasped Gertie Stewart, as she threw herself upon the sofa in her mother's back parlor, without removing hat or shawl.

"But where have you left your Aunt Sophie?" asked her mother.

"Oh, she has gone up to her room. I do believe she is made of cast-iron. It is five blessed hours since she has had a chance to sit down, except in the omnibus, and just now she absolutely ran up that long flight of stairs, congratulating herself that there was time for a bath before dinner. O dear! It is enough to fatigue one to think of it." And Gertie lay wearily upon the cushions, with closed eyes, until her father's entrance partially aroused her.

"What is the trouble?" said Mr. Stewart, anxiously, as his daughter languidly raised her eyelids, and met his questioning glance.

"Nothing, only Gertie is over weary," said her mother. "But there goes the dinner-bell."

"Oh, please, mother, do have my dinner brought to me, for I am half famished, and I am sure I cannot sit up to eat."

"I guess you can try, if you are not too tired to be hungry," replied her father. "But how is this?" he continued, as Mrs. Laselle appeared, looking fresh and rosy. "I thought Sophie was going with you."

"And what makes you think I have not been all over the city?" said Mrs. Laselle. "You will find that I have collected an immense number of questions to ask you concerning things we have seen."

"But here is Gertie wearied to death, she says, and you as fresh as in the morning. Are you so much the stronger?"

"Hardly so," said Aunt Sophie, smiling. "I think Gertie will find that she is a long way from death by weariness, while I acknowledge that I am considerably tired."

"Well," said Gertie, as she slowly untied her bonnet, "I believe that Aunt Sophie moves through this world with less friction than other people. I am sure she has led me such a chase this forenoon as I never had before, and all the while no one could have suspected from her appearance that she was in any way hurried."

"I was in no haste," replied Mrs. Laselle:

"if I had been, we should probably have accomplished much less; but I am sorry, if I led you to overtax your strength, which I supposed equal to my own. May I partly atone for my mistake by assisting you to the dining-room, for that bell says Betty is impatient!"

Gertie's strength came suddenly, as, repulsing Aunt Sophie's proffered arm, she threw off her shawl, and bounded away to her place at table.

"So much for wearied to death," said Mr. Stewart, laughing. "I hope your vigor will not vanish as suddenly."

"I shall take care that it does not," was the reply, as the trio joined Gertie.

"But this fowl is done to a turn, and our cook always makes remarkably nice dressing," urged Mr. Stewart, as Aunt Sophie declined receiving anything from his side of the table.

"The appetizing smell would convince me of the fact without your words; but I have already tested Betty's skill in preparing moulded rice, and, thanks to my long walk, my stomach pleads for a hearty meal of it just now." As Aunt Sophie noticed Gertie's heavily laden plate, she ventured to remind her that her digestive powers shared her weariness, but her hint was not taken.

The conversation during the meal was very entertaining. Mrs. Laselle was animated by a desire to fix the pleasant sights she had seen in her memory, by conversing of them, and Mr. and Mrs. Stewart were flattered by her interest in their city, and ready, with lively little anecdotes of different localities, to give her all the pleasant associations she could have wished. As Gertie passed her plate for a second piece of the rich mince-pie, her father's attention was attracted to the fact that she was eating much more than usual.

"Truly," said he, "your walk did quicken your appetite. Mother used to say that when we were not too tired to eat our food would rest us. I think you will feel pretty brisk, this afternoon."

Aunt Sophie's face expressed her doubts, but she would not comment upon a mischief she could not hinder.

"Come, auntie," said Gertie, "do have a piece of pie with me; it is delicious. Please

try it, for a whole dinner of rice is not to be thought of at our table."

"I beg to be excused. The rice, however, has not been my whole dinner; it has been richly spiced by lively repartees, and sauced by pleasant anecdotes. I am sure I shall find it satisfactory."

"I believe you are the one who should have requested your dinner sent to you," said Mrs. Stewart. "These viands must have been tempting to you, if you are really afraid to eat them. Next time you shall have your rice alone."

"Oh, please, don't threaten me with banishment from the family table; I should certainly get the dyspepsia thus."

"Well, I don't know anybody who would diet more cheerfully for its cure than you, auntie."

"I should not need to grumble, if I might have the satisfaction of snuffing your delicacies in the air, and of seeing you enjoy them; but, I fear me, I should make sad work of eating my appointed food alone. I remember reading the account, in the biography of good Amos Lawrence, of his sitting in his chamber with the meagre bit of the plainest food, which had been weighed out to him to provoke rather than to satisfy his appetite. I did not pity him so much for the small quantity or the poor quality of his food as for the abuse of his social nature he might well have avoided. It was indeed a sad pity that one with his genial, kindly nature should have lost all the pleasures of the table because disease had impaired his relish for the least of them."

"What!" said Mr. Stewart. "You would not say that the pleasures of appetite are the least we enjoy at table?"

"I think I am not principally indebted to my palate, as a general thing, and it is certainly common, if not fair, to judge other people by one's self."

"Why, I thought you enjoyed good eating as well as most of people. In phrenological language, your bump of Alimentiveness is large."

"It certainly is, I am happy to say. I do enjoy eating goodies just as well as Gertie; but my appreciation of them heightens my enjoyment in seeing my friends partake of them, while I have not lived all these years without linking multitudes of pleasant associations with nearly every dish. Thus I find, and I think you will upon consideration, that seeing others gratified and remembering old associations form much the larger portion of our delight, if we leave out of our deliberation the occasional

intellectual feasts we may find in our table talk."

"You may be right; I never thought of the subject in this light before."

"Yet you have never been surprised when your wife has taken great pains to provide for you a favorite dish, to see that her pleasure has fully equalled your own, though she might not taste it herself; nor have you thought of her doubting your word, when you have brought to her some luscious fruit, with an assurance that you should enjoy seeing her eat it better than eating it yourself. Do not remembrances of such instances convince you that the palate may become a fruitful source of such enjoyment as the most dyspeptic invalid may share? As for the pleasures of association, I would not wonder if you have owed half the enjoyment you have found from that nicely-done turkey, to fancies of the thanksgiving dinners of childhood. I presume you were not aware of it, for our reasons do not take cognizance of half our feelings; but I am sure this has been the case with me, as I have really owed pleasure to the fowl, though I have not tasted it. My thoughts fly over the many times when I have partaken of roast fowl as food merely, to rest upon those family gatherings, at grandpa's table, which were anticipated with such eagerness, and enjoyed with such zest. Everything upon the table suggests bright recollections to me; and it would take a long time to trace all which enter into the feeling of pleasure I experience. The position of the bread-plate gladdens my fancy with pictures of my own family-table, and the loved circle about it; the giblet sauce reminds me of a dear friend, who is very fond of it; the cranberries are associated with some delicious ones which showed a neighbor's kindly feeling during my last illness. Most of all, this wholesome rice has spoken to me of a sweet young girl who first showed me how beautifully and gracefully one may diet. Cheerful self-denial may be praiseworthy, but it becomes really beautiful when it endeavors to conceal itself, by assuming the mantle of consideration for the happiness of others."

After dinner, Aunt Sophie withdrew to her room to finish a letter. Just as she was folding it, a hasty rap at the door was instantly followed by her sister's entrance. One glance at the face, upon which were written anxiety and perturbation, led Mrs. Laselle to inquire if Gertie were ill.

"O yes, she is terribly sick, and there is no one to go for the doctor or her father. O dear! I never did let both the maids go out at once

but that something happened. What can I do? Do you suppose you could find Dr. Porter's office?"

"Perhaps so."

"Well, just follow this street to the second, which turns to the right, then—"

"But," interrupted Aunt Sophie, "must poor Gertie suffer without assistance till I can hunt up Dr. Porter?"

"O no, send the first physician you can find. O dear! do hear her groan. Perhaps she is dying—she thinks she is."

"No, she is not dying," said Mrs. Laselle, with a confidence which did much towards calming her excited companion, "and you and I must relieve her. Do you prepare some kind of an emetic instantly, while I go to her and see if anything else can be done."

Just after the operation of the emetic which Aunt Sophie had administered, a note of invitation was handed in.

"It is too bad," whispered Mrs. Stewart; "Gertie will be very much disappointed. We are all invited to Mrs. Howe to-morrow evening, to meet the celebrated author and traveller Gertie admires so enthusiastically. Mrs. Howe has been expecting him for some time, and has promised Gertie an opportunity to hear him converse. He has just arrived, and now the poor child will lose the long-anticipated treat."

"But why need she?"

"Why? You don't think she will be able to go out again this week, do you?"

"I certainly shall be disappointed if she does not go to-morrow evening. You had better tell her now of the invitation, and see if that does not make her realize that she is something more than a little easier."

"You may tell her if you think best, but it seems to me it would be quite as well to say nothing of it till the time shall be past; that is, unless she should be a great deal better."

"Trust to my judgment this once," said Aunt Sophie, as she took the note from her sister's hand, and stepped into Gertie's room.

"Well, little one, how are you now?" she said, cheerfully, as she smoothed the disordered hair.

"I am somewhat easier," was the languid reply. "Has any one gone for the doctor yet?"

"Why, you don't want to see the doctor, do you?"

"I suppose I shall have to take his medicine to get well, shall I not?"

"No, not this time, for I have something here which will do you more good than any potion he could prepare for you; can you guess

what it is?" Aunt Sophie saw, by the light in Gertie's eye, that her interest was awakened, so she bade her read the note. When Mrs. Stewart came in, a few moments later, she was surprised to find them engaged in an animated conversation.

Gertie was magically better; ready, indeed, at her aunt's suggestion, to don her double dress and go into the parlor, where she again reclined upon the sofa, when her father came in. She sprang up hastily, exclaiming—

"Oh, papa, Mr. T—— is at Mrs. Howe's, and we are to go there to-morrow evening. Are you not delighted?"

"Not sufficiently so to go into ecstasies about it," said Mr. Stewart, in an indifferent tone.

"Why, father! how can you be so careless about seeing him? I thought you admired his writings ever so much."

"And so I do, and should be quite as much delighted as you can be, if I were to be assured that I might meet him familiarly, and often, for any long period; but I have seen too many distinguished men made silent by uncongenial companions to anticipate much from one evening's companionship. It is excessively annoying to look for diamonds and find only charcoal; and hardly less so to watch for the scintillations of genius, and see nothing but the froth of stupidity."

"But, father, Mr. T—— can never be stupid!"

"Perhaps not, but it will amount to nearly the same thing to us, if he happen to have a headache, be over-weary, or if he finds no one to whom he cares to make himself agreeable. Will it not, Sophie?"

"I know," replied Mrs. Laselle, "that sensitive souls are very apt to hide themselves in their clay caskets in mixed company; but if Mrs. Howe have no guests save ourselves to-morrow evening, we shall have a rare treat. At all events, Gertie is sure of the pleasures of anticipation; let us not deprive her of those."

"But, if she expects so much, will she not be more likely to be disappointed?"

"Hardly so, I think. If Mr. T—— be sufficiently interested to be interesting, his conversation will borrow a brilliancy from the flashes of his eye and the tones of his voice which shall make it so far exceed anything she has ever read from his pen that her anticipations will be more than realized; if, on the contrary, he shall prove dull and abstracted, these anticipations will be none the less real sources of pleasure to-day. There is a deal of happiness to be found in building air-castles, and no harm done, if they do tumble about one's ears,

provided the rubbish is not heavy with selfishness."

Just then Mrs. Stewart entered with a teatray and napkins, thinking to have Gertie take her tea alone. Mr. Stewart was much surprised, having heard nothing of Gertie's illness. His wife gave a graphic representation of her daughter's severe but transient suffering, and concluded by saying—"I am sure that I had no idea of her getting up quicker than she did after eating of that lobster last spring."

"Well, if she really is up after two hours, instead of two weeks of suffering, I should advise her to follow her physician's prescriptions for the present," replied Mr. Stewart. "How is it, Sophie? Shall she eat here or go to the table, and enjoy the fixings you told us about this noon?"

"Just as she chooses about that," replied Mrs. Laselle; "but I would advise her to allow her stomach to rest mostly to-night. Indeed, she had better retire soon after tea, for, after the exercise she has taken and the pain she has borne, her system greatly needs quiet, that it may recover its tone. And you know, Gertie," she continued, addressing her niece, "that you have a powerful motive for trying to get your full strength; you will want all your wits about you to appreciate Mr. T——."

After they had partaken of the cheerful meal, and Gertie was quietly sleeping, Mrs. Laselle and her sister talked over the excitement of the afternoon. Mrs. Stewart had been accustomed to depend wholly upon a physician whenever the health of any of her family had been impaired. When Aunt Sophie realized her lack of physiological knowledge, she was not surprised to hear that Dr. Porter was in very frequent attendance upon some member of the family; she urged upon her sister the necessity of taking an interest in so important a subject, since the happiness and comfort of her family so greatly depended upon her care for their health. She referred her to various sources for the information she needed, and assured her that she would be far better able to successfully second the efforts of the physician when severe diseases should come, if she should acquaint herself with the laws and functions of the different physical organs sufficiently to avoid abusing them and to correct symptoms of slight disarrangement.

Then the conversation turned upon the influence of the mind upon the body. Here, too, Mrs. Laselle showed her sister an ample field for thoughtful care falling peculiarly within the province of woman. As that physician is ever

most skilful who is able to look with an intelligent eye upon all the mental and moral influences which affect the state of his patient, so is that nurse his most able coadjutor who knows how to humor or restrain each idiosyncrasy of the invalid, so as to surround him with a cheerful, invigorating mental atmosphere. Mrs. Stewart had been surprised that Aunt Sophie had ventured to apply a mental stimulant to one so very ill as Gertie apparently was in the afternoon; but she was ready to acknowledge that the result had been most favorable. Thus she was very willing to believe that it was quite as essential that a nurse should know how and when to apply a mental stimulant as a blister or plaster. She eagerly asked how Aunt Sophie had learned all these things.

"Mostly by observation," replied Mrs. Laselle, "because I remember best that which I see or feel myself; but my reading furnishes its quota of valuable information, which I am ready to use when there is an opportunity."

"Ah, but your observation has been more extensive than mine; I very rarely see anything worth remembering."

"Perhaps you do not look in the right direction. One's own feelings are, after all, the best teachers, since it is only by realizing those that we learn sympathy with the emotions of other people, and you would scarcely allow that mine are more easily aroused or more intense than yours. Let me tell you of the trifling incident which gave me the lesson I applied to Gertie's case this afternoon, and you will see that we need not look beyond the little events of life to gain much instruction. One day, during my eleventh summer, as mother was preparing to go out, I begged permission to go, as I had frequently done, to tend a neighbor's baby. Leave was readily granted, for Mrs. Joy had assured mother that I really assisted her, and I skipped away to see little Lulu clap her pretty dimpled hands at me. Mrs. Joy was very glad to see me, for baby had been fretty all the morning, and she had company to entertain.

"'Johnnie has made a swing in the barn; perhaps you would like to sit in that and hold sissy,' she said, kindly, as she noticed my timid glance at her visitors. She went out and helped me into the swing, and placed the baby in my arms. I enjoyed the gentle swinging very much, and so did Lulu. I had been there some half an hour, talking and singing to the little one, when Johnnie came in.

"'Oh, Sophie, I will swing you grand high!' he exclaimed, as he came up behind and gave

me a push. Before I had time to speak we were up; but the rope broke, and down we came. I was quick enough to clasp my arms about the little one, so as to wholly save her from harm; but she was frightened, and screamed. Mrs. Joy came running out, caught her child from me, without listening to my assurance that she was not hurt, and, with a reproachful glance at me, and very many tender expressions to her 'dear, precious little baby, that ma had left to be abused so,' she left me to carry my bruised self home as best I could. I felt very bitterly towards her then, for I knew I had done the best I could, and I thought I was dreadfully hurt in protecting Lulu. I had not tried to save myself at all, and, falling as I had done, our united weight upon the hard plank floor, had bruised my side and shoulder, and jarred me all over. I lay sobbing for a few moments; I thought I could not get up, but Johnnie's kind voice roused me. He wanted to help me, and I thus found that I could help myself. I limped home, but mother was still away, and Peggy was too busy to mind much about me. She emptied the camphor-bottle over my shoulders and back, completely saturating my clothes; then saying I was dreadfully hurt, but I could only lie still till mother should come, she helped me on to the bed, and left me to think and suffer alone. Oh, how I longed for mother! I was afraid that I should not live till she should come home. As I lay there on my back, I could not, or at least I did not, breathe naturally. I was sure I was dying. I thought of all the corpses I had ever seen, and it seemed so terrible that I must be buried up in the cold ground for the rain to fall on. Then I sobbed as I thought how badly mother would feel, and how much father and the other children would miss me. But I need not dwell on those thoughts; they were terribly real to me then, though I found a bit of satisfaction in knowing that Mrs. Joy would be sorry, when she should see me dead, that she had looked cross at me, when I did not deserve it.

"I had said my prayers till I was a little calmer, but no better or more hopeful, when my little friend Katie Roby came in. Her mother had given her permission to go after thimble-berries that afternoon, if I might go with her. She said she knew a place where there were lots of them. The moment my fancy was filled with pictures of the pleasant berries strung upon long grasses, there was no room for the thoughts of death which had occupied it. When, after Katie had told me the road we were to go, and the flowers we should find by the way, I next

thought of my own feelings. I was somewhat astonished to find that I could not only breathe quite well, but could move myself easily. I had concluded that I should be well enough to go after the berries when mother came home.

"After examining my bruises, she said that father would carry us to the place Katie designated, and we could walk home leisurely. We had a very pleasant afternoon, and, though we found no berries, those my imagination pictured have been of far more advantage to me than any which ever grew. Never since have I needed any outward stimulus to rouse me to throw off pain or its effects; for, when I suffer so acutely that I am disposed to think my life in immediate danger, that very association leads memory to whisper, 'Sophie, would you like to go after thimble-berries?' and the train of thought thus induced never encourages any merely nervous pains or imaginary weakness. Gertie has had a similar lesson this afternoon. Her emotions, while she thought herself dying, did not increase her pain, for its cause was really there, and no mental influence could have removed it. When she was relieved, that note was just the thing we needed to hasten her return to her natural cheerfulness. Her good sense will, I think, prevent a recurrence of so ill-judged an abuse of her stomach as to-day's; and I hope you will encourage her to gain such a knowledge of the physical needs of our nature as every true woman strives to attain. When the mothers of our land shall intelligently realize their responsibility in this matter, we shall no longer see so many of our finest natures crippled in their efforts to do good, by the want of that physical power which is as a right hand to the soul."

The visit of our friends at Mrs. Howe's fully equalled Gertie's bright anticipations. Indeed, it was an evening to be long and joyfully remembered by all those to whom she delightedly listened. Each mind seemed to waken and electrify the others, till each was astonished at the mental power which, for the time, blessed him.

IMPROMPTU.

BY J. L. S.

(On witnessing a beautiful young lady catching a fire-fly, which, when she again opened her hand, was found dead.)

THE envious insect gazed in haste,
To prove thy bright eyes yet less bright;
But, grieved to find its fire surpassed,
It closed its wings in endless night.

SUNSHINE AND SHADE; OR, THE GOVERNESS.

BY FANNIE WARNER.

[Entered, according to act of Congress, in the year 1861, by LOUIS A. GODEY, in the clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

(Continued from page 221.)

CHAPTER VIII.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF THE SICK-ROOM.

Her length of sickness, with what else—
Importeth thee to know this bears.

SHAKESPEARE.

EARLY the next morning Mary peeped into Edith's room, and, seeing her awake, entered, in her night-gown, with her little stockingless feet thrust into slippers which, to use Martha's figurative style of speech, were a mile too large for her.

"Good-morning, Miss Edith. How long have you been awake?"

"Not long, dear," replied Edith. "But you must not stand there, for you will take cold; the mornings are very chilly."

"I'll go back directly, and get into bed again, for none of the white folks are up. I just thought I'd peep in and see if you looked comfortable," replied Mary, beginning to shiver.

"Come into my bed, Mary," said Edith.

"O no, Miss Edith! I might hurt your foot."

"No fear of that, my dear, if you are careful. Come." And the slight, trembling form was nestled close beside her.

"Matty is sound asleep; and won't she be surprised when she wakes up and finds me gone, for she always gets up first?" said Mary, in a confidential whisper. And then, after a moment of deliberation, she put her lips to Edith's, and said: "I love you very much, Miss Edith; and I am so sorry that your foot got hurt, and I hope it will get well right soon."

Edith kissed the blushing cheek of the timid girl, who was shrinking away as though frightened at her own boldness. "I am very glad, dear Mary, that you love me, for you remind me of my sister Gracy, and I like you to put your arms around my neck as she used to do."

"Do you? Do I? I mean, do you like my arms around your neck? Miss Hannah used to say that it was too familiar. And do I look like Gracy?"

"Yes. No," said Edith, smiling at Mary's eagerness and look of delight. "I mean, I love you very much, and it pleases me, when I am so far from my friends, to have you remind me of my sister by your affectionate ways. And

no, you do not look like Gracy, for she has light hair and blue eyes, and these curls of yours, dear, are a chestnut-brown. But Martha is awake"—as the sound of yawning proceeded from the next room.

"Yes, I am awake, almost," said Martha, coming into the room, still gaping, and with her eyes half shut. "What are you doing there, puss? Now, out of it, quick! You'll hurt Miss Edith's foot, and then papa'll scold."

"Indeed, Matty, papa never scolds; I'm sure you'll make Miss Edith think he is a real bear. And I don't hurt her foot at all, do I, Miss Edith?"

"You haven't touched it yet," said Edith. And Mary gave her sister a triumphant look.

"Has the inflammation all gone?" asked Martha.

"I think not, Matty; my foot and ankle were very painful all night."

"Didn't you sleep the whole night?" asked Martha, rubbing open her eyes with one doubled up hand, while the other rested on her fat side.

"No, dear. Aunt Cilla bathed my foot several times, and I expect I was a little nervous, for I did not get asleep till near morning."

"And then puss woke you up, didn't she?"—elevating her eyebrows at Mary.

"I had been awake some time when she came in," said Edith. And then, noticing Matty's bare feet, she exclaimed: "Go and dress yourself, Matty; I cannot allow you to stand in the cold with only your night-gown on."

"Here comes Aunt Cilla with some cold water to bathe your foot again; I'll just wait and see how it looks."

"Put a shawl on, right straight, Miss Matty, or you sha'n't see de foot at all," said Aunt Cilla, peremptorily. And, setting down the basin, she brought a shawl herself, and threw it over her young mistress's shoulders.

"O my, how it's swollen!" And, "Put your feet together, Miss Edith, and let us see the difference," exclaimed the girls, as Aunt Cilla removed the bandages.

"Now, ain't dat a purty foot, honey?" said

Aunt Cilla, with an admiring glance towards the right one, as Edith put it outside of the coverlet. "Not much bigger dan your own, honey, and I allers thought dem de tiniest, whitest little uns in de world. Put yourn here, Miss Mary; right down dar, side of dat un."

"Look at mine," said Martha, sitting down in the easy-chair, and putting her own up on the bedside.

"Dem's pincushings, honey." And they all laughed at the contrast between these two short, fat, pink feet of Martha's, and those of Edith and Mary, so slender and almost marble white.

"De born image of your mamma's chile! Poor missus! she allers had such bodder a-git-in' shoes; neber could git none to fit; and den, 'long side de nat'ral bodder, she had de rheumatiz," said Aunt Cilla, replacing the bandages, and heaving a sigh at the recollection of her departed mistress's troubles. "Now, honeys, run and dress yoursels, I hear Ned in yer room; and I'll red up dis room a bit, fur I 'spect young massa 'll come in, right arter Miser War gwines away, to 'xamine de lame foot. Take off dat ar' cap, Miss Eden, fur you don't look so like sick folks when you have yer har combed up and de cap under de piller. Nelly 'll fix your har arter de young ladies am dressed; she's a hand at dat bizness."

"If you will give me my combs and brushes, and that little glass, I will dress it myself," said Edith.

"Notting ob de kind, Miss Eden! 'Tain't in reason dat yer should go for to sile yer hands, when dat Nell hain't got notting to do but to wait on folks."

"But I have always been accustomed to wait on myself, Aunt Cilla, and I prefer to dress my own hair," insisted Edith.

"Massa told me to tend to yer wants while yer stayed with us, but dese ole fingers hab lost der cunning dat dey used to hab when I tended to de wants ob missus' head; and, 'side de har-dressing, I 'll do eberyting else." Opening the door, she asked Martha to "send Nelly to fix Miss Edith's head, when she was done with her;" and Edith thought it best not to raise any more objections at present, resolving, however, to dispense with both Aunt Cilla's and Nelly's services as soon as her foot would allow her to walk about her room and wait on herself.

"Neber saw such har, Miss Eden," said Nelly, as she drew out the comb, and let the long black mass fall over the pillow. "I ain't 'cus-

toned to trim such heads, and don't know as I can git dis loop up tasty, but I'll try." And she twisted and wound it around the comb, trying in vain to make it look "tasty," until Edith told her, if it was smooth, that would be sufficient. At length, her toilet was completed, and, bidding Nelly throw open the blinds, Edith rested her head on the scarlet cushion with which Aunt Cilla had propped her up, and which, it cannot be denied, was exceedingly becoming to her oriental style of beauty.

Immediately after breakfast Martha and Mary entered Edith's room, with their hands behind them and their faces wreathed in smiles.

"Which do you like best, Miss Edith?" they both exclaimed, stopping before they reached the bed.

"That is rather a delicate question," said Edith, smiling.

"We mean, whose hands do you like best? We have something in our hands, and you must choose, and whichever you say, that you shall have first," said Mary, laughing and shaking herself, and thereby revealing some flowers in her own hand.

"I think I'll take Mary's hand."

"Medicine!" "Flowers!" they laughed out, holding up a bouquet of lovely flowers, yet wet with the dew, and a bottle of medicine.

"Mr. Ward picked them himself, and told me to give them to you," said Mary, handing Edith the bouquet; "he said it would be a relief to your eyes to look at something besides the objects in your room."

"And papa sent the arnica: thought it would be a relief to your foot, I reckon," said Martha, placing the bottle on the table.

"I am much obliged for both," said Edith, examining the flowers, of which she was passionately fond. "These are lovely. I am afraid Mr. Ward robbed some of Uncle Sigh's plants."

"Oh, no, indeed! Uncle Sigh always gives him a bunch every time he comes here, and was going to pick some, when Mr. Ward told him that he would pick them himself."

"Your papa must have a medicine chest, Matty; he seems to have everything just when it is wanted. Has he not one?"

"Yes, Miss Edith, but he had no arnica, and sent over to Mr. Dudley's plantation for it last evening."

At that moment, a step sounded in the hall, and Mr. Ellis stood in the doorway.

"Come in, papa!" said Mary; then, laughing, she pointed at Edith and said, "See, she likes the flowers best!"

"I am not surprised at that," said her father, giving a glance at the flowers, and then looking at the beautiful face bending over them. "Good morning, Miss Edith; how did you rest last night?"

"Very well," replied Edith, somewhat confused.

"She never slept one bit until near morning, for she told me so," said Martha, abruptly.

"Was your foot so painful?" asked Mr. Ellis.

"It was very painful during the greater part of the night, but became easier towards morning."

"I think the side of the foot is sprained as well as the ankle," said he, removing the bandages. "I was fearful, when I removed your gaiter, that the ligaments were torn, but they are only badly strained. Ah, yes, the inflammation has subsided somewhat, and by applying this arnica it will be kept down. The bruises will appear in a day or two, and you must not let Aunt Cilla alarm you by mistaking the blackness for mortification," said he, bathing the foot and ankle freely with the arnica.

"I think I should know the difference," returned Edith, with a smile. "Aunt Cilla is a very kind, attentive nurse; but—"

"A very loquacious one," interrupted Mr. Ellis.

"Not so much so as to annoy me," answered Edith. "I think I rather like to hear her talk, for it keeps my mind diverted."

"Now, what do you wish me to send you from the library?" said Mr. Ellis, rising from his chair.

"Miss Edith, won't you let me read to you?" asked Mary, with an eager face, before Edith had time to answer her father's question.

"Certainly, my dear, if you would like to do so."

"What book shall I bring?"

"Any that pleases you; select one of your own favorites," replied Edith.

"Matty," said Mr. Ellis, "do you wish to go into the garden with me?"

"Yes, sir, I'll go; but I wouldn't disturb Miss Edith if I stayed here," said Matty, divining her father's reason for asking her.

"No, Matty, you do not disturb me in the least; on the contrary, I like to have you here," Edith hastened to say, fearing that Matty's feelings had been wounded by the implication that Mary was the most judicious one to leave in the room.

"I'll go with papa to the garden awhile, and then I'll come and sit with you, after Mary

has done reading aloud," answered Martha, with a gratified smile.

"You did not ask me to call again," said Mr. Ellis, as he was about to leave the apartment. He spoke in a playful tone, and as he looked back at Edith, his countenance wore that indescribable expression which occasionally illuminated his handsome face, dispelling its gravity, and lending to it such a peculiar charm.

"It was not necessary," she replied, slightly coloring; "a physician is never invited to call upon his patient; he is expected to do so."

"Then you may expect a professional visit from me this afternoon—after dinner;" and bowing, he left the room with the two girls.

In a few moments, Mary returned with a handsomely bound volume of *Waverley* in her hand.

"I have brought '*Kenilworth*,' Miss Edith; have you ever read it?"

"Yes, long ago; but I would like to hear it read, my dear," replied Edith.

"I began it two or three weeks ago, and read a few chapters, but I will begin at the very beginning, so that we can enjoy it together," said Mary, opening the book.

"How far did you read, dear?"

"Let me see!" said Mary, knitting her brows as she turned over the leaves.

"I read to where Amy's father sent for her, and she would not go with Tressilian, and he and Varney almost got into a quarrel. I don't think I am going to like that Varney, somehow or other; I expect he will be the villain in the story. You know, Miss Edith, every story has to have a villain; and then Leicester sent Amy a necklace; that is as far as I read."

"Commence the fifth chapter, Mary. I remember all that is contained in the preceding chapters."

"Wasn't it funny that the reading of '*Cumnor Hall*' should have made Scott write this book?"

'The dews of summer night did fall;
The moon, sweet regent of the sky,
Silvered the walls of Cumnor Hall
And many an oak that grew thereby.'

I read about that in the introduction. Now I will begin, Miss Edith." And, sitting back comfortably in the easy-chair, Mary commenced and read for some time, pausing occasionally to make some remark on the character of Varney, whom she obviously considered capable of the most atrocious crimes; to laugh at the surprise and delight of the countess and her maid Janet, when first introduced into the

splendid apartments prepared without their knowledge in the mansion which was nothing more nor less than Amy's prison-house; and to look ahead a little to see if Leicester was soon coming to his lonely countess, hoping all the while that he would not turn out bad, after all.

When Martha returned, so absorbed was Mary in the book that she did not look up, but continued reading without noticing her sister's entrance. Edith smiled and motioned to Martha to be seated, and, sitting down by the window, after a few restless moments her attention became fixed, and she listened with as much interest as Mary read.

The reading was not interrupted until Aunt Cilla came into the room for the purpose of bathing the foot; then Mary drew a long breath, and closing the book asked what o'clock it was. "Oh, Aunt Cilla, it can't be so late!" she exclaimed, doubtingly, when told that the clock had struck twelve.

"Yes, indeed, honey, it am, sartin; de horn done blowed fur de servants' dinner."

"I've been reading three hours; but isn't the book interesting, Miss Edith? Don't you like it, Matty?"

"Yes, almost as well as Robinson Crusoe. I want to know what became of Amy, and if the earl took her to court. I'd have taken her there, just out of spite, to let that red-headed old queen see how handsome she was! But wasn't Leicester mean to leave her in that big house alone with Tony Foster and Janet?" said Mary, looking very indignant, her voice considerably raised under the influence of her feelings, and forgetting for the moment that her own hair verged on the "last rays of the May-day sun," as well as Queen Elizabeth's.

"But, Matty," said Mary, who seemed disposed to take the part of the Earl of Leicester, he having evidently made a favorable impression on her mind, "I am sure the earl wanted to have her with him all the time, but you know that he had married her without the queen's permission, and she had such a horrid temper that as like as not she would have imprisoned Amy, and had all her teeth pulled out to spoil her beauty."

Martha still seemed suspicious of the noble earl, notwithstanding her sister's animated if not able speech in his defence, and Mary appealed to Edith to confirm what she had said.

"Just tell us why he left her in Cumnor Hall while he was playing beau to Queen Elizabeth! that's what we want to know, Miss Edith," said Martha.

"I will explain as well as I am able, my

dear," said Edith. "In the first place, he had, as Mary observed, married Amy Robsart secretly, without her father's knowledge or the queen's permission, and it was necessary, therefore, to keep her in retirement until a favorable opportunity offered for revealing his marriage; and while his visits were frequent, she was reconciled to the seclusion, and patiently waited till he should present her to the world as his countess. But Leicester was a great favorite of the queen, who, it was thought, wished to make him her husband, and he knew that she would be very angry when she discovered that he had deceived her, and the favors which she had heaped upon him he expected would be withdrawn. Being a very ambitious man, this dread of the queen's displeasure and fear of the consequences caused him to delay the announcement of his marriage, until, finally, he was obliged to confess it in order to save—but I am telling the whole story," she said, laughing. "Do you understand now why the earl left his countess in the manor-house while he was at court?"

"Yes, Miss Edith, I do," answered Martha, not one whit the less indignant; "he liked his place beside the queen better than he loved his wife; so he was mean, after all."

"Pity if he was mean," said Mary, the word *mean* expressing everything unworthy, "for he was so handsome, and Amy loved him so much;" and she opened the book, and prepared to resume the reading.

"No, Mary," said Edith, checking her, "you have read quite enough for to-day. You have been sitting still quite long enough; you had better run down stairs now, and take some exercise before dinner."

"It's too warm, Miss Edith," said Mary, not wishing to relinquish the book.

"Perhaps Miss Edith will allow you to read after dinner," said Martha, looking rather doubtful, however.

"Positively no more to-day, my dear," said Edith, decidedly, and the two girls went out of the room saying that they would go into the garden and find their father, and ask him what he thought of Kenilworth. The words "Tressilian," "Varney," "Amy," "Mean," "Leicester," &c. reached Edith's ear as they ran down stairs, and she smiled at the interest Martha evinced in the story, and at her acknowledgment that it pleased her almost as well as Robinson Crusoe.

Mr. Ellis's professional visit after dinner was rather longer than the nature of the case demanded. He was talking about his daughters,

a subject, of course, of peculiar interest to him, and in discussing their past, present, and future, he lingered rather longer than Aunt Cilla seemed to think altogether proper; but the hints she—taking advantage of the pauses—threw out, such as “I does wonder whar de young missuses is?” and “Reckon Miss Eden wants to gwine to sleep, don’t you, honey?” did not have the desired effect, for Mr. Ellis seemed to be totally oblivious of the fact that the well-meaning housekeeper was probably neglecting her work to remain in the room “while de young marsa was dar, so as nobody shouldn’t scandalize.”

He laughed as he spoke of the discussion between his daughters, at the dinner-table, relative to the merits and demerits of the Earl of Leicester, and said, in answer to a question from Edith, “I do not object to their reading Scott’s works, though, as a general thing, I do not approve of their reading works of fiction at so early an age, when their minds should be given almost wholly to their studies. But when read occasionally, and under the eye of a judicious person, I think that works like the *Waverley Novels* are beneficial, not only as a recreation to the mind, but on account of the beauty and easy flow of language which distinguish all of Scott’s writings, and which I have an idea that young persons insensibly glide into the use of by becoming familiar with it in reading. I am pleased to have them read aloud,” he continued, “and should have encouraged them in doing so myself, but their mother had an unconquerable aversion to hearing a person read aloud, and even the reading of the lessons in the Episcopal service made her nervous. Mary used sometimes to read to me in the library, but her mother usually occupied the sitting-room, and I found that it annoyed her so much that we at last gave it up, and since her death I have sadly neglected them, allowing Mary to go off by herself and read, while Martha has passed her time since Miss Hannah went away in riding horseback, and amusing herself on the Indian mound, which she called an island, bringing children from the quarter to inhabit it, and getting furious at Uncle Sigh when he has ventured to interfere with her ‘savages.’ She never seemed to have any taste for books, and I am rather surprised at the interest which Kenilworth seems to have awakened; if encouraged, it may engender a taste for history, as most of Scott’s characters are historical.”

Aunt Cilla was standing beside the bed, preparing fresh linen for Edith’s foot; and when Mr. Ellis mentioned the singular dislike of his

wife to hearing a person read, she ejaculated, as if offering an excuse for her departed mistress, “So narvous, so terribly narvous!”

The days glided quietly and uneventfully by. Mr. Ellis’s visits became more frequent as Edith was able to sit up, and however dull she might feel, the dulness rapidly vanished when his pleasant face appeared at her door, and he smiled at her blushing welcome. The readings continued to take place every morning, and when they had followed poor Amy Robsart through her sad fortunes they commenced the “*Queens of England*,” which proved quite as interesting to the girls as the fascinating pages of *Kenilworth*.

Selim was not brought out quite so often to gallop on the hills with his young mistress; the Indian mound was less frequented, and the little “savages” at the quarter asked in vain for “Miss Crusoe,” as they called Matty when playing on their island. She had become more subdued in her manners, though she had not lost any of her independent ways, and the lofty expression of her countenance was not abated one jot; but her voice had become more gentle, and her speech more refined, and there was a very perceptible change for the better in the style of her toilet. Her hair was carefully plaited and bound with ribbons; the old calico sacques had been discarded, and the capes of her dresses had taken their place, and her shoestrings no longer tripped her up, but were neatly tied around her ankles. Mr. Ellis remarked the change with pleasure, and one day, when Martha entered Edith’s room looking particularly neat, he said, as he drew her towards him, “Matty, I know of nothing that has given me so much real pleasure of late, as the improvement in your personal appearance; and now, my child, if you value the compliment at all, just share it with Miss Edith, for I am sure it is she who has been teaching you that ‘cleanliness is next to godliness.’”

It was two weeks after the accident that the declining sun threw its last rays across a letter which Edith held in her hand as she sat at her window looking out with thoughtful eyes upon the lawn. The letter was from her mother, and this was the third time it had been read and pondered over.

After giving in detail all the little incidents of home-life, every one of which Edith read and re-read, smiled or sighed over in a manner which contradicted the opening statement of the letter, that nothing of interest had occurred at the farm since she left home. Mrs. Stanford added a few items of “town news.” A new

star had appeared suddenly on the horizon of B—— society a few days after Edith's departure, dazzling every one with its splendor, and making all those bodies which had been considered as luminaries appear dim and insignificant, and, shooting meteor-like into that part of the firmament where the greatest number of satellites revolved, it had drawn them into its own orbit, thereby creating the greatest consternation and dismay among all other stars both great and small.

In other words, a niece of Mrs. Richards, returning home to New York, after a tour through the Canadas, had stopped at the lovely village of B——, and, pleased with the quiet beauty of the place, she had prevailed on her friends to leave her with her aunt, promising to return, under the escort of her uncle, to her city-home in October. A few evenings after her arrival, she attended a soiree with her aunt, when her loveliness and unequalled musical performance had made her the bright particular star of the evening. Invitations followed in rapid succession, for it was understood that her stay was limited; and, at the time Mrs. Stanford wrote, nightly soirees were being given for this young stranger, whose brilliant beauty was the theme of every tongue.

"You once told me," wrote Mrs. Stanford, "that you did not believe that the *principle of constancy in attachments* ever existed in Charles Howard's nature; and, since you are so skeptical on that point, you will not be much surprised to learn that he is Miss Acton's constant attendant and—I have been told—her avowed admirer."

Had Mrs. Stanford been present, Edith, no doubt, would have felt strongly tempted to use the old lady's triumphant expression, "I told you so!" or, "I knew it!" She was *not* surprised at Charles Howard's worshipping at another shrine in less than a fortnight after his separation from the divinity whom he had professed to adore, and before whom, but a short time previous, he had knelt and pleaded so earnestly to be allowed to hope that she would look with favor upon his suit; but she did marvel that it awakened no other feeling in her breast save that of contempt for so fickle a nature, and she doubted if she knew her own heart when she told her mother that she loved him; and she wondered if she had mistaken for *love* a feeling of gratified vanity at the acknowledged preference of a person so talented, handsome, and wealthy.

"Then why did my heart throb more quickly and my cheek burn at his approach?" she asked herself. "It certainly could not have

been *love*, or I would not feel this utter indifference at the transfer of his affections. Not even a feeling of wounded pride is aroused. I did not love him; I was merely fascinated while in his presence, like the bird under the eye of the charmer, whose influence is gone as soon as his eye is withdrawn. I am thankful that, while under the spell, I gave him no encouragement. But"—and the thought dyed her cheek and brow—"perhaps I am condemning him for what I myself am guilty of; though it is a lady's privilege to change her mind when by so doing she breaks no promise or vow, and I certainly never wilfully encouraged him to believe that I entertained for him any warmer sentiment than that of friendship. I, at least, have not withdrawn my affections to place them on another object." And the lovely lip curled with an expression as nearly approaching that of scorn as it could assume. Ah, Edith! was not that blush called forth by a feeling of wounded pride? Or is it the indignant blood that flushes your face as you think of the green grave in the churchyard so often watered by the widow's tears? Neither. What, then? I see! A noble form that, pacing so slowly up the lawn! and how carelessly the eyes are raised to your window! and with what easy grace the noble head is bent! He has disappeared, but the bright color is still on your face and the soft light in your eye. Did those blushes never give encouragement to another? Was that brightness in your eye never mistaken for the love-light? Acquitted of *wilfully* giving encouragement to any, but guilty! By all that's fickle in man's nature, I pronounce you, Edith Stanford, guilty of inspiring the heart of Charles Howard with hope and confidence, even as you are now doing that of Mr. Ellis; yes, I repeat, *Mr. Ellis*, for remember that a fortnight or three weeks of daily companionship with a person of congenial disposition is more prolific of feelings akin to love than a year of occasional, ceremonious visiting.

Repulse the thought as you may, that his attentions are something more than mere acts of civility, or courtesy to his daughters' governess; blush when you consider that one brief year of mourning for his departed wife has not yet expired; that the commencement of his acquaintance with you is dated but three weeks back; and strive to forget the conclusions that you have been forced to draw from his increasing devotion, manifested by constant attention; and blush again at the humiliating thought that those conclusions are unmaidenly, premature. But the thought will steal back upon

you, and the conclusions will be drawn, frightening you into a reserve and stiff dignity of manner foreign to the almost childlike simplicity of your character. But with what rapidity will that reserve vanish when, months hence, you watch together beside the sick-bed of the bright spirit of the household! and how you will reproach yourself for what will then seem to you to have been unnecessary coldness when you stand with him beside the yawning grave, and witness his anguish as his child is buried from his sight! And, still farther on, when you hear the sad news that the angel of death has spread his wings over your own home, and you are prostrated under a great grief, how you will then bless him for all those nameless acts of kindness—yea, for that love the incipient light of which is dawning on you now, alarming your maiden modesty, and prompting the resolution to avoid all unnecessary contact with him!

"Nobody but young massa, Miss Eden," said Aunt Cilla, as Edith started suddenly at the sound of footsteps on the stairs.

She was quietly folding up the letter when Mr. Ellis entered the room; and, with a very grave face, she said, without looking up, however, "I am glad to see you, Mr. Ellis, for I wish to ask you a question."

"How can you see me when your eyes are in another direction?" said he, smiling, and standing directly before her.

Her forefathers would not have felt much flattered at the epithets she was mentally bestowing on their blood coursing through her veins, and which seemed to have a decided tendency to her face, as if she were placed here for the purpose of blushing for their misdeeds.

"Is it a question of life or death?" he asked, seating himself in the chair which Aunt Cilla placed for him. "I judge it must be, from the serious expression of your face."

"It is a very important one, at least to me," she replied, shaking her head, and smiling.

"If so, it will require mature deliberation before I can venture to answer it; a week, at least, will be necessary."

"I think you will be able to answer it at once," she answered, more than half suspecting that he knew it already.

"Very well. Now for this important question." And he bent forward with an affectation of fixed attention.

"Can I commence my school work to-morrow?" she asked, abruptly.

"If you desire to do so, certainly."

She looked up in astonishment at his ready

acquiescence, for she had expected opposition from the fact that she had not yet been down stairs, and, moreover, he had told her that she must not use her foot for a week, as it was not in a proper state to walk.

After a moment's pause, he asked, "Have you walked to-day?"

"I walked into the next room and through the hall," she replied.

"Why is it so important that you should commence school to-morrow?" he asked.

"I came here for the purpose of teaching, and I do not wish to be idle longer than is absolutely necessary," she replied.

"In other words," said he, rising from his chair, and standing with his hand resting upon the back of it, "you have been thinking of the two years in durance vile, and conclude that the sooner you commence your work the sooner it will be finished. Perhaps you fear that the time spent in idleness, as you are pleased to term it (you forget the readings, which have been so profitable to my daughters), will delay your return to your friends; permit me, Miss Edith, to assure you that I am not a hard master, requiring the uttermost farthing, but your two years in my employ commenced the day you left your home. If I have displayed over solicitude for your health, you must excuse it; but a sprain like that"—pointing towards her foot—"if not well cared for in the recovery, might injure the general health, and it would be unfortunate, certainly, if you were to experience any ill effects from the premature use of your foot; for illness is not very desirable at any time or place, least of all where there is no better nursing than Beech Bluff affords."

He stood before her in expectation of some reply; but she was so surprised to find her words so misconstrued, and so unprepared for the sudden change in his manner, that she could not at first speak.

After waiting a moment, he continued: "I judged that you were going to ask permission to walk in the garden, as you expressed a wish to that effect yesterday; and, knowing that the gravel and inequalities of the walk would be an obstacle to your doing so, I was prepared to utter a refusal—taking the liberty of a physician," said he, with the shadow of a smile on his flushed face.

"I am sorry, Mr. Ellis, that you have so misinterpreted my meaning," she at length said; and her voice, which was at first unsteady, became firmer, as she thought that he had done her an injustice in the motives he had attributed to her wish to commence school. "I am

here as your daughters' governess, and it is very natural that I should wish to enter upon my duties as soon as possible, particularly as I discover that the girls are impatient to begin their studies; and since you have prohibited their bringing their books to my room, I feel that I ought to make an effort to attend to them in the school-room."

"It would require an effort, then?" said Mr. Ellis, with a significant smile.

Without noticing the interruption, she continued, "My general health is perfect, and since I can use my foot sufficiently to go about my room, I think I might make the attempt to go down stairs with Aunt Cilla's assistance, and without apprehending any *ill effects* to result from it either. If I were not satisfied that I could accomplish the journey without difficulty, I would not be so imprudent as to undertake it, for I should be very loth to be brought back to my room to draw more largely upon the attention and sympathy of my kind nurses, of whose unwearied kindness I am fully sensible, and only regret that I cannot express how much I appreciate it. I hope, Mr. Ellis, that you will not think that I look back upon the last two weeks as lost time, for I assure you that I value them for the close companionship that has existed between myself and the girls, and which has given me an insight into their characters that will enable me to adapt myself to their different dispositions, and thus discharge my duty more faithfully."

All embarrassment and timidity had disappeared from her manner, and she looked into his face with her full, dark eyes, and spoke earnestly, as if she wished to convince him that she was not so parsimonious of her time as he had supposed. Gazing into her upturned face for a moment, his stiff, formal manner relaxed gradually into its usual quiet dignity, and he said, in a very mild voice—though his face flushed, and the veins in his forehead became fuller as he spoke—"You must forgive me, Miss Edith: I was hasty, and my words were unkind, ungentlemanly, and I sincerely regret them. The school-room will be ready for you in the morning, since your strong sense of duty will not allow you another week for the better recovery of your foot, and your pupils will without doubt be glad to welcome you."

There was not the least bit of irony in his tone, but he spoke as if wishing to excuse himself for allowing her to undertake what he was convinced she was not able to perform—going up and down the long flight of stairs.

"Will you rest better now that this important

question is decided?" he asked, with a return of his pleasant way, and the old, sweet smile.

"Perhaps so," she replied; and, with the accustomed "Well, good-night," he left the room, and no sooner had his footsteps died away than, leaning forward, and resting her head on the vacant chair before her, she burst into tears; and, forgetful of the presence of the old housekeeper, she exclaimed, "It was ungentlemanly and unkind to tell me in almost plain words that I had more solicitude about my salary than my health, that I thought I was losing time and money; and then to think me ungrateful for all the kindness they have bestowed upon me:" and the tears and sobs came thick and fast.

"Now, Miss Eden," said the kind voice of Aunt Cilla, "you'm bery foolish, for young massa didn't mean a ting, just noting at all; it only hurt his pride when he tot dat you wanted to take up school and get it ober as soon as you could, and git hum agin, jis as if dar wa'n't nobody here fit to shoshate wid, and 'sif you didn't like us. Now, honey, *don't* take on so, for massa's sorry, I knows by de big veins in his forehead, and he won't do it agin. You must git used to dese ways, Miss Eden." After waiting a moment, she discovered the letter in Edith's hand, and exclaimed, "It's dat letter, Miss Eden, I knows; not massa's words, arter all. You'm homesick, honey. Dat's what ale de chile, arter all, and dis bery to-morrow you must go out to ride, and git cheered up; I'll speak to—Miss Mattie about it," said she, checking herself as she was about to say "young massa."

Aunt Cilla was not far from the truth in thinking that Edith was homesick, for the feeling which had possession of her at that moment bordered more closely on homesickness than she was willing to acknowledge even to herself, and when Aunt Cilla mentioned the letter, a fresh burst of tears was her only response. Her thoughts made a pilgrimage to the dear old farm-house, and she fancied the inmates spending a quiet, pleasant evening together, while she, so far distant, was weeping in her chamber, with none to comfort her save the old negro servant; then her thoughts flew back again, and she no longer accused Mr. Ellis of unjustly thinking her ungrateful, but she chided herself for being so, as she remembered how the *trio* in her present home had by their united efforts made the two weeks of confinement to her room pass so pleasantly and rapidly away. She thought of their loving kindnesses, of the affection that was lavished upon her by the girls,

and a smile mingled with the tears as she remembered how often the bright expression, which she liked so much, had been called to Mr. Ellis's face by her own happy, contagious laugh; of his invariable look of surprise—and, she had sometimes fancied, of regret—when warned of the lateness of the hour by the ringing of the bell for prayers, and the entrance of Aunt Cilla with the astral lamp, which always occurred simultaneously; of his pleasant “good-night, Miss Edith,” as he left her room, accompanied by the two girls. Then her thoughts travelled home again, and brought all her friends to Beech Bluff, and they were having an exciting time over sprained ankles, cold water, and arnica, when she was aroused by the voice of Aunt Cilla, exclaiming—

“Wake up, Miss Eden, it's nigh on to 'leven!” and she was surprised, when fully aroused, to find her tears all dried, and herself more inclined to smile than to weep. “Dat's right, honey; I'm glad to see yer own cheerful face agin. Now undress yerself, and get to bed, fur it's late, sartin,” said Aunt Cilla, exercising the authority of a nurse.

“Then I've really been asleep?” said Edith, interrogatively.

“Ob course you hab. You didn't snore, but I knowed by yer reg'lar breathing dat yer was sleepin'; and when yer didn't lif yer head to speak to the young missuses when dey kissed you, fore dey went into der own room, den I know'd it more so.”

While she was preparing for her couch, Edith arranged in her mind the hours for study and music lessons. “I must begin my work in earnest,” said she to herself; “my time belongs to my pupils now, and I must make it as profitable to them as possible. To-morrow I commence my *governess* life; no longer the idle recipient of favors, but an instructor, a laborer in a vineyard, placed here to train the vines in a manner that will be acceptable to my master;” the long hair is hastily bound up in the becoming little cap, and she turns from the reflection in the glass, and continues her meditations: “I must not allow my thoughts to dwell on any subject in such a manner as will cause me to neglect my duties or forget my pupils' interests. Since they are without a mother to counsel them, they must be my companions out of school hours, and I must watch over them, reproving whatever would be displeasing to a mother's eye, and encouraging in them everything good and noble.” Some pins were stuck into the cushion, and more resolutions were adopted. “They must be disciplined to habits

of punctuality and neatness, which, if acquired at home, will spare them many a mortification and unhappy moment at their finishing school. How often I have pitied students at the seminary when sent from the school-room or dinner-table in disgrace for untidiness in dress, or tardiness in attendance, habits which had, without doubt, passed unobserved and unproved at home, but which Mr. Richards never tolerated in his school. Mary seems to have a strong, natural sense of propriety about her dress and deportment, and Martha is fast acquiring it.” A pause. “Aunt Cilla, will you draw off this stocking? How quickly his blood was up when he thought I doubted his generosity, and expected he would require me to remain two weeks over the stipulated two years! What a construction to put on my simple words! Who ever heard of a governess *petitioning* her employer to allow her to commence her work? And the result—a *scene*! I wonder if this would come under the head of *shabby treatment*? Put up the curtain, if you please, Aunt Cilla;” and, as the moonlight streams into the room, and the kind attendant closes the door, we will let the curtain fall, and leave Edith to her dreams.

(To be continued.)

COMING AND GOING.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

Coming and going, day by day,
Like tides upon the ocean;
Surging and flowing, far away,
And evermore in motion;
And more and more
Upon the shore .
The billows beat with sullen roar.

Coming and going, and men are
The bubbles on the current;
Dancing and glowing like a star
Above the swelling torrent;
And evermore
From off the shore
Come echoes of that sullen roar.

Coming and going; week on week
Goes by and leaves its story;
Writing and knowing few will seek
Its mood of grief or glory.
The echoes sleep
Within a deep
Whose Lethæan barrier few can leap.

Coming and going; let us then
Need what its passing teaches;
Saying and showing unto men
The one brief truth it preaches.
How short the span
Of life to man
To frame a blessing or a ban!

BROAD LINE DRAWING LESSONS.

THESE little figure pieces of animals, Figs. 107, 108, and 109, will be found profitable subjects, and will soon become very familiar and easy to the pupil. Fig. 110 is very simple, yet a good study.

WORK AND PLAY.

LET it here be remarked that recreation can be fully enjoyed only by the man who has some earnest occupation. The end of the work is to enjoy leisure; but to enjoy leisure you must have gone through work. Playtime must come after schooltime, otherwise it loses its savor. Play, after all, is a relative thing; it is not a thing which has an absolute existence. There is no such thing as play, except to the worker. It comes out by contrast. Put white upon white, and you can hardly see it; put white upon black, and how plain it is. Light your lamp in the sunshine, and it is nothing; you must have darkness round it to make its presence felt. And besides this, a great part of the enjoyment of recreation consists in the feeling that we have earned it by previous hard work. One goes out for the afternoon walk with a light heart when one has done a good task since breakfast. It is one thing for a dawdling idler to set off on an excursion, just because he is sick of everything around him; and quite another thing when a hard-wrought man, who is of some use in life, sets off, as gay as a lark, with the pleasant feeling that he has brought some worthy work to an end on the self-same tour. And then a busy man finds a relish in simple recreations; while a man who has nothing to do finds all things wearisome, and thinks that life is "used up;" it takes something quite out of the way to tickle that

Fig. 107.



Fig. 108.



indurated palate; you might as well think to prick the hide of a hippopotamus with a needle as to excite the interest of that *blasé* being by any amusement which is not highly spiced with the cayenne of vice. And *that* certainly has a powerful effect. It was a glass of water the wicked old Frenchwoman was drinking when she said, "Oh, that this were a sin, to give it a relish!"

A NURSERY THOUGHT.

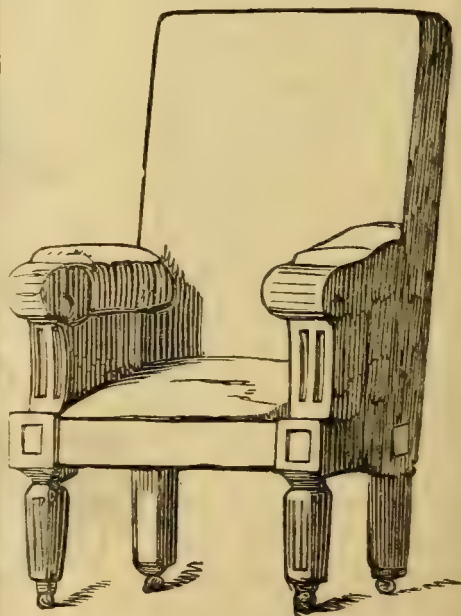
Do you ever think how much work a little child does in a day? How, from sunrise to sunset, the little feet patter round to us so aimlessly? Climbing up here, kneeling down there, running to another place, but never still. Twisting and turning, and rolling and reaching, and doubling, as if testing every bone and muscle for their future uses. It is very curious to watch it. One who does so may well understand the deep breathing of the rosy little sleeper, as, with one arm tossed over its curly head, it prepares for the next day's gymnastics. Tireless through the day, till that time comes, as the maternal love which so patiently accommodates itself, hour after hour, to its thousand wants and caprices, real or fancied. A busy creature is a little child. To be looked upon with awe as well as with delight, as its clear eyes look trustingly into faces that to God and man have essayed to wear a mask. As it sits down in its little chair to ponder precociously over the white lie you thought it "funny" to tell it; as, rising and leaning on your knee, it says, thoughtfully, in a tone which should provoke a tear, not a smile, "I don't believe it." A lovely and yet a fearful thing is that little child.

EDUCATION, when properly conducted, is the greatest earthly corrective of selfishness. When it has failed of a beneficial effect, every man must commence a course of discipline for himself. Self-knowledge must precede reformation. It will show us that there is a great moral fault in the constitution of our nature.

Fig. 109.



Fig. 110.



As a motive to correct this, we must consider how incompatible it is with our situation in the universe, and with our duties to God and man.

MR. AND MRS. RASHER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MISS SLIMMENS."



CHAPTER V.

SEVERAL ACCIDENTS.

YOU'RE got to stay at home to-day, Rasher, and help me pass away the time. I sha'n't be able to stir off this sofa to-day, and perhaps not to-morrow, and here it is right in the midst of the holidays; it's only four days to New Year's. If I shouldn't be able to receive calls on New Year's, I should be awfully put out. O dear! I wish I hadn't gone skating! You told me there were *weighty* reasons for my not going a-skating? Well, supposing you did? Everybody goes, and what everybody does, *we* must do, if we want to keep our footing. What's that? If I'd kept my footing, it would all have been well enough? O dear! I wonder if you're going to ridicule and make fun of me all day? If you are, I might as well let you go. I shouldn't care about your staying, if I was in a condition to receive calls of condolence gracefully; but one doesn't like to be consoled with for slipping down on the ice. I was so glad young Flummery was in another part of the pond; he'd have been sure to have made one of his sharp remarks. Spangler is so good-natured; he didn't even laugh, but helped me into my carriage, and he and Fitz came home with me, and, after seeing me safe into the house, they begged the carriage to go back again and finish the day's sport. So I lent it to them, of course, and they kept it out until eight in the evening, and Patrick had to drive the horses round, and round, and round the Park, to keep them from freezing, he told me. Mrs. Cerulean says it's "frozen poetry" to skate by moonlight; but I don't think I

shall try it again, by moonlight or any other light. I don't like anything frozen but ice-cream.

O dear! It's dreadful to be laid up, unable to stir without pain, and the dressmaker expecting me, and Mrs. Cornell's party coming off to-night. I can hardly realize there is another such an unfortunate person in the world. Who's that Patrick is speaking up so to in the hall? Do go and see.

Who was it? "He was turning away a poor woman whose child got dreadfully burned yesterday while she was out washing, and whose husband is down with the fever, and no money or food in the house." Did you give her anything? A dollar! Humph! You always *would* make a fool of yourself in that way, husband, believing every idle story that's told you by these miserable, lazy creatures. If her child is burned so badly, why isn't it sent to the hospital?—ugh! there was such a twinge went through me then, when I tried to stir—it'll be better off there, of course. There's one thing curious about this Irish help that works in good families—it's harder on beggars than we are. No need to tell Patrick to turn 'em off without bothering me. What's that? He shoved this woman out brutally? Well, she needn't have forced herself in, then. I suppose, if she'd been a housebreaker, Rasher, you'd have given her half a dozen silver spoons, and told her how to melt 'em up. It's a weakness of yours, being charitable is, but I s'pose you can't help it, no more than you can your other weaknesses. If you've got a dollar to give to every beggar that asks, you must have a purse full, which makes me free to ask you for something I'm *very* much in need of—in fact, I can't go to opera again till I have it. I want a set of furs dreadfully; all our set are getting 'em. You thought I had a new and expensive set this very winter? So I did, for street wear, of course—a set of sable; but what I want now is a white set, for evening. They're so sweet for full dress! My *Magenta* velvet, with diamonds, and a white cape just slipping off my shoulders, will be very becoming at the Academy. What are you fingering that statute so for? You'll discolor it. I *do* wish you'd be quiet! What are you walking to and fro like a caged animal for? Can't you spend a single

morning in the bosom of your family without getting as uneasy as a fish out of water? You'll throw me in a fever, if you ain't more considerate.

Thinking? Is that any reason why you should look as blue as indigo? You ought to try and be cheerful, to have a good effect on me; people should always be cheerful when they're tending the sick. If there really is anything upon your mind, do try and get it off, for my sake. Come and set down side of me, and tell me what you're thinking of. I didn't know as you ever thunk. I can listen to you to-day, for I've nothing better to do. You were wishing I would be a little more prudent? Good gracious, husband! do you mean to insinuate that I've been imprudent—your own Marier? About money, you mean? You are afraid you made the purchase of this house, and so on, in a bad time? Business, especially pork-packing, is almost at a stand-still? Then why don't you go into some other business? It's the wish of my heart that you *would*. I *hate* pork-packing, and if it—"isn't as *fat* a job as it used to be"—there, there! you'll die with a pun in your mouth—has come to a stop, I, for one, am glad of it. Quit it and invest in some other stock—I don't mean live stock, but something they have in Wall Street—bulls and bears, or something, I never just understood what, only I know it's highly respectable. I should feel a great deal more respect for you, Rasher, if you were a banker or a broker. If you should "break," would you be a broker? Well, really, I can't say. You'd better answer that question yourself. But, seriously, if your business is so poor, why don't you sell out and invest in something better, instead of asking your wife to deny herself the necessities of life? How are you to sell out a business that isn't worth anything? Oh, really, I don't pretend to know *how* you are to do it; that is your look-out. You've always been a good, sensible business man, despite of your other failings; you've made money, and been liberal with it in your family; and now if you're going to fail, or flat out, or get stingy, the little respect I have for you will be lost, that's all I've got to say. It won't be your fault; 'twill be your *ailing*? Well, I'd rather have a knave than a fool. O dear! my limb! my limb!

I don't care so much for the pain as I do for the inconvenience. I'll have a chance to put my boudoir to some use to-day, lying here, with nothing to do but look at the things in it. I wish you'd go down town, my dear, and buy me those furs, and bring 'em home for me to

look at; it will help pass away the time, and take up my mind. Can't think of it? Rasher, you're a brute! a perfect brute, or you could never refuse so trifling a request to a sick wife. Ring the bell, then, for Rosine, and ask her to bring down my diamonds, and my new watch and chatelaine, and that bracelet you give me Christmas; it'll be a comfort to me to have 'em in my lap, and turn 'em over once and awhile. I'm so used to being about, it's hard for me to give up a single day. If Mrs. Cerulean was here, she would say, "Oh, my dear Mrs. Rasher, what a nice chance to spend a quiet day in reading! I quite envy you!" but I shouldn't believe her if she did say so. I don't believe anybody ever was really very fond of reading; I don't see how they can be, it's horribly stupid—all but the stories, and I don't set so much store by them as I did when I was younger.

Why don't Rosine come with them diamonds? I wish you'd ring the bell again, my dear, and when she comes in, please ask her what she was so long coming for? If I ask her, she'll look at me so impertinently she'll make me nervous. I hear her and Thomas giggling in the hall now—they're the torment of my life, them two are, just smart enough and sharp enough to be impudent in such a way we can't notice it. Why don't I give 'em warning? What would I do if I did? I couldn't give dinner parties without Thomas, and it's a proof of our gentility to have him. Everybody knows he's been in the best families. As for Rosine, she's got such good taste, and knows what's proper and becoming, and fixes me up so beautifully for every occasion, I can't dispense with her. Mrs. Cornell is dying to get her; but I don't intend she shall go to her, to make fun of me to her new mistress. It would be more gratifying to Mrs. Cornell than it would be to me. Hush, there she is, now! I desire you to bring me something to amuse me, Rosine; you may fetch me my jewelry, just for me to look at, and—come back, Rosine! hand me that vinegarette, and tell Thomas to tell the cook to be sure and have onions for dinner, for I want some awfully, and as there'll be no company, I suppose I can eat 'em; and I guess you may say corn-beef and cabbage with apple-dumplings and noodle-soup, as there's to be nobody here. And order Patrick to admit no one whatever, except Mrs. Fitz-Simmons, or, maybe, Mr. Spangler, if he calls. He's such a good-natured, nice young man, he won't be ridiculing me to my face like Flummery. Be sure and tell Patrick—nobody else.

*Do sit down, Rasher, my dear; your walking about makes me nervous. You can't stay at home a day without acting as if you did not know what to do with yourself. You couldn't even get through Sunday, if it wasn't for church twice, and you generally get to sleep there. If I didn't keep nudging and nudging you, you'd actually get to snoring. You show you're a business man by your very fidgeting. It ain't at all like the young men who are in the habit of calling here; they drop in so softly, and sit on the sofa or in an easy-chair for half a day, if I'm to home and can let 'em stay, and never move about or fidget a bit. You'd scarcely know they had hands, they use 'em so little, and they're so white and small; they seem made for nothing but to hold the bouquets they bring me, and flirt about their lawn handkerchiefs once and awhile. I admire them young men immensely, and if Cerintha and Felicia get married to any of 'em, I shall be proud of 'em. All they seem to want is to get the soft corner of the sofa, and say pretty things to the ladies who call on me, and witty things about them when they're gone, and have something nice for lunch, with a glass of champagne, and Fitz-Simmons to laugh with them; and have the rooms warm, and everything comfortable, and me in a good humor. They praise my servants, and my chicken salad, and my macaroons and wine, and my dress, and seem to like everything, which is very kind of them; then they're naturally so critical. Oh, now, ain't you asbamed to turn up your nose in that style! If I didn't know you as well as I do, I should think you were envious of these young gentlemen. There's one thing you *do* envy 'em? What? The fact that they don't have to pay the bills! Always thinking about bills and money, and such vulgar things. I don't suppose *they* ever think about what things cost; they're so innocent and so genteel. *Me* that's innocent! Everybody makes a fool of me, even my hired help! No, they don't, neither; there's one person don't, and that's you, Rasher! You never did make a fool of me, and you never will, except when I married you, and it would be hard to tell then which was the biggest fool. Ugh! ugh! I wish I hadn't gone a-skating.*

Here's Rosine with my jewelry. If the dress-maker sends home my dress, bring it in here before you take it up stairs. Too bad, I can't wear it out to-night! Yes, it is, Rosine. It is to be one of the handsomest parties of the season. Be sure and tell the cook about the onions.

What are you slipping out so softly for, Rasher? Thought you'd go down town awhile, now I had my playthings to amuse me? No, no, I want some one to talk to. I feel just like talking. If Fitz should come, I'll let you go. Don't care about staying to be scolded? If I were in your place I wouldn't steal off, because I'm lame, and can't follow you. You might put up with a little crossness, when you know how my limb hurts me. "In sickness and in health," were the very words you breathed at the marriage altar, and now you want to slip out, and go off and enjoy yourself as well as usual, and me a-suffering in the house, unable to stir off this sofa. It's just like a man. The male sex is the very acme of selfishness, as a general thing, and the episode of women. There, there, you needn't go to putting your arm around my neck, you'll get my headdress out of place. How do you like this *robe de chambre*? I'm glad I had it made ready for an emergency. Rosine says it's very becoming; and if I should feel easier by afternoon, I think I'll see a few of my intimate friends. Better have a bed put up in the front parlor? You never will be fashionable, Rasher, if you live in the best society till the day you die. "Can't make a whis—" Hush! hush! if you want to make me nervous and bring on a fever, and have to have the doctor called, just begin those illusions to the shop.

And now, Rasher, we're alone together, and, in a confidential mood, I wish you to tell me, sacredly and solemnly, whether you've played any trick on me about our coat-of-arms? I've looked and looked in the end of the dictionary, all through the Latin phrases, and other foreign tongues, and I can't find "*Salve Lardum*," nor the meaning of it. But I've noticed, time and again, people smiling in their sleeves when they examined it, and Plummery is always complimenting me about it. But he's queer, and says what he don't mean. Husband! you needn't deny it; I know by the look of your eye it's one of your outrageous practical jokes, and I'll get Fitz-Simmons to ask Spangler what it really is. The very thought of it is enough to spoil my appetite, and I was going to have a good old-fashioned dinner, such as we both like.

This is one of Mrs. Yellow Dock's reception days. I wish I'd stayed in my chamber and had my lounge wheeled to the window, and I could have seen all the carriages and the dresses of the ladies. It's tiresome looking at diamonds when you can't wear them. She's called twice, and I owe her one now. They're an older family than we, by over three years,

but she didn't seem to feel it much. Draw your chair up side of me, and let's have a talk about old times. I was real happy, husband, the first years of our wedded life, when you used to come home of evenings and tell how well you was a-doing, and how trade was looking up, and I might have a silk dress twice a year, when you got a little richer. But I never thought of diamonds then. There! I'm sure I heard somebody at the key-hole then. Them servants will drive me distracted, if I don't—turn 'em away? That's what the men always say—turn 'em away, and get a new set, as if that would better matters, when they're all alike. It's we who spoil them? And how do we spoil them, when we indulge 'em in everything, and they live as well as we do? But, of course, if anything goes wrong, the wives are to blame. Don't, dear, meddle with the tassels of my gown; you'll friz up the silk. There's Patrick letting somebody in; it's Fitz-Simmons, I hear her voice, and Spangler's with her. You can slip out now, if you want to, my love. I don't care about your staying, now that I've other company. It'll be three hours to dinner. By-by.

Rasher! Rasher! wake up, Rasher! I'm sure there's burglars in the house. I've been laying awake with the pain in my leg, and I've heard curious sounds this long while. They've been in the parlors, and dining-room, and all over. I think they're in the dining room now. There! didn't you hear that? Oh, don't get up, don't! they might come in and kill me while you was out. I'd rather they'd take every piece of silver they can lay hands on than to stay here alone a minute. Open the window, and call the watch. Supposing they do "make off with their booty at the first alarm?" I don't want to be murdered. O dear, are you really going? Well, then, I'll just get up and turn the key till you get back. It hurts me so to walk, and I'm all in a tremble with fright. Knock, if you get back safe, my love, and tell me it's you, and I'll let you in.

Is that you, my dear? Wait a moment, till I get the lock turned. I'm so scared I haven't much strength. Did you see the burglars? Come in, come in! Did they run away when they saw you? Have they taken—wasn't burglars? I certainly heard mysterious noises—the servants are having a party? La! did you ever! They've took advantage of my being lame and your going to bed early, I s'pose. Come down and take a peep at 'em? I wish I could. Wait till I slip on this wrap-

per. Now lend me your arm. There, I guess I can limp along.

(*Peeping through the glass door of the dining-room and whispering.*) If that don't beat all! There must be as many as thirty of 'em; and Rosine has got on my new dress and every particle of my jewelry! She looks real genteel in them, too. Do see how she has drawn that belt to make it tighter! The cook's dressed up in my black moire-antique and Maltese lace set. They're just serving the refreshments—cold turkey, sandwiches (they must have boiled a ham to-day), biscuits, coffee, canned strawberries, my best brandied peaches, sugar, cream, &c.; and, oh, Rasher, have you counted the wine-bottles?—fifteen already, as sure as you are alive! Aren't they killingly polite, though? The cook's taking me off, to a turn! and Rosine is playing Mrs. Cornell. They say stolen sweets are the nicest, and I do think these folks are having a good time generally. O horror! I hope Rosine won't spill any of that cream on my new silk!

Look at Thomas! he takes you off to a dot, my dear, only he's taller and better looking. That is just the bobbing little kind of a bow which renders you so insignificant, my dear; and his arm behind his back. O my! I shall smother with trying not to laugh, with hearing him blowing his nose—just as you blow yours when you're a little embarrassed, my love, exactly; and that grabbing way of grasping his handkerchief! I knew Rosine was a saucy minx, but I didn't think Thomas had so much of the actor in him. He's been impudent enough, goodness knows, but I didn't believe he was so sly. Sixteen bottles of wine! ten of 'em our best champagne, and the rest our topaz sherry.

What shall we do? Those refreshments alone will cost us thirty or forty dollars, and their impertinence besides. I'm as mad as fire! Living on the fat of the land, and doing nothing but making fun of us. They'd get up a regular shindig, if it wasn't for making too much noise. Wouldn't they scatter, if they knew who was up and looking at 'em! I guess we'd better go back to bed, husband, and let 'em have it out. They've done all the harm they can; I suppose they'll set things to right and be very demure to-morrow. What are you going to do, Rasher? Thrash Thomas? Oh, don't, don't! he's twice as strong as you, and the rest of them great fellows will attack you. You'll have the police in, and a row. O dear! I never saw you so determined. Do wait till I get up stairs, at least.

Well, my dear, what did you say to 'em? Ordered 'em all out of the house, except cook and Rosine? You haven't dismissed Thomas, have you? Kicked him into the street, and gave the girls warning? O dear! dear! I'm so sorry it ever happened. I know they deserved it, richly, but I was relying upon Thomas for New Year's. I can't get along without him. Guess I'll have to? That's just as inconsiderate as you are—and only three days to New Year's, and no time to look up another waiter, such as can take all the responsibility, as Thomas could. There are plenty of my friends who will be glad to snatch him up, if he *was* caught stealing the wine; and he'll go away angry, and make us ridiculous. Our dearest friends wouldn't be a bit too polite to quiz him. That's the way the world goes in society. What do I try so hard to get into it for? Why, because, I suppose. If we've got the means, why shouldn't we? Rosine will go right off and hire to Mrs. Cornell, and tell her I didn't know the names of my toilet things, and was going to wear my calling-bonnet to church, and that I wear Canton-flannel night-dresses. All of which will be very disgraceful? Of course it will, in our set. It wouldn't hurt me half so much to have a downright flirtation with Mr. Spangler, or you to forge your name to the amount of half a million, as it would for me to wear white gloves when I ought to have worn lilac ones, or for you to have done what you did at dinner to the Peterses, when you toasted the pork business in a glass of their old Madeira, which their grandfather himself brought away from the island in one of his own merchant vessels, forty years ago. But you never can be a gentleman, I'm afraid, Rasher; and now that you've sent off Thomas, there'll be nobody to keep things right, and give 'em an air. I sha'n't sleep a wink to-night for thinking of New Year's and all my troubles. Did you get my jewelry from Rosine, and see to the silver? it's such a care to be mistress of an establishment like this. We must have a housekeeper and a steward, or I shall never get along. You wouldn't be surprised if I should be washing my own dishes before the end of a year? You're saying that for the pleasure of making me nervous and breaking my rest, when I've enough else to break it. It's nothing to you, who are always asleep the minute your head touches the pillow, how long other people lie awake thinking about all kind of unpleasant things. Why is my leg like Victor Emmanuel? Who's he, I'd like to know, and how can I guess when I've no idea? Because it is a-king?

Pshaw, how silly you are! You took *great pains* in making that pun? Which reminds you to ask why my leg is like the window? Oh, get out! You don't want to? Well, lie still, then. Because it is pane-full? Well, that's true enough, anyhow; and I wish you'd get up and hand me that hops-and-vinegar. Now, Rasher, what *are* you tittering about? You were wondering if I were not able to go to any more hops, if the hops would come to me? Do hold your tongue, and give my limb a good rubbing. That would be a rub-her of whist? I do believe that kicking Thomas out of doors has had an enlivening effect upon you. You *do* feel relieved to be rid of the puppy? Master of your own house once more, and intend to remain so? It's remarkable to see you show so much spirit, Rasher; and I think none the less of you for it; though, as to Thomas—did you actually kick him out of doors? It boots not to remember?

Them hops have a powerful soothing effect. I feel quite drowsy, and believe I can go to sleep if everything is quiet about the house. If you should step out into my basin of hops in the morning, would the sun rise in the east? I wish I'd married a man that—never made light of Ceres matters? There, go on, interrupting me in the most intolerable manner; a man that never—pun-ished his wife?—that never—Why am I like a shoemaker? I was not aware that I resembled—Because I always have the last? Very well, let me have it then. He's snoring now, sure. La, if he ain't waking up again! What did you say, husband? Why is our certificate of marriage like the Evening Bulletin? Well, why is it? Because it's a noose-paper? Now, my love, I'll serve you as you served Thomas if you don't quit them exasperating conundrums, and let me get some rest. I'm sprained, and can't kick? Oh, you vulgar monster! you unrefined creature! you're a bear, Rasher, and you know it, or you never could make such a comparison. What? You see mischief a-Bruin, since I've got to calling you a bear? Which reminds you to ask why you and those hops are alike? Hops, again! Both a-brewin'? You had that over once before. I wouldn't repeat myself if I were you. Why are you like my new watch, when you make the same pun twice? Because you're a repeater? Well, I wish you'd be like it in another respect—I wish, for mercy's sake, you'd run down. Now, husband, for goodness gracious' sake, what are you about? Going to send for a nurse to come to care of my first and only? Get back into bed! I only hope that the cook

will leave without getting you any breakfast—it would serve you right. I guess, when you get up in the morning, and find no waiter in the dining-room, no cook in the kitchen, and not even a fire in the furnace or range, you'll realize what you've done. If the cook *does* stay to get breakfast, I'd advise you to be careful what you eat, and notice if your coffee has any strange taste, for she's a high-tempered thing, and she may put some of that vermin destroyer you brought home lately, into your food. You don't believe cook is so old-fashioned as to have pies-on for breakfast?

There, he's really asleep at last! I wish I could drop off as easily. But I must torment myself with wondering if my jewelry is all safe, and what I shall do for a new set of servants. I suppose Rosine will expect me to make her a present of that new silk, now that I've detected her getting the first wear of it. I shall tell Mrs. Cornell of that trick, which will prevent her taking her, I hope; for she's so ex-cruciatingly nice about her clothes, she won't relish the idea of her waiting-maid wearing the best of 'em, every time she's out; and perhaps the odor of an Irish pipe hanging about the waist of it, when she goes to put it on.

I hope Thomas won't tell about my asking him how to seat my company at dinner, and how to dish out the *Dariolas* with *Ratafias* and the *Bavarian Cream*.

What was I saying about Thomas? Nothing, to you. I thought you was fast asleep. O dear! I suppose all the world is coming away from Mrs. Cornell's grand party about this time; and here I am, instead of having been there in my new dress, laid up in bed with a lame limb, and the servants acting like distraction, and everything at sixes and sevens. I hope the new year won't begin as unpropitious as it threatens. If Rasher should really fail! It makes me sick to think of it! It will be a great deal harder to go back to our old way of living than as if we had never left it, and the poor girls! *their* prospects will be ruined. Rasher can't feel about it as I do, or he wouldn't be so ready to laugh and joke. I declare, if he isn't laughing in his sleep! Rasher! Rasher! what are you dreaming about? "Dreamed I was kicking Thomas down the steps, and when he got up groaning I told him he needn't grunt, for it was all sham-pain; that, because he was too full of cups, he needn't think he could set in and sauce, sir! To clear out, and never let me see his face again; and if he made any complaint of a-salt, I'd have him put in a cell-

ah! And so he left, and now it's all right Good-night, Marier!"

A SPRING MEMORY.

BY LIBBIE S. CROWELL.

I HAVE watched the daylight fading,
'Mong the purple clouds which lie
Like broad billows on the bosom
Of those upper deeps, the sky.
Listlessly I've watched the shadows
And the sunshine softly play
On earth's bosom, 'til my spirit
Wearied of this haunted day.
Haunted! yes, by thoughts and fancies,
Which these mist-crowned days e'er bring,
Tempering the heart-lyre's music
All too much for glorious spring—
Tempering each glad pulsation
Of the crimson tide which flows
Joyously to feel that winter
Seeks at last a long repose.
For 'twas when the mists were wreathing
One of spring's first opening days,
Years ago, that two linked spirits
Parted in the gathering haze—
Parted, and while one passed softly
O'er the Jordan's surging tide,
And with glad feet pressed the shining
Banks which lie the other side;
One stood here and saw in fancy,
Through the way by us untrod,
A loved form through pearl-gates enter
The bright city of our God.
Stood and gazed so longingly,
So wistfully through blinding tears,
Then turned back to this world again
And thought of coming years.
Thought how the bright but changing world
As lightly would pass on;
Nor heed that one heart's worshipped star
In darkness had gone down.
And now, e'er with such days as these,
A way-off vision comes to me
Of joyless hours, in whose sad light
A low grass-covered grave I see.

SONG.

Now the purple day is dying,
Soft the zephyrs sweetly sighing,
While the last red rays are staying,
Now with bird and blossom playing,
Oh, tell me why this makes me sad,
When all around is cheerful, glad?

Looking out I try to hearken,
While the folds about me darken,
For a voice that never grieved me,
For a face I may not see,
This is why it makes me sad,
When all around is cheerful, glad

NOVELTIES FOR APRIL.

Figs. 1 and 2.—Caps suitable for breakfast and home wear. The bow in Fig. 1 consists of

Fig. 1.



loops of Solferino velvet ribbon. Fig. 2 has a coronal of embroidered cambric, with loops of gold-colored satin ribbon.

Fig. 2.



Fig. 3.—Delicate wreath in white velvet leaves, with plummy, feathery pendants. It is intended to surround the hair, and fall on the neck. This is a graceful style of mounting for any kind of leaves—a floral ornament now greatly used.

Fig. 4.—Quiet and ladylike headdress, suited for a dinner or small evening party. Black velvet, jet slides, a fall of black lace; to the right, a bow of black velvet ribbon with flowing

Fig. 3.



ends; to the left, a full blown rose, with trailing foliage.

Fig. 4.



Figs. 5 and 6.—Plain linen collars and sleeves in this style will continue to be worn during

Fig. 5.

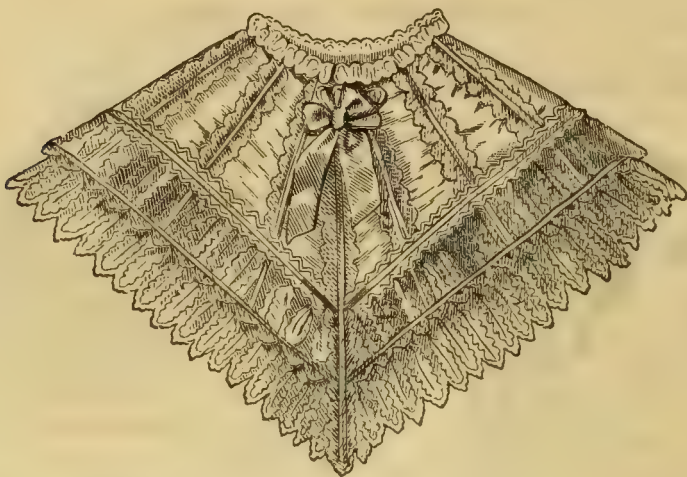


Fig. 6.



the spring for walking-dress, and in summer for travelling. The variation consists in the

Fig. 7.

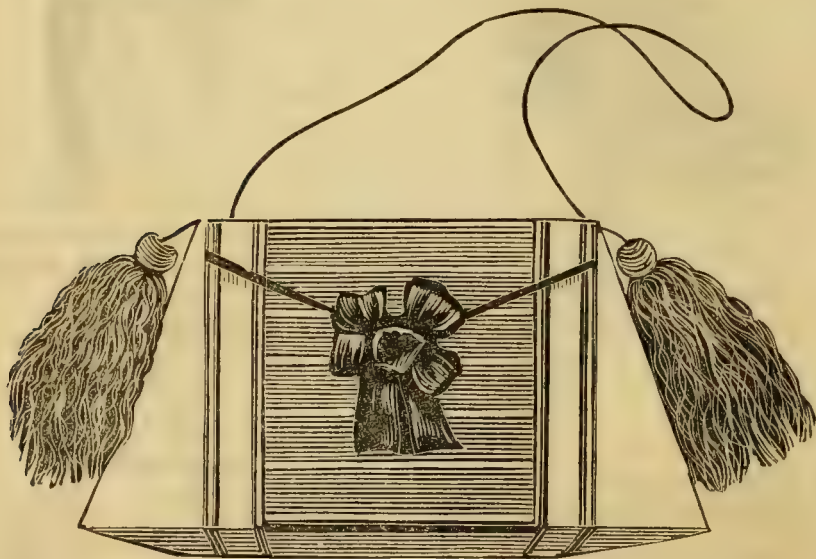


feather stitch edge, as in Fig. 6; or the cord, as in Fig. 5.

Fig. 7.—Lace cape, of an excellent shape, suitable for evening wear. The thulle founda-

tion is slightly puffed between the transverse rows of lace, which may be of Valenciennes, or any neat point; a double fall of broader lace edges the fichu.

SAVING PURSE.



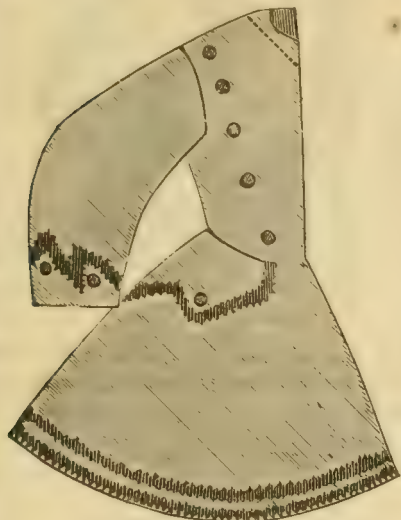
This purse is for money in reserve, to be kept in some safe place. Cut a strip of card-board as wide as the top of the purse, leave the lid to wrap over, and a diamond point at each end of the bottom. Lay a strip of silk over each end, simply giving them the required folds to form

the shape. Then lay a piece of fancy ribbon over the central part, if possible, making the fastening fall in the middle of the pattern, and adding a pretty button with a loop. Place a small silk tassel on each side, at the ends of the silk and strings.

PATTERNS FROM MADAME DEMOREST'S ESTABLISHMENT.

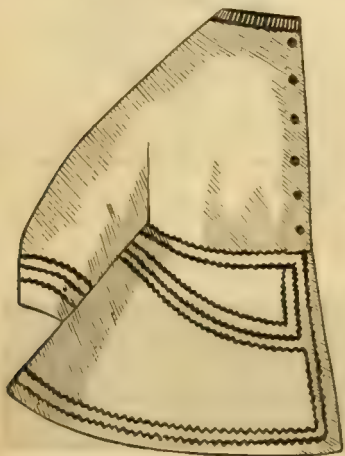
THE following patterns are from the celebrated establishment of Madame Demorest, No. 473 Broadway, New York :—

Minnie Apron.—High neck and long sleeves, adapted for a child from five to seven years—



pretty in pink or blue chambré, trimmed with white braid. Requires two and a half to three yards of material, and pearl or thread buttons.

Aquila Apron (back view).—Waist is plain, with a single box plait in front, ornamented



with buttons; skirt cut circular, and has a polka joined in at the waist; long sleeves,

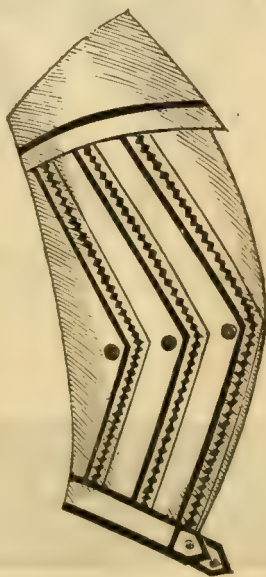
gathered at the wrist with a plain cuff; high neck and buttons at the back; will admit of considerable trimming.

Lulu Apron (front and back view).—Low neck, with a polka cut in connection with the waist,



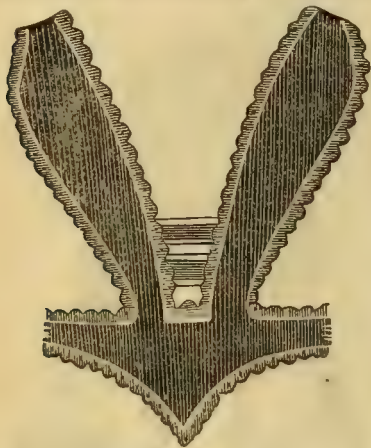
which has a pretty effect over the circular skirt; shoulders finished with a bow of ribbons. Requires two yards of silk.

Ariadne Sleeve.—A small bishop sleeve, with pointed cap and three waves thrown back from



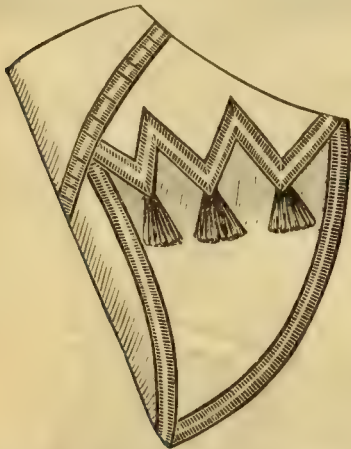
the front; waist lightly gathered into a loose pendent band.

Bretelle.—The “Paysanne” bretelle, made of velvet, edged with narrow guipure lace, and strapped with ribbon, being made in black



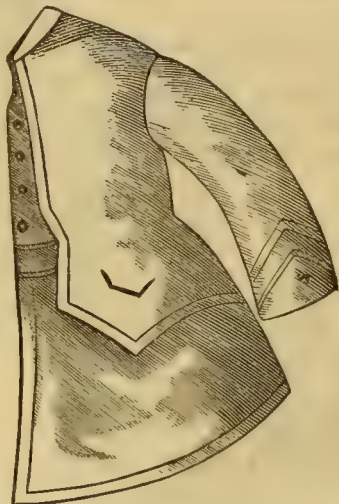
velvet, and separate from the dress, may be worn with any color.

Cristella Sleeve.—Flowing sleeve, with points



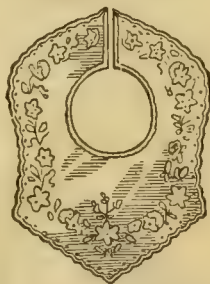
turned back from the front, and finished with tassels and braid gimp.

Elgin Sack.—Boy's sack, with jacket front and plain back, especially designed for home wear, and may be trimmed in any style that



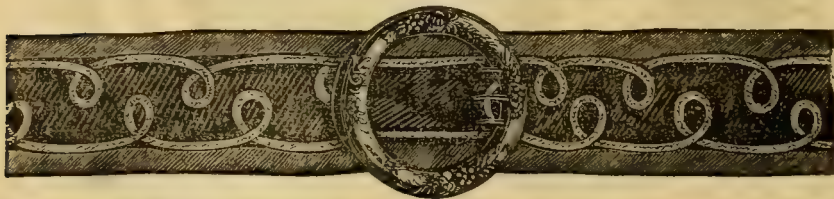
fancy may dictate. For a child of six years, it requires about four yards of single-width material.

INFANT'S BIB.



To be made of *piqué*, embroidered with floss thread, and fastened at the back with buttons.

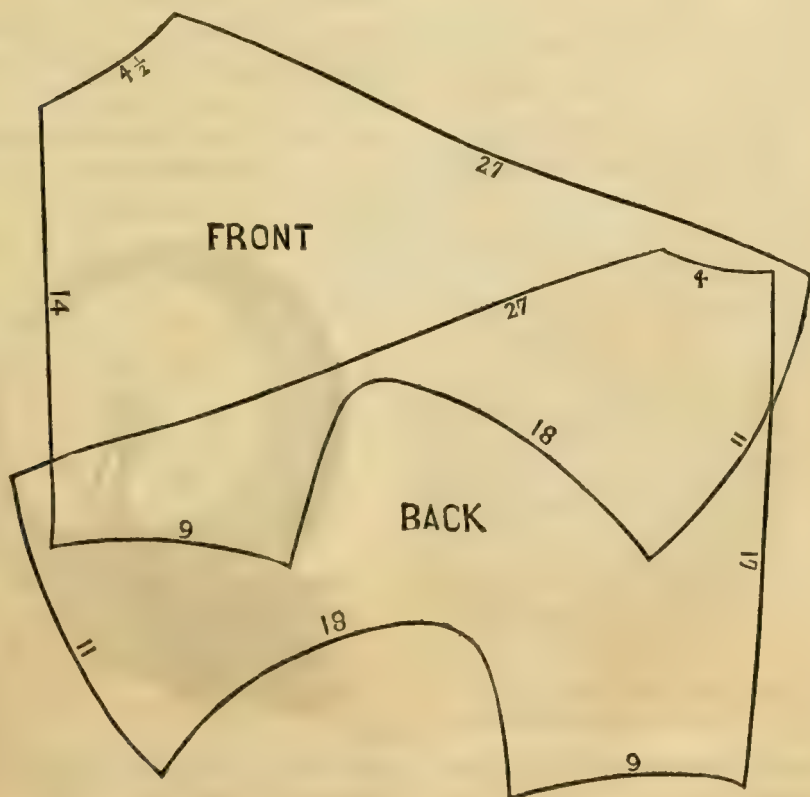
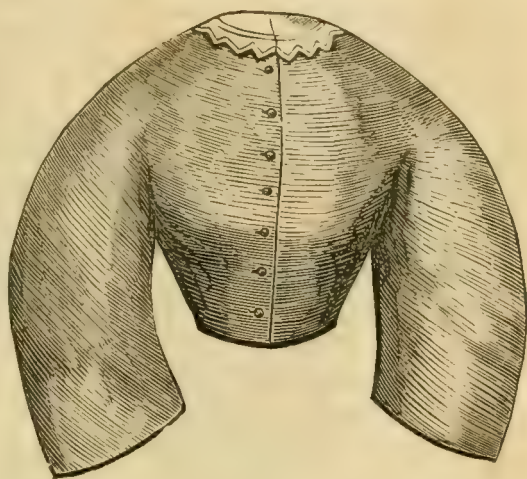
FANCY BELT.



To be made of black or any fancy-colored silk, black velvet and gold braid, with a handsome gold buckle.

PATTERN FOR A LADY'S WRAPPER.

This wrapper pattern possesses peculiar advantages in its simplicity and adaptation to any figure—the back and front being exactly alike, and the only alteration necessary being in the size of the neck. It can be made of any material, perfectly plain, or very richly trimmed. It does not require the aid of the dressmaker, as any lady can make and trim a dress for herself. Cashmere trimmed with velvet, lawn with ruffles, or white material with flouncing, look equally well. Plain chintz, with puffs of the same. The connecting seam is on the shoulder. The waist should have a string run in the hem to make it fit smoothly.



EMBROIDERED OVERLAPPING COLLARS AND CUFFS.

(See engravings, pages 294, 295.)

IN this neat and beautifully designed collar we present our readers with a novelty which we think will meet with general favor. It can be made of linen cambric, muslin, or any other kind of fabric to suit the taste of those who work it. The square figures in the design, near the points of the collar and cuffs, are to be worked in a button-hole, which, when they are overlapped, can be fastened with a stud at the neck or sleeve-buttons at the wrists. The points of the cuff up to the sleeve button-hole can be lined with silk of any color to suit the taste or dress of the wearer.

PATTERN FOR NIGHT-DRESS.

(See engraving, page 296.)

THIS Night-dress, as will be seen by the illustration, is easily made, and is a pattern that wears very well—the neck and shoulder-pieces all being made of double material. Four and a half yards of longcloth, fourteen inches of insertion, two and a half yards of embroidery, with a single row down the front, and three and a quarter yards with a double row, will be required to make one garment. Divide the longcloth into three pieces, all of the same size, and tear one width in half; the two and a half widths are for the body, and the half width for the sleeves, collar, neck-piece, shoulder-pieces, etc.; so, by carefully cutting out, there should be no more calico required, and not a piece should be wasted.

After having sewn the seams and hemmed the bottom, measure the half of the front, and tear it down twelve inches; this is for the opening. Hem this opening on each side, and gather the top of the Night-dress, both back and front; cord the shoulder-pieces, and put these on to a portion of the top of the Night-dress, the remainder belonging to the neck-piece. The garment is now ready for the sleeves. These are gathered three inches from the bottom, and a band felled over large enough for the hand to slip through. The bottom of the sleeve is finished off with embroidery, and the top gathered in to the armhole; a narrow binder, one inch wide, is then felled down on the wrong side. Our illustration clearly shows where the binder should go, and the shape of the armhole.

After making and trimming the collar, fasten it on to the neck-piece, and stitch this (the

neck-piece) on to the gathers and shoulder-pieces, the letters C to C showing exactly how far the gathers extend. Line both the shoulder and neck-pieces on the wrong side by felling down some longcloth cut out in the same shape, and finish off the hem down the front with insertion and embroidery, put on with a cording.

This Night-dress may be made much handsomer by letting in extra rows of insertion down the front, on each side of the opening, and by putting a band of insertion on the sleeves, instead of one made of longcloth. A double row of work up the front—that is to say, placed on each side of the insertion—would be an improvement; but these little matters must, of course, be left to the taste and judgment of the worker.

TEAPOT INKSTAND.

(See engraving, page 297.)

TAKE a common glass inkstand, cover it with black velvet, attach a wire handle and spout, covered also with black velvet; cut a circular top in card-board large enough to project beyond the opening of the inkstand; fasten this on to the top of a cork, about three-quarters of an inch thick, by means of an ornamental pin, the head of which forms the lid of the teapot. Cover the whole with beadwork, according to our design, and fasten it down upon the mat.

TURBAN BAG.



TAKE a paper pill box, cut it down one-third, lay over its bottom a small piece of cotton-wool, cover this with a small piece of satin, or gold-

spotted crape. Make a small bag to fit the round, sew it round the rim, put on the folds of the turban, add a silk tassel to the top of the crown, and fill the bag with sweetmeats.

BUTTERFLY PEN-WIPER.

(See engraving, page 297.)

This pretty little article may be made very glittering and shining by means of bright-colored velvets or satins and beads. The double edges must be formed by laying different colored pieces of material over each other, and leaving the edge projecting. The two upper wings are cut out in one piece, and the two under wings together in the same manner. The divisions are separated by a row of small gold beads or gold thread. The round spots are black velvet. The patterns on the wings are worked in sewing-silk with slight stitches. The body is formed of black velvet filled with a little cotton-wool, and wound round with a few rows of the gold thread. The eyes are two red beads, and the antennæ two little lengths of the gold thread. The leaves of cloth for the pen-wiper are cut out to fit, and are placed

underneath the body of the butterfly, securing them all together.



ZOUAVE JACKET FOR A LITTLE GIRL.

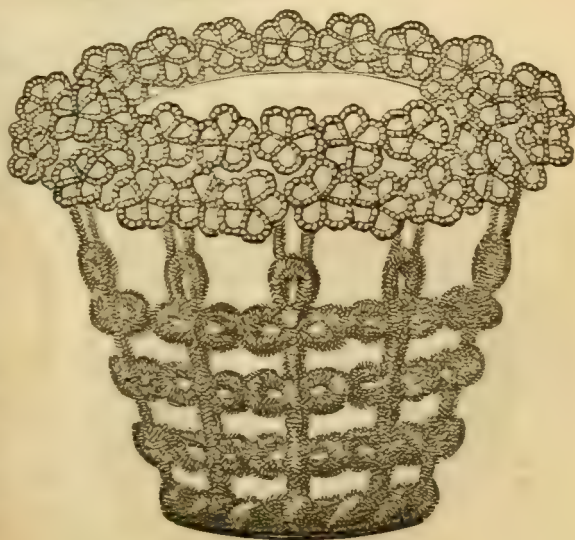
TAPER-STAND.

The taper-stand given in our engraving makes a beautiful and appropriate present to give a gentleman.

The materials are: Transparent glass beads—white; green chenille, three shades; oak brown chenille; green silk; gold beads; and wire covered with silk, the darkest shade of green.

The border is made of rosettes of beads, and an explanation of one will suffice for all.

Take the wire and string upon it one gold bead, then seven of the transparent beads, then cross the wire to form a petal; put on seven more transparent beads, then one gold one, and again cross the wire for the second petal. Make three more petals like the first two, and then join all by passing the wire through the centre of them to form the stalk. Make forty-four of these rosettes or flowers, and join them by twisting the stalks, as you see in the engraving. Make the stalks turn down, and twist them to form a strong wire at the lower



edge of the border of rosettes. Cover this neatly with green silk, cut bias.

The body of the stand is made of similar petals of wire covered with chenille of alternate green and brown, the brown solid, and the

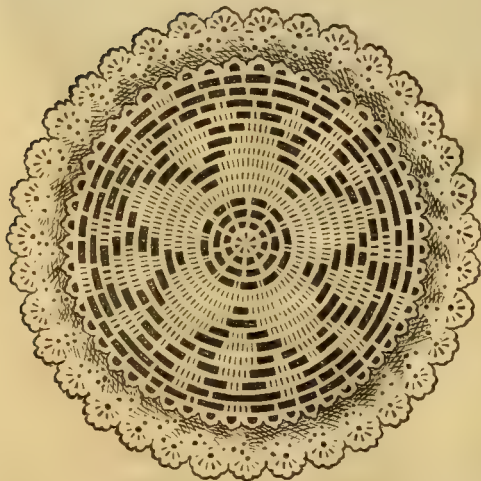
green of the second shade. Unite to the border, by bars of the lightest green chenille over wire, and form the base by twisting the darkest green chenille and the brown together.

Cover a round card neatly with green silk, and stitch the base finely to it. This makes the bottom of the stand.

THE VICTOR COAT.



TOILET MAT.

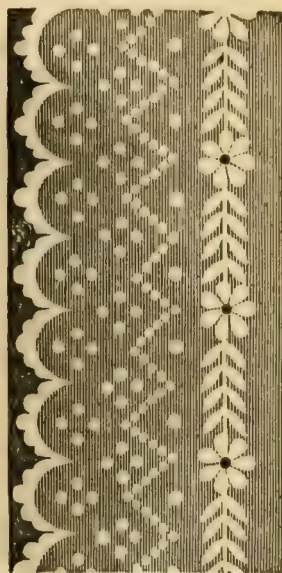
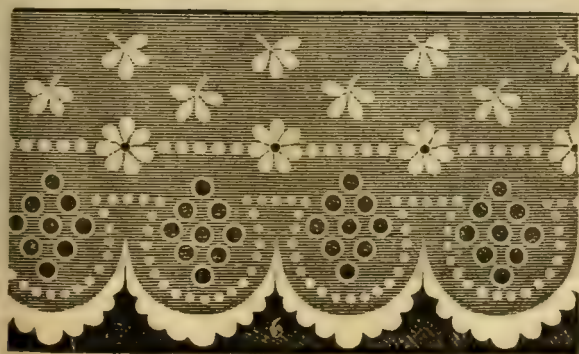
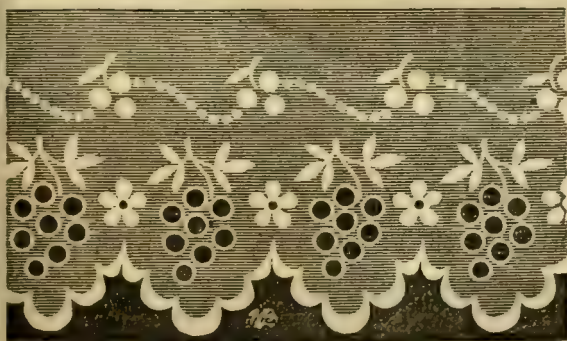
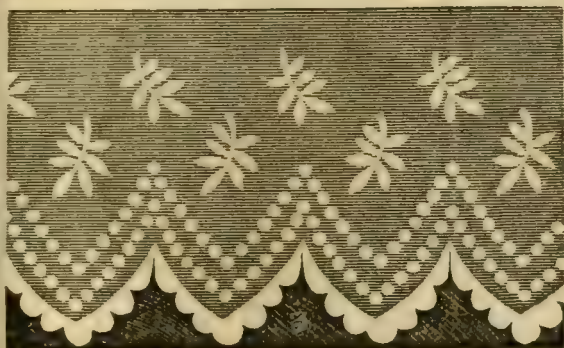
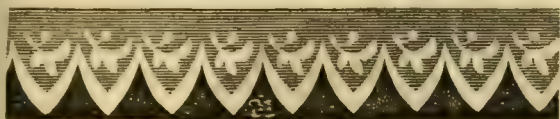


To be worked with white and pink crochet cotton.

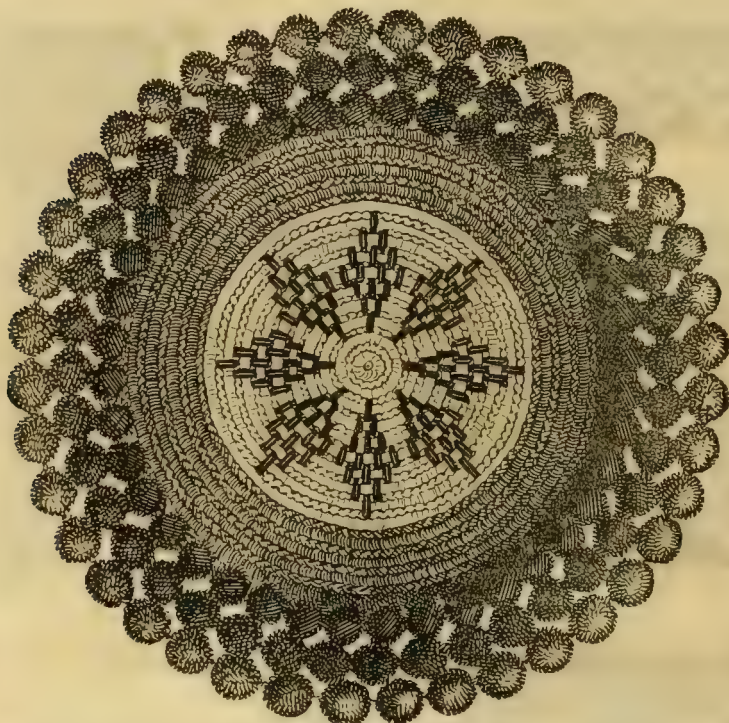
NAME FOR MARKING.



EMBROIDERY PATTERNS.



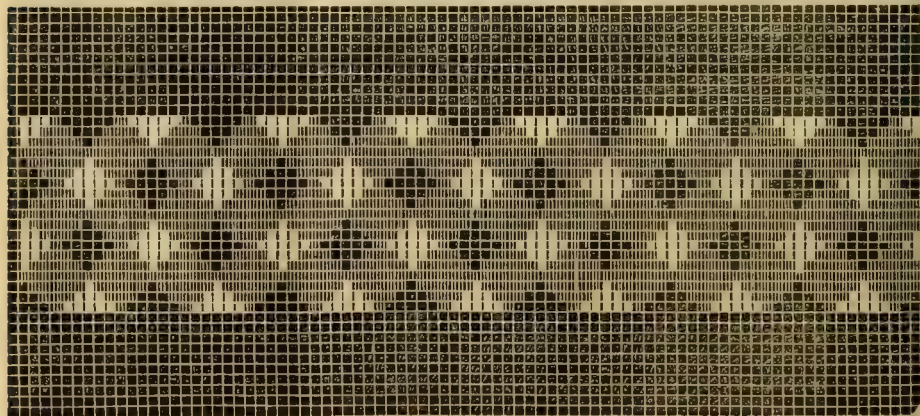
LAMP MAT IN CROCHET.



THE centre is of white, the star in black; then alternate rows of deep crimson and orange. The border is formed by making balls of worsted

of three shades of green, and sewing them on in regular order, the lightest being outside.

DESIGN IN BERLIN WOOL-WORK FOR MATS, SLIPPERS, ETC.



SIMPLE patterns in Berlin wool-work, producing lively and pleasing effects, are amongst those supplies for the work-table which every

lady finds most useful for various purposes, enabling her with perfect ease to make many pretty articles, which, if great arrangement

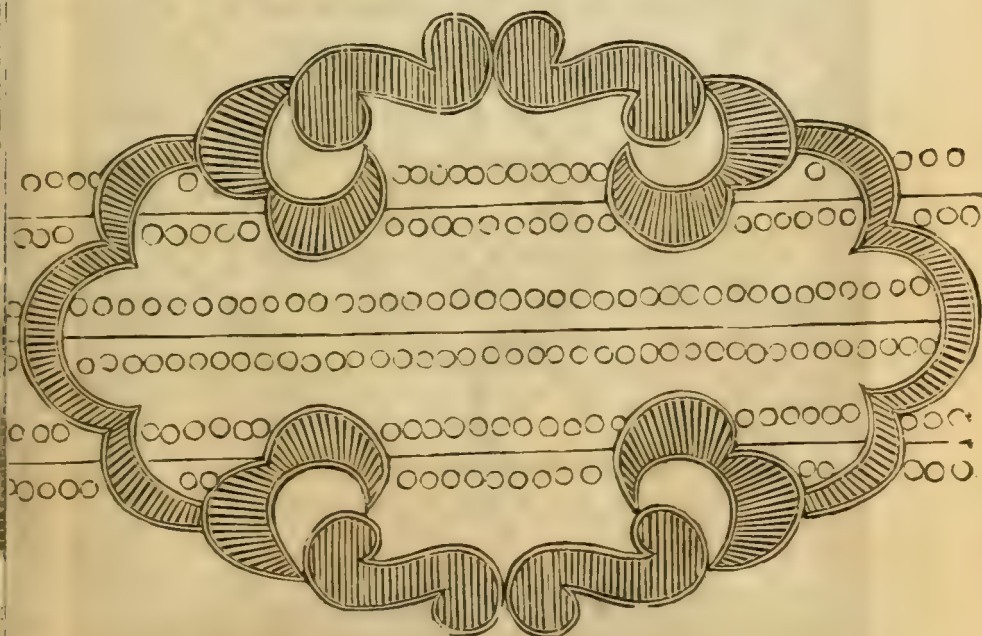
were necessary, would never be undertaken. The little design which we have now given is one of these, being perfectly easy of execution, and especially pretty when completed. Wools of three different colors are all that are required, worked in the following manner: The lines which form the sides of the diamonds are in a brilliant green, inclining to a blue; when they appear to cross, the small square becomes a very dark green, approaching to a black, the

ground or under diamonds being white. Another pretty arrangement of colors is to take a ruby for the sides of the diamonds, a black for the crossings, and a white for the ground; or a blue may be substituted for the ruby with equally good effect. This little design will be found well suited for cushions, mats, slippers, and many other articles, and it may be worked on either fine or coarse canvas, according to the article for which it may be required.

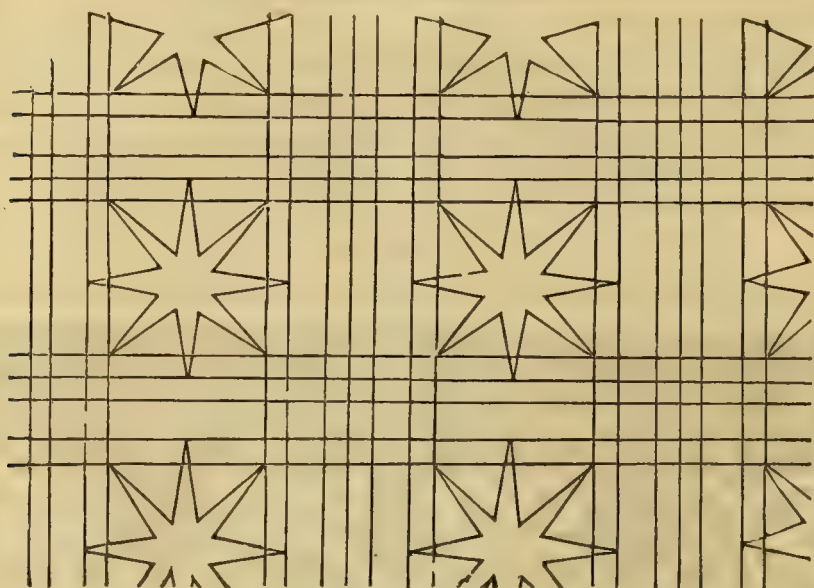
BORDER IN BRODERIE ANGLAISE AND BUTTON-HOLE STITCH.



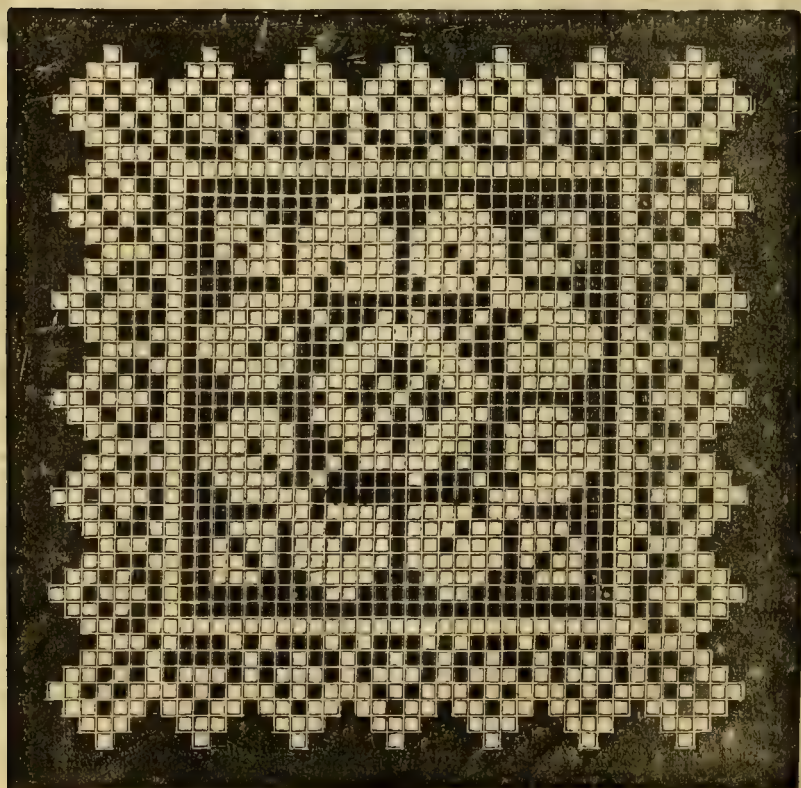
FOR A LOUNGING CAP.



QUILTING DESIGN.



FANCY TIDY.



Receipts, &c.

SOUPS.

VERMICELLI SOUP.—Put into a stewpan one and a half pound of lean veal, a small slice of lean ham, a bunch of sweet herbs, a head of celery, an onion, some whole white pepper, a blade of mace, and a quarter of a pound of butter; set the pan over a clear fire, taking care the articles do not burn; then thicken two quarts of white gravy, and pour it into the pan, adding a few mushroom trimmings. When it boils, set it aside, remove the scum and fat, and strain the soup upon some vermicelli which has been soaked a few minutes in cold water, and stewed in strong broth. This soup is sometimes served with a few blanched chervil leaves in it.

OLD PEAS SOUP.—Put one and a half pound of split peas on in four quarts of water, with roast beef or mutton bones, and a ham bone, two heads of celery, and four onions; let them boil till the peas are sufficiently soft to pulp through a sieve, strain it, put it into the pot with pepper and salt, and boil it nearly one hour. Two or three handfuls of spinach, well washed and cut a little, added when the soup is strained, is a great improvement; and in the summer young green peas in the place of spinach; a teaspoonful of celery seed or essence of celery, if celery is not to be had.

VEGETABLE SOUP.—To a quarter of a pound of fresh butter, boiling hot, add onions chopped very fine. When they are quite soft, throw in spinach, celery, carrots, kidney beans, etc., also chopped fine, with green peas and any other vegetables that you can collect. Stir them well in the onions and butter till they begin to dry. Have ready a teakettle of boiling water, and pour about a pint as a time over your vegetables, till you have as much as you want. Serve up with bread or toast in the bottom of the dish. Pepper and salt to your taste.

OCRA SOUP.—Boil a leg of veal with about four dozen ochras, an hour; then add six tomatoes, six small onions, one green pepper, a bunch of thyme and parsley, and let it boil till dinner-time. Season it with salt and red pepper to your taste, and, if agreeable, add a piece of salt pork which has been previously boiled. The soup should boil seven or eight hours.

GUMBO SOUP.—Cut up a chicken or any fowl as if to fry, and break the bones; lay it in a pot with just enough butter to brown it a little; when browned, pour as much water to it as will make soup for four or five persons; add a thin slice of lean bacon, an onion cut fine, and some parsley. Stew it gently five or six hours; about twenty minutes before it is to be served, make a thickening by mixing a heaping tablespoonful of sassafras leaves, pounded fine, in some of the soup, and adding it to the rest of the soup; a little rice is an improvement. If the chickens are small, two will be required, but one large pullet is sufficient.

OCRA GUMBO.—Heat a large tablespoonful of hogs' lard or butter; stir into it, while hot, half a tablespoonful of flour; add a small bunch of parsley, a large onion, with plenty of ochra, all chopped up very fine. Let it fry till it is quite brown; then add a common-sized fowl cut up in small pieces, and let all fry together until quite cooked. Then pour in about three quarts of hot water, and boil till reduced to one-half.

RICE SOUP.—Take white stock, season it, and either whole rice boiled till very tender or the flour of rice

may be used; half a pound will be sufficient for two quarts of broth.

PLAIN ONION SOUP.—Simmer turnips and carrots for two hours in weak mutton broth; strain it, and add six onions, sliced and fried; simmer three hours, skim, and serve.

RICH ONION SOUP.—Put into a stewpan twelve onions, one turnip, and a head of celery, sliced, a quarter of a pound of butter, and a quart of white gravy; stew till tender; add another quart of gravy, pulp the vegetables, and boil with the soup, strained, for half an hour, stirring it constantly; and, just before serving, stir in half a pint of boiling cream, and about eighteen button onions, nicely peeled, and boiled soft in milk and water. Season with salt. Spanish onions only are sometimes used; and the soup may be thickened, if requisite, with rice flour worked with butter.

CARROT SOUP.—Take six or eight full-grown carrots, of the red sort, scrape them clean, and rasp only the *outer rind*, or soft red part, and, if you have a single ripe tomato, add it, sliced, to the raspings, but use no other vegetable except onions. While this is doing, the broth of any kind of fresh meat which has been got ready should be heated and seasoned with a couple of onions fried in butter, but without pepper, or any other kind of seasoning, except a small quantity of mace and a little salt. When all is ready, put the raspings into two quarts of the skimmed broth, cover the stewpan close, and let it simmer by the side of the fire for two or three hours, by which time the raspings will have become soft enough to be pulped through a fine sieve; after which the soup should be boiled until it is as smooth as jelly, for any curdy appearance will spoil it.

Thus all the roots, and most of such vegetables as can be easily made into *purées* and combined with any sort of broth, will, in this manner, make excellent soup of different denominations, though all founded upon the same meat-stock. The gravy of beef is always preferred for savory soups, and that of veal or fowls for the more delicate white soups; to which from half a pint to one pint of cream, or, if that cannot be had, the same quantity of milk and the yolks of two raw eggs, should be added for every two quarts of soup; remembering, however, that the latter will not impart the richness of cream.

VENISON SOUP.—Take four pounds of freshly-killed venison, cut off from the bones, and one pound of ham in small slices. Add an onion, minced, and black pepper to your taste. Put only as much water as will cover it, and stew it gently for an hour, keeping the pot closely covered. Skim it well, and pour in a quart of boiling water. Add a head of celery, cut small, and three blades of mace. Boil it gently two hours and a half; then put in a quarter of a pound of butter, cut small and rolled in flour, and half a pint of port or Madeira. Let it boil a quarter of an hour longer, and send it to the table with the meat in it.

CHICKEN MULLAGATAWNY.—Cut up a young chicken, as for a curry; fry two sliced onions with butter until of a light brown color, when add a tablespoonful of curry, and half as much flour; mix these with the onions, and add one quart or three pints of rich gravy, previously made, either from veal, beef, mutton, or poultry. Boil it, skim off the butter, add a pinch of salt, and put into it the chicken cut as above. Simmer the whole until the fowl be tender, when the soup will be ready to serve in a tureen with a dish of boiled rice. A young rabbit may be substituted for the chicken.

MISCELLANEOUS COOKING.

RIBS OF BEEF ROASTED.—Cut out the chine-bones from the thick end of the ribs, and also the strong sinew or leather; fasten the "bark," or outside fat, with a few skewers; spit it through the thick part and the point of the ribs. When one or two ribs are purchased by a small family, it is a good plan to have the bones taken out, and the meat rolled round in the shape of a fillet; a considerable saving is effected by this plan, as, when not so prepared, the thin part at the extremity of the bone is frequently wasted. The bone cut out when the meat is raw will assist in making soup, and is much preferable to a cold beef-bone. They are sometimes cut off short, and salted or stewed, but rolling is the better plan; and in this manner a single rib can be skewered into a handsome fillet; the fat and lean being marbled, and the appearance of the whole improved.

SIRLOIN OF BEEF ROASTED.—Break the upper part of the chine-bones, cut them out, and cut through the strong gristle on the top, and skewer it in its place, which will prevent its drawing up or looking unsightly. Run the spit just under the bark at the thin end, and bring it out between the joints. By spitting it thus you avoid showing where the spit has gone through. Cover the fat with a sheet of buttered paper, and roast gently for three or four hours, according to the size of the joint. The under part is sometimes stuffed with forcemeat, in the following manner: Carefully lift up the fat from the inside of the sirloin with a sharp knife; take out all the meat close to the bone, and mince it small; take half a pound of suet, and chop it fine; mix with it some grated bread-crumbs, a little lemon-peel, thyme, and shallot minced very fine; mix all together with a glass of port wine; put it back again into the same place, and cover it with the skin and fat; skewer it down neatly with small wooden skewers, and cover it with paper. The meat should be spitted before you take out the inside; and when done do not take off the paper until the joint is put into the dish: then serve it up garnished with scraped horseradish.

The method of taking the meat from the bone, and rolling it so as to have the forcemeat in the middle, is easier, but adds its flavor to the whole joint; while this way keeps the upper and the under part separate.

LEG OF MUTTON BOILED.—To prepare a leg of mutton for boiling, trim it as for roasting; soak it for a couple of hours in cold water; then put only water enough to cover it, and let it boil gently for three hours, or according to its weight. Some cooks boil it in a cloth; but if the water be afterwards wanted for soup, that should not be done; some salt and an onion put into the water is far better. When nearly ready, take it from the fire, and, keeping the pot well covered, let it remain in the water for ten or fifteen minutes.

The English taste being in favor of meat in which the gravy has been retained, this joint is esteemed to be in perfection when a little underdone. It is sent to table with caper-sauce and mashed turnips.

TO STUFF A LEG OF MUTTON.—Take a leg of mutton, cut off all the fat, take the bone carefully out and preserve the skin whole; take out the meat and mince it fine; mince with it about one pound of fat bacon and some parsley; season the whole well with pepper and salt, and a small quantity of shallot or chives chopped fine; then put the meat into the skin and sew it up on the under side; put it into a stewpan with a little gravy made from the bones, two or three slices of veal, some

sliced carrots and onions, a bunch of parsley, and a few slices of fat bacon; let it stew for three or four hours, and drain the liquor through a fine sieve; when reduced to a glaze, glaze the mutton with it and serve in stewed beans.

LAMB-CHOPS.—Take a loin of lamb, cut chops from it half an inch thick, retaining the kidney in its place; dip them into egg and bread-crumbs, fry and serve with fried parsley.

When chops are made from a breast of lamb, the red bone at the edge of the breast should be cut off, and the breast parboiled in water or broth, with a sliced carrot and two or three onions, before it is divided into cutlets, which is done by cutting between every second or third bone, and preparing them, in every respect, as the last.

SHOULDER OF VEAL.—Cut off the knuckle for a stew or gravy. Roast the other part with a stuffing, which should be inserted both under the flap of the under side, and also just below where the knuckle has been cut off; you may lard it. Serve with melted butter.

The blade-bone, with a good deal of meat left on, eats extremely well, when grilled, with mushroom or oyster sauce, or mushroom ketchup in butter.

CAKES, ETC.

SPONGE CAKE.—A quarter of a pound of lump sugar, three-quarters of a pound of flour, well dressed, the rind of a lemon, grated, seven eggs, leaving two of the whites out; do not beat up the eggs; boil the sugar in a quarter of a pint of water, and pour it boiling hot on to the eggs, whisking them very quickly while the sugar is poured gently on them; continue to whisk it for twenty minutes; stir in the flour, but do not whisk it after; put it into moulds, well buttered, and bake it in a quick oven. Be careful to have the oven ready, or the cakes will be heavy.

RHUBARB TART.—Cut some rhubarb into pieces an inch long, place it in a saucepan without a cover, adding chopped lemon-peel and sufficient sugar to sweeten—in water; let simmer till reduced to a pulp; stand aside till cool. Line a flat dish with paste, put in the rhubarb, and, before putting it into the oven, add a piece of butter the size of a walnut, and a good sprinkling of nutmeg. Serve with custard-cream.

To Make the Cream.—Beat up two eggs with a table-spoonful of cold milk, have ready half a pint of milk boiling hot, to be poured gradually on the eggs, stirring all the time, pour backwards and forwards in the saucepan. If not sufficiently thickened, place on the fire for a moment, but be careful it does not boil, or it will curdle and be spoiled.

ARROWROOT DROPS, OR BISCUITS.—Half a pound of butter beaten up to a cream, seven eggs well whisked. Adding seven ounces of flour, six ounces of arrowroot, and half a pound of loaf sugar. Mix all well together, and drop on a clean tin, size of a shilling; bake in a slow oven.

BLOCK BISCUITS.—Half a pound of butter beaten up to a cream, half a pound of ground rice, three-quarters of a pound of flour, half a pound of loaf sugar, four eggs, and a little sal volatile.

WHIPT SYLLABUBS.—Stir gently one pint of scalded cream the same way until it becomes smooth and thick, but not to let it curdle, then add, while stirring, four ounces of loaf sugar rolled and sifted, the grated rind of one lemon, and the juice of two, two glasses of sherry

wine, and, finally, the whites of three eggs beaten to a high froth with a small pine whisk. Fill your glasses, and, having left some syllabub in your bowl to raise the requisite *foam* for the tops of your filled glasses, begin and whisk it well, taking off every bubble, as it rises, with a teaspoon, placing it on the glass, and continuing to raise a pyramid of bubbles on each till enough to complete the light appearance. Syllabubs should be always made the day before they are to be eaten, and form a very pretty addition to the supper-table.

TO MAKE ROCK CAKES.—Beat well two eggs, and then add one pound of crushed lump sugar, and let it stand for an hour; then add nine ounces of flour, and a few drops of the essence of almonds. Bake in a slow oven.

HOMEMADE WINES.

Now, that the difficulty and expense of making is trifling compared with what the latter used to be, all housewives may add wines to their household stores as easily as they may preserves. In wine countries, the grape, under the influence of climate, contains within itself the chemical properties to produce fermentation, while, in other countries, artificial aid is compelled to be used to accomplish it. The four requisites for fermentation are sugar, vegetable extract, malic acid, and water; and upon the proper regulation of these constituents the success depends.

The fermentation requires great attention, and should neither be suffered to continue too long, nor be checked too early. Its commencement, which will be about a day after the articles have been mixed, will attract attention, by the noise it makes. For a sweet wine, the cask should not be closed until the sound of fermentation has almost ceased. If a dry wine, have ready a barrel which has been subjected to the fumes of sulphur, and draw off your wine into it. Rack off the wine, clearing it with isinglass, and bottle in about ten weeks after it.

APPLE WINE.—Add to a barrel of cider the herb scur-lea, the quintessence of wine, a little nitre, and a pound of syrup of honey. Let it work in the cask till clear and well-settled, then draw it off, and it will be little inferior to Rhenish, either in clearness, color, or flavor.

BALM WINE.—Boil twenty pounds of lump sugar in four gallons and a half of water gently for an hour, and put it into a tub to cool; bruise two pounds of the tops of green balm, and put them into a barrel with a little new yeast, and when the syrup is nearly cold, pour it on the balm; stir it well together, and let it stand four-and-twenty hours, stirring frequently; bring it up, and when it has stood for six weeks, bottle it, put a lump of sugar into each bottle, and cork tight.

BARLEY WINE.—Boil half a pound of French barley in three waters; save about a pint of the last water, and mix it with a quart of white wine, half a pint of borage water, as much clary water, a little red rose water, the juice of five or six lemons, three-quarters of a pound of sugar, the rind of a lemon; strain, and bottle it up.

CHERRY WINE.—To make five pints of this wine, take fifteen pounds of cherries, and two of currants; bruise them together, mix with them two-thirds of the kernels, and put the whole of the cherries, currants, and kernels into a barrel, with a quarter of a pound of sugar to every pint of juice. The barrel must be quite full; cover the barrel with vine leaves, and sand above them, and let it stand until it has done working, which will be in about

three weeks; then stop it with a bung, and in two months' time it may be bottled.

CURRENT WINE.—Take sixteen pounds of currants, three gallons of water; break the currants with your hands in the water, strain it off; put to it fourteen pounds of sugar, strain it into a vessel, add a pint of brandy, and a pint of raspberries, stop it down, and let it stand three months.

ELDER WINE.—Pour a gallon of boiling water over every gallon of berries, let it stand twelve hours; then draw it off, and boil it up with three pounds and a half of sugar; when boiling, beat up some whites of eggs, and clarify it; skim it clear, then add half an ounce of pounded ginger to every gallon of the wine; boil it a little longer, before you put it in the tub; when cool, put in a toast rubbed in yeast; let it ferment a day or two, after which put it into a barrel previously rinsed with brandy. All wines should be lukewarm when the yeast is added to it.

GINGER WINE.—To every gallon of water add three pounds of sugar and one pound of ginger, the paring of one lemon, half a pound of raisins, stoned; boil all half an hour, let it stand until it is lukewarm, then put it into the cask with the juice of a lemon; add one spoonful of yeast to every gallon, stir it every day for ten days, then add half a pint of brandy to every two gallons, half an ounce of isinglass to every six gallons; stop it close down, and in about eight weeks it will be fit to bottle.

THE TOILET.

ARRANGEMENT OF THE HAIR.

LADIES who are *petite*, either in stature or in feature, should avoid anything approaching to exuberance in their headdress.

Flowers form decidedly the most becoming articles for ornamenting the hair, but the greatest care is necessary in suiting them to the complexion of the wearer and the style of the headdress. They must, on the one hand, be neither numerous nor large enough to appear to encumber the head; nor, on the other hand, so few in quantity and insignificant as entirely to lose their individuality of character among the tresses by which they are surrounded. The hair, arranged according to the dictates of taste, is, without dispute, the most attractive of all headdresses, and it should be borne in mind that the addition of all ornament ought to be for the purpose of heightening its effect, not of overshadowing or concealing it.

When worn in wreaths, flowers ought not to be placed so low as to fall down upon and conceal the forehead. An air of stiffness is the certain accompaniment of an ill-arranged wreath, however suitable the materials of which it is composed. It ought not, therefore, to cross the head in a straight line, or be exactly uniform on both sides; but, on the contrary, traverse the head in a slightly slanting direction, with here and there a bud or a blossom peeping through amongst a cluster of ringlets, or nestling amid a group of curls. There are few styles of beauty to which a judiciously assorted wreath of flowers will not lend a charm.

Wreaths ought not to be worn unless when the hair is arranged in what may be called the ornate style; ornate, we mean, in opposition to simple.

We cannot conclude our observations on this branch of our subject better than in the words of a writer who remarks, generally: "Whatever be the reigning mode,

and however beautiful a fine head of hair may be generally esteemed, those who are short in stature or small in features should never indulge in a profuse display of their tresses, if they would, in the one case, avoid the appearance of dwarfishness and of an unnaturally large head; and, in the other, of making the face seem less than it actually is, and thus causing what is merely *petite* to appear insignificant. If the hair be closely dressed by others, those who have round or broad faces should nevertheless continue to wear drooping clusters of curls; and, although it be customary to part the hair in the centre, the division should be made on one side if it grow low on the forehead and beautifully high on the temples; but, if the hair be too distant from the eyebrows, it should be parted only in the middle, where it is generally lower than at the sides, whatever temptation fashion may offer to the contrary. We might multiply instances *ad libitum*, but the foregoing cases will, we doubt not, satisfactorily elucidate our proposition. It is our object to press on our readers the propriety of complying with the ordinances of fashion when their observance is not forbidden by individual peculiarities, and the necessity of fearlessly setting them at defiance, or offering only a partial obedience, when a compliance with them would be positively detrimental to personal grace."

MISCELLANEOUS.

TO KEEP PRESERVES.—Apply the white of an egg, with a brush, to a single thickness of white tissue paper; with which cover the jars, lapping over an inch or two. It will require no tying, becoming, when dry, inconceivably tight and strong, and impervious to the air.

TO PREVENT CHILDREN'S CLOTHES TAKING FIRE.—So many lamentable accidents, with loss of life, occurring from fire, we remind our readers that, for the preservation of children from that calamity, their clothes, after washing, should be rinsed in water, in which a small quantity of saltpetre (nitre) has been dissolved. This improves the appearance, and renders linen and cotton garments proof against blaze. The same plan should be adopted with window and bed curtains.

PEDESTRIANS, whose feet are apt to blister during long journeys, should rub the feet, at night, with spirits mixed with tallow, dropped from a candle into the palm of the hand; or on the following morning no blister will exist, for the spirit possesses healing power, and the tallow keeps the skin soft and pliant.

MILK AS FOOD.—It is common to regard milk as little else than mere drink. But this is an error. Milk is really an article of solid food, being coagulated soon after reaching the stomach. New milk contains thirteen per cent. of digestible solids, and skimmed milk ten per cent.; that is, the former fully one-half, and the latter above a third, of the nutriment contained in the lean part of beef and mutton.

FOUL AIR IN WELLS AND CESSPOOLS.—A method of purifying wells, &c., from the foul air which so often accumulates in them when long closed, and has not unfrequently been destructive of life. The plan is, simply to throw into the well a quantity of unslaked lime, which, as soon as it comes in contact with the water, throws up a column of vapor, driving before it all the deleterious gases, and rendering it perfectly safe for the workmen to descend immediately.

TO TAKE THE IMPRESSION OF PLANTS.—Take half a sheet of fine wove paper, and cover the surface with sweet

oil; after it has stood a minute or two, rub off the superficial oil, and hang the paper in the air; when sufficiently dry, move the paper slowly over the flame of a candle or lamp, until it is perfectly black; lay the plant or leaf thereon, place a piece of clean paper over, and rub it equally with the finger, about half a minute; take up the plant and place it on the paper or scrap-book, where it is desired to have the impression; cover it with a piece of blotting paper, and, on repeating the rubbing, the representation of the plant will appear, about equal to the finest engraving.

TO MAKE TOUGH BEEF TENDER.—To those who have worn down their teeth in masticating poor old tough cow beef, we will say that carbonate of soda will be found a remedy for the evil. Cut the steaks, the day before using, into slices about two inches thick, rub over them a small quantity of soda, wash off next morning, cut it into suitable thickness, and cook to notion. The same process will answer for fowls, legs of mutton, &c. Try it, all who love delicious, tender dishes of meat.

TO DESTROY VERMIN IN HOUSES.—Take up your carpets, down your curtains. In a pailful of water (cold), mix well one pound of chloride of lime (having first diluted it into a thin paste in a bowl of water, for facility of mixture), with a mop wet and saturate well the floor, skirtings, and any other wood-work that will not suffer injury, then shut the doors and windows close. If there should be a suspicion of other tenants in the bedstead, take that down too. In three or four hours all will have disappeared or perished; but to assure perfect immunity from the plague, it might be well to repeat the lustration a second time, *i. e.* the day or two after.

STAINS OF WINE, FRUIT, &c.—Rub the part on each side with yellow soap. Then lay on a mixture of starch in cold water, very thick; rub it well in, and expose the linen to the sun and air till the stain comes out. If not removed in three or four days, rub that off, and renew the process. When dry, it may be sprinkled with a little water.

RINGWORM.—This is called a disease, although it does not seem to affect the general health of a person infected with it. Children appear to be its subjects, and it is so infectious that it has been known to run through a whole school. It appears in circular patches of little pustules, and destroys the bulbs of the hair when it forms on the head. The proper treatment for it consists in keeping it clean by frequent washing in soap and water. It is more liable to attack weakly than strong children, and although disagreeable in appearance it is not dangerous. An ointment composed of vegetable tar mixed with a little sulphate of zinc, ground to powder, will soon remove it. Mercurial ointment is sometimes used; but it should seldom, if ever be employed. When ringworm appears on the face, an ointment of honey mixed with a little fink of sulphur is said to be an excellent remedy. Black ink is sometimes employed as a lotion in this disease with good effect; but a solution of sulphate of iron, or copperas, as it is generally called, will do equally well.

TO PROTECT GRAIN FROM RATS.—An individual of much practical experience, informs us that green elder deposited in and about the mows of hay and grain will prove an effectual preventive against the depredations of mice and rats. We have long known that the leaves of the common mullein will drive rats from their haunts. There is something in the odor of this plant that is disgusting to the rats; they cannot abide it.

Editors' Table.

BEAUTY, AND HOW TO GAIN IT.

"What is beauty but an air divine
Through which the mind's all gentle graces shine?
These, like the sun, irradiate all between;
The body charms because the soul is seen."

ALL women desire to be handsome. This longing for the perfectness of Eden beauty is the seal of its divine origin, which sin has indeed marred, but never been able to efface in the heart of woman. We would not have it otherwise. Women should wish for comeliness; they all ought to be handsome; that is, under the ordinary conditions of life in our country, where the sex are not subjected to hard and rough labor, girls should be lovely, and women also, unless broken by peculiar storms of sorrow or lingering sickness.

All women may be handsome, generally speaking, if they will only take the care and pains necessary. It is not perfection of features that constitutes the charm, nor a radiant complexion—these are gifts, good gifts of Heaven, if used for good; but still, if the individuals thus distinguished are not sedulous to acquire gracefulness, practise neatness, and dress with propriety, they will not appear charming. "Love darting eyes and tresses like the morn" give a charming image; but the tresses uncumbered cease to be poetical, and the eyes claim little attention when the gait is awkward and the manners rude. There must be inward loveliness, made up of amiability and intelligence, radiating over the outward form to insure lasting beauty. Then those who neglect the laws of health, who are too indolent to take exercise or engage heartily in some kind of usefulness, can never have enough pure life (the blood is the life) to become beautiful; and those who are too greedy to be discreet in food, and are always munching cakes and confectionery, must renounce the idea of being pretty. Rich pastry and strong coffee are not health-giving articles of diet, and one must be well to be handsome, but the poisonous compounds from the confectioners are far worse; it is the excess in eating these things that causes so many cloudy complexions, heavy eyes, and dull countenances in this our active world.

And now for the way to cure all these ills. We will give the experience of a young lady who made herself handsome. She shall tell her own story at our Table in her own way. We feel sure one such example will be of more advantage than many essays in teaching the true Art of Beauty:—

REVERIES OF A MAIDEN OF SEVENTEEN.

Aunt Eustace says I can change these stooping shoulders for an erect form, make this sallow skin clear and bright, this flat chest full and round, and cause these dull eyes to sparkle with light and life. She says that my heavy, ungraceful motions can become buoyant and elastic, and my weak, thin voice strong and sweet.

If she had told me I could scale the walls of Paradise some time within the next twenty-four hours, and take possession, it would not have surprised me more. All these changes are to be brought about gradually by the use of *moral cosmetics*, and the study of moral and physical hygiene.

I could endure anything, do everything possible, if it would make me beautiful; I have so longed for beauty! A pilgrimage round the world barefoot, with nothing but bread and water for food, and the earth my bed, I would submit to, if I could thus attain it. But Aunt Eustace says I shall be happier, too, for seeking beauty in the right way, and shall not have to make any sacrifice at all to obtain it; I shall be pursuing my highest good and best improvement, for these lie along the same path.

It will, I am sure, afford pleasant employment to my thoughts to follow the rules she laid down for me, besides the improvement. At any rate, I have nothing to lose in trying this experiment. I'm perfectly miserable one-half my time now, because it doesn't seem to me that I have anything in particular to do in the world. It is only when some excitement carries me out of myself, as it were, that I lose this sense of weariness.

I would like to have the power to be happy within myself. Some people have this art; it must be very valuable. Now, when I retire upon my own capital, I find nothing but emptiness, and the excitement of society does not really satisfy me; it only *dendens the sense of moral hunger*, as I might call it, for the time. Do other girls feel this, I wonder?

How glad I am that Aunt Eustace came to see us! I hope I shall profit by her counsel. There seems to be a healthy moral atmosphere about her that gives me strength and hope. I think my good angel must have sent her here in consideration of my needs. If she is going to confer beauty on me, or put me in the way to gain it, she will indeed prove a messenger of good. I feel sure I should be more amiable if I were more beautiful. I know I cannot *act* harmoniously when I *look* so inharmonious. I believe I was intended to be beautiful, and I feel as if I could never be *myself* until I am so. Aunt Eustace says that I do possess the germs of beauty, and it may be developed. O what happiness, could I realize this! How earnestly I would set to work to prune and weed my nature, and plant the seeds of good resolves and earnest deeds! A great deal of weeding and lopping off would have to be done; I am quite sure of that.

I have lived in a sort of dreamy, blind manner, as though I believed this was a world of chance, and if there was any good for me anywhere, it would come of itself, without my making any endeavors to obtain it.

I wished for happiness, beauty, and intelligence, but I wanted to have them without the trouble of any effort of mine.

Now I see that I must be up and doing, if I would obtain any real good as my own. I see, too, that I shall be happier for trying than if I remained sluggish. Life is so dull and wearisome! I wonder if others find it so! I believe they do, by the weary, dissatisfied faces I meet; and yet I do not believe it need to be so. I am sure there is material enough for happiness in the world, if we only knew where to find it and how to use it.

Now, I feel my faculties begin to brighten already, just at the distant prospect of becoming beautiful, and good, and happy. I feel happier, too, more peaceful and

contented; I declare, I *look* better (I have just taken a peep in the mirror); merely thinking on the right way has made me more animated and more amiable. That querulous expression which clouded my face is partly melted away in the sunlight of serenity which has begun to dawn in my soul.

* * * * *

I need a good many aids to help me on my course. O dear! When I think of what I have to correct in myself, and what to gain, I feel almost discouraged. Still, Aunt Eustace says I need not to attempt any flying leaps, like a kangaroo; *it is only one step at a time.*

I must take a kind of inventory of myself before I begin. It will run something in this wise: A bundle of bad habits and a large amount of ignorance of self and duties, bound together by indolence, in a weak, crooked, meagre frame, covered by a sallow skin, and embellished with a pair of large lack-lustre eyes.

Well, now, to recapitulate after the instructions of Aunt Eustace, who is my moral doctor.

Item First To change this sallow skin to the pure freshness of health I must eat wholesome food at reasonable times and in reasonable quantities; I must study a little into the mystery of nourishing the body in order to do it properly.

Second. That I may have pure blood, and, consequently, a clear complexion, I must breathe a sufficient quantity of pure air; this is indispensable, and I must make myself familiar with the way in which air purifies the blood.

I cannot take in a proper quantity of air unless I suffer my lungs to expand fully; to effect this I must remove all outward compression that prevents perfect ease, avoid all crooked positions of body, and sluggish habits; and I must not breathe the air of heated rooms when I can avoid it, for there is not oxygen enough in it, nor in air that has been once breathed; such air has lost its life-giving properties, and has no more exhilarating power than wine that has stood in an open glass for a week.

I must not indulge in envy or ill temper, for these are moral jaundice, injurious to the blood and the complexion. I hope I should want to avoid these evil passions for higher motives, but now I am thinking of complexion.

I must take sufficient exercise, for by means of it the waste matter that would otherwise accumulate in the system is thrown off at the pores of the skin. I must also observe cleanliness strictly, that the pores be not obstructed.

And I must remember, too, that the mind and body mutually influence each other, and that

"Even from the body's purity the mind
Receives a secret, sympathetic aid."

As they are so mysteriously connected, one cannot be perfectly healthy unless the other is so; knowing this will stimulate me to regulate my passions and emotions, and keep a watch over my thoughts so that no unwholesome ones enter and defile the inner temple of my soul. I must also try to cultivate my mental powers, so that I can judge between right and wrong, the good and the evil.

All this would add to my happiness, I know, even if I did not *look* a whit better. I can see that a great many good results would follow from the observance of the simplest of these rules; it is well with us when we are right.

For instance, by holding myself erect and breathing

sufficient quantities of pure air I shall be more elastic and graceful in my movements; and if my lungs are fully expanded and strong, my voice will be clearer and sweeter, and my chest more full and rounded. Are not graceful movements, and a musical voice, and a beautiful bust rare attractions? The improvement in my complexion may be taken into the account also; and the greater sprightliness of body and mind, I feel sure, will animate the expression of my eyes and thus increase my beauty. Certainly, if my mind and body were properly active, my features would be more expressive of pleasant feelings and thoughts; intelligence beautifies the face, and peaceful emotion would be sure to give gentleness to my voice.

Oh, there is no calculating the advantages that will flow from *one* right habit! and, besides, it makes the attainment of all other right habits easier; I learned this long ago, but I never realized it as I do now, since I became in earnest about improving. I don't believe that people in general understand the philosophy of these things, or they would not submit to be ugly, and deformed, and miserable, when they might more easily be good, and happy, and beautiful.

I have my temper also to subdue, so that it shall rise so far and no farther than is right; now it is rather a turbulent member of society. I remember well the lecture of Aunt Eustace on this point; the substance has become incorporated into my reflections. I will—yes, I *will* govern my temper!

(Conclusion next month.)

WOMAN'S UNION MISSION BANDS, ETC.*

We are receiving good news of the progress of Mrs. Mason and her friends in this noble work of teaching and Christianizing heathen women. The idea seems to awaken a new chord in the hearts of our American ladies. We have now the following programme of the society, which we give in full, thus obviating the necessity of sending out circulars. We request our friends to read this paper carefully and then consider what they can do, each one according to her means and opportunities, to aid in this good mission. It has the recommendation of many leading clergymen among each denomination, and "honorable women, not a few," are working earnestly in the cause.

TO THE FRIENDS OF WOMAN'S ELEVATION IN HEATHEN LANDS.

SAYS a missionary long in India: "The greatest barrier to the spread of Christianity in India is *Woman*."

So in Burmah, the greatest hindrance to the conversion of the men is the *Women*. India, with its thousands of grating Zenanas, sends out a thrilling cry for light for its suffering *Widows*; while 125,000 women in Tounghoo and the Red Karen Land are stretching out their hands to the Christian women of America for help. And says a gentleman thoroughly acquainted with missionary work: "For these poor heathen ever to be reached, *WOMEN must come to their rescue*."

In view of these earnest calls, a few ladies have resolved to try and help instruct them, so far as they may be able, *working with all evangelized denominations*.

It is therefore proposed that friends interested give or collect the sum of TWENTY DOLLARS annually for five years, for the purpose of sending out and supporting the Widows and Daughters of Missionaries, and other single ladies, to raise up Native Female Bible Readers and Teachers for their own Countrywomen. These ladies to go out by invitation of responsible persons, and to missions of their own denominations.

One hundred collectors are desired, but at present it

* If any reader of the Lady's Book would like to have the large circular, including all the recommendations, etc., let her send an envelope stamped to Mrs. Hale.

is proposed to send only two ladies. One of these is desired for the Tounghoo women and one for the Hindu widows, the first to be connected with Mrs. Mason in Tounghoo, the latter to be connected either with missionaries of the Scotch Free Church or with Episcopalians, in Calcutta.

To avoid the multiplicity of societies, it is proposed to form little Union Mission Bands in associations already existing. Therefore,

Any *Maternal Association* giving Three Collectorships shall be entitled to a correspondence with a Sister Association in Tounghoo or India, with Quarterly Reports.

Any *Committee of Systematic Visitation* giving Three Collectors, shall be entitled to a Foreign District, with Quarterly Reports.

Any *Magdalen Society* giving Three Collectors shall be entitled to a Native Visitor among the lost women of Tounghoo or India, with Quarterly Reports.

Any *Sunday School* giving Three Collectorships shall be entitled to a Mission School of its own in Tounghoo or India, with Quarterly Reports.

Any *Bible or Tract Society* giving Three Collectorships shall be entitled to a Native Bible Reader or Tract Distributor, with Quarterly Reports.

Any *Library Committee* giving sixty dollars' worth of books annually, and any *Sewing Circle* giving a sixty dollar box of work, stationery, apparatus, bedding, or clothing annually, shall be entitled to Quarterly Correspondence with the ladies or schools to which they are sent.

Smaller bands may be formed of two or three; or friends can send their contributions direct to the Secretary or Treasurer of the Society.

One object of these Bands is to help native chiefs to establish, carry on, and support schools for themselves, both male and female, thereby seeking their evangelization and civilization. To this end it has been found necessary, in some instances, to form little colonies of Highlanders on the plains, and teach them agriculture. Therefore, any agricultural implements will be thankfully received, for the Karens of Tounghoo, in particular, whose only implements are a long knife and spade.

The smallest contributions in money, apparatus, books, stationery, fancy-work for fairs or auctions, bedding, clothing for ladies or children, remnants of cloths for native jackets and pantaloons, handkerchiefs for natives, and anything that can be used in schools, or that will be salable in India, will be thankfully received and faithfully forwarded, according to the request of the donors.

* * * * *

The first Woman's Union Mission Band was formed in Boston, Nov. 16th, 1860; but the first invitation to the ladies of New York to form such small bands was made Dec. 6th, and to the ladies of Brooklyn, Dec. 14th, when this circular was read and approved, and two bands immediately formed in that city. No General Society was organized, however, until Jan. 9th, 1861, when the ladies of New York and Brooklyn met at Mrs. Le Roy's, 132 Fifth Avenue, and organized the

WOMAN'S UNION MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF AMERICA FOR
HEATHEN LANDS.

President, Mrs. THOMAS C. DOREMUS.

Secretary, Miss SARAH D. DOREMUS.

Treasurer, RICHARD L. WYCKOFF.

Sub-Treasurer, Mrs. R. L. WYCKOFF
Box 479, New York City.

All communications and parcels for this Society should be addressed to the Secretary, Miss SARAH D. DOREMUS, (Doremus & Nixon,) 21 Park Place, New York City, or to the Treasurer.

OUR SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR WOMAN'S MISSION.—Since last month we have received some money for Mrs. Mason's school at Tounghoo, and many good promises. One young lady has sent us her pledged word as *Manager* to pay \$20 in July; and, if nothing hinders, to pay the same amount yearly for five years. Other ladies have promised donations as soon as the present demands for the wants of the poor are lessened. We shall be glad to register all these names in our Book. At present we have

Mrs. F. M. Taylor, Philadelphia, \$2.

Miss J. —, Delaware, \$10.

SWISS HUSBANDS.—Miss Bremer, in her new work about the "Old World," makes the following pithy remarks:—

"The Swiss man, it appears to me, does not often regard his wife according to the requirement of the beautiful Swedish term *Maka*, or, equal; and, not unfrequently, one otherwise good and distinguished man deserves the satire which the little son of one of my acquaintance on one occasion unconsciously expressed, when he said to his little sister, 'Now thou shalt be my wife; go and stand in the corner!'

She. But why must I be thy wife?

He. That I may have somebody to scold."

NEW BOOKS.—Among the English works announced is "The Home-Life of English Ladies in the Seventeenth Century," by the author of "Magdalen Stafford."

The "Athenæum" has the following notice of one of Little, Brown & Co.'s Boston publications:—

"We have collections of English ballads and collections of Scotch ballads of every kind and merit; but a well-edited work, comprising the ancient traditional ballads of both countries, was unknown until the appearance of the American collection, by Mr. F. J. Child, a Professor of Harvard College, and the editor of the Boston edition of the British Poets. A new edition of Mr. Child's 'English and Scotch Ballads,' revised by the editor, is about to be placed at a moderate price, by Messrs. Sampson Low & Son of London, within the reach of the British reading public."

MISS S. J. HALE'S BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, 1826 RITTENHOUSE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA.

This school is designed to give a thorough and liberal English education, to furnish the best facilities for acquiring the French language, and the best instruction in music and the other accomplishments. An accomplished French teacher resides in the family, and also an excellent teacher of music, who gives her personal attention to pupils while practising. The moral training and the health and physical development of the scholars are carefully attended to.

References: Mrs. Emma Willard, Troy, N. Y.; Henry Vethake, LL.D., Wm. B. Stevens, D.D., Wm. H. Ashurst, Esq., Louis A. Godey, Esq., Philadelphia; Charles Hodge, D.D., Princeton, N. J.; and others.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.—The following articles are accepted: "Laws and Ordinances"—"The Heart of the Andes"—"Night and Morning"—"To an Absent Wife"—"Lord Ronald"—"Doubt no More"—"How it Came About"—"To a Monthly Rose" (we have not room for both poems)—and "Starlight."

We have not room for the following articles: "My Second Home"—"Love"—"To Miss Viola *****"—"Woman's Love"—"Oh, then do they Remember me?"—"For whom we should Mourn" (and the other poem; we have no room)—"Going Home" (the writer must try till she succeeds)—"Annotations"—"Julie and I"—"A Keepsake" (quite pretty, and worthy a place if we had room)—"He Loves me in his Heart"—"Song"—"Lines to my Mother"—"Genevieve" (the writer is correct when she says that the "piece is not strictly poetry")—"Mabel Gray"—"Midnight"—"The Mountain Storm"—"Augusta"—"Chestnut Barre"—"I Mourn your Absence" (the poem is worth publishing if we had room)—and "Woman's Rights."

Health Department.

BY JNO. STAINBACK WILSON, M. D.

ULCERATED SORE MOUTH OF CHILDREN.—This affection differs from common thrush or thrash in the formation of ulcers on the gums, inside of the cheeks, etc. The ulcers appear perhaps oftener than otherwise on the gums, and the ulceration sometimes progresses to such an extent as to destroy the gums, leaving the teeth more or less exposed.

The *symptoms* are—heat of the mouth, an increased flow of saliva or spittle, an offensive breath, swelling of the upper lip, with enlargement and tenderness of the glands beneath the jaws. The gums are swollen, red or violet-colored, readily bleeding to the touch, and covered with a layer of grayish pulpy matter. Ulcerated sore mouth occurs for the most part in weakly children who have been badly nourished and exposed to damp and cold.

The *treatment* of this disorder should consist in washing the mouth frequently with cold water, and occasionally with a solution of the chlorate of potash. The mouth should be gently cleansed five or six times a day with cold water, and the potash solution should be applied once or twice a day. The latter should also be given internally, as it seems to have specific powers in changing the morbid condition of the general system upon which the ulceration of the mouth depends. The dose of chlorate of potash is five grains dissolved in a little sweetened water.

While these remedies are being used, the general health of the little sufferer should not be neglected. It should be warmly clad, nourished with milk, and wholesome, digestible food, and kept as much as possible in a pure, dry atmosphere. Whenever the weather and other circumstances will admit of it, the patient should have the benefit of the outdoor air and sunshine.

GANGRENOUS OR MORTIFIED SORE MOUTH.—This is a very formidable disease, and its treatment should never be attempted in domestic practice. We only introduce it for the purpose of giving the symptoms, so that it may be recognized, and the timely aid of a physician may be sought. It generally occurs in children between two and five years, who have been prostrated by some wasting disease, or by some kind of bad management. This kind of sore mouth is often attributed to mercury, and if this remedy has been used, the blame is almost sure to be laid on it. But it should be known that sore mouth frequently occurs where no mercury has been used, and it cannot be said that the disease under consideration has ever been positively traced, in a single instance, to the action of mercury. The disease commences most commonly, perhaps, in one cheek; the pain may not be very great, but the breath is highly offensive, and the running at the mouth profuse. The affected part soon becomes hard, red, shining, and tense; and if the mouth is examined, a deep, unhealthy excavated or dug-out ulcer will be found, corresponding in situation with the external hardness. The ulceration spreads rapidly over the whole inside of the mouth, involving the gums, inside of the cheeks, and even the jaw bones themselves.

After what has been said, it is needless to add anything as to the *treatment* of this frightful disorder. We will say, however, for the encouragement of mothers, that a skillful physician can generally arrest it in its early

stages. Therefore, no time should be lost in obtaining the best medical advice.

FRUITS FOR CHILDREN.—The fruit kingdom affords an almost endless supply of delicious and wholesome food. But as articles of this class are generally taken, they may more properly be considered as dangerous luxuries than as healthful food—as a curse rather than a blessing. Dr. Paris says: “Were we to form our opinion of their value (fruits) from their abuse, we should certainly be rather disposed to class them under the head of poisons than of aliments.” The great error in the use of fruits consists in making them a dessert; in crowding the stomach with them when it is already full; and in eating them, at all times, between meals, when there is no natural demand or desire for them. Fruits, when taken along with our food, *as food*, and in moderation, are highly conducive to health; and, as the writer just quoted appropriately remarks, they “appear to be providentially sent at a season when the body requires that cooling and antiseptic aliment which they are so well calculated to afford.”

These general remarks have peculiar force when applied to children. How common is it for children, in fruit time, to be stuffing with fruits of all kinds from morning until night! And sometimes the work of destruction (destruction to the fruit, and still more destructive to the child) does not even stop at night, but the little fellows are allowed to nibble away on their apples, peaches, nuts, etc., after retiring to bed. But still worse—the fruits thus eaten at such improper times and in such excessive quantities, are often green or only half-ripe, or over-ripe, and in a state of incipient decay. No wonder, then, that the maledictions of mothers and physicians have been vented upon the fruit kingdom! No wonder that cholera, colic, convulsions, worms, wind, and watery gripes, and all the long train of infant maladies have been charged upon the products of the orchard. And with such notions as these, it is not at all strange that many are ready to forego some of the best gifts of God to man, and to exterminate their orchards as an unmitigated evil. But this is all wrong. Fruits eaten at the right time, in a proper condition, and in reasonable quantities, so far from being a cause of disease, are highly conducive to the health of the whole human family, children and all; and they should be cultivated and enjoyed with thankfulness, and not cursed, destroyed, and unjustly charged with evils for which the fruits are in nowise responsible.

What then is the right time? To this, we answer that fruits should form a part of the regular meal, and that, as a general rule, it is best to include them in the first course, instead of reserving them as a second course, or dessert.

As to the *condition* of the fruits we have this to say: they should be fully ripe, but not over-ripe and partly rotten. Moreover, they should be peeled and cored, if necessary. The seeds and peelings of almost all kinds of fruit are very indigestible, and therefore fruits taken—as children usually take them—skin, seed, pulp, and all, are literally a *fruitful* source of disease.

As to the quantity of fruit eaten, we will only remark that the plan suggested by us is the very best to prevent these excesses, in which children are so prone to indulge.

But then it may be said, “This is all well enough, but it is impossible to control children, and they *will* eat from morning until night, if they can have access to the orchard.” This is true; but to avoid this difficulty,

children should never be allowed to go into the orchard. Some one should be sent to select the fruit for each meal, and the children should not touch it until it is placed upon the table. One word as to preparing fruits for the table, if they are fully ripe, it will be sufficient to peel them, and to remove the core or seed, if necessary. But if fruits not fully ripe are used, they should be stewed or baked before bringing them to the table. Some green fruits, such as apples, are wholesome when well cooked; and dried fruits, such as apples, peaches, pears, prunes, &c., are cooling, laxative, and highly conducive to health when well stewed. And, by the way, baking or stewing is the best mode of cooking most fruits.

COLUMBUS, Ga

Literary Notices.

BOOKS BY MAIL.—Now that the postage on printed matter is so low, we offer our services to procure for our subscribers or others any of the books that we notice. Information touching books will be cheerfully given by inclosing a stamp to pay return postage.

When ordering a book, please mention the name of the publisher.

FROM T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

A MESSAGE FROM THE SEA; and THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER. By Charles Dickens, author of "Pickwick Papers," "David Copperfield," "Tale of Two Cities," "Christmas Stories," &c. Of this volume we have only read "A Message from the Sea," a story which involves several other stories, evidently not from the pen of Dickens, and having no particular connection with the main one, around which the interests of the reader will gather. A Yankee sea-captain, somewhat broadly drawn, as is usual with our trans-Atlantic friends, figures prominently, pleasingly, and benevolently in the narrative. Price 50 cents.

FROM LEARY, GETZ, & CO., Philadelphia:—

THE OLD LOG SCHOOL-HOUSE. *Furnished with Incidents of School Life, Notes of Travel, Poetry, Hints to Teachers and Pupils, and Miscellaneous Sketches.* Illustrated. By Alexander Clark, editor of "Clark's School Visitor." A book entitled to a place and a name among American novels, which, though perhaps not equal to the best, will yet not suffer materially by a comparison with our literature of a strictly national type. The prominent story of the volume, "The Log School-House," must command unqualified approval for the construction and development of its plot, and the beautiful and poetical sentiments so often expressed throughout it. Of its literary merits, however, we cannot speak quite so unreservedly. To our mind there is a certain crudeness and want of finish in its style which is more felt than perceived by the reader, that betrays haste or carelessness on the part of the writer, rather than want of skill. The miscellaneous articles of which the balance of the book is composed, are of the excellence of superior newspaper articles, imparting pleasure, or conveying good lessons to the mind, yet leaving no impression of extraordinary merit in them.

FROM HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, through PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

ONE OF THEM. By Charles Lever, author of "Charles

O'Malley," "Gerald Fitzgerald," "Maurice Tierney," etc. etc. This is one of the liveliest and most interesting of Lever's later novels, which, by the way, have, in some instances, been rather dry, dull, and prosy, with scarcely a glimmer of that rattling spirit, sparkling wit, vivacious humor, and thrilling rapidity of incident which rendered his earlier productions so deservedly popular. "One of Them," however, as we have intimated, is not unlike Lever's former self, though still in a different vein, and will be found attractive reading. Price 50 cents.

THE CHILDREN'S PICTURE-BOOK OF QUADRUPEDS, and other Mammalia. Illustrated with sixty-one engravings by W. Harvey. This is a companion to "The Children's Picture-Book of Birds," which we have noticed, and equally with it entitled to praise. Price 75 cents.

FROM D. APPLETON & CO., New York, through SAMUEL HAZARD, JR., Philadelphia:—

THE ILLUSTRATED HORSE DOCTOR: Being an Accurate and Detailed Account of the Various Diseases to which the Equine Race are subjected; together with the latest Mode of Treatment, and all the requisite Prescriptions, written in plain English. By Edward Mayhew, M. R. C. V. S., author of "The Horse's Mouth," "Dogs: their Management," editor of "Blair's Veterinary Art," etc. Illustrated with more than 400 pictorial representations. This is one of the fullest and completest works of its class. We would particularly recommend it to the attention of such of our friends, agricultural or otherwise, as may take a pride in horses. To them it will be invaluable, not only as presenting means of relief to the known ailments of the animals in their possession, but also as acquainting them with facts they might not otherwise become cognizant of, which, once understood, ought to excite their humane sympathies in behalf of the dumb companions of their pleasures and labors. Price \$2 50.

FROM RUDD & CARLETON, New York, through PETERSON & BROTHERS, and LIPPINCOTT & CO., Philadelphia:—

THE GREAT PREPARATION; or, Redemption Draweth Nigh. By the Rev. John Cumming, D. D., F. R. S. E., Minister of the Scottish National Church, Crown Court, Covent Garden, author of "The Great Tribulation," etc. Second series. The previous works of Dr. Cumming have met with such success in this country, and his name has become so familiar among our Christian population, that we need only announce the appearance of this, the second volume on the subject of "The Great Preparation," to secure it readers. Price \$1 00.

PRAYER FOR RULERS; or, Duty of Christian Patriots. A Discourse, preached in the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, New York, on the Day of the National Fast, January 4, 1891. By Rev. William Adams, D. D. Price 25 cents.

FROM ROBERT CARTER & BROTHERS, New York, through MARTIN & BROTHER, Philadelphia:—

ANNALS OF THE RESCUED. By the author of "Haste to the Rescue." With a Preface by the Rev. Charles E. L. Wightman. A remarkable feature in the literature of Benevolence, as we may style the many English works, on the condition of the poor and miserable classes of Great Britain, now crowding from the press, is, that the greater portion are written by women. Among these interesting books, the one before us de-

serves a high rank. It records the efforts of the wife of Mr. Wightman (pastor of a parish in Shrewsbury, England) to rescue from drunkenness and destruction the men and women of the congregation. She went forth at her husband's earnest request, and worked always with his warm approval and encouragement. That he found her a help indeed he might well record, as he has done in the preface. All women should read this book, and learn what good a woman has done. Pp. 263.

GRAPES OF ESHCOL; or, *Gleanings from the Land of Promise*. By John R. Macduff, D. D., author of "Morning and Night Watches," "Memories of Bethany," etc. This book will be a real treasure to those who love the gospel. The meditations are short, and can be read by those who have little time at command; the themes are well chosen, and the style is excellent.

HELP HEAVENWARD; or, *Words of Strength and Heart-cheer to Zion's Travellers*. By Octavius Winslow, D. D. In this series of short sermons, or rather expositions of particular texts of Scripture, without the formality of a discourse prepared for the pulpit, the author has shown eminent fitness to be the adviser of his readers. Few, we think, will lay aside this book from weariness, even when they may not love the truths and duties it so earnestly yet tenderly urges on men. It is a work well suited to the cabinet library of the reader who wishes to reach heaven.

ENGLAND'S YEOMEN: *from Life in the Nineteenth Century*. By Maria Louisa Charlesworth, author of "Ministering Children," "The Ministry of Life," etc. Those who have read the books of this author need not be told that this one is very interesting; we think it surpasses any she has sent forth. It is the history of an English farmer and of the family to which he belonged. We learn the manner of agricultural life in that old and crowded land, the condition and character of the mass, where hired laborers are never expected to rise above their station of servants; and we learn, too, how noble is the effort of a Christian family to sustain their faith when they have not only no help from the rector of their church, but actually, hindrances. The unfaithful pastor and the faithful member of the Establishment are graphically pictured, and three important lessons are taught, namely, the worth of the Liturgy, the benefit of regular attendance at church, and the importance of the family Bible. We hope this book will be widely circulated. It is excellent and very entertaining.

From M. DOOLADY, New York, through PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

THE SHADOW IN THE HOUSE: *A Novel*. By John Saunders. This is a book likely to attract considerable attention in literary circles. It is decidedly dramatic in its character, and overflows with the poetry of description and sentiment. As a novel it is of the narratory order, and rather scanty in incident. Price \$1 00.

From JOSEPH HARRIS, Rochester, New York:—

THE RURAL ANNUAL AND HORTICULTURAL DI-RECTORY, for the Year 1861: Containing Treatises on Matters of Interest to the Farmer, the Fruit-grower, and the Horticulturist. Illustrated with eighty engravings. Price 25 cents.

From DINSMORE & Co., New York:—

DINSMORE'S RAILROAD AND STEAM NAVIGATION GUIDE, for the United States, Canada, etc., Janu-ary, 1861: Containing a new Railroad Map, and many

valuable Tables of interest and importance to the trav-eller. Price 25 cents.

From CROSBY, NICHOLS, LEE, & Co., Boston:—

MARION GRAHAM; or, "*Higher than Happiness*." By Meta Lander, author of "Light on the Dark River," "The Broken Bud," etc. This is one of the class of sentimental novels—the term used in its best sense—the reading of which is calculated to arouse aspirations of a pure and noble nature in the heart. The style in which it is written partakes of that delicacy and grace which characterize the writings of a refined, talented, and noble woman. Price \$1 25.

From A. MORRIS, Richmond, Va., through S. HAZARD, Jr., Philadelphia:—

FLOWERS OF HOPE AND MEMORY: *A Collection of Poems*. By Cornelia J. M. Jordan. Our thanks are due the talented authoress for a copy of this work. Without according it extraordinary literary or poetic merit, we assure our readers that it is a volume that will awake the sympathies and touch the heart of every one who has loved a friend or lost a little one. It is emphatically a book for the home circle, inspired with deep religious sentiment and blossoming with the flowers of home feelings and affections.

Godey's Arm-Chair.

GODEY FOR APRIL, 1861.—"The Pet Donkey." A pet plate, and one of unequalled fineness and beauty. Examine it critically; see the lights and shades; examine the faces, even in their minuteness how beautiful. It is a masterpiece of engraving.

Our Fashion-plate. Some doubt was expressed when we commenced these fashions whether we would continue them. Among others, our contemporaries said they were too expensive, except for an occasional plate; but as we do not use any lures to get subscribers, by giving in a January number what we would not give in any other number of the year, "a custom more honored in the breach than in the observance," we still continue these beautiful fashions, and that they will continue to grow more beautiful, let this and future numbers prove. As we have stated before, but as it is a fact that we wish to impress upon our subscribers, we again state, that in no country in Europe, or in this country, are there any such fashions published, and we challenge a contradiction. We have continued and will continue them, notwithstanding the immense additional expense, knowing that the American people will sustain us. The best will always be sought after.

The extension-plate of spring fashions in this number is entirely extra, and does not interfere with the usual variety in our Book. This plate, and the one in the March number is a spring offering to our subscribers.

OUR APRIL FASHIONS.—We are indebted to Mr. Letson, of the celebrated house of Messrs. A. T. Stewart & Co., of New York, for the patterns of Figs. 2 and 3 in the extension-plate of spring fashions; also for other patterns, to Stewart & Co., Messrs. Lord & Taylor, and the Brodie, all of New York, and Messrs. T. W. Evans & Co. of Philadelphia. All of these firms take an interest in the Lady's Book.

IMPOSTOR—That deaf and dumb woman turned up again. Every year we have to advertise this woman. We have done it for three successive years. Here she is again, and, before publishing the letter, we will state that she is not deaf and dumb—even this is an imposture. And we will also add that, in every case of this kind, persons are induced to subscribe on account of the low price at which the Book is offered. In this case it will be seen that two dollars is the amount, when our price is three. This alone ought to open the eyes of people, for what is to pay our agent when he or she offers a work at less than the subscription price? We again repeat that we have no agents soliciting subscriptions.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

HARRISBURG, Jan. 23, 1861.

L. A. GODEY, Esq.: DEAR SIR—Some time last fall I subscribed for your magazine. The subscription was solicited by a young lady representing herself to be deaf and dumb. I paid her \$2 00. A number of others in Reading subscribed for various magazines. I have not received the January or February number. Will you oblige me by writing to me at your earliest convenience on the subject? B.

ANOTHER IMPOSTOR—Some fellow is travelling in the West announcing himself as a member of one of the largest distributing periodical agencies in the country. His card reads: "Wholesale agents for 'Godey's Lady's Book,' 'The Atlantic Monthly,' and all standard periodicals. Office, 327 Broadway, New York." The respectable firm that he pretends to represent has no office on Broadway, and they have no travelling agents. He ought to be arrested.

THIS IS TRUE—We are head and shoulders above the circulation of any magazine, and have never offered a bribe in the shape of a premium. The *Binghampton Democrat* understands that when it says:—

"The immense increase in the circulation of Godey—having doubled itself in the last three years—is a convincing proof of the superiority of the work, if the work itself was not sufficient evidence. And when it is considered that not a bribe in the shape of a premium has ever been offered, it shows that Godey's Lady's Book stands first in the hearts of American ladies, who subscribe for the sake of the Book and not the premium. The literature of the Lady's Book is by the first writers in America, and has always been remarkable for its high literary and moral character. Clergymen recommend the Book, and it can be read aloud in the family circle. The matter is far superior to that of any other magazine, having a healthy and instructive tone."

As superior to every other magazine ever published was pronounced our January number; yet our notices now say that succeeding numbers are even superior to that. We are sure that our March number was, and we invite public opinion as regards this number.

PIKE CO. Miss.

HAVING had occasion during the holidays to use more cakes, etc. than heretofore (and living in the country, had not the assistance of confectioners), we found your most excellent receipts of more value than three times the subscription of the Book. Although I am only a little girl, the Lady's Book is one of my special luxuries. I will send you another club in a few days.

Respectfully yours,

M. E. V.

OUR MUSICAL COLUMN.

Musical Matters in the City.—The activity in opera and concert announced in our last has by no means continued, and the evident close of what is generally termed the musical season will be in striking contrast with the *début* of its opening. The season is not yet at an end, however, and it is the earnest desire in musical circles that one more passing gleam of opera may be granted to longing eyes ere the Academy shall be locked up or handed over to the carpenters for the summer.

The Classical Sources of Karl Wolfsohn, at the Foyer of the Academy, have been well attended; and, at the Musical Fund Hall, the delightful Rehearsals of the Germania Orchestra (now, and for some time, a prominent Philadelphia institution) have made Saturday afternoons a time of sweet sounds and of fluttering among the ladies. Indeed, so far multiplied have been these elegant reunions that we are beginning to have grave fears of our white cravat. Will it last the season through, we wonder? And so we are consoled even for the loss of little Patti, and clumsy Brignoli, and obese Amedeo.

Baumbeek's Operatic Selections.—This is a collection of about one hundred favorite airs, selected from nearly fifty operas, and arranged in an easy manner for the piano-forte, with the fingers marked for beginners. It is published in the oblong form, at the low price of 75 cents, containing an amount of music which, if purchased in sheet form, would cost ten times the sum. Russell & Tolman, Boston, are the publishers, but we can supply it to any address. The melodies, of course, are without the words.

New Sheet Music.—From Erth, Pond, & Co., New York, whose issues are among the most popular of the day, we have to notice since our last the publication of the following: 'Tis but a Little Faded Flower, ballad, by Thomas, sung by Madame Bishop, 35 cents; Virginia Belle, by Foster, composer of Gentle Annie, 25 cents; As Pants the Hart, a beautiful psalm for four voices, with soprano solo, 30 cents; Bittle-It Polka, double length, by Mason, 50 cents; and three beautiful ballads by R. Storrs Willis, Twilight, Nannerl, and My Baby's Shoe, the last, a mother's song, affecting enough to draw tears from every eye, price of each ballad 25 cents.

The following are published by Russell & Tolman, Boston: Shooting Star, galop brillante, by Kielblock, 30 cents; Udolo Polka, by Hess, 30 cents; Warblings at Eve, Song without Words, by Brinley Richards, 30 cents; The Long, Weary Day, transcribed by Mills, 35 cents; Good News from Home, a beautiful transcription by Wm. Vincent Wallace of this favorite melody, 50 cents; Twelve Songs without Words, by Otto Dresel, a delightful collection of melodies for the advanced performer, \$1 00; and Teach me Thy Ways, sacred quartette with soprano solo, a splendid composition for church choirs or parlor singing, 30 cents. We also again refer to the list of music, mostly songs and ballads, from the same publishers, as noticed in our musical column last month.

We can furnish our friends with any of the above, as well as pieces named in the January, February, and March numbers, on receipt of price. We also repeat the offer of a copy of the new and popular song, Poor Ben the Piper, to all who order music to the extent of two dollars from any of our lists. Address J. Starr Holloway, Philadelphia. J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

The postage on the Lady's Book, if paid three months in advance at the office where it is received, is *four and a half cents for three monthly numbers*.

THE PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL RAILROAD.

To our friends who are contemplating a summer journey we can recommend no pleasanter one than a trip over this well-conducted line. The cars are protected from dust and cinders, and are provided with every convenience; and the night cars which are attached to the trains have been tried sufficiently long to make their merits known. Notwithstanding the difficulties and dangers in crossing the Alleghanies, it is a road remarkably free from accident, while its time equals that of any other.

After leaving Philadelphia, the direction of the road is through a beautiful and highly cultivated region until it reaches the Susquehanna, when the face of the country assumes a bolder and more picturesque appearance. The landscape of the Juniata, whose course is followed for so many miles by the Pennsylvania Central, is in the highest degree romantic; and so many delightful summer haunts might be found among its valleys that we wonder pleasure-seekers have not before this established themselves there during the warm season.

But the greatest enjoyment and greatest wonder is yet to come. Let every one avoid losing this part of the road by passing over it in the night. We refer to the crossing of the Alleghanies. Here one may behold the triumph of modern engineering. The train ascends, not by imperceptible gradations, but boldly and rapidly, in a zigzag course, by a series of steep grades. The result of this is that the road in advance may often be viewed from the car windows, appearing like a branch road, joining the main nearly at right angles, until the astonished traveller finds himself, by a sudden sweep of the train, passing over this very track. The mountain on whose side the ascent is made rises out of sight on the one hand; while on the other, close beside the track, the valley sinks hundreds of feet below. Farther off towers mountain over mountain for miles away, forming a landscape unsurpassed in this part of the world for grandeur and sublimity.

The ascent accomplished, the train is suddenly immersed in the darkness of the great tunnel, which is nearly a mile in length, and passes through the mountain at an elevation of 2,200 feet above the sea.

A person having once travelled this road has but one thing to regret—that the day is not long enough for him to enjoy all its beauties on one trip.

Having reached Pittsburg, if the traveller be northerly bound, he will proceed on his way by the Cleveland and Pittsburg Railroad, the cars of which he will find commodious and comfortable; while the road itself, after following for a short distance the course of the Ohio River, and affording an occasional view of a steamer ploughing her way up or down that beautiful stream, strikes through a fertile and undulating country, pausing for a moment at pretty villages and thriving towns, until at last it reaches Cleveland.

If the destination be westward, the Pittsburg, Columbus, and Cincinnati Railroad possesses advantages over other routes. Its speed is faster, and the scenery through which it passes is more varied, and it gives also to the traveller an opportunity of visiting Columbus, a quiet little city, whose chief object of interest is the State Capitol, which, next to the Capitol at Washington, is the finest building of its kind in the United States.

Both these last mentioned roads are well conducted, and furnished with every convenience for passengers; and the increasing business which they receive proves

that they are becoming more and more appreciated by the travelling public.

EXTRACT from a letter:—

I cannot close, Mr. Godey, without telling you how thankful I feel to you for your efforts in behalf of the ladies. I have been a subscriber to your *Lady's Book* only one year, but I think will continue to be one as long as I live. I am a young wife, and I feel that you are helping me discharge my duty as a wife, and mistress of a family, more than any one else could. I had as leave think of doing without one meal every day, as my *Lady's Book*. Yours truly, Mrs. L. S., *Arkansas*.

As the purpose of the *Lady's Book* is to give valuable information that may be preserved, we deem it our duty to insert the following:—

"A person apparently dead by drowning, is not always beyond reach of resuscitation. Presence of mind and intelligent direction will, in many times, recall the faculties supposed to be forever lost. Let the rescued body be rubbed dry and enveloped in hot blankets, as a first step, and, if possible, place it near a quick fire. External friction is next indicated, and let it be continued until the skin is a-glow. Hot water at the feet, and bottles of hot water under each armpit, added to the rubbing with flannel, will expedite a return of the circulation; while, if in any way possible, a little spirits should be poured down the throat of the patient. While this is being done, let the head be raised by a pillow of moderate height, and irritate the nose by pungent salts, or snuff to excite action and sensation; and lastly, endeavor to imitate respiration by closing one nostril, blowing into the other with a bellows, and pressing upon the chest as in the natural process of breathing. It must be borne in mind, however, that the back of the neck must be pressed to expel the air thus forced into it, after the manner of natural breathing.

"By the very competent medical practitioner who gives us this information, we are informed that restoration has been effected by this means by constant perseverance, after eight hours' suspension—a matter which should be impressed upon the memory of every one, as life may be restored long after—to all appearances—it has been manifestly extinct."

A NICE POINT.—Some ladies have objected because we address them as "esquires." Now, let us argue this point. A lady writes us a letter, and, assuming a name, she signs it "J. Smith." Now, would it not be presumed that said J. Smith was a masculine biped? That is one point. Now, suppose she signed it "Jane Smith." How are we to know whether Jane has been hooped? that is, with the hoop matrimonial—the ring. And again, suppose a lady signs a letter "Frank E. Smith." Would you not—no, not that—but would you not affirm that said Frank was a decided pan alconic character? Most undoubtedly. This is the way the ladies bother us. We are willing to Mrs. or Miss them—but we should be sorry to do the latter, for they are always welcome to us; but, ladies, dear ladies, why do you not, when you sign your names, put the prefix (Miss) Jane Smith, or Miss Frank E. Smith, or Mrs. John Smith, or whatever your names may be? Please try and remember this.

CAUTION.—When sending money, use a wafer in sealing your letter, in addition to the sealing matter that is on the envelope. The want of this precaution has cost us an immense amount of money.

We ask attention to the advertisement of the Illinois Central Railroad, on the fourth page of our cover. Here is a chance offered to all to obtain farms on reasonable terms. We found the following in an exchange paper:—

"A VERIFIED ESTIMATE.—In the year 1851, Mr. Robert Rantoul, of Massachusetts, at the time Solicitor of the Illinois Central Railroad Company, put forth a pamphlet, in which he boldly asserted that if our prairies could be speedily opened by the construction of railroads, the increase of population in Illinois would be one hundred and ten per cent. in the next ten years. Probably the statement of Mr. Rantoul had a greater influence on the minds of capitalists than those of any other writer at that time, and the result of the late census is a remarkable illustration of the accuracy and ability with which Mr. Rantoul studied the progress of emigration westward, and verifies his prediction that the great volume of this emigration would settle on the prairie soil of Illinois, because of the wonderful ease with which it could be converted into cultivated farms. The amount expended on railroads in this State since 1850 is nearly one hundred millions of dollars. In the same period the population has increased one hundred and two per cent.—from 851,470 in 1850 to 1,739,496 in 1860. On the line of the Illinois Central Railroad the percentage of increase has been very much greater, being one hundred and forty-two per cent. There are forty-nine counties touched by this road, which show a population of 814,891 in 1860 against 335,589 in 1850, a gain of 479,293. In the fifty-three counties not touched by the Illinois Central Railroad the increase is only seventy-six per cent. These counties in 1850 contained a population of 613,875. In 1860 the same counties have 924,605."

SPEAKING OF OUR NEEDLES, here is one among the many favorable notices we receive of our needles, and we select the following for reasons that the letter itself will show. Let it be remembered that Brooklyn is opposite New York, and three minutes and two cents take you from one city to the other.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Feb. 2, 1861.

L. A. GODEY: SIR—Please send a package of your celebrated needles. I cannot find any in the city that will equal them. Also, a package of copying paper.

Mrs. H.

TO THOSE WHO PURCHASE THE LADY'S BOOK OF DEALERS, AND TO THOSE WHO RECEIVE THEIR SUPPLIES FROM THEM.—We wish all such to understand that if they find any advertisement in the Book, placed loosely in there, that they are not from us. We are induced to give this notice, which will also be found on the top of the first page of our Book, because advertisements are placed in the Book obnoxious to us and to others, and we object most strenuously to their being put there; but we cannot control them, as we sell our Book in large quantities to those who sell to others, and who, themselves being publishers of books, put these advertisements in the Lady's Book for the purpose of distributing them.

CITY RAILROADS.—What a revolution city railroads have made! Everybody rides in them. Very few now keep carriages; there is no necessity of them. We frequently ride up in the cars with a lady who is worth in her own right \$2,000,000. It is not necessary for the preservation of her dignity that she should keep a carriage, and few do now, except those who feel that necessity.

CAMDEN AND AMBOY RAILROAD COMPANY.—Nothing speaks more loudly in favor of the careful management of this company than the unexampled prosperity which has attended all its business transactions, and all its efforts to subserve the public interests. For a number of years past we have known a number of the directors and managers of the company, as well as a number of the principal employees, and we do not think that a more prudent and public spirited set of men than the former, or a more obliging and accommodating body of agents than the latter, can be found on any railroad in the country. In saying this much, we repeat nothing more than the admissions made by the public sentiment, and by individuals of every class, who have been in the habit of using that railroad for business or pleasure. As an evidence of the prosperity of the road, their last dividend was six per cent. for six months, and a bonus of twenty-five per cent. payable in stock.

FEMALE MANNERS.—Scarcely anything is so offensive in the manners of a lady, who moves in good society, as that of ostentation. By this is meant that kind of manner which savors too much of self-appreciation and display—indicating a disposition to make herself over conspicuous—and which, in short, is the acting out of a spirit of self-confidence and conceit. This appears badly enough when exhibited by one of the opposite sex, but, when seen in a young lady, it is quite intolerable. Liability to embarrassment from every slight change of circumstances, and an awkward bashfulness, are not, of course, at all desirable; but between these and an ostentatious manner, there is a happy medium, consisting of a due combination of confidence and modesty, which renders a lady pleasing to all with whom she associates. If, however, either of these extremes must be followed, it will be found that diffidence will be more readily pardoned than ostentation. And yet, while ostentatiousness of manner is to be avoided, it is necessary to guard against any appearance of studied reserve. Persons are not unfrequently met with whose manners leave upon the minds of those with whom they come in contact, the painful impression of being regarded with distrust or suspicion. Wherever this trait appears, it is almost certain to excite feelings of anger or prejudice. Most persons will bear anything with more patience than to be told, either directly or indirectly, that they are unworthy of confidence. A significant smile, or nod, or look, with a third person, which is not intended to be understood by the individual with whom conversation is being carried on is a marked violation of propriety, and has often caused a deeply wounded sensibility, and sometimes the loss of friendship. While a lady should studiously avoid everything of this kind, her manners should be characterized by a happy frankness, such as will, in whatever circumstances she may be placed, leave no doubt of her sincerity.

SHADOW BUFF.—Shadow Buff is played in the following manner: If the window happen to have a white curtain, it may be fastened at the bottom, so as to make a smooth still surface; in the absence of a white curtain, a tablecloth may be fastened upon the wall. The one chosen to act the part of the Blind Man sits before the curtain with his back to the light and to his companions. When all is arranged, they pass by on the opposite side of the room, so as to cast their shadow on the white surface. They may put on turbans or shawls, or walk lame, or in any other manner disguise themselves; and he must tell who they are, if he can.

A HINT TO DISTRESSED UNCLES.—Our good friend Avunculus was intrusted with the care of a child for a couple of hours. He rode a cock-horse to Banbury Cross; he ran up the hill with Jack and Jill; he expatiated merrily on the agricultural distress of Little Bo-peep, who had lost all her sheep; and ate bread and butter an infinity of times with Master Tom Tucker; he played at coach and horses; he crowed, and grunted, and brayed with a fidelity worthy of Herr Von Joel, and laid bare all his wealth of nursery lore. His young charge was in ecstasies; it laughed, and clapped its hands, and opened its eyes and ears eagerly for more. The success was undoubted; but, alas! what was fun to the young child was fatigue to the elderly uncle; his strength and memory had alike come to an end, and there was still a big hour left for dandling and romping. Should he pause, but for five minutes, he knew only too well the fatality that would infallibly ensue. The child would certainly cry! probably howl! perhaps kick! and then what was he to do? Not a woman within reach, and he unused to the rebellious ways of children! The crisis was alarming. At last, in his despair—for he had been doing a “ba-a-lamb!” with very indifferent *ecclat*—he hit upon the following bright expedient: “Now, Master Jackey,” he exclaimed, glowingly, “we’ll have a fine game! Let us play at by-by.” So saying, he closed his eyes, and so did the child. Ten minutes afterwards, Avunculus opened half an eyelid to reconnoitre; the trick had answered almost beyond his hopes; the child was fast asleep! He removed the young picture of innocence to the sofa as tenderly as any mother; and “Uncle” continued his newspaper with the greatest comfort until “Mamma” came home to release him from his difficulties. N. B. Remember! the best game to play with a playful child—when there is a great disparity of years between the two playfellows—is “By-by.”

—
We consider this a very great compliment from a religious paper, and one bearing the high character of the *Richmond Christian Intelligencer*. We thank the editor:—

“We have received the January number of Godey’s Lady’s Book, and have to say, without exaggeration, that it is beyond comparison, the FIRST periodical of its kind in this country, if not in the world. The reading matter is carefully prepared for the ‘home circle,’ and, without fear of poisoning their minds, parents may safely place the Book in the hands of the young folks. The sting of the serpent lurks not amid the flowers, as in the purely sensation productions of the day.”

—
TO THOSE WHO WISH TO BEAT DOWN.—It is as well for all to understand that we never allow ourselves to be “beat down” in our price; what we publish we adhere to. Some persons try the experiment, offering us three dollars for two copies of the book. Once for all, our prices are published, and those we abide by.

—
“THE BEST IS ALWAYS THE CHEAPEST.”—Our motto for this year has been fully realized, as our various letters will show. The public has become assured of the fact that for a few cents more they get quadruple the matter they get in any other magazine, and tenfold more beautiful.

—
PHOTOGRAPHIC portrait visiting cards are now all the rage.

THE *Water-Cure World*, of Brattleboro, pays the following compliment to our very able editor of the Health Department, Dr. John S. Wilson, of Columbus, Ga. We find hundreds of them in our exchanges:—

“Godey’s Lady’s Book for February is promptly on hand, as usual. Its fashion-plate, double size, is the attraction with its numerous readers. ‘A High Walk in Life,’ on steel, is very pleasing, and a great many of wood engravings adorn the number. ‘Hoops and Farthingales’ proves that the *crinoline* fever of modern days is but a revival of an ancient fashion. We are very glad to perceive that, while caring for the *fashions*, Godey has some thought of health, and presents each month a sensible article upon the subject, from Dr. J. S. Wilson, of Columbus, Ga. We wish such a department could be found in every magazine in the country.”

We can furnish Dr. Wilson’s book for \$1 25.

—
The wedding-dress of the Princess of Polignac, who married the rich banker’s son, M. Mires, in Paris, is described by *Le Follet*. It was of moire, quite plain in the skirt, but with a long train, high body, buttoned in front with fine pearls; an English lace collar, fastened at the throat by a diamond brooch; the bouquet of orange-blossom, fastened at the waist; the coiffure with a diadem of white lilac and roses; the hair fastened behind under a rich comb of diamonds; an immense veil of English lace thrown over the head and falling nearly to the bottom of the dress, completed this *distingue* toilet. The second bridesmaid had on a dress of white silk, trimmed round the skirt with three rows of pinked silk ruching, the third row carried up to the waist. The bouquet of orange-flowers placed in the bow of the sash, which was also trimmed with ruches. A diadem wreath of white roses and lilies of the valley, over which was thrown the large, square veil of plain tulle, simply hemmed. The third bridesmaid, who was young and beautiful, wore a dress at once simple and elegant. It was composed of white tulle, very fine and thin, covered with pink flounces of the same. A high, full body, with a ruche round the throat. A wide scarf of white silk, with fringed ends round the waist, fastened in a bow at the side, in which was placed the orange-flower bouquet. A diadem wreath of white moss rose-buds in the hair, over which a large veil, also of tulle, reaching nearly to the feet.

—
DON’T LEND YOUR LADY’S BOOK.—Don’t lend your Lady’s Book; let those who wish it subscribe. Don’t let any one bribe you by saying, Lend me your magazine, and I will lend you mine. You have everything in the Book, without exchanging with a neighbor.

—
PATTERNS FOR INFANTS’ DRESSES, OR INFANTS’ WARDROBES.—Our fashion editor has supplied a great many wardrobes for infants lately, and in every case has given great satisfaction. She has facilities for furnishing these articles better and cheaper than any other person. The vast influence that her connection with the Lady’s Book gives her induces importers and others to submit to her their earliest fashions. To those who cannot afford the articles, made-up paper patterns can be sent, which will be fac-similes of the originals. We cannot publish the prices, as the postage varies according to the size of the articles ordered, and that we have to pay in advance. For particulars, address Fashion Editor (not Mrs. Hale), care of L. A. Godey, Philadelphia. All other patterns furnished as usual.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

HOUSE.

HAVING procured a clean sheet of writing or drawing

Fig. 1.

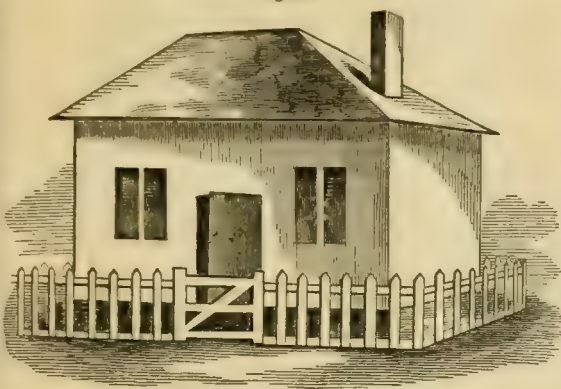
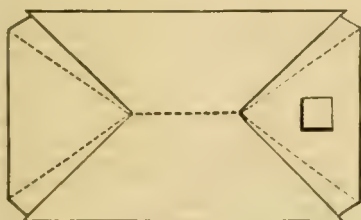


Fig. 2.



Fig. 3.



the front and back of the top, and bending over the dotted line in the centre, your roof will form into the proper shape.

The Chimney (Fig. 4). Cut out the outside form of the figure, and also double the size of pattern; bend over at the dotted lines for the square, gum or paste the remaining end, paste on to the inside of the square, and when dry put it through the hole in the roof, and turn over the ends, and fix them to the inside of the top. Now place the roof on the front, back, and sides, which you have

Fig. 4.



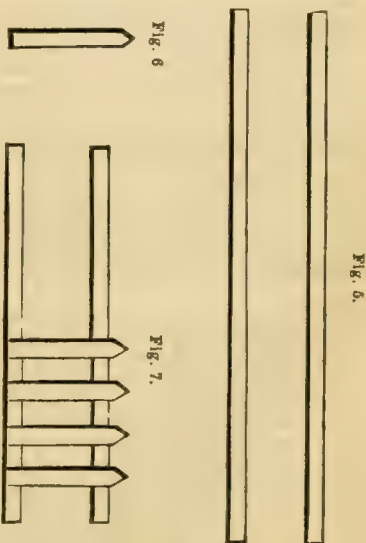
already constructed, and you will have a very pretty little toy-house. But to make the whole more complete, if you wish to take a little more time about it, you can easily form a railing and little gate around your cottage, which you will find will be well worth the extra trouble, as it will make your house more finished and perfect.

paper, the stiffer the better. If you make your house on a large scale; but for the purpose of illustration it will be necessary to keep every part in proportion to the whole. Cut out with your scissors the form of Fig. 2,

double the size of diagram. The windows may be cut out with a penknife, and also the three black lines in the door, doubling the dotted line to open it. Fig. 2 forms the front, back, and sides of the house; bending the paper at the dotted lines on the inside for the support of the house; take a little gum or paste and join together by the slip at the end; cut out a piece of paper half as large again, in proportion to the back, front, and sides of your house, for a stand, and fix with gum the end pieces to the foundation.

The Roof (Fig. 3). Cut out a piece of paper the outside form, also double the size of the pattern, and with a penknife cut through the black lines, and bend over the dotted one at each end. Having previously cut out the hole for the chimney, gum or paste the ends on to the inside of

The Railings (Fig. 5). Cut out two slips of paper the length you may require to go round your cottage, and the same distance apart as in the pattern, and then cut



out a number of smaller ones, of the shape and size of Fig. 6; take care to keep them all of one size, and then with a little gum or paste fix on near the end of Fig. 5, and at equal distances (Fig. 7). When you have fin-

ished, you can fix them to the ground and the rail by small pieces of paper and gum on the inside.

The Gate (Fig. 8.) This is made in the same manner as the rails, and may be done the same size as the figure.

Fig. 8.



When completed, it may be fixed by gumming two very small pieces of paper to act as hinges; and your house and its inclosure will be complete.

PRINCE KUNG (says a correspondent of the *Times* at Pekin) appears to be about thirty-one or thirty-two years old; he is rather short, and would be handsome in the face if the mouth and chin did not spoil the other features, as they do all high-born Tartars, by making them look sheepish. On visiting the Earl of Elgin the other day he was dressed in a puce-colored satin robe, with the Imperial dragon coiled in a circle, about a foot in diameter, and embroidered in gold, on his breast, shoulders, and back. He wore a common Chinese cap, without any ornament. He remained over two hours, and during the conversation after lunch said, "that until our visit this year they did not know that India was merely a province of the British empire; they formerly believed Great Britain to be a very small island, the population of which was so large that more than half were obliged to live in ships."

HAIR DYE IN FOUR DIFFERENT COLORS.—The most perfect article of this kind, manufactured by the celebrated Berger, of Paris, is now for sale in this city by Fouladoux, in Chestnut street above Fourth. It will color the hair black, brown, light brown, or of a very light almost flaxen color. There is no deception in this, for we have seen the article tried, and pronounce it, without any exception, the very best hair dye we have ever seen. Those who order will please specify what kind they want—as one case only contains one particular dye. In addition to the above, Mr. Fouladoux manufactures wigs and fronts, and furnishes every article in the hair line.

A GENTLEMAN, in advertising for a wife, says: "It would be well if the lady were possessed of competency sufficient to secure her against excessive grief in case of accident occurring to her companion."

A LETTER ON ITS TRAVELS.—A correspondent mentions an instance of what he considers gross ignorance, but which was most likely simply carelessness on the part of the London post-office officials. In May last, he posted a letter in London for Hungary; he addressed it—name of the town, via France, Hungary, but forgot to add "Austria." The letter never arrived. At the post-office in London they seem to have taken it for granted that "Hungary" is somewhere in India, and that "via France" means it should go by way of Marseilles, and so to Calcutta it went; then to Lucknow, Kurrachee, Bombay, Madras, Galle, and finally to Hong-Kong. Here, at last, a highly-educated post-office phenomenon wrote on it, "Try Hungary, part of Austria, Europe," and sent it back. So at last, after eight months' traveling, it arrived at its destination.

VERY pretty, and worthy our Arm-Chair:—

HOW IT CAME ABOUT.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

SHE sat in the shade of the portico,
 Busy with some sweet task;
 The Spanish eyes and the forehead low,
 Hid by the airy masque
 Of the dusky hair that had rippled down
 As he sprang o'er the flower-bed—
 In sooth, she had purposed to frame a frown,
 But she framed a smile instead!

He took her hand in that certain way,
 More eloquent than words—
 No sound fell into the silent day,
 Save the chirp of the orchard birds;
 Her work lay close by her side unscann'd,
 The book on her knee unread—
 In sooth, she had purposed to loose her hand,
 But he caught the other instead!

And when with the wealth of the rosy June,
 The bees to their hives had got,
 He leaned, through the lull of the sleepy noon,
 And whispered a—*you know what!*
 She swayed from his earnest eyes, and low
 She buried her blushing head—
 In sooth, she had purposed to say "No! no!"
 But she murmured "Yes!" instead!

LITERARY CREATION.—Men are becoming more deeply imbued with a spirit of a common humanity, and know and participate in each other's intellectual condition. There is a remarkable proof of this in the perpetually repeated instances of concurrent mental action between unconnected individuals. Not only does almost every new mechanical contrivance originate with half a dozen different inventors at the same moment, but the same thing is true of literary creation. If you conceive a striking thought, a beautiful image, an apposite illustration, which you know to be original with yourself, and delay for a twelvemonth to vindicate your priority of claim by putting it on record, you will find a dozen scattered authors simultaneously uttering the same thing. There are in the human mind unfathomable depths, out of which gush unbidden the well-springs of poetry and of thought; there are mines unilluminated even by the lamp of consciousness, where the intellect toils in silent, sleepless seclusion, and sends up, by invisible machinery, the ore of hidden veins to be smelted and refined in the light of open day. The press, which has done so much to reveal man to man, thereby to promote the reciprocal action of each upon his fellow, has established new sympathies between even these mysterious abysses of our wonderful and fearful being, and thus contributed to bring about a oneness of character which unmistakably manifests itself in oneness of thought and oneness of speech.

SOME ladies were conversing one day in our presence upon the "receipts" published in the *Lady's Book*; one of them observed, and we will say truly, "Well, the 'Receipts' of the *Lady's Book* have given Mr. Godey's family many a good dinner." If we must explain, we must. She meant the receipts of money.

THE best \$3 00 and the best \$2 00 monthly are offered one year for \$3 50. Godey's *Lady's Book* and *Arthur's Home Magazine*.

VILLA IN THE BRACKETED STYLE.

Designed expressly for Godry's Lady's Book by SAMUEL SLOAN, Architect, Philadelphia.

PERSPECTIVE VIEW.



FIRST FLOOR.

First floor.—A the drawing-room, 15 by 24 feet; B the sitting-room, 16 by 19 feet; C the dining-room, 15 by 23 feet; D the entrance-hall, 11 by 11 feet, which narrows to 7 feet on the rear and contains the main stairway; E the kitchen, 14 by 18 feet; F the back kitchen, 12 by 12 feet; G G the porches.

The *second story* contains five chambers of large dimensions; and the attic will have sufficient height to make three comfortable and well lighted rooms.

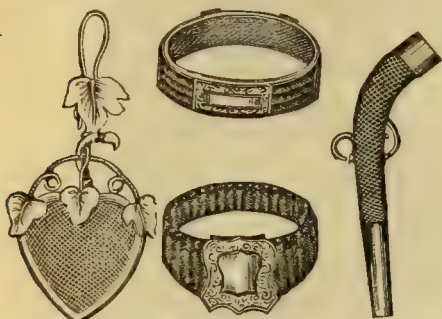


SECOND STORY.

The cost for erecting this design of brick or stone, near Philadelphia, finished in a plain, substantial manner, would be \$6,500.

EXTRACT of a letter from an Indiana editor:—
The Book is worth fifty dollars a year to me and my family.

HAIR ORNAMENTS.—Ladies wishing hair made into bracelets, pins (which are very beautiful), necklaces, or ear-rings, can be accommodated by our Fashion Editor. A very large number of orders have recently been filled, and the articles have given great satisfaction.



We give the prices at which we will send these beautiful articles:—

- Breastpins, from \$4 to \$12.
- Ear-rings, from \$4 50 to \$10.
- Bracelets, from \$3 to \$15.
- Rings, from \$1 50 to \$3.
- Necklaces, from \$6 to \$15.
- Fob-chains, from \$6 to \$12.
- The Charms of Faith, Hope, and Charity, \$4 50.
- Hair Studs from \$5 50 to \$11 the set.
- Sleeve Buttons from \$6 50 to \$11 the set.

HAIR is at once the most delicate and lasting of our materials, and survives us like love. It is so light, so gentle, so escaping from the idea of death, that, with a lock of hair belonging to a child or friend, we may almost look up to heaven and compare notes with the angelic nature—may almost say: "I have a piece of thee here, not unworthy of thy being now."

A **CONSTANTINOPLE** letter says: "The Russian General Sebastianoff arrived a few days ago in Pera from Mount Athos, where he has been employed for nearly two years, with a staff of no fewer than thirty assistants, taking photographic copies of the biblical and other ancient MSS. to be found in the various convents of the mountain. He is said to have secured 16,000 negatives, amongst which are copies of an Old and New Testament of the ninth century, and one of the Psalms of the seventh. From the positives of the copies thus made lithographs will be taken in St. Petersburg, at the expense of the government, for presentation to the chief national libraries of Europe."

PHILADELPHIA AGENCY.

No order attended to unless the cash accompanies it.

All persons requiring answers by mail must send a post-office stamp; and for all articles that are to be sent by mail, stamps must be sent to pay return postage.

Be particular, when writing, to mention the town, county, and State you reside in. Nothing can be made out of post-marks.

Mrs. M. L. De L.—Sent comb, ear-rings, &c. January 22d.

Miss L. M. R.—Sent orné ball 22d.

J. H. S.—Sent hair-work 22d.

Mrs. C. D. A.—Sent pattern child's dress 22d.

Mrs. C. T. R.—Sent pattern Prince's wrap 25th.

Mrs. J. V. W.—Sent infant's shoes and pattern 28th.

M. E. B.—Sent hair ring 30th.

Miss M. E. B.—Sent embroidery pattern 30th.

S. E. C.—Sent crochet hook, cotton, &c. 30th.

Mrs. L. R. L.—Sent glass beads 30th.

A. Bluenose.—Received \$5.

Miss F. S. B.—Sent hair ring February 2d.

E. L.—Sent pattern Zouave jacket 2d.

Mrs. K. G.—Sent envelopes and ruffle trimming 2d.

Mrs. E. L. P.—Sent patterns for infant's wardrobe 2d.

Mrs. C. W. W.—Sent pattern Zouave jacket 4th.

M. C. L.—Sent pattern Prince's wrap 4th.

Mrs. F. L. H.—Sent pattern body and sleeve 4th.

Mrs. H. R. B.—Sent patterns 6th.

Mrs. A. V. J.—Sent white floss 6th.

Mrs. D. J. H.—Sent Shetland wool, &c. 5th.

Miss M. E. M. E.—Sent hair heart, 6th.

W. J. M.—Sent puff combs 6th.

Mrs. M. L. F.—Sent muslin, cassimere, &c., by Hadden's express 6th.

Miss V. A. C.—Sent pictures for potichomanie 8th.

Mrs. R. H. L. B.—Sent pattern Zouave jacket, &c. 8th.

M. E. A.—Sent white embroidery silk and patterns 8th.

Miss S. M. W.—Sent pattern Zouave jacket and apron 11th.

Miss A. H.—Sent hair breastpin 11th.

Mrs. B. C. F.—Sent patterns of boy's clothes 13th.

Mrs. J. M.—Sent patterns infant's wardrobe 13th.

Mrs. M. L. R.—Sent hair ring and curl clasps 13th.

Chemistry for the Young.

LESSON XVIII.—(Continued.)

387. THERE does not exist a metal which may not be combined with sulphur by means direct or indirect; and, considering that sulphur is very extensively distributed, it will not be wondered at that so many metals occur in nature as sulphurets. The most usual method of forming a sulphuret consists, as we have seen, in bringing together sulphur and a metal under the influence of heat, but various other methods are known to chemists. Thus, when hydrosulphuric acid is passed through metallic solutions the precipitate which results is a sulphuret; and again, when a sulphate, or combination of sulphuric acid, is heated, in contact with charcoal, in close vessels, the result is again a sulphuret. The reason of this latter effect will be obvious when it is remembered that a sulphate only differs from a sulphuret in this—that it contains oxygen, which the latter does not; hence, if we heat it with a body greedy of oxygen (such as charcoal), a sulphuret should theoretically result. Practice confirms theory in this respect.

388. Put a little sulphuret of iron just developed into a test-tube; add hydrochloric acid, and apply heat; the result will be the evolution of hydrosulphuric acid—easily recognizable by its disgusting smell, or by its quality of blackening a slip of paper dipped in a solution of acetate of lead. Most sulphurets, when treated thus with hydrochloric acid, evolve hydrosulphuric acid gas, and any substance which yields hydrosulphuric acid when thus treated may be considered as a sulphuret. Sulphuret of iron also yields hydrosulphuric acid when mixed with sulphuric acid and water, as we have seen (125), and by this means, indeed, is hydrosulphuric acid usually generated in practice.

389. Sulphur, we mentioned, is very widely distributed

through the animal and vegetable kingdom, being necessary to the existence of all animals. Most persons may have remarked the blackening of a silver spoon which has been employed in scooping out an egg. This blackening depends on the combination of silver with sulphur, silver being one of the metals the sulphuret of which (130, 223) is black. For the purpose of showing this effect with precision, boil an egg hard, and thrust in it a silver spoon; let the spoon remain there for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour; then remove it, and observe the blackening. A far more delicate test of sulphur, however, consists of a solution of oxide of lead in liquor potassæ, which we will proceed to make.

390. Take a solution of acetate of lead, and add to it liquor ammoniac until all the oxide has been thrown down; collect the oxide, wash it well, and add liquor potassæ. After boiling for an instant in a Florence flask, filter, and keep the solution in a well-stoppered bottle. It is a combination of oxide of lead with potash, and a most delicate test for minute portions of sulphur.

391. Into a test-tube put a small piece of white flannel, no matter how old or how much washed; add a little of the test solution, and boil. The flannel will immediately blacken, owing to the formation of black sulphuret of lead; the sulphur being contributed by the flannel itself. In like manner may feathers be also demonstrated to contain sulphur.

392. Take a little Glauber's salt, which is a combination of sulphuric acid with soda, and therefore called sulphate of soda, or a little sulphate of lime, and mix either of these intimately with an equal bulk of charcoal. Put the mixture into an iron spoon; and, placing the spoon over a fire, dry the mixture well; when dry, ram the mixture into a tobacco-pipe until the latter is two-thirds filled. Now fit over the surface a disk of paper, and over the paper some slightly moistened powdered clay, so as to exclude the air. Expose the whole to red, or, still better, white heat, remove the tobacco-pipe, allow it gradually to cool, and when cold scoop out the clay until you arrive at the boundary defined by the paper (now carbonized) disk; next scoop out the contents, put them into a test-tube, add hydrochloric acid, and recognize by the smell, and by a slip of paper dipped in acetate of lead (388, 389) or potash lead solution, the hydrosulphuric acid which escapes. Hence the sulphate must have become changed by heating with charcoal to a sulphuret (388), otherwise hydrosulphuric acid would not have been evolved.

Centre-Table Gossip.

LIST OF GARDEN FLOWERS.

THERE are many people who have not time for annuals, and cannot afford regular bedding plants every spring to brighten their borders with at little expenditure of time and trouble. For such we have selected from "The Country Gentleman" a list of hardy perennials, that will be found to remain from year to year with very little care and attention.

Myosotis—Forget-me-not. A well-known, delicate little flower, almost as hardy as grass, growing and spreading rapidly in clusters; light blue with white eyes.

Primrose. Most of them have yellow flowers. Desirable.

Oriental Poppy. A very showy flower, five or six

inches in diameter; orange-scarlet in color, with a large black spot at the base of each petal.

Phloxes. These, with the *Dicentras* and *Delphiniums*, are among the finest perennials growing. The varieties are numerous, and, without exception, good.

Potentilla. Strawberry-like leaves; red and yellow flowers. Those with blood-red flowers are among the best.

Primula—Primrose. Dwarf plants, flowering early in the spring. *P. auricula* is a beautiful plant, but difficult of cultivation with us on account of the great extremes of temperature. *P. polyanthus* is much more hardy, and will flourish well in a somewhat shaded, sheltered location, in good, moist soil. The flowers are of various colors, in trusses on stems six to eight inches high.

Pyrethrum—Feverfew. The double variety is very handsome, having small white, daisy-like flowers. It generally needs a little protection of litter in winter.

Ranunculus—Buttercup. The double varieties are very pretty. *R. aconitifolius luteo pleno*, with yellow flowers, and *R. acon. alba pl.*, with white flowers, are the best.

We shall finish this list next month, in time for planting.

PARLOR PETS.

FROM an elaborate and clever article upon "dog-life," in a recent publication, we group some interesting items about those which have been more particularly considered "lady's dogs." It will be seen that the poodle ranks very low in the list.

"Of pet spaniels, the King Charles, beloved beauty, unquestionably stands pre-eminent. As everybody knows, he takes his name from the royal patron who introduced him, with other French fashions, into England. He is supposed to have originated in Japan, as a breed exists there similar, though larger. Captain McClooney, of the Perry Expedition, brought one to the United States, which slightly resembled the King Charles and Blenheim stock, but lacked their beauty and symmetry of form. A perfect King Charles possesses seven distinguishing points of canine beauty: round head, short nose, long, curly ears, large, full eyes, black and tan color, without speck of white, perfect symmetry of form, and of weight not exceeding ten pounds. Such an animal, purchased by Mr. Butler for forty-four guineas, in England, is now in his possession. Not long ago, one was sold at public auction, in the old country, for the sum of five hundred and twenty-five guineas, or \$2,600! Innumerable dogs, of impure breed and inferior points, are sold as King Charles spaniels in New York, their prices rising from \$25 to \$200. The genuine are, in rarity, second only to the Italian greyhound.

"The Blenheim spaniel is so named from a village in Oxfordshire, England, where the breed has been kept select. Of the same origin as the King Charles, he is similar in appearance, but generally more delicate and slender. He also varies in color, being orange and white; black, and tan, and white, etc. As usual, the e are few pure bred ones extant, such always commanding high prices, though less than those paid for the King Charles spaniel. In New York Blenheims of average appearance sell for from \$20 to \$25.

"The Italian greyhound, very similar to the English, but much smaller, and too delicate to be of any service in the field, but the most graceful of parlor pets, sometimes, when full-grown, not exceeding six or eight

pounds in weight; and, valued in accordance with his diminutiveness, ranges from \$40 and upward. They are more salable than the English greyhounds, the pure breed being, as usual, extremely scarce and valuable. Fine specimens have been sold at \$150.

"Of poodles, the dealers of this metropolis supply a great variety—principally to its German and French population. These dogs vary exceedingly in size and appearance, from the effects of breeding, climate, and usage; their weight varying from two to sixty pounds. Apart from their capacity for amusing gymnastic performances, they have little value, selling at from \$2 to \$6 or \$8.

"The pug-dog, like the King Charles of Japanese origin, and, a century ago, a fashionable companion of old maids of the Tabitha Bramble order, is so rare that his price, like himself, has become a thing of the past. In appearance he was not unlike a bull-dog; in disposition the very opposite. With this obsolete pet we may conclude our notices of them."

NOTES AND QUERIES.

1. *What they Grow in Japan.*—"Among the staples brought over to California are rape-seed oil, peas, pears, tobacco, isinglass, rice, and sweet potatoes. The rape-seed oil is of superior quality. The invoice arrived just as the recommendation had come from Washington for its exclusive use in the light-houses on this coast. The leaf tobacco, the judges tell me, is much of it equal to the best from Havana. The leaf is small and very thin, the veins delicate and flexible. The pears were plump, rusty-coated, heavy, and shaped like an apple; their taste insipid and flashy, but for preserves or for stewing scarcely inferior to quinces. The rice is nearer the size of barley than of ours, but seems more to abound in mucilage. The Chinese will snap up the whole invoice for their own use. The sweet potatoes were inwardly of a yellowish white; on being roasted or stewed they present almost the luscious sweetness of the Carolinas, which, by the way, are the width of a continent ahead of the mammoths that we raise in California. The chestnuts came over packed in dirt, as sound and fresh as if just gathered. They are almost the size of the horse-chestnut, and sweet as our Eastern chestnut, being very tolerable eating, even while uncooked. The seaweed was a finer article than the Irish moss of the drug stores, and without any mustiness of flavor. The isinglass seems like a pure mucilage, without any fishy taste. The peas I have had no opportunity to lay along my palate, and can say nothing of them. Great hopes are entertained that Japan will yet furnish us a cheap and constant supply of some of the articles above enumerated, of a better quality than can be produced at home. At the best, it is thought that our ranches may be made to grow some articles for which these cargoes furnish the seed, with profit and improvement upon our present supply.

2. *Good Receipts for Bread and Biscuit.*—The following directions are copied from the Transactions of the Chenango County Agricultural Society for 1859. They are the statements of the ladies who received premiums for the best bread exhibited:—

Mrs. John Shattuck's Statement for Making Brown Bread.—One quart rye meal, two quarts Indian meal, two tablespoonfuls of molasses; mix thoroughly with sweet milk. Let it stand one hour, then bake in a slow oven.

Mrs. Eugene Hart's Statement for Making Wheat

Bread.—One spoonful of hop yeast, two potatoes, boiled, one pint of water, and make a sponge, and when light or sufficiently raised, mix hard and let it rise, and when it is light again, I mould it over, and bake when light.

Mrs. O. L. Crowell's Statement for Making Wheat Bread.—Grate one-half dozen potatoes; jam, and add one quart of water, one cup of hop yeast at night, and in the morning, when light, add three teaspoonfuls of sugar, and flour to form a dough. Let rise; when light, put it in tins; let rise again, and bake one-half hour.

For biscuit, take some of the bread dough in the morning, as much as would make a loaf of bread, add one cup of butter, mix well, let rise, then make into biscuit, let rise, then bake. Tea rusks, one-half pint new milk, one cup of hop yeast; set the sponge at night; add flour to the above to make a batter; in the morning add one-half pint of milk, one cup of sugar, one of butter, one egg, one nutmeg, flour to make it sufficiently stiff; let rise, then roll it out and cut it out; let rise, then bake.

Mrs. E. H. Prentice's Statement of Making Molasses Cup Cake.—Two cups of molasses, two cups of butter, three eggs, one-third cup cold water, one tablespoonful soda, and bake.

3. *A Word to Housekeeping Gentlemen.*—A bachelor housekeeper has no more to say at home than one of his own hens. He may every now and then assume a semblance of power; but the Amazons in his employ, whatever may be the master's seeming advantage before strangers, always close the campaign in reality victorious. The married men, too, as in affection and interest bound, generally give up the one-half of the authority to their wives, well knowing that if they don't they may lose the whole. One thing is obvious, that the seldom the husbands interfere to correct the female department of the kitchen the better. They are apt to do so without any cause existing in the individual case of complaint; and, if there be an appeal made to the mistress, and the master found decidedly in the wrong, then, between the two, he feels very small. Besides, when a master interferes, he is apt to say too much; whereas the mistress has not only more experience in such matters, but more prudence, too.

Fashions.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

HAVING had frequent applications for the purchase of jewelry, millinery, etc., by ladies living at a distance, the *Editor of the Fashion Department* will hereafter execute commissions for any who may desire it, with the charge of a small percentage for the time and research required. Spring and autumn bonnets, materials for dresses, jewelry, envelops, hair-work, worsteds, children's wardrobes, mantillas, and mantelets, will be chosen with a view to economy, as well as taste; and boxes or packages forwarded by express to any part of the country. For the last, distinct directions must be given.

Orders, accompanied by checks for the proposed expenditure, to be addressed to the care of L. A. Godey, Esq.

No order will be attended to unless the money is first received. Neither the Editor nor Publisher will be accountable for losses that may occur in remitting.

Instructions to be as minute as is possible, accompanied by a note of the height, complexion, and general style of the person, on which much depends in choice. Dress goods from Levy's or Evans & Co.'s; cloaks, mantillas, or

talmas, from Brodie's, 51 Canal Street, New York; bonnets from T. White & Co.'s; jewelry from Warden's or Caldwell's, Philadelphia.

When goods are ordered, the fashions that prevail here govern the purchase; therefore, no articles will be taken back. When the goods are sent, the transaction must be considered final.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL FASHION-PLATE FOR APRIL.

Fig. 1.—Child's walking-dress of blue cashmere, with small round pelerine. The dress is braided with very narrow black velvet, and has long ends of the cashmere, braided, fastened to a belt falling at the back.

Fig. 2.—Infant's robe, elegantly embroidered *en tablier*; trimmed with blue rosettes; wide sash of blue ribbon, and cap trimmed to match.

Fig. 3.—Nurses' dress of brown de laine, with narrow frill at the neck.

Fig. 4.—Dress of lavender-colored silk, with nine graduated flounces bound with lavender silk, relieved with black velvet stripes; sash bound with the same; body plain, trimmed with folds of the material, crossing from right to left in front; angel sleeves, trimmed with a puffing of the silk, and caught together with narrow bands. Straw-colored gloves, with two buttons, and worked with lavender-color. Bonnet of rice straw, trimmed with fuchsia-colored ribbon and Marguerites of the same color.

Fig. 5.—A wine-colored silk, with three flounces bound with black velvet and a puffing at the bottom of the skirt; then three flounces graduated in their width, and a puffing put on in festoons, each festoon being caught up with a large ribbon bow and ends; body trimmed *en berthe*, with two ruffles and a puffing; sleeves loose, and trimmed to match the skirt. Ribbon sash, with bow and ends. Gloves worked with wine-color, to match the dress. Frill of lace round the neck.

Fig. 6.—Green silk dress, having the front breadth gored, and nine very small ruffles at the bottom of the skirt; a row of buttons down the front of the dress; body plain; sleeves with caps, and trimmed at the bottom with box plaits and ruching. Point lace collar and sleeves. Leghorn bonnet, trimmed with bunches of cherries; the bonnet ribbon has also cherries worked on it. Gloves worked with green.

DESCRIPTION OF SPRING FASHIONS.

(See large extension plate in front.)

Fig. 1.—A gored dress of wine-colored silk, buttoned up in front, with a lapel on the right side of the body formed of velvet, edged with a quilled ribbon; this trimming extends down the skirt on the left side until within about a quarter of a yard of the bottom, when it turns sharply to the right and meets the velvet trimming which is placed about two inches from the bottom of the skirt; the sleeves are full coat sleeves, with cap drawn into a loose gauntlet cuff; small *appliqué* lace collar and sleeves to match.

Fig. 2. is a cashmere robe de chambre of a light oak color, with a very deep border of rich flowers on a darker oak ground. A small cape is on the body, which is full, and fastened at the throat and waist, but a little open in the middle to show a worked chemisette; sleeves and collar of embroidered muslin.

Fig. 3.—Morning robe of Marie Louise blue; the border is very rich, being of silk and wool; a portion of the

front breadth is white, with rich bordering crossing it; body plain; gold-colored silk cord and tassel. Linen collar and sleeves, finished with a narrow ruffle.

These two designs for robes are from the establishment of A. T. Stewart, Broadway, New York, who has a large assortment of very beautiful morning robes.

Fig. 4.—Green silk dress, buttoned over like a coat; lapels to turn over, edged with a ruche; straight waist, with sash; sleeves full, with gauntlet cuff.

Boy's dress of light cloth; jacket, vest, and pants being of the same material, and the first two bound with black velvet.

Girl's dress.—A straw hat with plume; black silk coat trimmed with black velvet.

SPRING BONNETS.

(See engravings, page 292.)

Fig. 1 represents a Paillasson straw of very thick plait, richly trimmed on the outside with roses, corn flowers, grasses, and loops of straw. The inside trimming is a ruche and bouquet of flowers on one side, and over the top and on the other side is simply a roll of green ribbon, to suit the strings and cape of bonnet.

Fig. 2.—A bonnet of rice straw, trimmed with white ribbon and black velvet, with wheat-ears on one side. The inside trimming is field flowers and blonde lace.

HEADDRESSES.

(See engravings, page 293.)

Fig. 1.—Coiffure of pieces of black velvet, trimmed with either black or white lace, and formed into a wreath, caught in front and at the back by pendants of black and gold bugles.

Fig. 2.—Net formed of narrow black velvet, fastened with jet beads, and trimmed with loops of black ribbon worked with jet beads; a velvet bow with jet buckle finishes this wreath of loops in the centre.

CHITCHAT UPON NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS, FOR APRIL.

At this season, when every one is wearing straw bonnets and everybody buying them, the expense of Leghorns and the so-called Tuscan, our English or French straws, is often a matter of wonder and questioning. We are sure our readers will be interested in an account of their manufacture, before we go on to chat of their shapes and styles. Leghorns come, as, perhaps our readers know, in the shape of a flat, round mat, and from it are cut and pressed into any prevailing shape.

"It is chiefly in the neighborhood of Florence, Pisa, the district of Sienna, and in the upper part of the Valley of the Arno, that the best mats are made for straw hats. In these countries, whole families, old and young, may be seen occupied at this kind of work; and it is certain that this branch of industry brings in a very large sum annually to the country. The cost of the raw material is inconsiderable; but the value of the work is so great that the women of the Valley of the Arno commit their domestic affairs to people from the mountains, that they may be able to devote all their time to the lucrative manufacture of straw plait. The following is the information which the author of this notice has obtained relative to this kind of industry. The straw used in working these mats is grown in districts mountainous and sterile. It is produced from a kind of wheat, of which the grain is very small. This straw, though slender, has much consistency, and the upper part of

the stalk being perfectly hollow, is easily dried. It is pulled out of the earth before the grain begins to form. After being freed from the soil which adheres to the root, it is formed into small sheaves to be winnowed; the part above the last joint of the stem is then plucked off, which is from four to six inches long, the ear remaining attached to it. This being done, it is bleached alternately by the dew and the sunshine. Rain is very injurious to it, and destroys much of its whiteness. When a sudden shower comes on, every one is in motion gathering up the straw. The lower parts of the straw are treated in the same manner, and employed in forming mats of an inferior quality. The upper parts, torn off just to the knot, are sorted according to their degree of fineness. This sampling is made with much care, and usually affords straw of three different prices. A quantity of straw worth three-quarters of a paoli ($4\frac{1}{2}d.$), after having undergone this process, is sold for ten paoli ($4s. 7d.$). The tress is formed of seven or nine straws, which are begun at the lower end, and are consumed, in plaiting, to within an inch and a half of the upper extremity, including the ear. All the ends of the straws that have been consumed are left out, so that the ears shall be on the other side of the tress. As fast as it is worked it is rolled on a cylinder of wood. When it is finished, the projecting ends and ears are cut off; it is then passed with force between the hand and a piece of wood, cut with a sharp edge to press and polish it. The tresses thus prepared, are used so that a complete hat shall be formed of one piece. They are sewed together with raw silk. The diameter of the hat is in general the same, the only difference consists in the degree of fineness, and, consequently, the number of turns which the tress has made in completing the hat. These hats have from twenty to eighty such turns, the number regulating the price, which varies from 20 paoli ($9s. 2d.$) to 100 piastres (upwards of £20). Those of the first quality have no fixed price. A hat which sells for 100 piastres affords a profit of 40 to the merchant; the straw and silk costing 20 piastres, and the labor 40 piastres. The workers gain about three or five paoli ($1s. 4d.$ or $2s. 3d.$) per day. Several mercantile houses at Florence and Leghorn buy these hats on the spots where they are worked. There is one of these houses which annually exports them to the value of 400,000 florins (£3,500). French speculators have tried to cultivate this sort of straw, but they have not been able to obtain so fine a quality as that of Tuscauy."

Many of the Leghorns this season are simply and gracefully trimmed with a plume of feathers on one side, and in the inside is a roll of velvet, with a small feather or bouquet of flowers. Tabs are not so much worn this spring; they are replaced by the roll or bandeau of velvet, and the full inside lining described in the last chat, but this style is not generally so becoming as the soft lace tabs. Clusters of cherries make a pretty trimming, as shown in Fig. 6 of our fashion-plate.

For travelling bonnets we notice at Mrs. Scofield's many of plain-colored silks trimmed with silk, forming a great contrast. The shapes are not so drooping over the face as they have been during the past winter, but stand high from the head, and are of medium size. English split straws and thin lace straws will be much worn, the fronts being bound with a wide ribbon, violet, apple green, havanne, and lilac being the favorite colors.

Hats, now so universally worn by ladies at watering places, and also much liked for travelling, are of great variety this season; they are trimmed with pheasants'

and other game birds' feathers; the graceful Coque plume is also much worn. We see a number of the turban-shaped hats for children, handsomely trimmed with plumes.

For walking dresses, plain silks or small stripes are much in vogue; the skirts are much trimmed up the front with fan-shaped ornaments of silk edged with lace, *pattés* of velvet and lace, etc. etc.; *bouillonnés* and *ruches* are much in favor; also, small flounces at the bottom of the skirt; many are sewed on in waves. We notice a very *riche* dress of wine-colored silk with five small flounces at the bottom of the skirt, then a row of bows placed *à volonté*, then five more small flounces; the body is plain, with a point; sleeves loose, and trimmed with flounces and bows to match the skirt.

Pierrot buttons and bows up the seams of every breadth, and three rows on the body, and velvet *pattés* are the principal styles for the *Redingote* or *L'Impératrice* dress which still continues to be worn, and which our readers know is the gored dress, body and skirt in one piece, and, for a slight figure this style is exceedingly becoming. The sleeves are round and cut with an elbow, slit up slanting and trimmed with a row of buttons from the elbow to the hand. Corsages *à plastron* are very becoming to some figures—the plastron is generally of velvet, or else of silk of some color to contrast well with the dress, richly worked with jet beads. Many of the skirts have pockets on the outside shaped and trimmed like the plastron on the body. Green, wine, and violet are the favorite colors for spring silks. Most of the bodies are made round so as to display the elegant gilt belts, buckles, clasps, and the pointed velvet waistbands now so much in vogue, more so than the ceinture or sash, which, however, is always pretty. Favorite patterns for Chambéry printed muslins, *barge Anglaise*, foulards, etc. etc., are bunches of flowers or fruits, and small figures scattered over them. The foulards are generally of a dark ground, and as they are of a texture not easily rumpled, we particularly recommend them to our lady friends.

We have seen some black silk dresses with *bouillonnés* of apple green or violet silk, edged with a *ruche* of black guipure, inserted between every breadth of the skirt, which had a charming effect. Some dresses are made with the skirt perfectly plain in front, the plaits commencing about two inches on either side of the centre.

Shawls of the same material as the dresses, whether of *barge*, grenadine, or muslin are to be much worn.

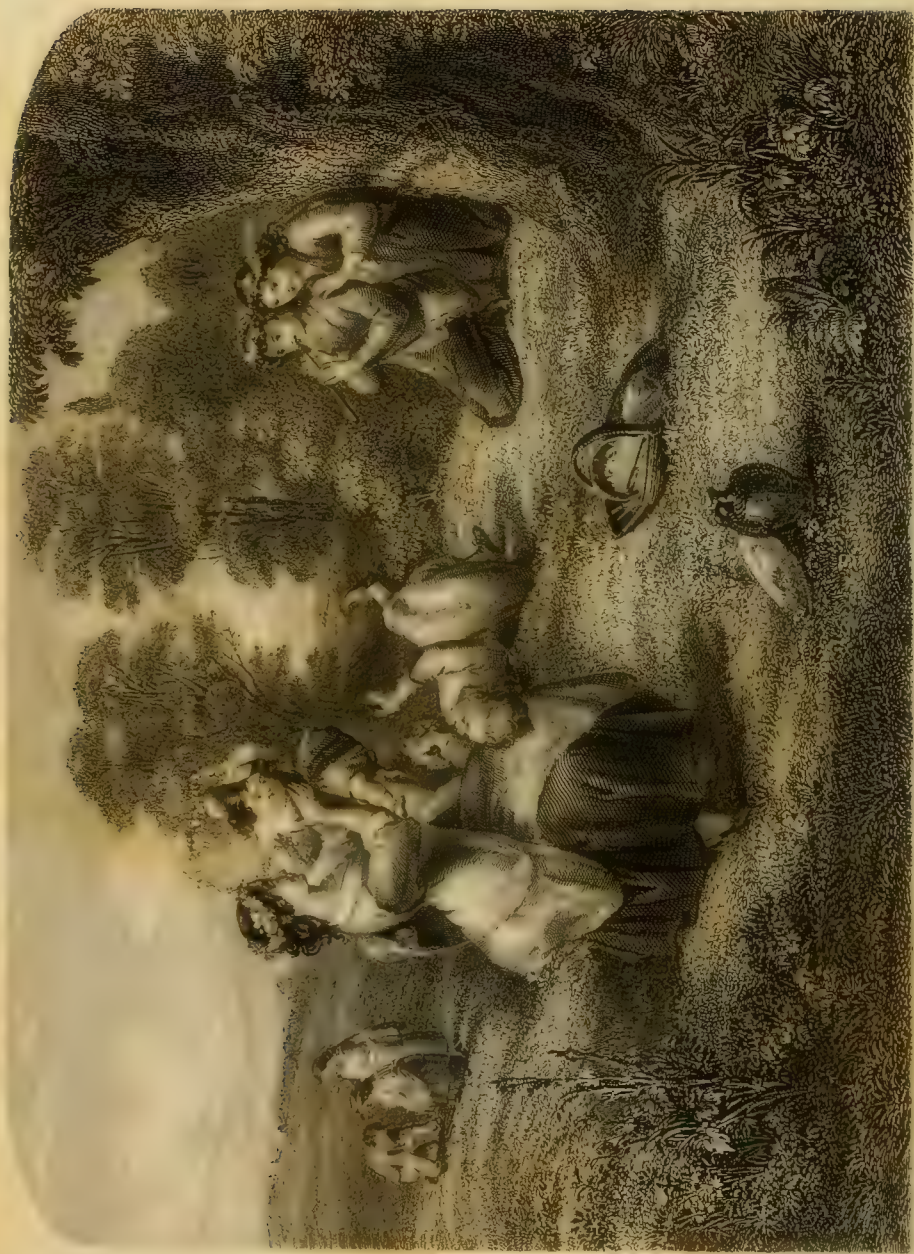
The Zouave jacket, with Greek vest, or full embroidered muslin shirt falling about two inches over the skirt still continues a favorite both for ladies and children, and is made of both thick and thin materials.

Steel-colored silk jupes or underskirts quilted and trimmed with black velvet, are among the novelties for street wear this spring.

Brodie's travelling and street wraps are of great variety in style; the loose sack and *bournoise* with fancy hoods, however, we think the favorites. They are generally made of bright striped materials, such as Magenta and white, Solferino and gray, *chine*, with several different colored, bright stripes, etc., but we have seen some very pretty plain goods, in different shades of gray, gray and *chine*, gray and blue, or green. The novelty of the season, however, is the bright tartan-striped materials; these brilliant stripes, sobered down by gray or *chine*, have a charming effect, and make a very stylish cloak. Of dress mantles and bonnets we will speak in our next month's chat.

FASHION.







"HOW DO YOU LI



DAWNING OF GENIUS.





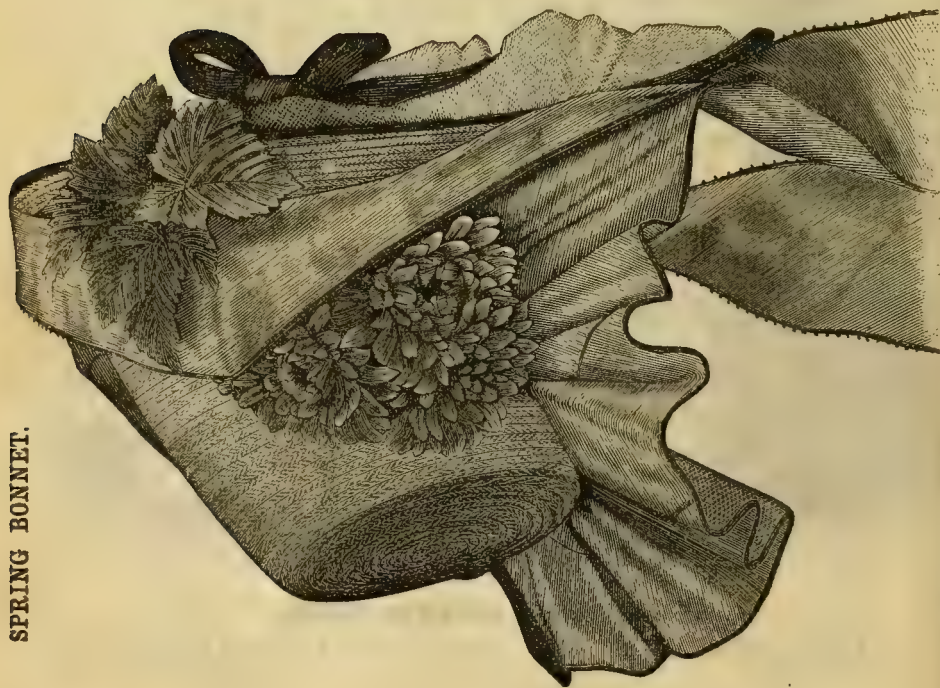


THE CHEVRON ORGANDY DRESS.

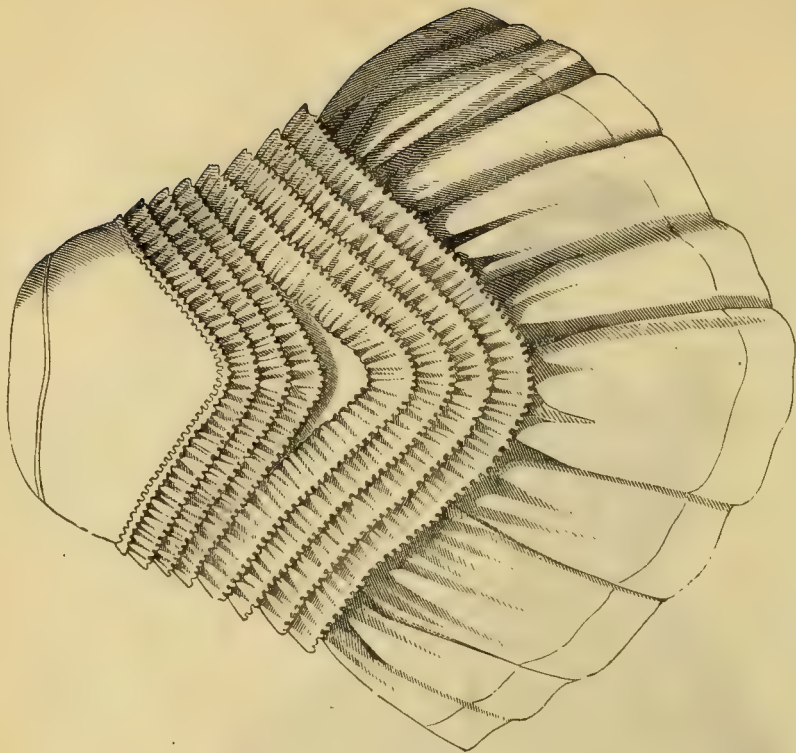
From a design furnished by A. D. LETSON, Esq., of the house of A. T. STEWART & Co., New York.

(See description, page 480.)

SPRING BONNET.



WHITE MUSLIN MANTLE.



To be trimmed with small fluted ruffles and one deep sounce.

DESCRIPTION OF SPRING BONNET.

Neapolitan braid bonnet, with an apple-green ribbon laid over the front; strings and cape of the same, and a bunch of blue chrysanthemums on one side. In the inside is a lilac velvet roll, with a bunch of leaves on one side, and on the other is a puffing of illusion with velvet bow.

THE SARAGOSSA.

[From the establishment of G. BREDIE, 51 Canal Street, New York. Drawn by L. T. VOIR, from actual articles of costume.]



This beautiful novelty is constructed of two colors of silk—a light hue, and black taffeta; purple is much esteemed for the lighter tint. This is ornamented with exquisite designs of passementerie. The character of the garment requires no elucidation beyond the engraving.

AM I DO I LOVE THEE?

MUSIC BY FRANZ ABT,

ARRANGED AND TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN, FOR GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK,

BY C. EVEREST.

Andantino.

The first system of the musical score is written for piano. It consists of two staves: a treble staff and a bass staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The music is marked with a piano (p) dynamic. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with the bass staff providing harmonic support. The system ends with a repeat sign.

The second system of the musical score includes vocal parts and piano accompaniment. It begins with a vocal line in treble clef, followed by a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature remains one flat, and the time signature is common time. The tempo is marked *Andantino*. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The system includes a repeat sign and a piano (p) dynamic marking.

1. Ah! do I love thee? Ask but the stars—
 2. Ah! do I love thee? Ask but the light clouds,
 3. Didst thou but love me, beau - ti - ful maid - en,
 Oh, then I'd call thee my dear - est with
 and which have watched all my
 oft - en my sor - rows con -
 call thee my dear - est with

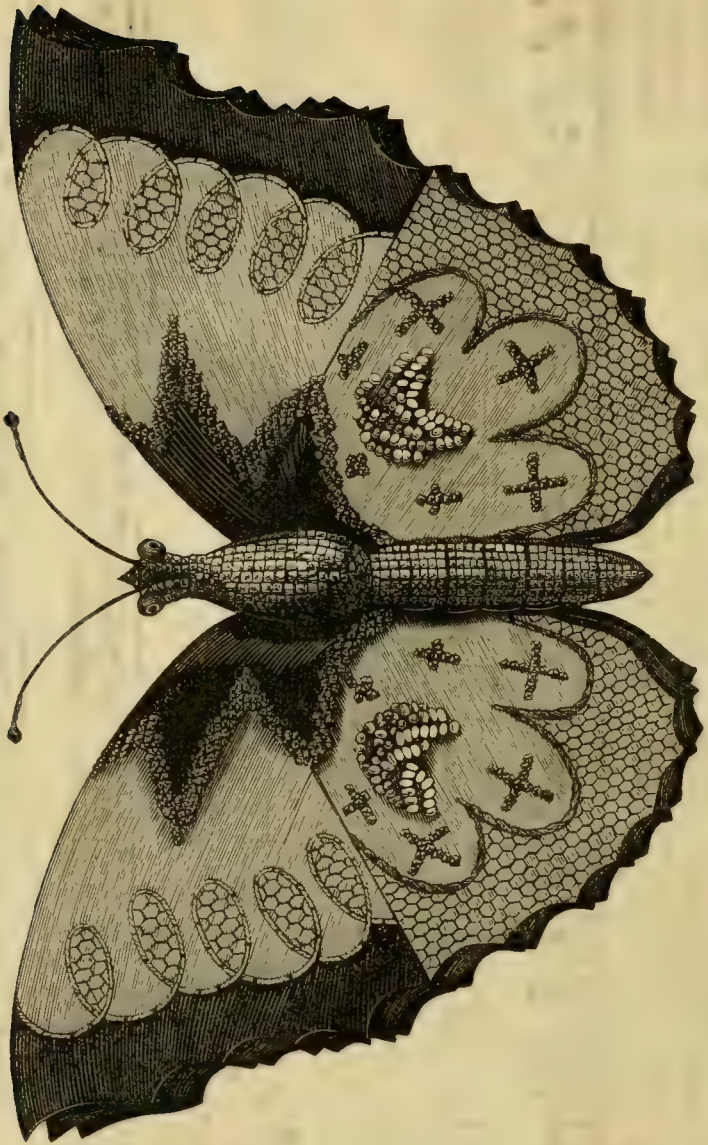
fears; Ah! do I love thee? Ask but this rose-bud, Which I now
vey'd; Ah! do I love thee? Ask but the streamlets, In each I've
pride; For I do love thee, And I would call thee, Always my
an-gel and soon my own bride.

cres. *dim.* *cres.* *dim.*

send thee be-dew'd with my tears,
oft-en thine im-age sur-vey'd,
an-gel and soon my own bride.

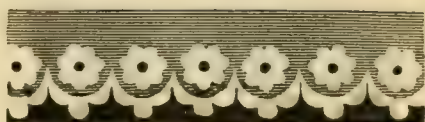
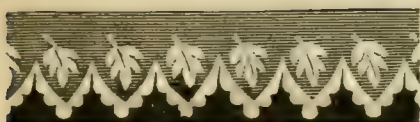
dim.

BUTTERFLY PEN-WIPER.



THE body of the butterfly is of velvet stuffed with cotton, and entirely covered with gold beads. The eyes are red, and the horns stiff gold cord, with a bead on the ends. The wings can be made of cloth or velvet, the latter, however, is much the richest, and two or more colors should be used; they are to be embroidered with silk, fancy beads, and bugles. Pieces of cloth or flannel are cut the same size of the wings and sewed underneath to wipe the pens on. The size of the engraving is the proper size for the pen-wiper.

EMBROIDERY

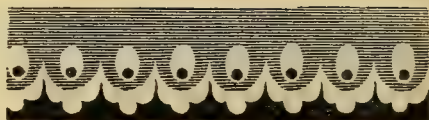


BUTTERFLY SLIPPER.



To be braided on velvet or cloth, with gold and fancy colored braids.

EMBROIDERY PATTERNS.

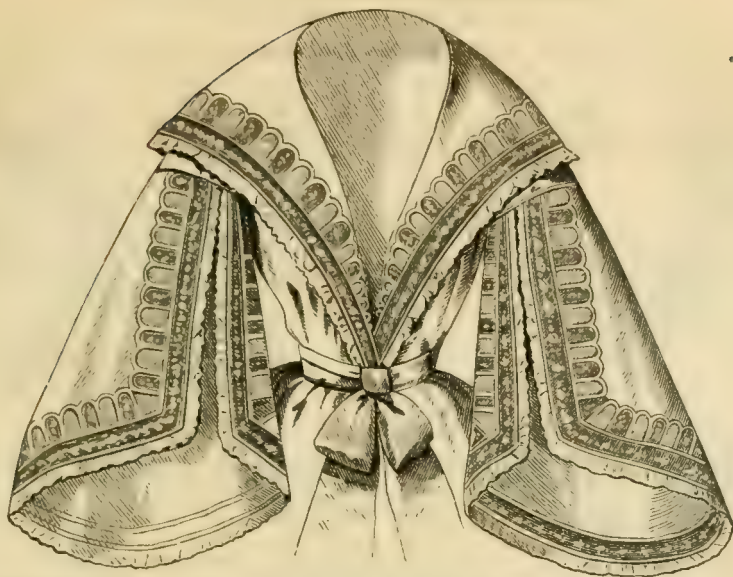


INFANT'S PIQUE CLOAK.

TRIMMED WITH FLOUNCING.

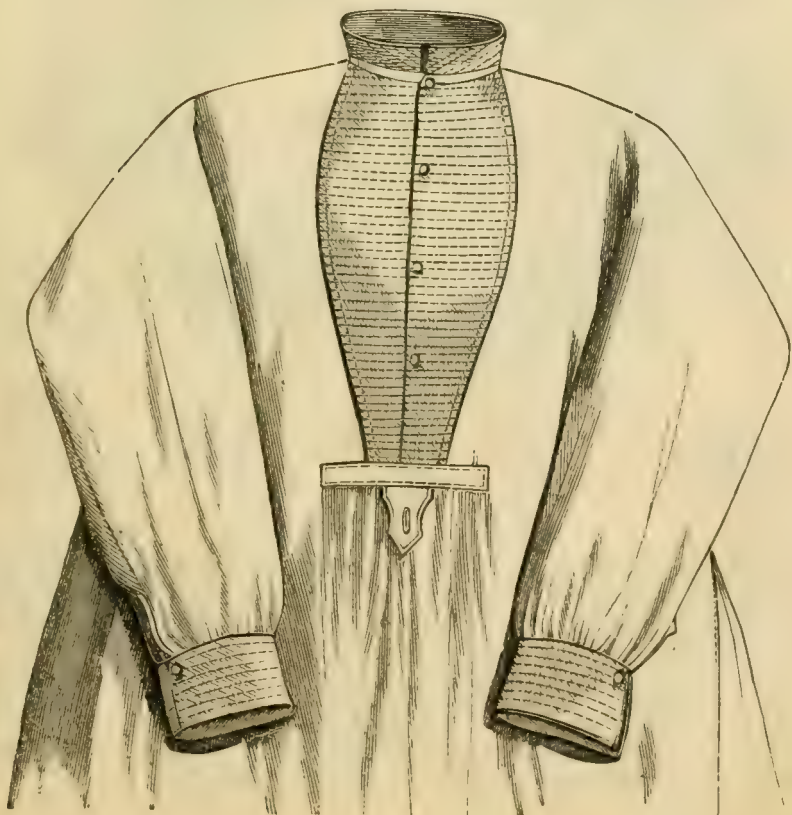


MORNING ROBE.



WHITE *piqué*, made surplice, with cape rounded in the back and pointed in front, trimmed with flouncing.

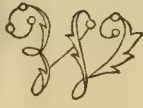
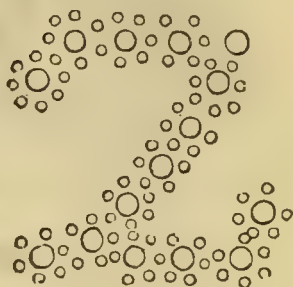
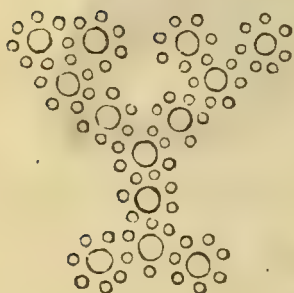
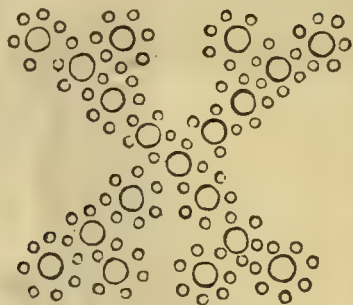
GENTLEMAN'S SHIRT.



ALPHABET OF FANCY LETTERS.

FOR MARKING PILLOW-CASES, ETC.

(Concluded from April number.)



GODEY'S

Lady's Book and Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY, 1861.

INSTRUCTIONS IN PERSIAN PAINTING AND PAINTING ON WOOD.



PATTERN OF ORNAMENTAL FIRE-SCREEN.

PERSIAN painting is so purely mechanical that even those altogether unacquainted with drawing and coloring will find no difficulty in it. It differs from painting generally in this important particular, that no attempt is made to copy from nature; it is rather a mosaic work of colors, consisting of quaint scrolls and arabesques, flowers of extraordinary hues and forms, birds of marvellous plumage, and devices which have only their oddity to recom-

mend them. It also differs from other kinds of painting by not requiring those delicate touches and that softening and blending of color and shade which is considered the beauty of flower or landscape drawing generally; its outlines are all abrupt, its colors contrast and not blend with one another, and its brilliancy rather than delicacy is the effect aimed at.

Water colors are the best for it, and of these vermilion, redlead, French blue, emerald green,

chrome No. 2, lampblack, and permanent white are those chiefly used, though all the opaque colors may be employed; the carmine powder, rubbed down in varnish, must be substituted for the cake carmine. Gold and silver-leaf, Japanners' gold size, Japan powder, gum-arabic, spirits of turpentine, and some camel-hair pencils of various sizes constitute the other requisites.

Screens, card-cases and boxes, netting boxes, the covers of blotting-books, cigar-cases, baskets, etc., are the articles most ordinarily painted, and these may be obtained at all fancy repositories. They are made of a hard and fine-grained white wood, and turned; for if the surface were not smooth and even, no pleasing effect could be produced. But it is not absolutely necessary that the wood should be white, provided it be hard and close-grained, for the whole surface can always be covered with a body color or grounding, as in this card-case,



ORNAMENTAL CARD-CASE.

where a rich mosaic pattern of bright colors outlined with gold is thrown up on a black ground, or might have been thrown upon a white or a silver ground.

The screen, of which a cut is given at the commencement of this article, has no other grounding than the pure white wood. The rich feathery arabesque border which surrounds it is painted brightly in carmine, vermillion, green, blue, and chrome, picked out with gold; and the bird in the centre has a brilliant and variegated plumage, heightened by gold. We will now proceed to give the needful directions:—

Size the article which is to be painted with size made thus: boil down half an ounce of isinglass in a pint of clear water, strain it, and, with a

clean full brush, lay a coating of it over every portion of the wood, and then suffer it to dry; repeat this a second and a third time. The size must be in a perfectly fluid state when used. With a fine-pointed lead pencil, H H H, sketch the pattern on to the wood, or transfer it to the wood by means of tracing paper, and then proceed to paint.

Have ready some thin gum-water, and use that for moistening the brush and colors, only using clear water to cleanse the brush when it becomes clogged or when about to take another color. Do not rub the paint down on to the palette, but hold the cake in the left hand, and work from it, as thus a thicker body of color is obtained; and, as we have before said, we do not need lights and shadows, but a full, bright surface of color. Study to contrast and vary the hues in the most effective way, and to give to each separate one a smooth, equal surface, neither patchy or daubed. Having put in the pattern thus, add the grounding, working from the cake and with the gum-water, which should neither be too thin, nor yet too mucilaginous.

When the whole surface, or as much of the surface as it is intended should be painted, is done and dry, put a little of the Japan powder in a soft piece of clear muslin, tie it up, and, with this powder bag, lightly dust the painted surface all over. Then pour some of the gold size into a saucer, and, dipping a fine camel-hair pencil in it, trace the outlines of the pattern neatly and evenly, and throw in any veining or ornamentation which fancy may suggest; and when the size has ceased to be wet, and only remains adhesive, lay a sheet of gold-leaf over as much of the pattern as it will cover. This is best done by either pressing the article down on to the gold-leaf, or raising this latter on its paper, and turning it over and pressing it down on to the article we wish to gild. In either case care and delicacy of handling are requisite.

When the gold has had time to dry thoroughly, take a full soft brush and sweep off all the powder and superfluous portions of gold-leaf, and wipe the article with a soft silk handkerchief. Should any parts not have taken the gold, they must be sized over again, and then regilt. The gilding should now be smoothed with an agate burnisher (that is, a piece of agate polished and shaped like a crook); this must be passed over every outline and vein, but only moved in one direction, not too heavily. The work is now ready for varnishing or polishing. It may be varnished with copal-varnish or white-hard-varnish, and when dry rubbed with flannel; but the polishing had better be

done by persons whose trade it is; all fancy repositories, where the articles in wood are purchased, can get it done.

There is another style of painting on wood which is exceedingly pretty, and which is almost identical with ordinary water-colored drawing. It is adapted for flowers, fruit, birds, butterflies, landscapes, etc.; all the ordinary water colors in cakes are used. The wood is sized as we have already directed, the design sketched on or transferred to it, some gum-water made, and then the drawing worked up exactly as it would be if we were painting on card-board, excepting that the tints are rather heightened. This style of wood-painting is seldom grounded, as the wood itself forms a delicate finish to it. It should always be polished.

Very pretty Chinese designs in Indian-ink, lampblack, and gold, on mezzotinto sketches in sepia and gold, may be made on the white wood by following the above directions.

This cut is for the Persian painting; the

with copal or glass varnish, and silver leaf laid over this when it has ceased to be moist. The pattern must be filled in after the groundwork is thoroughly silvered and dry; the outlines must not be gold, but black or carmine. The



PATTERN LEAF.

veining and traceries should be all silver. The Japan powder will not be needed. A soft brush, moistened in spirits of wine, but not too wet, and passed lightly over every portion of the



ORNAMENTAL PATTERN WREATH.

pattern is large enough for any ordinary purpose of bordering; it is painted in vermilion, blue, and green, and outlined and veined with gold.

We have said that the grounding may be of silver; whenever it is intended that it should be so, the pattern is sketched, and then all the portions of the ground smoothly varnished

silver, prevents it from turning. All brushes which have come in contact with the gold size or varnish must be washed in spirits of turpentine at once, or they spoil.

We feel convinced that our readers will have no cause to consider that time as wasted which they spend in following out the above instructions.

DRIFTING FRAGMENTS.

BY MRS. A. M. BUTTERFIELD.

The mariner sailing over the deep,
When hush'd are the winds and the waters sleep,
As dreamily gazing over the side
Of the ship that moves in her queenly pride,

Sees now and then a plauk or a spar
Borne on the wave from some distance far,
And knoweth not what wreck there may be,
That foundered and sunk in the stormy sea.

Sometimes the fragment beareth the name
Of the fated vessel from which it came,
More oft it passeth and giveth no sign,
As it driteth along through the sparkling brine.

And to us as we sail on life's ocean deep,
When hush'd are the winds and the waters sleep,
For the pause and the lull come floating along,
Strange sweet fragments of mournful song.

And we pause and listen, and never know,
Though our tears are stirr'd by their haunting flow,
Of the heart that was wreck'd on some sunken rock,
Or foundered and sunk in the tempest's shock.

Though sometimes the fragment beareth a name,
And the heart's sad story is known to fame;
But more entomb'd in the past there be,
That sleep unknown 'neath that dark, deep sea.

THE WOODLAND FLOWER.

BY APPLE-BLOSSOM.

IN the midst of a large growth of woodland, where the branches of the trees were so thickly interwoven as almost to exclude the rays of the sun, was situated a little white house, with but a slight clearing in front, surrounded by a fence of lattice-work, while the vines clambered over the door, and served as curtains for the small windows. All day long the smoke ascended lazily from the one chimney and curled around the tops of the trees, taking all sorts of fantastic shapes, while the merry tinkle of the cow-bells afar in the distance mingled with the busy hum of the bees, and the murmuring of the spring close at hand. Mr. and Mrs. Hartwell, with their two children, Marion and May, were the occupants of this cottage, if I might except a huge gray cat who sat all day long curled up in a remote corner, and who seemed to be an especial favorite of the household.

Mr. and Mrs. Hartwell were poor in this world's goods. They had left their native Eastern home and pushed onward to the Western country in the faint hope of bettering their lot. This being their chief desire, they settled in this quiet spot, which, being situated several miles from a town or village, left them by themselves. To some similarly situated, this would have been a trying ordeal; but they were plain, uneducated people, having no desire to see or know more of the world, devotedly attached to each other, finding pleasure enough to satisfy them in attending to the wants of their little ones.

Marion and May Hartwell were twins. They were eight years of age, alike in form, features, and disposition. They were beautiful children, with sylph-like forms, eyes of midnight darkness, and dark, curling hair flying over their bright faces. Nature had done more for them than *art* could have done, had rounded their forms, and sent the bright glow of health to their cheeks. The sun had poured its rays on their dimpled cheeks a little too roughly perhaps to suit the fastidious taste of a votary of fashion; but to those who loved nature, they were bright pictures of health and happiness.

It was a pleasant day. Full of life, as free to wander through the woods, to climb trees, and enjoy themselves to their hearts' content, the little fairies ran hither and thither, and at last ensconced themselves in a tree, and gazed with

children's curiosity at a large travelling carriage which had turned from the road, and, having taken the path through the woodland, was slowly approaching the spot where the children were concealed from view.

The only occupant of this carriage, with the exception of a young lad who acted in the capacity of driver, was a young and beautiful lady. Nineteen summers had scarce passed over her head, yet the traces of sorrow lingered on her fair cheek, and the black draperies encircling her light form said, as plainly as words could have done, that she had lost a near and dear friend. She was lost in a deep reverie. She did not look up as the carriage was passing the tree, until a low and musical voice aroused her—"Look, sister, look!" and raising her eyes in the direction of the sound, she perceived two pair of "elfin eyes" peering at her through the thick branches, and immediately a peal of joyous laughter floated on the air.

The young driver paused a moment, and the lady with a pleasant smile which for an instant dispelled the shade of sorrow from her brow, spoke caressingly to them. "Little children, would you like a ride with me?"

Marion glanced at May, and May at Marion, and, reading their answer in the other's eager face, they scrambled down the tree, and stood, bashfully, before the lady. A low murmur of surprise escaped the lady. "How beautiful!" "Little ones, do you want a ride in this nice carriage? Come, jump in."

They were delighted with the beautiful lady, and, as they rode along, they told her of their parents, and their pleasant home. A new thought seemed to have taken possession of the lady. She passed her hand caressingly over the bright head of May, who sat on her lap.

"What is your name, little one?" she asked.

"May Hartwell," answered the child.

"Would you like to live with me, and call me mamma, and have a nice carriage to ride in, and plenty of pretty playthings like this?" and, as she spoke, she unwound the gold chain around her neck, and clasped it around the little brown neck of May.

"O yes," exclaimed the child, delighted with the glittering bauble; and she clapped her hands gleefully.

"And leave mamma and sister?" said Marion, reproachfully.

"No;" and the child's countenance fell, and she was silent.

"John," said the lady, "Marion will direct you; I wish to take these children home."

Following the many winding paths leading through the woodland, they soon came in sight of the house. A woman was in the yard engaged in some domestic occupation, but, perceiving the carriage, opened the gate with a low courtesy.

"Mother, mother, we've had *such* a nice ride!" exclaimed both the children at once.

"Laws-a-me, children, where did *you* come from? You must excuse them, marm, if they are rude," she added, apologetically; "children will be children, the world over. Won't you come in and rest yourself, marm?"

The lady entered the house, holding the children by either hand, and sat down in the chair which the good dame had dusted for her.

"These children are yours, are they not?" she asked, inquiringly—for it seemed hardly possible, so great was the contrast.

"Yes, marm; and they're *beautiful* children if they are my own flesh and blood; and though they don't look much like me now, they're both the very picture of what I was when I was young."

"Madam," commenced the lady, slowly, as if to give her time to think, "you love these children, and would sacrifice *anything* for them, even part with one of them, if you thought, by so doing, that they would be happier in the end."

"I don't understand you, marm; but I love them dearly."

"Would you part with one of them? I have taken a fancy to this one," she said, laying her hand on the head of May, who stood by her side. "I am rich, a widow, and childless. Give her to me, and I will love and care for her as though she were my own child, and, moreover, place you above want."

"I cannot," answered Mrs. Hartwell, bursting into tears; "they are all I have to love."

"But consider, Mrs. Hartwell, the advantages of the change. Placed above want, you will never regret your decision."

Mrs. Hartwell felt the force of her reasoning. She wished time to think calmly. She invited the lady to stay and partake of their humble meal, after which, she should be acquainted with their final decision.

The only way in which the lady, whose name was Mrs. Aubine, could distinguish one from

the other, was by the gold chain which she had placed around the neck of May, and which the child still retained.

On Mr. Hartwell's arrival his wife broached the subject to him; but he declared excitedly that he would not "listen to such a thing;" indeed, he was very angry; but the lady's soft tones soon lulled those feelings to rest, and he felt the force of her reasoning, when she portrayed in glowing colors the prospects of the child as she was now situated, and as the daughter of Mrs. Aubine. Then he would be placed above daily labor, and the remaining child would be far happier in the future. They listened and reasoned together, and at last determined to make the sacrifice. Perhaps they would never see her again—they must sever *every* tie binding them to her. But when once having fairly made up our minds to do anything, half the bitterness ends.

"Mrs. Aubine, take her," said Mrs. Hartwell, placing little May in her arms; "love her as we have, and you will do your duty." Sobs choked her utterance—she could say no more.

"Rest assured, Mrs. Hartwell, that I will love her. These are not mere idle words I speak to you; they come from the heart. You shall be provided for—in the mean time, here is something to commence with," and she placed a purse of gold in her hands.

"Good-by, May, darling." And the parents encircled her in their arms and kissed her tenderly. The child was frightened, and clung to them closely.

"May, dear," said the soft voice of Mrs. Aubine, "we must go, now. You shall ride in the carriage as long as you wish." And the child confidently clasped her hand, and with the other took the gold chain from her neck and threw it to Marion; then, bursting into tears, she was lifted into the carriage, which rolled rapidly away.

She did not know that she had left the home of her childhood forever, and that that was the last time she would ever behold all those dear faces again. But Mrs. Aubine clasped her to her heart, and tenderly kissed away her tears, telling her of the beautiful home to which she was going and the many things in store for her in the future. The child was comforted; soon her merry laugh floated on the air. Thus easily are we all weaned from our sorrows by the promise of a few glittering toys as perishable as ourselves.

Just as the glorious sun had taken its place in the heavens Mrs. Aubine arrived at her

beautiful mansion in the city of C——, of the State of Illinois. Little May was sleeping quietly; she was carried into the house and placed on her own couch. She lay thus, this little woodland child, the rich drapery falling around her, one little hand resting in the midst of the clustering ringlets which fell in heavy masses on the snowy pillow. Mrs. Aubine bent over her, and imprinted a kiss on her fair cheek. The action startled the sleeper; she opened her eyes, and, gazing into her face, said, "Where am I?"

"At home, darling." She experienced a thrill of joy in knowing that henceforth she had something to live for, something to love. She determined to devote her life to the little one who had so unexpectedly been committed to her care.

Mrs. Aubine was the daughter of wealthy parents, who died before she was old enough to prize the affection lavished on her. Her guardian was a young man just entering the world, and who cared more for its vanities than for the child committed to his care. She was placed at school, and in her seventeenth year returned to her guardian in all the fresh bloom of girlhood. He was unmarried, still fascinating in his manners, of rare conversational powers; what wonder that she consented to be his wife? They were married. Two years of happiness passed, and he was called away. Again she was alone in the world, with not one near or dear friend to soothe her in affliction's hour. What wonder that she loved May?

May was placed at school. It was very hard for Mrs. Aubine to part with her, but she must of necessity be fitted for the sphere she would inevitably occupy as her daughter. A woman cannot be an ornament to society unless fitted by education for that sphere.

Time passed; eight years rolled away. Mrs. Aubine could not longer brook her absence; and, on completing her sixteenth year, she was recalled to the home of her whom she had learned to call mother. May was very impatient herself to be with her once more, for two years had passed since they had seen each other; and she returned to her laden with honors, followed by the good wishes of school-mates and friends. They met; they were clasped in each other's arms. Never had the name "mother" sounded so sweetly to her ear as when uttered in May's joyous tones. They sat down, Mrs. Aubine with her arms around May, and May's eyes looking searchingly into her face. She had left home a child, she had returned a woman.

"Mamma, how beautiful you are!" said May, in her joyous tones. "So young and beautiful! I have seen your beautiful face in my dreams every night for the past two years. You cannot tell how glad I am to be with you once more!"

"May, darling, we shall not be separated again—unless some fair cavalier claims your love," she added, smilingly.

"Mamma, I never *shall* love any but you!" And she drew her queenly figure up to its full height, and scorn at the very thought flashed from her dark eyes and curled for the moment her beautiful lips.

"May!" said Mrs. Aubine, reproachfully.

May smiled, but said nothing.

Mrs. Aubine and her beautiful daughter were often subjects of the remarks of the many whom they met in the gay circles in which they moved. Mrs. Aubine was very beautiful, her dark hazel eyes beamed with intelligence, and her rosy lips just parted to reveal the pearly teeth. Those only who were her most intimate friends knew that May was but the child of adoption; and to them it was a strange sight, that young mother united to her daughter in the bond of love.

It was the eve of May's seventeenth birthday; all was bright and beautiful; the stars shone brightly, and strains of sweet music were wafted to her ear. Sad thoughts came stealing o'er her memory, vague remembrances of a sweet sister came to mind, while the shadow of a distant cottage appeared in view. What was this picture? She knew it was a picture *somewhere* in her own life, yet it was shadowy and indistinct. That Mrs. Aubine was not her mother she knew full well, yet how came she with her? Was she a relative? That her own parents were dead she knew full well, for Mrs. Aubine had often told her that they died shortly after her adoption. Overcome with the tumult of emotions to which these thoughts gave rise, she bowed her head and wept.

"What, weeping, May! and on this, your birthday!" said the soft voice of Mrs. Aubine. "What is it? Tell me." And she drew the weeping head to her breast, and tenderly kissed her forehead.

"I know you are not my mother. Who was my mother? Tell me! O tell me!"

"Have I not performed a parent's duty to you? Who, then, has a greater claim on your affections?"

"No one. But I know you are not my mother; that were impossible—you, only twenty-

seven years of age, to have a daughter as old as myself; it cannot be."

"Then I am better fitted to be mother, sister, and friend at the same time. Therefore dry your tears, May; it ill befits the daughter of Mrs. Aubine to dim the brightness of her eyes, when they should sparkle more than ever on this occasion."

"Mother, dear mother, how I love you! May your path through life be all beautiful! The child of your adoption would be the last one to sadden your spirits or cause a shade of sorrow to rest on your brow. But will you tell me of the mother with whom I passed my infancy? Promise me this, for I can never love any one as I love you."

"I promise, May. Let us banish all unpleasant thoughts for the present, and wreath our lips with smiles that come from the heart."

Music, soft, entrancing music stole softly on the evening air; merry voices were heard, and the sound of joyous laughter floated through the casement. A gay and brilliant throng were assembled to do honor to one of earth's fair daughters. Mrs. Aubine and May were standing under the dazzling light of the chandelier. It was difficult to determine which was the most beautiful, as they conversed gayly with those around them.

Thus thought a young man, a stranger, who was approaching in company with a friend who was to introduce him to the fair hostess. There was a look of quiet surprise in his dark blue eye as he was presented to "Mrs. Aubine and daughter." Could that young and beautiful lady be the mother of that fair girl? The music still floated on the air at intervals, many footsteps kept time to the heartfelt strains. The young stranger, Harry Alton, conversed gayly with Mrs. Aubine, but ever and anon his gaze wandered to the graceful figure of May, who was whirling in the gay waltz. The lady herself noted that glance, and she smiled her own soft smile as she perceived the blush that mantled the cheek of May as she caught his glance of admiration.

"Really, mamma," whispered May, as she passed by, "he's quite an original piece of impertinence."

Harry Alton was the son of a rich Southern planter, and had resided from childhood on a fine plantation in Georgia. Mingling often in the society of the surrounding country, he met daily numbers of beautiful women, who were celebrated, not only for their *personal* charms, but those charms which rendered them objects of higher devotion and more assiduous flattery;

namely, broad lands. Lying in the shade of some graceful acacia-tree, whose branches waved to and fro in the still breeze, while the perfume of tropical plants was wafted to him on zephyrs' wings, and the bright-plumed birds sang sweetly, pleasant voices were wafted to his ear. He longed for some one to love; his heart was untouched; he thought of the pleasant hours he spent in their society as a traveller through sunny regions would think of a far distant home situated among rocky mountains—he liked their society for a while, but would not be content to remain with them always.

Travelling through the "Western land," where there is so wide a field opened for pleasure and observation, he met with a friend who persuaded him to remain for a short period in the pleasant city of C—, offering as an inducement to introduce him to the fair ladies in its vicinity. With this pleasure in view, what wonder that he consented to remain. The name of woman acts as a charm over a refined gentleman, for education exalts his mind, and, consequently, his respect for woman increases, and there is always blended in his tones, when addressing her, much of respect and admiration.

When he met May he was fascinated; for she seemed the very embodiment of grace and loveliness. He determined to win her, if possible. But to accomplish this, he must storm the citadel of her heart in a manner entirely different from the usual mode. He had seen enough of the world to know that he must advance very cautiously, and not, if possible, to allow her to perceive the state of his feelings, and to accomplish this, he must make some one else the object of his particular attentions. The plan once laid, he determined to act accordingly. His visits to the house of Mrs. Aubine became the subject for many remarks. Addressing his conversation to Mrs. Aubine, scarce noticing May's presence, treating her with cold politeness, what wonder that the world was at fault in attributing his attentions to Mrs. Aubine as something beside mere commonplace civilities.

Had Harry Alton paid such assiduous attention to any *young* lady, with his penetration he would have thought that with his engaging manners and large fortune that the lady might *possibly* have fallen in love with him; but in this instance, even had the idea entered his head, it would have seemed so improbable, that he would have banished the suspicion as unworthy of himself, for was she not the mother of May? And yet, he often thought that she looked *very* youthful; yet that was easily

accounted for. Had not American ladies a strange propensity to look youthful long after the fresh bloom of womanhood had passed? Yet she must have drank of the waters of perpetual youth, that no shadow of a wrinkle had as yet crossed her face.

May was astonished and even hurt at his demeanor. Thinking the fault lay with herself, she endeavored to be more sociable—for she knew how much her mother esteemed him as an acquaintance—but all in vain; he relapsed not one whit from his accustomed coldness, or softened the tone of studied politeness in which he usually addressed her. This unbending of the proud dignity which characterized her every movement, he considered as an omen of his sure success; and, having now become an almost daily visitor, he discovered more to love and admire in her. May, unconsciously to herself, was beginning to feel a deep interest in him; for although he devoted himself entirely to her mother, yet it was a consolation to know that he was near her, and to hear the deep tones of his mellow voice.

It was evening. It had been a warm day, but the air had sprung up damp and cold; but May heeded it not, as she stood at the window watching for the return of Mrs. Aubine, who was spending the evening with a friend. A manly form approached, but his heavy footfall became silent on the soft carpet.

"May, Miss Aubine?"

She started suddenly. "Ah, is it you, Mr. Alton? I am glad you have come. I was so lonely watching for mamma."

There was so much cordiality in her tones that his coldness vanished at once.

"May, if I may be permitted to call you so, may I be your friend?"

"Yes, certainly, Mr. Alton," she replied, quickly.

"May, look up, and tell me what you see."

She looked up—she caught the glance of those dark eyes, the look of intense passion imprinted on every feature—and she read as plainly as though 'twere written, the word "love" in every lineament of his fine face. She dropped her eyes, but her face was covered with blushes. He seemed to have received his answer, for he put both arms around her, and whispered, "Did you read aright, May?"

She answered "Yes," quietly; it was so strange and sudden, it would have seemed a dream, had not his strong arm encircled her. "But I thought you loved mamma," she said, after a pause, "you never noticed me in the least."

"I have ever loved you, May;" and she was satisfied.

Mrs. Aubine had retired to rest, but pleasing thoughts dispelled all thoughts of sleep—her thoughts were of the past, the present, and the future. A gentle tap at the door aroused her, and May asked softly, "May I come in, mamma?" She looked like some bright spirit as she paused for an instant in the centre of the apartment. Her heavy black hair was loosed, and fell in wavy ripples adown her pure white robe, while the bright color dyed her cheek in a crimson tide. Mrs. Aubine opened her arms, and May pillowed her head on her breast and murmured, "I am so happy."

"What has caused this sudden gush of happiness? Tell me, May."

"Mamma, he loves me."

"Who, May—who loves you?" she asked, quickly.

"Harry Alton," was the whispered answer.

"May! May! it cannot be!" exclaimed Mrs. Aubine, starting quickly, while her color left her face, and her eyes glared wildly, "you must not trifle, May."

"It is true," answered May, a vague fear taking possession of her; "I myself knew it not until this eve."

A low moan escaped her. She pushed May suddenly away, and clasped her hands together.

"Mamma, mamma, what have I done? Oh! speak, and say that you forgive me."

But Mrs. Aubine did not speak, but remained with clasped hands and eyes fixed and glassy.

May wrung her hands. "What have I done?" she moaned in anguish. She opened the door, and was about to call assistance.

"May," and the voice that pronounced that name was unnatural in its coldness, "come here."

She approached, and was about to throw her arms around her neck, but her mother pushed her silently away and said, "Not now, I cannot bear it."

"What have I done?" moaned May.

"Nothing," was answered in that same unnatural tone that grated so harshly on May's ear; "this is but a sudden attack—it will soon pass away. Leave me now, May." May left her silently and tearfully.

When alone, Mrs. Aubine sprang from her couch, while the veins in her forehead and temples stood out like cords in the agony of the moment, and she paced the room with her hands pressed tightly over her heart, as if to still its beating.

"Great Heavens! and has it come to this?" she murmured. "I cannot bear it. I shall hate her, oh, how bitterly! the child I have loved and nourished in my bosom—for is she not *his* choice?" Then her conscience reproached her. She remembered May's look of agony, and she murmured, with streaming eyes, "O God, forgive me."

For several days after this there was evidently a constraint in her manner, which caused May's heart to flutter wildly, and the rising sobs choked her utterance; but she managed to stifle all outward appearance of emotion, and appear the same as usual. Gradually this constraint wore away, and soon she regained her own playful manner, although there was still a trace of sadness mingled with her gaiety.

In the mean time, Mr. Alton still continued a daily visitor at their house, and looked forward eagerly to the time when, with a lovely wife, he should return to his fair Southern home, no longer to lead a life of loneliness, or to harbor pleasant thoughts not realized in the round of daily life. Impossible, though, as it seemed to him, the void in his heart was at last filled with the image of a beautiful woman, whose life had been all sunshine, and whose path through life in coming years it would be his duty to strew with the roses of love. What wonder that he wished the bridal to be consummated as speedily as possible.

Mrs. Aubine considered it her duty to acquaint Mr. Alton with the parentage of May; therefore, one day when the three were alone in the library, she commenced the simple recital.

May listened with sparkling eyes and glowing cheeks. "Then I have a twin sister. Is she yet living?"

"Yes, May"—and Mrs. Aubine drew her tenderly to her—"she is living, but your parents, as I have often told you, have long since gone to the spirit-world, and I am now your mother, am I not, May?"

"Yes, O yes!"

Mr. Alton was very much surprised to learn that she was but the child of adoption, for not once had a suspicion crossed his mind that they were otherwise than they seemed to be—mother and daughter.

"Will you take me to her?" asked May, anxiously.

"Certainly, if you wish. Mr. Alton will accompany us, I presume; it is but a day's ride. The place is but little changed, and your sister lives with her aunt in the same little house where I first saw your parents, and from

whence I took you, a little child of eight years of age. She is wealthy, for the property I settled on your father, by untiring industry on his part, has accumulated to a large sum."

"How I long to see her, to clasp her in my arms, and call her by the sweet name of sister!"

Mrs. Aubine looked troubled. "May, you and your sister were twins; so closely did you resemble each other that it were almost an impossibility to distinguish one from the other. Years have intervened since then, and had you still remained as you were when I first saw you, there would still have been the same resemblance, the same congeniality of thought and feeling. But you were separated; you from your earliest remembrance have been brought in close communion with those who were educated and refined, while education fitted you for that social sphere. You were possessed of equal talents; yet, while hers have lain dormant, yours have been called into action. There is now a vast difference between you, which you cannot fail to perceive. Having always lived secluded, not mingling with the refined and intelligent, not having been fitted by education to find pleasure in that which is instructive, her manners or conversation cannot partake of that which would please the fastidious taste of a refined and educated person."

"Yet I can overlook all this," replied May, eagerly, "although I must confess I did not think of that, if she has a loving heart, for is she not my sister?" she added, softly.

Mr. Alton smiled at her enthusiasm. "We must see this country sister of yours, May, and if she does not reach the standard of refinement, and promises to be an apt scholar, we will take good care that she has suitable instruction to fit her for our circle."

"That is just the idea," replied May, quickly; "we will go to-morrow, can we not, mother?"

"Certainly, if you wish it, my dear."

Nine years had wrought but few changes in the quiet spot where Mr. and Mrs. Hartwell had resided so many years, and the carriage took the same path where, years before, Mrs. Aubine had first caught sight of May's laughing face. She neared the home of her childhood. Her heart beat wildly as she saw in reality the picture that had so often arisen in her memory. A young girl sat in the doorway, quietly reading. She started as the carriage stopped at the gate, and the glow of momentary embarrassment mantled her cheek; then she came forward quickly with a smile, half bashful. She was the living image of May herself.

One glance at the face of that young girl, and

May sprang eagerly forward and clasped her in her arms. "Don't you know me, Marion? I am your own sister." And she wept tears of joy, while Mrs. Aubine looked on silently. When her emotion had somewhat subsided, May introduced Mrs. Aubine and Mr. Alton. "This is she whom I call mamma," said May, sweetly.

"And, Marion, let me be a mother to you," said Mrs. Aubine, gently.

They were touched at her look of resignation and the mourning garments she wore. They soon learned the cause of this; her aunt, the sole remaining relative, was dead. Mrs. Aubine was sensibly attracted towards Marion. Everything she said or did was not altogether graceful, but there was nothing vulgar about her; she was just what she appeared to be—a simple-hearted maiden, with a loving heart; nothing more, nothing less. She told May that her mother, in her dying moments, had told her of a twin sister who had been adopted in childhood by a rich lady whose name was Mrs. Aubine; and she had committed with her last breath a chain into her keeping, at the same time exacting from her a solemn promise that she would not seek to discover her whereabouts, but live on in the hope that she would at last come to her. "And I knew you would come, May," she sobbed in conclusion, "for, night and day, I have prayed our Heavenly Father to restore you to me."

Mr. Alton arose and took her hand in his. "Marion, I am the betrothed of your sister, and shall wish to claim a brother's privilege." He took a hand of Mrs. Aubine and May, put them with Marion's, and, clasping them together, said, solemnly: "Let us be united together in love. Say, Marion, shall it be so? Will you go with us to the home of her whom May has learned to call mother, until I take your sister to her Southern home, then you may accompany us, if you wish?"

Mrs. Aubine warmly urged her to comply with his request, and she could not refuse; while Mr. Alton kissed her brow with all a brother's tenderness, and promised that they would love and cherish her.

When the carriage left that lovely though solitary retreat, a fourth party had been added to their happy circle, and Marion was supremely happy in the love manifested for her.

In the new home to which she had been thus unexpectedly taken Marion was happy, yet everything was new and strange. She was never weary of admiring the beautiful carpets, the rare pieces of statuary, the fine paintings,

and even the innumerable books and costly knick-knacks that were scattered about in wild profusion. She paused before the mirror which reflected her whole figure, and thought sadly of the vast difference existing between May and herself. She listened to May's playing and singing with delight; and, having expressed a desire to be instructed, a competent teacher was immediately employed. Mr. Alton marked out for her a course of reading, while May undertook to instruct her in those delicate though essential rules of etiquette. Marion listened with wonder to their conversation; and, idolizing as she did her beautiful and accomplished sister, she became an apt scholar, and, unconsciously, her conversation assumed a different tone and her demeanor changed rapidly. After a time, she appeared in society, and every one was captivated with her sweet air of simplicity and her marked attention to their conversation, yet they could not change her from the simple maiden to the fine lady of fashion. Beautiful and graceful, she was flattered and caressed, yet the influence of Mrs. Aubine exerted over her a powerful charm, and served to make her retain her original character.

May was married. Her adopted mother and darling sister were all unselfish in their wish to have her longer remain single. Mrs. Aubine had become so attached to Marion that May could not urge her, as she had intended, to accompany her to her new home; yet she often sighed in secret at the thought of the separation. Their wedding was strictly private; no fashionable friends were admitted to note all with curious eyes; she was married in the midst of the home circle, and, in the presence of God, promised to love and honor him to whom she gave her hand.

At the moment of parting Harry Alton printed a kiss on the brow of Mrs. Aubine, and said, tenderly, "May I also call you by the endearing name of mother?" A deathly pallor overspread her face. He thought it was at the prospect of parting with one whom she loved so fondly. It caused far different sensations to agitate the breast of May—she thought of her agitation on the evening she told her of her love, and her manner at the present moment. Her heart throbbed wildly. Had she caused her all this suffering? Had she come between her and happiness? But Mrs. Aubine recovered herself quickly, and said, solemnly, "God bless and preserve you in happiness."

"Mother and Marion, do not forget me," said May, sobbing, as she kissed them good-by. Then she put her hand in her husband's, and

said, sadly, "I am ready." She was lifted into the carriage, and for a long time remained silent, but his gay manner soon dispelled the sadness that clouded her spirits.

"And is this *our* home?" exclaimed May, as, having arrived at the end of their journey, Harry pointed out to her a beautiful villa rising in the midst of what was almost a growth of trees. The lovely magnolias scattered their fragrance around, while the acacia-trees drooped their branches as if in welcome. In the background, a broad savannah stretched far away in the distance, while the white cotton-fields were in strange contrast with the dark faces of the busy gatherers.

'Tis no wonder that May clasped her hands and said, softly, "How beautiful!" for they rode up the entrance beneath the shadow of the encircling branches, while the bright sun flashed through the openings in the trees, as if to bid defiance to the attempt to exclude its rays from this quiet spot.

"Ah, there is Uncle Charlie!" as a gentleman came down the steps hastily and advanced to meet them.

"How are you, Harry?" said Uncle Charlie, shaking him heartily by the hand. "This is the new bride, hey!" and he glanced at her sharply; then, as if satisfied with the scrutiny, imprinted a cordial kiss on her blushing cheek, and then assisted her to alight.

Harry looked on smilingly, then threw a dime at the head of the boy who stood ready to care for the horses.

They passed up the steps into the cool, airy hall, then into the drawing-room. Careful hands had arranged the heavy draperies, and everything in the house told the same tale of neatness. Overcome with fatigue and excitement, May sank exhausted on the luxurious sofa, while Harry bathed her flushed face. She thanked him sweetly, but it did not relieve her, and he sent for Aunt Polly, the presiding genius of the household, to show her to her own apartment.

It was a fairy-like retreat that May was ushered into by the assiduous Aunt Polly, who kindly informed her that that was "de private 'partment dat Massa Harry had all fixed for her."

As May gazed around the beautiful chamber prepared for her reception, the thought came into her mind, "Why am I thus blessed?" When she had laid aside her dusty garments, Aunt Polly again ushered her into the drawing-room. She sat down to the beautiful piano which she had not before perceived, her fingers

pressed the keys lightly, and there arose a gush of melody, then her voice mingled with the strains, and she sang—

' The dearest spot on earth to me
Is home, sweet home.
The fairyland I've longed to see
Was home, sweet home.
Here how charmed the sense of feeling;
Here's where hearts are so endearing;
All the world is not so cheering,
As home, sweet home."

There were two voices that mingled with hers in the last two lines.

"All the world to *me* is not so cheering as home, now that I have some one to make me happy here," said Harry.

Uncle Charlie's eyes glistened, and he said, aside, "You *have* won a treasure, Harry."

Uncle Charlie was but a few years the senior of Harry. He was his father's youngest brother, and had resided with Harry since his father's death. He had been a kind friend to Harry, and Harry, in return, was much attached to him. Why he remained single was merely a matter of surmise with his friends. They did not know that the fair girl whom he hoped to call wife had been stricken down by the hand of disease. He was lively, benevolent, fine-looking, and, withal, wealthy. Everywhere, he was a favorite.

Time passed. May was very happy in her Southern home, and looked forward anxiously to the time when she would see her mother and sister once more. At last her wish was gratified; she received a letter stating that they would be with her soon, and while expectation was as its height they arrived.

Uncle Charlie claimed the privilege of imprinting a kiss on Marion's blushing cheek, declaring enthusiastically that she was a "woodland violet," and in the same breath that Mrs. Aubine was "charming."

May and Harry looked on smilingly.

Mrs. Aubine was even more tender to May than usual, and said to her when alone, "I love Marion very dearly, May, but she cannot fill the void in my heart that your absence left."

Marion was very much improved in appearance; gradually, refinement had overspread her like a veil, and scarce a trace of the former Marion could be discovered. Mrs. Aubine had moulded her after her own fashion, had taught her to be herself at all times.

Uncle Charlie began to pay assiduous attention to Mrs. Aubine, and Marion, who noticed this particularly, declared that there was no one to galkut her. But this was soon contra-

dicted, when a fine young man, a cousin of Harry's by the by, happening to make him a visit, was captivated by her bright eyes, and concluded that he was in no haste to depart.

Overruled by the united persuasions of May, Harry, and, lastly, of Uncle Charlie himself, who, somehow or other, had acquired a great influence over her of late, Mrs. Aubine consented to remain with them. While Edward Alton, Harry's cousin, having been seen to look with admiring eyes at a neighboring plantation, and having been seen in close conversation with Marion, it was conjectured rightly that he would remain also.

Mrs. Aubine had performed her duty. In the happiness of her adopted child she received her reward. She was young, beautiful, and wealthy, and loved by all, with many admirers, yet she had devoted her life to the child of her adoption. It is true she had loved Harry Alton, but this settled into friendship, therefore contradicting the old saying, that "friendship often ends in love, but love in friendship never." This affection revived, and centred itself on Uncle Charlie.

In their beautiful Southern homes let us hope they may live wisely and well, scattering the seeds of that beautiful plant happiness with a lavish hand, loved and respected by all. Surrounded by those they love, let us again hope they may live wisely and well, and that their days may glide as smoothly on as waves of summer sea.

ANGEL LOVE.

BY ANNE L. MUZZEY.

We have lost a love,
We have laid a treasure up in heaven,
We have given
Our hearts' nestling dove
To the angels up above,
To the blessed angels up in heaven.

We have lost a love,
We have lost a prayer,
We have lost our sweetest, only prayer,
In the blue immensity above;
And our hearts are speechless with despair,
For we cannot find a prayer to pray,
Since the angels bore away
Our lost love,
Desolation reigneth everywhere:
There's a dreary sound upon the air,
Like the wail of mourners at a tomb,
And the earth flowers have a sickly bloom.
And the sweet, green hills that use to wear
Vails of sunshine on their foreheads fair,
Stand up bleakly now in frowning gloom;
There's a cloud between us and the sun,
There's a pall upon the summer skies
Since we left our dearest one
Dreaming at the gates of Paradise.

So she died—
So our light went out, and it was night,
So our hearts, through love, were crucified;
So our darling perished from our sight,
So our star of hope and promise set.
God of Heaven, help us to forget!

Oh, our holy love!
Angel love,
It was hard to give her up,
E'en to dwell in golden courts above;
But the fearful cup
Could not pass away,
God had spoken, it was vain to pray.

So we held her in our arms that night—
That long, wretched night,
When Death rained his kisses in with ours,
When he snowed his lilies cold and white
'Mid the fever roses on her cheek,
And our grief broke forth in tempest show'rs,
Though we essayed wearily to speak
Words of hope, when there was hope no more:
When we felt that all indeed was o'er,
Then life wrapped around us like a shroud,
And the sky dropped downward from above,
Closing 'round us like a fearful cloud;
All the world was one wide sepulchre,
For our hearts were buried in with her,
Our lost love.

So there is no beauty on the earth
Since she died,
And we sit beside our rayless hearth
Dreaming, dreaming of the sanctified;
Thrilling with the memory of a tone,
Thinking of the tender light that shone
In the sunny heaven of her eyes;
Kissing, in our fancy, lip and brow,
Wondering if she sees and loves us now,
From her far-off home in Paradise,
In the starry garden of the skies.

We have lost a love—
Lost on earth, but found again in heaven,
Like a star that blossoms but in even;
Our sweet love,
Singing with the angels up above,
Singing with God's angels up in heaven!

SPRING.

BY LILLIAN.

A GENTLER spirit mounts the year's high throne,
And waves a gracious sceptre o'er the land,
Bird songs almost to heavenly sweetness grown,
Welcome the joyous treasures of her hand.

The warm south winds full-fed on morning sweets,
With busy fingers dally with her locks,
And lo, a shining host of blossoms greets
The yearning heart in fields and garden walks!

An emerald wreath her youthful forehead crowns;
Her cheeks reflect the ruddy glow of health;
Till waking nature loses all her frowns,
And to the world displays her growing wealth!

Thus comes the tuning voices long since mute,
Brimful of glee she weaves Earth's bridal charms;
Gives blooming promises of autumn fruit,
And full-robed waits the summer's circling arms!

OUR FAMILY HORSE.

BY DOROTHEA.

It had long been decided in the family, that to maintain a position in the world, one must have a horse of one's own. So frequent had been the discussions of the subject, that ordering out the family hack had become the El Dorado of our childish dreams. How to possess ourselves of the animal was a problem of difficult solution. Little Will thought it might be accomplished by penny deposits in his tin savings bank, and at once devoted himself to a rigid self-denial of candies and toys; as none of our schemes were on a much more gigantic scale, we were little disposed to laugh at Will. Our desire for the horse increased with the difficulty of procuring him; even our eldest, who seldom gave reins to her fancy, became so engrossed, that her nightly show of shadows on the wall, for the benefit of the children, consisted wholly of horses. Hitherto there had been no appointed consultation, though we generally fell to talking of the matter when together, but in an abstract manner, as one talks of the prospect of aerial navigation; at length father brought the crisis one dull, drizzly evening, by crying out to mother, as he threw off his overcoat, after a long walk, to attend a vexatious patient—"Mother, let's decide about the horse to-night." With the word, the horse seemed lost to us; the possibility of buying him, always so small, shrank to nothing; speculation had kept him in prospect, but decision—our little hearts went down with a pang, and Tom, who had many times clambered upon his back in fancy, felt doomed to everlasting pedestrianism.

Now that the subject was fairly in hand, dear mother brought forth the usual remonstrances in her usual meek voice, to which father opposed the ever-ready and indisputable plea, that a rising professional man ought to risk as much as a business man. When mother remembered all the finery she owed to this argument, the last year's velvet cloak and furs, the day before yesterday's fantastical what-not for the bare corner of our miniature parlor, to all which, her love of the beautiful had so easily reconciled her, she desisted. Thereupon, we racked our brains to prove the necessity of the purchase. The usual "benefit to health," and consequent saving in doctor's bill was denied us, for father was the physician who kept sick-

ness from his own doors. Save that Tom suffered largely from chilblains, no one of us had needed so much as a plaster since running the infantile gauntlet of measles and whooping-cough. As to exercise, we already pursued that to a fault; either of us girls could walk ten miles at a stretch, and though I measured but five feet from the tip of my toes to the top of my head, and my arms were not o'er-stout, I could row a boat up stream with adverse winds. We were reduced to father's real comfort, the great pleasure of the whole family, and the effect upon the multitude; the first decided mother, while we girls, with natural vanity, were influenced by the latter. When the decision was announced, Margaret threw an alarming caricature of a horse upon the wall, while Tom cheered lustily, for which he was reprimanded by father, who, for once, let excitement overcome his good-humor.

Well, the horse was to be had, but how, was still unanswered, and with renewed energies we consulted how we might curtail necessities for this one luxury, how we might be uncomfortable and economical in-doors, that we might be comfortable and extravagant out of doors. First it was proposed to dispense with the little maid of all work, general overseer of pots and kettles, and scrubbing-brushes, she, to whom soapsuds seemed an essential; she, who was always ready to take up baby where he was put down, always in trim for the front door; the very enumeration of her capabilities dismayed us, Margaret especially, whose one little weakness was her hand, hands fair and white, but persisting in spreading at the joints at the least contact with hard labor. Margaret could not conceive of a lady with bony hands. It was in vain that I laughed at her. I could not understand it, for, as she said, were not my hands like mother's, brown and plump; in winter hopelessly brown, but plump and white in summer as any heart could desire, and whose joints no amount of hard labor could reach? So the little maid could not be spared, but we comforted ourselves with the thought that the little she cost us wouldn't have kept the horse in oats; to be sure, as mother said, "It was shameful to have a young thing working so for a pittance;" but then, everybody did it, and we were no worse than our neighbors. Tom, who

was just then in a mania for missionary heroines, suggested that as economy seemed impossible, we should get up an independent fund, by selling bones and rags, after the manner of the latest of his models, which brought down a mild lecture from sister Margaret, during which, father declared for an indefinite course of self-denial and economy, to be practised on every possible occasion, without any fixed, premeditated plan, to which we all pledged ourselves, and in accordance with which Tom and I, in hasty zeal, deposited a dollar (the fruit of three months' hoarding for a magic-lantern) for the future victualling of the horse, that was to be, and turned our faces bedward, our little breasts swelling with the spirit of self-sacrifice.

Despite a little hoard of worldly maxims with which father usually prefaced his transactions, he was one of the most unworldly of men, and his intended purchase was no sooner rumored than every unserviceable nag in town was fitted up for his inspection. He was the more easily imposed upon, as at the country races he had attended, he had frequently noticed that the winning horses were the shabbiest. Dear mother herself was a better judge of horseflesh, for, in the days of her maidenhood, she had been the finest rider in all the country round. We children had the exact pattern of the horse we anticipated in the print of an English barnyard, sent to me by a little, ardent lover, in token of his sympathy in our present desires. When we represented to father that only *such* a horse was worth purchasing, he shook his head in a manner which showed plainly that our model was not an animal after his own heart. It was less than a week after the consultation, that father went out with an important business look in his face, after duly impressing upon us the truth that appearances are not sure guides to worth, and that, especially in the matter of horses, a sorry-looking beast might be capable of great speed, great endurance, and of being made quite attractive enough to the eye, for such a sober family as ourselves. That the horse was coming home there was no doubt, and in accordance with father's remarks, we moderated our anticipations till we believed ourselves ready for anything that went on four legs, and was larger than a dog.

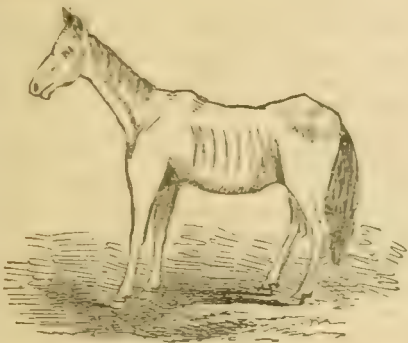
But our most vivid imagination fell short of the dilapidated animal that made his appearance with father. Tom named him Barebones at once, and Margaret, who was a trifle literary, declared he had as many "points" as Rozi-nante. Ever since the horse had been mentioned, I had been secretly planning for a side-

saddle and riding-habit, wherewith I was to ride through town in queenly style, to the excessive envy of my most dangerous rival for the attentions of a certain captivating youth, who made much palpitation among the virgin hearts of Staunton. At this downfall to my cherished hopes I could scarce restrain the tears. But Tom, who was on the *nil desperando* order, declared that, despite the fistula on his neck, and that he was continually jerking his head in harness, and had an ugly way of going on three legs and holding up the fourth as if in reserve for a catastrophe, a good supply of oats might make him a very decent creature. As he was led away to the stable, to profit by Tom's hint of the oats, we could not help noting the remarkable metamorphosis of which he was capable. Seen from in front, as he jerked his head in the air, he was quite like an ostrich; but from the side, on account of an immense projection of the hip-bones, he seemed the caricature of a camel. Altogether, we were quite ready to believe, as father, in his discomfiture, ventured to remark, that he must have been kept on barrel hoops and shavings. Once in the stable, it was further developed that he was incapable of managing his food until it had been nearly pulverized, which, without a look at his teeth, at once decided the question of age. Still, with characteristic hopefulness, we bore up against these symptoms till the animal was fairly in harness; there, neither moral or physical force could tempt him to budge when he was predisposed for a rest; blows seemed rather to infuse an acceptable warmth through his chilly veins, for, we fancied, comfortable satisfaction settled over his features at each stroke of the whip. Like the boy with the elephant, our one question was what to do with him? Use him we could not, for, even were he disposed to travel, what one of us would endure the mortification of riding behind him? The stable seemed like a tomb. How many little vanities, how many anticipated triumphs were buried there! Every day mother sighed over the dollars—the "sinking fund," as Tom called it—swept from our scanty store; every day passers-by seemed casting derisive grins at the stable; every day we wished the horse might die, and every day he clung to life with renewed tenacity. He was literally a skeleton at the door, for, though he "lived upon nothing but victuals and drink," his bones refused to be covered.

At length, there chanced into the house a Yankee peddler, a lithe, wiry, keen-eyed man, to whom father, as a desperate extremity, of-

ferred the horse in exchange for some culinary utensils. The stranger at once closed with the bargain, which so elated father that he confided to him the whole story of the swindle. As he concluded, the stranger, emboldened by the unusual familiarity, gave him a patronizing slap on the shoulder, with a twinkle of his gray eye which said more emphatically than words, "You're a green un."

If a pestilence had passed from us, we could not have been more relieved than by the removal of the horse. Just after his departure, we found father chipping away at a smooth stone, with a sort of humorous, self-deprecating smile, and, peering over his shoulder, saw the following:—



IN MEMORY OF BAREBONES.

Who departed this stable Nov. 16, 1847.

"The fool is known by his folly."

This was the peace-offering he presented mother, and she, dear woman, did what any loving wife could under the circumstances—laid her hand caressingly on his shoulders, and, with her best smile, said, "You're a dear man!" Whether this purchase had anything to do with Tom's subsequent bias towards races, or with Margaret's expending the first tithe of a fortune which fell to her in after days for a span of fine horses, I leave my readers to judge; for myself, I resolved from that moment never to marry a man who could not choose a horse against "odds."

CHILDREN'S JOYS AND SORROWS.

We can endure a melancholy man, but not a melancholy child; the former, in whatever slough he may sink, can raise his eyes either to the kingdom of reason or of hope; but the little child is entirely absorbed and weighed down by one black poison-drop of the present.

Think of a child led to the scaffold; think of Cupid in a Dutch coffin; or watch a butterfly, after its four wings have been torn off, creeping like a worm, and you will feel what I mean. But wherefore? The first has been already given; the child, like the beast, only knows purest, though shortest sorrow; one which has no past and no future; one such as the sick man receives from without, the dreamer from himself into his asthenic brain; finally, one with the consciousness not of guilt, but of innocence. Certainly, all the sorrows of children are but shortest nights, as their joys are but hottest days; and, indeed, both so much so, that in the latter, often clouded and starless time of life, the matured man only longingly remembers his old childhood's pleasures, while he seems altogether to have forgotten his childhood's grief. This weak remembrance is strangely contrasted with the opposing one in dreams and fevers in this respect, that in the two last it is always the cruel sorrows of childhood which return; the dream this mock-sun of childhood—and the fever, its distorting glass—both draw forth from dark corners the fears of defenceless childhood, which press and cut with iron fangs into the prostrate soul. The fair scenes of dreams mostly play on an after-stage, whereas the frightful ones choose for theirs the cradle and the nursery. Moreover, in fever, the ice-hands of the fear of ghosts, the striking one of the teachers and parents, and every claw with which fate has pressed the young heart, stretch themselves out to catch the wandering man. Parents, consider then that every childhood's Rupert—the name given in Germany to the fictitious being employed to frighten children into obedience—even though it has lain chained for tens of years, yet breaks loose and gains mastery over the man so soon as it finds him on a sick bed. The first fright is more dangerous the sooner it happens; as the man grows older, he is less and less easily frightened; the little cradle or bed canopy of the child is more easily quite darkened than the starry heaven of the man.

OCEAN.—Almighty, yet gentle power! Thou rushest in anger against the earth, and devour'st it, and thy vast Briareus arms encircle its whole circumference. Yet, dost thou silence the foaming stream, and subdue it into gentle waves, gently dost thou play round thy smiling children, the little islands, and dost lick the careless hand that toys with thy surface from the passing skiff.

MY FORTE.

Being Extracts from a Young Lady's Journal. Stolen and Selected.

BY S. ANNIE FROST.

July 13th, 18—.

This is my birthday, my eighteenth birthday, and this is the sixth journal I have commenced, for I buy a bran-new volume every year. I looked over the old books this morning, and I am very much dissatisfied with the result. I am eighteen! Well, what else am I? Nothing. I am not pretty. Sister Jessie, our eldest, is a beauty. Such black eyes, such heavy brown curls, such a lovely complexion, and such a stately, graceful figure are not met with every day. The rest of the girls, Hattie, Louisa, Mary, and Jennie, have each some special accomplishment or talent, all except me. Every one of them, even Jennie, who is younger than I am, can talk of a *forte*. Hattie plays most splendidly on the piano; that's her *forte*. I can't; I should go raving distracted with nervousness, if I spent seven hours a day, as she does, running up and down, scrambling over the key-board like a kitten after a ball, or banging chords till every drop on the chandelier quivers. No! I can play dancing music, at which Hattie turns up her nose, but *music*, as an art, is certainly not my *forte*!

Lou, bless her blue eyes! does the most wonderful pieces of fancy-work. Such shawls as she knits! such mats as she embroiders! such slippers, smoking-caps, table-covers, and pincushions as she works! Why can't I? Lou ain't half as big as I am, though she is older, and her tiny little white hands are lost in mine; but she manages needles in a manner wonderful to behold. To see her wield a knitting-needle as big as the kitchen poker is a sight worth seeing. How she can have the patience to spend whole weeks over one shawl or one table-cover is a mystery to me.

Heigh-ho! What is my *forte*? George, that's our grown-up brother, takes my head between his hands, and kisses me on the lips, and says my specialty is to be the dearest sister in the world; but that don't comfort me much.

Mary paints. To be sure, you can't tell her rows from her horses unless you look for their horns; and I offended her mortally by taking her head portraying "Revenge" for her idea of "Hunger." I didn't mean any harm; but the man had his mouth and eyes so wide open, and

he was so thin and peaked looking that I was certain he was starving. His nose was all to one side, and one eye was bigger than the other; but still Mary says *art* is her *forte*, and I suppose she knows.

Even Jennie, who is crazy on the subject of languages, talks of her *forte* being a talent for acquiring foreign tongues.

It is horrible not to have *any* specialty in a family where everybody has one. They all treat me in the most off-hand manner. Ma says: "Here, Fan, just mend these stockings, won't you? Hattie is practising." Or, "Fan, you run down the street for me, won't you? Mary is at work on her *Judas*. You haven't anything to do in particular." George brings me all his gloves to mend and his shopping commissions to attend to, on the supposition that I haven't anything to do. I am errand girl, seamstress, and able to make myself "generally useful in a family," as they say when they give a girl a character; but I wish, I do wish I knew what was my special *forte*.

July 20th.

I have found it! Eureka! I know my *forte*! It is a very humble one, but still it is a specialty.

This is how it came about: Last week, Hattie and Mary went into the country to spend the summer; Jessie and Jennie went with Aunt Margaret to Saratoga. Nobody was left at home but father, ma, George, Lou, and I. Yesterday Susan, that's our cook, had an attack of a disease she calls *muleralgia* in her head, and left at an hour's notice, and Jane, the chamber-maid, said she couldn't do *all* the work of this large family, and she left in the afternoon. This led to the discovery of my *forte*. I am *domestic*; that's it, DOMESTIC! Pa says that my mutton-chops to-day were not to be beat (he said *beat*, so I don't care if beaten is better grammar), and George says that he never thought fried potatoes could be brought to such perfection.

Don't we have fun! This morning I was up before the sun. Ma took the up stairs department, Lou undertook the parlors, and I was left to reign over the pots and kettles. I got

breakfast, dinner, and tea, and I only went to ma twice about the meat, once about the cabbage, three times about the pudding, and four times about the gravy.

July 21st.

Ma and Lou went away yesterday. As there were only three of us left, I persuaded her not to get any new girls till she came back, and she is to be gone three weeks. Three whole weeks! Somehow it ain't so jolly without ma and Lou to laugh over the work with me.

Pa and George went off early this morning; I am horribly afraid they breakfasted down town. It was too bad! I had sliced my potatoes to fry, and had cut the mutton-chops all ready to broil; the coffee was made, the bread cut, and I had my potatoes on, when the bell rang. It was the milk-man! I haven't the least idea how much milk ma takes, but he said four quarts; so I took it. It looks a dreadfully big lot for three people, to put in their coffee. When I came in, my potatoes were all burnt black.

George was standing at the top of the stairs, whistling "Come, Come Away," so I knew he was in a hurry, and pa cried, "Fan, any breakfast to-day?" I tried to laugh it off. I made pa carry up the coffee-pot, and George the plate of bread, while I took the chops.

"Fan, what ails the coffee?" This was the first salute; I had forgotten to clear it.

"I am afraid these chops are burnt." That was the second.

At last they went off. Then "came the tug of war."

How can people make a bed alone? I've made them often; ma or Lou stands on one side and takes hold with me, and we get along beautifully. But to-day! I tried my best; but as fast as I got one side nice I was sure to pull all the clothes off fixing the other side. They looked awfully—like great snow-banks covered with quilts. I can't help it. How can I get on both sides of the bed at once?

Then there were the pitchers to fill, and the rooms to sweep and dust, and the parlors to put in order, and the dining-room to sweep, and all the breakfast things to clear away, and I am sure, positive, the bell rang a thousand times to-day. There were boys with sand, boys with fruit, boys with brooms, boys with potatoes, boys with every vegetable, animal, and mineral production. There were women with berries, women to beg, women who wanted sewing, women of every description. Every time I was safely landed in the third story, that bell rang.

Why can't a woman swear! I am sure I should not have slammed the door so hard in the face of the last boy with sand, when I opened it for the nine hundred and ninety-ninth time, if I could have said some real bad word in the entry when I went down. I am afraid I did say "Confound that bell!" once. We are all weak! I was just going up stairs to perform the operation that Susan calls "cleaning" herself: I was not lovely to look upon at that moment—my hair, naturally of a mud color, was covered with an old silk handkerchief, my sleeves were rolled up, the skirt of my dress was pinned up, for I had performed Herculean feats with the broom and dust-pan. On the stairs I stopped. My fire! until that moment I had forgotten it. I went into the kitchen; heart-rending sight for an amateur cook—my fire was out! Down I went on my knees, poker in hand, and began to poke. Didn't I poke! Nothing short of iron could have stood my vigorous handling. The dust flew in all directions. My nose itched; I scratched it with my smutty fingers; then, then, of all times, the bell rang.

Down went the poker. "Confound the bell!" I cried, and darted into the entry. I opened the door. Horror of horrors!

"Is Miss Mason at home?" That's definite when there are six of us.

I knew well enough who he was, though. He was Jessie's friend, Mr. Lorraine. There he stood, in a full suit of white linen (how I wanted to touch it with my smutty fingers) looking down upon me with his most benign expression.

"Miss Jessie is at Saratoga," I replied.

"Ah! I am sorry to miss seeing her. Will you give her my card? Are any of the young ladies at home?"

Whew! didn't I want to box his ears. Think of the impudence of the puppy, pretending he did not know me.

"All the young ladies are out of town," I said, "excepting Miss Frances, and she is particularly engaged."

"Miss Fannie! Ah, yes, the musical one—"

"No, sir."

"The artist?"

"No, sir."

"Not the lovely blonde?"

"No, sir, that is Louisa."

"Oh, the little girl!"

"No, sir"—my blood was up by this time—"your humble servant;" and I dropped him a courtesy.

He burst into a clear, ringing laugh.

"Pardon me," he said; "I was rude, I fear,

but I thought you were in disguise for a joke. Will you allow me to walk in?"

What could I do?

"Certainly," I replied.

We went into the parlor. I was determined not to let him stay, so I explained that our girls had left us, and that the ladies were all away.

He began to give me the funniest description of his trouble when his mother left him once, and the girl deserted him the next day. I forgot my dress, my bare arms, dusty hair, old silk headdress, and dirty face, and laughed with him.

Didn't we chat? He had just finished reading Miss Proctor's lovely, darling book of poems, and we agreed in our enthusiasm over it. He quoted some of my pet passages, till I almost cried with the mixture of pleasure and pain they gave me. Then the flowers on the table attracted him. There was the subject for another chat, and we discussed exotics, home flowers, and wild flowers with as much interest and animation as if it were not after twelve o'clock, and the dinner still in the market basket on the table in the kitchen. I forgot my *forte*, I did, indeed. I forgot my hungry brother and father who would come in at two o'clock, and I chatted away like—like nothing but an excited, interested woman. My morning's exercise had sent the blood to my cheeks, and it danced through my veins with unwonted rapidity. Books, flowers, music, the weather, all came up for conversation, and the time flew.

One! The striking of the clock first recalled me to my duties. I looked at my disordered dress, and then at my elegant companion, and, for the first time, the blood crimsoned my brow with embarrassment. I had been annoyed, piqued, interested; now I was embarrassed. He perceived this, and with graceful, gentlemanly ease, took his leave, asking permission to call again soon to spend an evening.

I don't think I shall say "Confound the bell!" when he does come.

I bowed him out, and then flew to the kitchen. The empty grate of the range yawned at me, and I fancied was laughing at my distress. I opened the market basket. A piece of beef for roasting, green peas, asparagus, potatoes, and young beets met my dismayed vision.

Beef to roast, peas to shell—all to be ready at two o'clock, and at one I stood alone in the kitchen, without a ray of fire!

How was I to make that fire?

I lit paper enough to fill a bushel basket, and

turned the coal on it. *That* wouldn't burn. Then I tried the coal first and the paper on top. That was no better. Then I put the coal in the paper, rolling up a few pieces in little pieces of paper—oh, dear, that wouldn't burn either! I was getting desperate!

Chips! What good angel suggested chips I don't know, but I flew down to the cellar, and collected a basketful. I threw them in, added more paper, put on more coal, and then lit the whole. Didn't it burn? Fast and furious roared the blaze, and I turned to the sink, washed my hands, and went to work on the peas. I shelled like mad. An ominous silence made me turn. The last spark of my promising fire was just dying out.

"Dinner ready, Fan?"

George's voice, George's step, and next, George's six feet of manhood in my kitchen.

"Oh, George!" and there I broke down, and a great choking sob finished the sentence.

"Why, pet, what's the matter?"

I haven't arrived at the dignity of any special talent yet, and the family call me pet, little woman, blossom, old lady, or any other soubriquet that comes handiest.

George looked at the fire, then at the basket, and took all in that one glance.

"Don't cry, Fan, I'll make the fire."

"But the dinner?"

"Travel down cellar with that. Give us some coffee, and scrambled eggs, and bread and butter. What's in those two big pitchers?"

My milk! I had forgotten to put it on the ice, and there it stood. Wasn't it sour, that hot, hot day?

I took the market basket and the peas shelled and unshelled down to the safe. George, the darling, was as good as his word. When I returned, he had taken off his coat, and was at work at my fire.

I shall know how to make it if it goes out again. Didn't I watch him?

I got out the coffee-mill, and ground with a will.

"Dinner ready, Fan?"

Enter father with a basket of raspberries.

My fire was burning splendidly, and promising George a kiss after I had washed my face, I drove them both up stairs.

My coffee was delicious, my eggs perfect, the butter was fresh, ditto the bread, but where—where was the milk to come from. Again George volunteered, and went with a butter-kettle to buy a quart. Five quarts in one day for a family of three! Economy nowhere!

We dined at three o'clock, and didn't I eat?

I was almost starved, and we all laughed together over the mishaps of the morning.

Oh, how tired I was when I had cleared away the dinner dishes and started up to my room for the long postponed dressing.

Tea was easily got, and the dishes washed up. We have had company all the evening, and I hear the clock striking eleven as I write this line. Heigh-ho! I am very stiff, very tired, my hands are blistered with sweeping, and I begin to have serious misgivings about my domestic talents.

July 22d.

Well, yesterday was bad enough, but to-day—"Angels and ministers of grace defend us!" Where shall I begin? At the beginning? The beginning of the day is generally after one is up in the morning, but my day began before that. I was roused by the most tremendous rapping at the gate. I listened. Then I sprang out of bed and threw open my window.

"Who's there?"

"Catherine. I've come to wash."

Sure enough! I now remembered that ma had postponed the washing until to-day, because I was to put the clothes to soak yesterday afternoon, and I had, as Susan used to say, "clane forgot it."

"Wait a minute; I'll come down to you!" I cried to Catherine.

I hurried on my clothes, and started to go down. On the stairs an ominous sound fell upon my ears. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven! Seven o'clock! Our breakfast hour was seven, and I was just up. Fortunately, pa and George gave no signs of being awake as I passed their doors.

I admitted Catherine, who always comes to help in the washing, and to-day was to do it all, and then I started to bring the soiled linen from all parts of the house. I piled a large quantity in a large basket, and away I went. Down one flight safely, down another, and I stood at the head of the last flight—the long flight into the hall. A tiny tear in the carpet caught my foot; I caught at the banisters; missed them, and down I rolled. First I was on top, then the basket. Shirts, skirts, stockings marked our rapid passage. Bump I went, scratch came the basket, I screamed. Pa's door opened, then George's. It seemed a week before I landed at the foot of the stairs. Where? Right in the basket. I am a big girl, but in I went, head first, buried in the clothes.

"Where's Fan?" asked George.

"What's the matter?" said pa.

"Arrah, where is Miss Fannie?" said Catherine, running out of the kitchen. "Save us, if she ain't in the basket! Here's her blessed boots a-stickin' out!" And I was hauled out of the basket by the blessed boots.

I couldn't be sentimental; I felt sore and bruised. Pa was pale when he came down, at the thought of what might have been. But my gravity was too severely tasked; I laughed till I was tired, and then I cried, then I looked at the ruins, the clothes scattered over the stairs, and I laughed again.

Catherine gravely collected the white fragments, and marched off into the kitchen. Thanks to George's care, a fine fire burned there. But Catherine's brew was black as thunder; no boiler on, no tubs up from the cellar, no water hot, "no nothing ready," as she informed me.

Breakfast was late, of course. That cleared away, I made another attack on the beds. Oh, if they could be made with only one side! George's, being single, ain't so bad; but mine, which I share with Lou, and pa's are awful!

I hurried all the work, for I determined to give them a good dinner to-day. A good dinner washing-day. Deluded Fannie. The beef was not so bad, but the difficulties under which I labored with regard to vegetables were fearful. I am sure Napoleon's battles were nothing compared to my *rows* (I know that's not a ladylike word) with Catherine. The skirmishings between the boiler and my army of pots were studies for a general. First Catherine conquered, and the boiler stood, bold and majestic in front; then, while she was hanging out the clothes, along came a young lady, and with an effort painful to behold, pushed the boiler back to bring the smaller fry (no, the smaller boil) forward. My water bubbled, my peas grew tender, my asparagus ditto, the potatoes softened. Whew! in came Catherine, away went my pots, right and left; one pull of her vigorous arms drew my big enemy forward. Splash! in went the clothes. Dash! out went Catherine, and I had to commence again.

Yet, spite of all this, my dinner was a success. I had prepared every dish according to Mrs. Hale's directions, and my little family warmly applauded my efforts.

After dinner I descended to the kitchen. Such a scene! Here a pile of clothes ready to sprinkle; there a pile of greasy pans and pots; to the right, a tub of rinsing water; to the left, a bucket of pea-pods and potato parings; on one table a bowl of starch; on the other, the dinner dishes. I stood dismayed.

Catherine's face reminded me that she had had no dinner. Hastening to supply this omission, I stumbled over the tub of rinsing water, and in I went. I didn't say "Hang the clothes!" but I wanted to. Wasn't it bad enough to nearly break my neck ~~over~~ them in the morning, without being half-drowned in the tub in the afternoon. I went slowly up stairs to change my wet clothes. The climax was to come. I was on my way down again, dry and tidy, when the unusual exertion, the heat, and the sudden chill produced a sort of vertigo, and I fell in the entry. Pa had not gone out, and he came at the noise of my fall.

He has forbidden me to go into the kitchen again, engaged Catherine to stay until we can

fill Susan's place and Jane's, and I am scribbling here to pass away the evening.

Can anybody tell me what *is* my *forte*?

The next extract is a year later.

July 13th.

Another new journal, that I must sign Fannie Lorraine. My husband said to me yesterday, "Fannie, I fell in love with you on the day you opened the door for me. The young lady who was not ashamed to be seen engaged in domestic pursuits, and who could converse with graceful ease in such a costume, without any awkward attempt to hide her disarray, was the wife for me."

I have not yet found my *forte*!

THE RECORD OF A MOMENT.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

THE door might have opened and closed again, but no sound met my ear; a stranger stood by my side, but no footfall broke the intense silence in which I love to sit, and sitting muse. Who was he? Where came he from? What would he? Whither was he tending? Shall I ask him to be seated? Shall I bid him speak?

Such were the thoughts that flashed across my mind in the brief interval between my discovery of his presence and the motion I made towards a seat with my unemployed hand. But my visitor would not be seated, and I arose and confronted him.

His brow was massively intellectual, and ridges denoting deep thought were plainly discernible upon its surface; his eyes were of a deep raven, and his cheeks pale; his lips were thin and compressed; his chin finely moulded, and the *physique* of lips and chin denoted firmness of resolve and resoluteness of action; his black hair fell in massy clusters almost to his shoulders; his arms were of a medium length, and his hands small and delicate; his stature was nobly high, his bearing proud, his demeanor open. Yet he spoke not.

I was getting impatient. I am naturally of a nervous temperament, and the intrusion was no way in harmony with my seclusive ideas at this moment.

Moving restlessly in my chair, pen resting listlessly in my hand, the sheet before me but half written over, and his eyes fixed firmly upon me, I knew not what to do. But, at last,

recollecting that desperate measures required correspondingly desperate resolves, I fixed my gaze upon the intruder and said: "I am not accustomed to intrusions, especially of this kind."

Pausing to watch the effect of my words, I saw my visitor acknowledge the remark by a slight inclination of his head, but did not respond. I sank deeper and deeper in the unexpected quandary I found myself in. Shall I order him from my presence? No, this would not be gentlemanly. Shall I call the servants? No, this would be cowardly. Shall I command him to declare his mission? No, this would be too abrupt. Shall I resume my pen? I remembered that the article I was engaged on was to be ready at a certain hour, and the minute hand was rapidly travelling toward the end of my article probation; but my conduct would be uncivil, to say the least. So I again addressed myself to the task.

"As I said before, I am not accustomed to intrusions, and am at a loss to account for the way in which you managed to gain admittance to my *sanctum sanctorum*. I hope, however, as you are here, you will make yourself conversable."

Still no answer!

I viewed the extraordinary apparition from head to foot. "He is not the Wandering Jew," I thought. Can he be the—that for which I have searched so often and labored so long? Is he the impersonification of silence? Is his

speechlessness a silent admission of his mission? Is it an automaton I am addressing, placed here by some mischievous friend while my thoughts were fixed on other than the ap-purtenances about me? Was the inclination I noticed merely a phantasm of my own, or was it the result of obedience to some spring touched by a skilful worker, through the medium of a wire?

In good truth, I knew not what to think, or do! Speech seemed lost on him, so I attempted to rise and calm myself by walking; when, strange to say, I could not stir; I seemed fixed to the spot—my pen was as if glued to my fingers and my hand to the paper over which it was running so rapidly ere the vision presented itself, and I could not move the arm from its position.

"Speak," I gasped, as the spell deepened upon me, depriving me of my faculties one by one, and fearing that speech also would be taken and I be left utterly at the mercy of my visitor, as the bird is at the mercy of the cat whose glittering organs of sight charm, charm, until the victim is in its grasp, and fearing a similar fate.

"Speak—speak—speak!"

I might as well address the man in the moon, or my fellow at the antipodes. In my endeavors to reach the heights of converse, I imagined the feelings of Sisyphus, ever rolling, rolling, rolling the stone he may never fix on the mount's summit. The tortures of mind I underwent, recalled all the horrors presented to Prometheus, chained to the rock. The suspense of the scene exceeded that of Xerxes', in that brief interval between the onslaught and the flight of his legions. I chafed more, perhaps, than did Napoleon on the island of Saint Helena. The "horrors on horrors head accumulating" spoken of by the poet, were as nothing to my condition.

I can just remember my eyes becoming fixed on the vision; my head leaning backward, my tongue lolling out of my mouth, when—I awoke, and the mystery was a mystery no more. I had fallen into a doze as an intimate friend entered my room, and though he had stood before me but a moment, the moment had lengthened out into hours to my distorted fancy. I recollected that in dreams, years even were compressed into an hour. Taking a draught of cold water, I was soon restored to all my faculties. But the memory of that terrible vision can never be effaced. The appalling tones in which I bade him "speak, speak, speak," still linger in my ears.

THE PLOUGH-BOY.

BY WM. F. WOOD.

WHEN morning steals along the sky,
Where night's fair jewels sweetly lie,
And scents the breeze and tints the blue
And gems the budding flowers with dew,
The plough-boy from his humble bed,
As stout of heart and clear of head,
And free from every shade of care,
As nature's children always are,
Goes forth to feast his honest eyes
With rapture on the earth and skies;
And as the feathered songsters roll
The accents rich around his soul,
His heart expands with nature's joy
And bliss untainted with alloy;
He sees the purple skies unfold
Their gorgeous hues of blue and gold,
He hears the streamlet's silvery sound,
In accents sweet the hills around,
He sees the lovely flowers expand,
Fair emblems of the better land;
And with a heart as free from guile
As morning's heaven-awakened smile,
Envies not those who wile away
On silken couch the dawning day,
Nor hears, nor heeds ambition's call,
Nor reck's if thrones and empires fall,
But, cheerfully resigned to fate
Leaves glory to the vulgar great.

THE EMIGRANT'S FAREWELL.

BY ANNIE M. BEACH.

My native land, farewell to thee forever:

Thy distant hills are fading from my view;

'Mid thy green paths I never more shall wander,
Or gaze again upon thy rivers blue.

Dear native land, with all thy fond endearments,
I leave thee, to return, ah, never more!

But oft will fancy love to backward wander,
And linger o'er the sunny scenes of yore.

Farewell, my home! I ne'er again shall enter

At close of day thy vine encircled door,

Nor sit beside thy cheerful hearth in winter,

While through the hills the night winds wildly roar.

Adieu, my friends! your kind, familiar faces,

Will ne'er from memory's tablet fade away;

But gleam, like stars, to lighten up the darkness

That gathers round me wheresoe'er I stray.

Shall I be missed when the rich grapes ye gather,

And shout the merry, merry harvest home?

And will ye sigh that I am gone forever

From the loved spot where once I used to roam?

Each wave that rolls but makes the distance greater,

'Twixt thee and me, home of my early years,

And brings me nearer to that unknown country

Fraught with wild fancy's doubts, and hopes, and fears,

Now the last hill-top fadeth in the distance,

And evening shadows wrap the misty shore:

My lonely heart grows sad, and sick, and weary—

Farewell, my native land, for evermore!

"A GREAT BARGAIN."

BY MARY W. JANVRIN, AUTHOR OF "MRS. WARD'S VISIT TO THE PRINCE," "JACASSA'S JOURNAL," ETC. ETC.

"WHEN will your carpet sale be, sir?"

"At half past ten precisely, this forenoon, ma'am."

"And you say this is nearly new?" asked the little lady in a plain travelling-dress, water-proof cape, and neat "rough and ready" straw hat with blue trimmings—a far more quiet, genteel figure than her companion, attired in a heavy black watered poplin and gay chenille shawl, or the crowds of expensively dressed ladies she had met on the *pave* before entering the large auction and commission rooms of Hammerton & Co. on Tremont Street, where, weekly under the auctioneer's *baton*, were sold the discarded household gods of families who had either sent such hither in order to refurnish more elegantly, or broken up to board, or mayhaps, whom a too lavish style of expenditure had reduced to this alternative to raise means to meet debts incurred.

"Have been worn less than a year, ma'am, and in the elegant mansion of one of our wealthiest men, Mr. Moneybags, of Beacon Street. He is now refurnishing with pattern carpets woven for him in France," was the reply of the obsequious salesman.

"If I thought this would prove good? it ought to, only been used a few months," said the little lady, hesitating, and again taking hold of the corner of the rich, and apparently scarce soiled Brussels carpet, hanging in the centre of the large salesroom into which were crowded all kinds of housekeeping gear "too numerous to mention," as the advertisements set forth—parlor furniture, chairs, *tête-à-têtes*, lounges, chamber sets, mattresses, sideboards, baby wagons, book-cases, etc. etc.—Each and all in different stages of preservation. "What do you think, Mrs. Bruce?" turning to her companion with the dress trailing the dusty floor and the heavy shawl, "you know best about buying carpets at auction-rooms."

"Oh, this looks nice, and I'm sure it must be rich if the *Moneybags* had it, Mrs. Morrison! Real Brussels, of course; such people never have cheap things. It couldn't have been less than two dollars when new!" whispered the tall, showily dressed woman whose attire bespoke a style widely differing from the neat little figure looking over the carpet. "And only down so little time! Why, it can't be

soiled scarcely! Will look the same as a new one on your parlor; nobody'll know but you had it right from the web. I'm glad I urged you to come in here; I'most always see a bargain at these rooms. Why, I know a lady, Mrs. Hinckley, who got a suite of parlor carpets at auction for a mere song; and you never could have told them from Mrs. Richie's, our next door neighbor's new ones, that she paid four times as much for! If I were you, I'd come in and bid on it; you'll stand a chance to get a great bargain, I think, and if it goes up too high, you needn't bid, you know!"

"How many yards are there, sir?"

"Forty-five, ma'am," answered the salesman.

"And your parlor only takes thirty, you say, Mrs. Morrison!" again said Mrs. Bruce. "You will get out enough for your stairs and upper hall all alike; how nice!"

"Mr. Moneybags is having each flight carpeted alike; that's the style now," interpolated the voluble vender.

"Well, I think I'll come in at the sale," said little Mrs. Morrison, turning away, and threading her way among the scattered articles of furniture to the door. "Mrs. Bruce," she continued, as they again stepped on the pavement, "it's now about nine, and we shall have an hour and a half before the sale, if I should conclude to attend. But, really, I don't know what to do about buying an auction carpet! Edward gave me forty dollars, and will expect a good one for that, and I'd almost made up my mind to get a nice three-ply we looked at yesterday. It was a dollar and a quarter, and is almost like Cousin Ellen's, who was married in the spring before we were. I do like a three-ply better than a common tapestry, after all; they are so much neater, and then they can be turned."

"But this is a *Brussels*, you know; and is almost the same as new, Mrs. Morrison, and if you can get it at a bargain!" urged Mrs. Bruce, who belonged to that class of shoppers who invariably purchase whatever they are getting at "a great sacrifice."

"I know it, but if it *shouldn't* turn out well; though there don't seem much risk, it has been worn so little! But yet Edward says that cheap things don't always come cheapest in the end."

"Well, I don't know about that doctrine," replied Mrs. Bruce. "Somehow, I always manage to get great bargains, and have more to show for my money than a good many of my acquaintances. Now this moire antique (looking down to the so christened watered poplin), nobody'd know, a few yards off, but 'twas silk back; it looks as well across a room as Mrs. Richie's, and hers cost her forty dollars, while mine didn't the half of that, and I got three more common dresses for the same money!" (Mrs. Bruce quite forgot that not one of the multiplicity of cheap dresses which filled her wardrobe—each "a great bargain," and the sum total of whose cost far exceeded the fewer, but really nice ones of the lady quoted—would not be presentable another season, but must be thrown aside for new, while Mrs. Richie's would bear the test of at least two or three years' wear!) "But oh, here's Puffems! he advertises kid gloves for fifty cents a pair, a good article. I'll get two or three pairs if they are good bargains!" and she led the way into a much advertised store on Tremont Row.

Three pairs of gloves of various shades being selected, also a half dozen cheap handkerchiefs, bought "because they looked like real grass cloth linen, and were such bargains!" And, with their little packages safely bestowed in their shopping-bags, the two ladies now bent their steps toward Hanover Street.

"You said you wanted domestics," said Mrs. Bruce. "Let's go down to Blowhard's; you can get everything at almost your own price there. And don't be afraid to beat them down—I always do; they'll fall." And, while little Mrs. Morrison, in the neat travelling-dress and "water-proof," is following the trailing moire antique and the gay chenille shawl into the bazaar of "great bargains," we will furnish a few words explanatory of her antecedents to the reader.

The little lady was no other than the wife of a year of the "Edward" referred to, who, a valued clerk in a thriving hardware store on Milk Street, had dared to marry on a salary of eight hundred a year, and transfer his Carrie from her pleasant, comfortable, but by no means elegant home in a quiet country town to a nice though far from a "first-class" boarding-house in the city. But Carrie Morrison had been educated with thrifty notions, and knew how to adapt herself to her husband's salary, and "live within their means." Thus, avoiding that Scylla and Charybdis upon which so many young married couples setting out in city life are wrecked—viz., a suite of elegantly furnished

rooms far beyond their income—and by her own handiwork fashioning all her own wardrobe and doing her husband's plain sewing, Carrie bade fair to be a frugal treasure of a wife, and Edward managed to lay up two hundred dollars of his first year's salary. But, the second year, an increase of two hundred on his salary warranted Mr. Morrison in taking a neat little house in the suburbs, for both had begun to weary of boarding-house life, and to long for a cosy little home of their own. And so the house had been taken and was already furnished, with the exception of the parlor, which had been left latest, and in the selection of whose carpet Carrie's next door neighbor, Mrs. Bruce, a pleasant, chatty body, who, upon the coming of the young stranger into the neighborhood, had "run in" with offers of assistance, was to assist her with her maturer advice. So that morning, after the earliest of breakfasts, the two ladies had taken the first omnibus into town, the embryo housekeeper gladly assenting to the *chaperonage* of her kind neighbor, to whom the streets of the city were as familiar as the passages of her own house, and the various attractions of the stores and the "great bargains" as the contents of her own wardrobe and bureau drawers at home.

"Here's Blowhard's," said Mrs. Bruce, entering a large store, whose door was decorated with brilliant streamers of parti-colored dry-goods, and emblazoned with the showiest of signs, while the windows were crowded with "attractions." "Now, after you do your shopping"—pausing at the linen counter—"I'm going to look at some of those silks he advertises so cheap, and, if I can come across a bargain, I don't know but I shall get something for fall wear; I don't mean to get an expensive dress, though."

In about half an hour, after a deal of valuable assistance from her companion in the way of "beating down," Mrs. Morrison's purchases were complete, and then the two ladies turned to the silk counter.

"Please show us some of those new silks you advertise," said Mrs. Bruce to Mr. Blowhard, who presided in *propria persona* over this branch of his establishment, and who greeted Mrs. Bruce with great suavity, as an old customer. "What is it you offer for ten dollars a dress pattern, Mr. Blowhard?"

"Well, ladies, I am sorry to say that I just sold the last pattern this morning. Wish you had come in earlier. A very pretty silk it was, too. Just gone, not ten minutes ago" (when was not the article advertised as "cheap"

"just gone" when inquired for in a store of the Blowhard *genus*?). "Am truly sorry, Mrs. Bruce; I know you would have taken one of 'em" (Mr. Blowhard did not think proper to state that the silk "only ten dollars a dress pattern" was the thinnest, "slaziest" description of an old style article). "But I think I can show you something this morning that will suit you better; a little higher in price, but far richer quality." And he turned with wonderful agility to the shelves. "There, ladies"—disposing the folds of a silk over his hands with a rapidity of movement reminding one of the agile pantomimic performances of the Rarvels—"there's a beauty! the loveliest thing in Boston for the price. Only a dollar and a half a yard, and they'd ask you two dollars, at least, at Hovey's or Chandler's for it."

"It seems to be a pretty shade," said little Mrs. Morrison, lifting closer the fabric, for, spite of the strong morning light out of doors, the store of Messrs. Blowhard & Co. was always kept judiciously darkened.

"Elegant! the real Marie Louise, French blue," responded the voluble salesman. "Let me cut you off a pattern this morning, madam. In admirable keeping with your style! becoming to your complexion."

This little flattery was not without its effect. Carrie was fair, and blue was "her color;" Edward had always said it became her. She bestowed a more earnest attention upon the silk.

"I would get it, if I were you," whispered Mrs. Bruce; "but don't pay more than a dollar and a quarter for it. It is just the thing for you. I can't wear blue; am too dark."

But Carrie hesitated, for a thought had struck her. The contents of her *porte-monnaie* must remain intact until the carpet was purchased. "It is pretty, but I cannot afford it this morning," she said, letting the silk fall.

"Now, madam, if you like the silk, the price shall not part us," said Mr. Blowhard, determined to "trade." "As Mrs. Bruce's friend (we always make a distinction in favor of our regular customers)"—with a *suave* bow to the getter of great bargains—"I will offer you the silk cheaper than I would to any other lady this morning. I will let it go for a dollar and a quarter a yard; and if you can find another house in town that'll sell you a rich silk as cheap as that, why, you may have it for nothing."

Mrs. Morrison looked embarrassed. She could not purchase that morning, and had

entered the store without the faintest thought of a silk dress.

"He'll come down to a dollar and ninepence yet," whispered Mrs. Bruce, in the interim of Mr. Blowhard's slight diversion to answer a lady who had priced a silk a little lower down the counter.

"I should like it, but I really don't feel that I can purchase it to-day, Mrs. Bruce," answered Mrs. Morrison. "Some other time, perhaps, when I come prepared. Edward would like it, I know; though, come to think of it, it is something the shade of my wedding silk, though that's a down stripe, and this is a run round."

"Oh, it's ever so many shades darker'n that! if you mean the one you had on Sunday," said Mrs. Bruce.

"Well, madam, shall I cut off the silk?" asked Mr. Blowhard, blandly, returning to the charge, and taking up the fabric.

Little Mrs. Morrison resolutely gathered up her shopping bag, and prepared to turn away. The silk was tempting, but the carpet was pre-eminent in her mind's eye.

"You ought to say a dollar and ninepence, Mr. Blowhard," ventured Mrs. Bruce. "I'd take it myself, at that price, if it was any other color but blue; that I can't wear."

"O yes! I venture to say 'twouldn't be unbecoming," flatteringly responded Mr. Blowhard. "A dollar and ninepence! Why, dear ladies, if you'll show me the silk like this that can be bought in this city or in New York for what I've offered it—but then"—after a pause, in which Mrs. Morrison had taken a step or two from the counter—"I'll tell you what I will do, madam; as Mrs. Bruce's friend, I'll make you an offer; I'll cut you off fourteen yards of this silk for sixteen dollars, and that's almost the same as giving it away." And he held the goods across the yardstick.

"It's a great bargain!" whispered Mrs. Bruce.

Little Mrs. Morrison wavered for a moment; then again the carpet rose before her. She dropped her veil and took an additional step from the counter.

"Will you give me fifteen dollars for a pattern?" asked Mr. Blowhard, in a sharp voice, grown desperate, for the Yankee propensity to "drive a bargain" was fully aroused in that gentleman's nature.

"The best bargain I ever saw! I wish it was a green!" whispered Mrs. Bruce.

"I cannot purchase now, for I am not prepared," said Mrs. Morrison, resolutely. "But I may come in again," she added, looking back

for a moment upon the glistening fabric which was disposed in tempting folds over the counter.

"You will probably lose a great bargain, madam!" said Mr. Blowhard, with a little asperity, tossing down the silk upon the counter as the ladies walked down the store.

"I suppose it *was* cheap, Mrs. Bruce—and I know it was what I want," said Mrs. Morrison, as they walked along the pavement, for the economical little lady had not indulged in a new silk since the pretty "appearing" out one that graced her *trousseau*. "But I might as well not think of it now; for, now we are spending so much in going to housekeeping I should be ashamed to ask Edward for it yet awhile. There are so many other things I should get before that."

"Cheap?" I guess it *was*!" emphatically responded her companion. "Why, if anything, it is handsomer than one Mrs. Richie paid two dollars for—not quite so heavy, of course, but would look as well on the street. You *must* tease your husband into getting it for you—so cheap!—I tell you what, Mrs. Morrison, I tease *Bruce* into anything! He says I'm such a bargainer that, whenever he gives me enough to buy one dress with, I generally come home with *three*. I always cheapen and beat 'em down. I know Blowhard too well to give him anywhere near his first price, and you saw how he fell on the silk this morning. I knew he would!"

Mrs. Bruce did not comprehend that Mr. Blowhard knew *her*, too, and, like other shopmen of his kind, always adapted his style of treatment to his customer; and whenever Mrs. Bruce, and those of her ilk, whose cheapening proclivities had been tested at his establishment, appeared, he invariably named an exorbitant first price in order to fall to somewhere in the neighborhood (and usually above) the true value of the article, and yet allow the shopper to depart with the impression that she had "got a great bargain."

"Yes, you must tease that nice little husband of yours into getting that lovely silk for you!" reiterated Mrs. Bruce, trailing her "moire antique" toward the head of Hanover Street.

"Oh, I never have to tease Edward!" said honest little Mrs. Morrison. "If I wanted it, he'd tell me to go right and get it, but I felt as though, if it was a bargain, I could hardly afford it to-day. But now about the carpet! Wouldn't you go down to the New England carpet warehouse? it was there I saw the three ply"—and she paused on the sidewalk to retro-

grade her steps—"or would you go up to the auction rooms again? It is about time for the sale—quarter past ten," pulling her little watch that had been Edward's gift from her belt.

"It wouldn't do any harm to go and *see* that Brussels sold, even if you don't buy, and then we shall have time to go down to the warehouse afterward. You needn't bid unless you want to, you know—but I *should* like to see it go off—somebody may get it a bargain!" replied Mrs. Bruce; and so the two ladies again crossed into Tremont Row, and shortly stood in the rooms of Hammerton & Co., where already the auctioneer's glib tongue was busy, and a crowd of buyers were congregated. Threading their way down a lane of furniture, they arrived at that portion of the hall where the carpets were about being sold. These were soon put up; but the bids were low, and one or two well-worn ones went off at a mere nominal price. But the auctioneer was soon directed by the proprietor, who had caught a glimpse of the two ladies, to put up the Brussels; which was started at forty cents by a gentleman near the stand. One or two bids from the crowd followed, until it rested with the gentleman at sixty cents.

"Gentlemen—ladies, too—will you allow this elegant Brussels carpet to go at this price? Cost two dollars a yard, and going for sixty cents! elegant! been in use only a few months in the choicely kept mansion of one of our first families!" cried the auctioneer.

"Oh, I *wish* I wanted it, I'd say sixty-five!" excitedly whispered Mrs. Bruce, "he's going to get a *splendid* bargain!"

"Sixty-five cents!"

"Sixty-five?" did I hear sixty-five? Thank you, madam!"—nodding in the crowd—"seventy!—you said 'seventy,' sir?"—again nodding toward the gentleman—"give me seventy-five, ma'am!—'eighty,' sir? ah, I'm glad to see you're waking up to the merits of this *beautiful* carpet!—'eighty-three,' ma'am?—'eighty-five,' sir?—give me eighty-eight, ma'am!" nodding toward the little lady whose cheeks were flushed crimson at her novel and unexpected *débat* on the stage of public life as an auction bidder.

But now Mrs. Morrison paused. She was fearful of going too far, and looked appealingly toward Mrs. Bruce. "Say eighty-eight!" prompted that lady under her breath, her own cheeks brilliant with the excitement of the animated bidding. "If you get it for *that*, it's a great bargain—and you'll save almost enough on your carpets for the *silk*!"

That sufficed: "*Eighty-eight!*" cried a feminine voice, which, because of intense excitement, was pitched on a much higher key than its possessor naturally indulged in—but then, I venture to affirm, the auctioneer and all parties present excused her in consideration of the "great bargain" she had striven so hard to secure!

"Will you give me *ninety*? shall I have *ninety*, sir?" continued the man of the hammer, appealing again to the gentleman bidder. "Ah, too gallant to bid further against the lady?" as he considerably stepped back and disappeared in the crowd (not, however, before might have been seen on his lips, had a disciple of Lavater been there to study their expression, a very peculiar, shrewd smile, indicative of much satisfaction); "then the carpet is going, going, gone—forty-five yards at eighty-eight cents"—lowering his hammer—"gone, to the lady—what name, ma'am? gone, to the lady—Mrs. 'Morrison'!"

After the sale of the remaining carpets, china, glass, and plated ware were put up; and Mrs. Morrison bid off a cake-basket, "such a bargain!" Mrs. Bruce assured her, "and solid silver, of course, or the *Moneybags* never would have had it!"—followed by one or two minor purchases, for the spirit of bidding was strong upon her; then, paying for her articles, receiving the bills of sale, and giving directions for their delivery that afternoon, she again stood on the sidewalk, flushed and excited with her achievements.

"Forty-five yards at eighty-eight cents—let's see, that's thirty-nine dollars and sixty cents," she said, relaxing her pretty brows which she had knitted in her efforts at computation. "Well, Edward thought I would have to give about forty for a three-ply, and the stair carpet and matting would have brought it up to fifty; and now I've got enough for all, and saved ten dollars clear gain. The cake basket I meant to have got at Jones, Shreve, & Brown's, but I've got it cheaper here—and solid silver, too! *Did* he say solid silver, Mrs. Bruce? Somebody did!" for, just then it occurred to the little lady, that she could not quite remember *who* had volunteered that information—the auctioneer, or her companion.

"I believe so; of course it is silver; such families as the *Moneybags* never use anything but silver. But, at any rate, even if it's only treble plated, it won't have cost you so much as one up Washington Street, and this looked nice as new; it's a beauty. But that carpet! I do think, Mrs. Morrison, you are the luckiest

woman to get such bargains! I wanted to bid on it myself, for I never can keep my tongue still at auctions when I see things going off so cheap. I mean to attend these sales, and watch the carpets, and tease Bruce to let me sell off our chamber ones and buy new; for these are just the same as new, you know. Now you'll go down to Blowhard's, and have that silk, of course."

"Let me see," was the reply, as Mrs. Morrison paused before a store window, ostensibly to look at the fabrics displayed therein, but in reality to peep into her *porte-monnaie* and take an inventory of its remaining contents. "Ten dollars saved, for I was going to get my stair carpet and matting this morning; and six, which I meant to pay for one of those new mantles at Hovey's. Well, I guess I will make my old furs do this winter, and give up the mantle for the silk; it is such a bargain. But perhaps it's *gone* before this time, Mrs. Bruce."

"No, I guess not; that's the way Blowhard always talks. Tell him you've concluded to take it for fifteen dollars, and you'll get it fast enough." And here Mrs. Bruce unwittingly gave evidence to the fact that "great bargains" do not always "go off" in haste.

And so, in a short time, the two ladies again turned their steps from Blowhard & Co.'s great bazaar with the blue silk in exchange for fifteen dollars; and a solitary gold dollar shrunk from the vicinage of a few dimes in Mrs. Morrison's *porte-monnaie*; said gold dollar to be shortly exchanged for a "lovely imitation collar, that looked as well as Mrs. Richie's real Honiton, and nobody could tell the difference across the room" (so said Mrs. Bruce); and said dimes just sufficient to buy a cup of tea at Vinton's, and then an omnibus ticket to take the weary shoppers home.

Mr. Morrison did not return till late that evening in consequence of business detention; and, as Carrie was very tired with her day's trip, she did not broach the subject of her purchases until the next morning's breakfast was nearly finished. Then, as Edward was swallowing his last cup of coffee, she said: "Such bargains as I got yesterday, Ned! I saved ten dollars on my carpets; got an elegant Brussels for eighty-eight cents a yard, and enough for the stairs and upper hall, all alike."

"What benevolent trader sold you a real Brussels carpet for *that* price, I should like to know, Carrie?" asked Mr. Morrison, replacing his spoon in his cup. "You must have got cheated."

"Oh, of course it wasn't at first cost. I got

it at Hammerton's auction sale. Mrs. Bruce was with me, and she said it was the best bargain she ever knew. I got the whole forty-five yards for less than what the three-ply would have cost; and, after all, that like Cousin Ellen's looks cheap beside a Brussels; so it's the same as getting the stair carpet for nothing. It hasn't been down quite a year in the house of Mr. Moneybags, on Beacon Street. Come and see it, Ned." And she led the way up to the empty parlor, where the large roll had been deposited.

"That don't make it any the better, Carrie, because old Moneybags had it," quietly remarked Mr. Morrison, as he followed her up stairs. "I thought you had decided on that three-ply we liked so well. I don't like second-hand carpets, or furniture, or anything of the sort."

"And so I had; but you'll say this is a great deal richer, and is just the same as new. Mrs. Bruce said it looked as if it had just been made."

"I hope so," said Edward, drily, as he proceeded to open the roll and spread it out on the bare floor.

"It's so wide there will be at least two breadths to come off, and they'll do for the stairs and hall. There, Edward, spread it across the floor."

"Yes, it looks well, certainly, though I do think a new though a commoner carpet is preferable to a faded richer one, for, Carrie, this is faded somewhat, as you'll see by contrasting those middle breadths with the edges here. But let's open the blinds and have a strong light on it. Ah, what's that? A wide stain! and right in the centre of it, too! Why, Carrie, you couldn't have seen that, and the great grease spot spreading into two breadths! It's my belief that this came off some dining-room where careless servants had upset a gravy-boat or broke a wine-bottle, and that's why Mr. Moneybags sent it off to the auction-rooms."

"Why, Edward, so it is, all stained and greasy!" exclaimed Carrie, with crimson cheeks. And she stood wofully eyeing the spot, which, like the sanguinary one on Macbeth's hand, would not "out," but showed startlingly clear in the strong morning light. "It's shameful! Nobody could have seen it there! Mrs. Bruce and I both examined it. There was a gentleman who bid on it up to eighty-five cents, and I wish it had been struck off to him, I do!" And tears of real vexation stood in Carrie's eyes.

"A by-bidder, of course, Carrie! I should have thought you might have known," said

Edward, a little impatiently. "But there, don't feel so badly about it. I forgot that it was your 'first appearance' in one of those dark auction-rooms, where, of course, you would be likely to overlook spots large as this and many an imperfection besides. These two breadths can be taken out and will do to spread down on one of the small back chambers; and I'll send home a new stair carpet, and a man to-day to fit them all down. Don't worry, but make the best of a bad bargain"—for Mr. Morrison sincerely pitied his mortified young wife.

"It don't look half so bright, either, as it did there yesterday," ruefully continued Carrie. "I declare, it's real faded! And I thought I was getting such a bargain, and now it's nothing but a second-hand carpet, and we've got to get a new one for the stairs, after all. It's too bad! I never shall want to look at the hateful thing again! It'll look more faded, too, when I put up those beautiful moreen curtains I've been making, and in contrast with the lounge and the Cashmere covered chair! Oh, Edward, what *could* I have been thinking of?" And the tears gathered volume and started on a little journey down her cheeks.

"There, don't feel so badly, Carrie, dear," said the young husband, who could not look unmoved upon his little wife's disappointment, though he inwardly hoped it might be a lesson for her future remembrance. "It will look much better than we think for, I dare say, when it is down; and your heavy curtains will shade it and make it look darker. Indeed, on the whole, I think it will make a pretty carpet, though I can't think it will prove so cheap in the end as a good three-ply. But don't worry, love; when I get admitted into the firm, I will make you a present of a new parlor carpet, and this shall be sent back to Hammerton's, where it came from. Perhaps your friend, the gentleman who run it up so, will be there to secure it then," he added, with a smile of mischief.

"More likely to run it down," replied Carrie, a laugh breaking up through her tears, as she stood eyeing the luckless carpet.

"But come, show me what else you bought, for I must be going down town," said Mr. Morrison. "Any other great bargains, eh?" And he followed his wife down stairs into the pleasant apartment where the breakfast-table stood.

With trembling fingers, Carrie unfastened the wrappings from the silver (?) cake-basket. If she had found that turned to dullest pewter, I doubt if she could have felt much surprise after her carpet experience. But that did not

turn out quite so badly, though there was a slight sinking of her heart at Ned's words:—

"Ah, well, that is pretty, Carrie. You gave how much for it? Ten dollars?—no, twelve?"—noticing the falling of her face at his first estimate.

"Just twelve, Edward." Mrs. Morrison did not here express the opinion of Mrs. Bruce, that it was "a great bargain."

"Well, that isn't very bad, Carrie. It's probably extra plated, and it's quite massive." Mr. Morrison did not tell his wife that the basket was out of style, and that he could buy a much prettier and more graceful pattern for the same money on Washington Street. "What next, Carrie? Did you get the scarf?"

"No, Edward; I decided to make my furs answer, and got me a very pretty blue silk instead," replied Carrie, quite modestly, for all desire for going into raptures over her dress was quite taken away when she produced the package from her work-table and unfolded it, for that, too, in the strong morning light, looked several shades lighter than it had yesterday in the judiciously darkened store of Blowhard & Co. "How do you like it, Edward? Blue is your favorite color, you know," she added.

"Why, Carrie, it's just like your *wedding* silk, isn't it?"

"No, Edward; that was a down stripe, and this is a run-round," replied Carrie, though the explanation caused a swelling in her throat, for she could but see that the two were so similar that no one would know she had a new silk "across the room." "It's very different," she added, more decidedly.

"Is it? I never should have known it, if you hadn't told me," said Edward, honestly. "But what is it, my dear? *Crying?*"—for Carrie had fairly broken down, and great tears dropped on the paper as she refolded the dress. "And because I said it was just like your wedding-dress? Why, I wouldn't blame you if you bought *every* silk dress you'll have in all your future life just like *that*—I wish you *would*, one after another, as fast as you want a new one, for it was the prettiest and most becoming thing I ever saw you wear, Carrie, dear"—and the husband of a year bent down and kissed his young wife adding—"It'll always keep our wedding-day before us. Now, dry your eyes and kiss me, dear, for I've got to go into town."

Without enlarging further, suffice it to record that the auction carpet was that day fitted, and looked well, though it fell far short of Mrs. Morrison's anticipations of what the "elegant Brussels which had graced a Beacon Street

mansion" should have been; that the blue silk was looked upon with additional disappointment when Mrs. Morrison discovered by a perusal of the Lady's Book, which Edward brought home that evening, that "bayadere stripes were to be succeeded by brocade figures;" and that her grass cloth linen handkerchief resolved into commonest cotton after passing through the ordeal of "the wash;" while the imitation Honiton collar, even though it might pass with the uninitiated, looked shockingly cheap and paltry when she took it forth for the wearing.

From that day, Mrs. Morrison set her face against "cheap" purchases, always quoting her experience when she bought soiled auction carpets and a silk which was almost the second edition of one she had worn but a year, and had still in a state of excellent preservation.

"Who would have thought it?" said Mrs. Bruce, one day when she had "run in," and the two ladies sat conversing. "Everything we bought that day went wrong. My purchases proved poor enough—those handkerchiefs, I gave them to Bridget, and every pair of those kid gloves I got at Puff'ems burst at the first wearing. And I thought I had got such a great bargain!"

TO YOUNG MEN.—How, after the duties of the day are over, do you employ your evenings? This is a question of importance. If you have no regular employment, no fixed pursuits to engross your attention and operate as a stimulus to the mind when unemployed, you must, of necessity, have many leisure and unoccupied hours—intervals when time will hang heavily on your hands, and suggest the necessity of some means to relieve it of its weight. The very time which is dissipated in idleness would, if devoted to study, enable many a young man to obtain eminence and distinction in some useful art.

TRUE POLITENESS.—He who has a heart glowing with kindness and good will towards his fellow-men, and who is guided in the exercise of those feelings by good common sense, is the truly polite man. Politeness does not consist in wearing a white silk glove, and gracefully lifting your hat as you meet an acquaintance; it does not consist in artificial smiles and flattering speech, but in silence and honest desires to promote the happiness of those around you; in the readiness to sacrifice your own ease and comfort to add to the enjoyment of others.

IMAGINATION AND FANCY AMONG THE ARABS.

BY JAMES DE MILLE.

It is an interesting sight, when nations, exchanging the sword for the pen, abandon a warlike career to devote themselves to letters. They enter upon unknown and untrodden fields, rendering themselves illustrious by new and bloodless conquests: advancing step by step, in the freshness of youth toward maturity, and adding to the treasures of the world a glorious literature. This pleasing picture is presented in the history of the Arabians. But the interest awakened by the fact of such progress, is enhanced by the peculiar character of their earliest literary efforts. While other nations have made their first attempts in the regions of epic or dramatic poetry, the Arabians first put forth their intellectual powers in the humbler department of fictitious prose. The genius displayed in the construction of the Arabian Tales, the endless variety of scenes and characters which they present, and the numberless beauties with which they are adorned, have rendered them immortal.

In perusing the pages of Arabian fiction the mind is impressed by their wonderful display of imaginative power. A new world is placed before us. Things with which we are familiar, the customary events of our daily life and circumstances of ordinary occurrence, are all forgotten. Strange scenes occur, and unknown characters live, in new and unthought-of lands. We are transported to countries where everything is under the control of enchantment; we live in cities whose splendor and magnificence would dazzle and overpower even an Oriental eye. Magicians stand before us, clothed in their mystic robes, working their potent spells, and exercising their wondrous power. At their command, hosts of obedient spirits arise, ready to do their bidding. The air is thronged with fairies and with demons, with good and with malignant spirits. Superior to them all, of vague and uncertain origin, possessed of undefined yet dreadful power, comes forth the sublime and shadowy Genie. The conception is thoroughly Arabian, and springs from the imagination of the child of the desert. Those clouds which often arise in the sterile and sandy solitude, and whirled into such fantastic shapes, sweep along with overwhelming power, seem to have suggested to him the thought. Like the sand cloud the Genie comes forth, we know not

whence, and now subdued beneath the enchanter's rod, now rising superior to all human control, fulfils his fearful mission. At one time groaning in caverns, he vainly struggles to escape, at another, bursting his bonds, he stands erect, vast, powerful, and terrible to helpless mortals. In some of these shadowy forms dwells a love of beauty and splendor, and they bend their mighty energies to the erection of superb edifices, or the promotion of human pleasures. Others possessed by a spirit of malignancy, hinder and defeat the plans of mortals; and persecute and injure even their benefactors and deliverers.

The imaginative power displayed in the construction of such characters appears no less strikingly in the adventures through which the heroes of Arabian fiction are made to pass. The perils and trials which they endure are not those of the chivalrous romances of northern lands. The daring adventurer is arrested and imprisoned by cruel magicians or malignant Genii as he passes through many lands engaged in the peaceful occupations of the merchant or the traveller; he is exposed to the greatest dangers; he makes the most narrow escapes; he is engulfed in the whirlpools made by sunken islands; he is carried away in the tremendous talons of mighty rocs and eagles; he is buried alive; he falls into the hands of cannibals; he becomes a prey to the furious beasts of Eastern forests and deserts. Death continually hovers over him, but he escapes, and, fortified and improved by suffering, finally attains the summit of his earthly hopes.

But it is not always with marvellous scenes that these stories are filled; oftentimes they tell us of the daily events of Oriental life; they reveal to us joys and sorrows similar to our own; they give us pictures of domestic happiness; they portray the workings of the universal passions of love, hatred, and revenge; we dwell among the poor and witness their struggles for existence; we mingle with the good and bad, and sympathize with them as men; we stray along the banks of the Tigris to gaze at the ships of the merchant; we enter the working quarters of the artisan to see him at his cheerful daily toil; we stop at the bazaar, to traffic with the tradesman, and admire the rich-

ness of his wares ; we see by our side the disguised Caliph Haroun al Raschid, and follow him as he mingles with his subjects to learn their virtues and their vices ; we may accompany him to the splendors of the palace of the Commander of the Faithful, or pass the day in the humbler though sumptuous abode of Sinbad the Sailor.

The most pleasing feature in these delightful stories is the general purity of thought and loftiness of spirit which they evince. Courtesy and gentleness, bravery and heroism are held up to our admiration, while the baser qualities are drawn forth and exhibited to our hatred and our scorn. Gentle, beauteous, and chaste are the ladies whom the narrator would have us admire ; constant and chivalrous are those lovers who are found worthy to possess them. And here it is that we may behold the first dawning of those lofty and elevated sentiments, that reverential love and almost worship of *woman*, which were the boast and glory of the subsequent age. Here, too, are presented in the lowly Arab, the qualities of honesty and true

worth. Virtue is rewarded and vice is punished ; falsehood and iniquity grow dark beside the splendor of truth and uprightness ; and in their high moral tone, the Arabian Tales take the precedence of the fiction of almost all other lands.

Years do not weaken our peculiar love for these wondrous fictions ; they are the delight of the young and the old ; pleasant are they to all who love the creations of fancy. In the days of our childhood, we have stolen away from noisy sport to listen to the charming tales of Scheherazade. And in later years we leave the bustle of life and lay aside its weary burden of busy care, to dwell for a while in the magical palace of Aladdin, or to sit beneath the curtains of the fairy tent of Paribanon. Translated into every modern language of Europe, these fictions exist in a new dress, as captivating as when arrayed in their native garb. They still supply thoughts to the imaginative writer, and furnish those gorgeous and glowing colors with which the essayist and poet adorn and beautify their pictures.

SUNSHINE AND SHADE; OR, THE GOVERNESS.

BY FANNIE WARNER.

[Entered, according to act of Congress, in the year 1861, by LOUIS A. GODEY, in the clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

(Continued from page 342.)

CHAPTER IX.

CHANGE OF SCENE.

"There was pride in the head she carried so high.
Pride in her lip, and pride in her eye,
And a world of pride in the very sigh
That her stately bosom was fretting."

Two months and a half have elapsed since Edith commenced the daily routine of school work, and on the morning before Christmas we find her and her two pupils dressed for a short journey ; they are going to Augusta to spend the holidays, and as they stand before the sitting-room grate, drawing on their gloves, Martha and Mary bewail the inopportune illness of the overseer, which prevents their father from accompanying them in this their annual visit to their aunt.

Since the interview recorded in the last chapter between Edith and Mr. Ellis, they have seldom met save at meals and family worship, for Mr. Ellis's time has been wholly occupied with plantation affairs, the whole charge of which has devolved upon him ; but he promises

to follow them as soon as possible, and, as he places his daughters in the carriage, he smilingly bids them not to allow Cousin Fred to run off with Miss Edith ; and then, pressing a small gloved hand a moment in his own, he bids them all good-by, and stands watching the carriage as it rolls down the avenue. Something very like a sigh escapes him as he enters the house, and the words, "pride, Morgan, unavoidable, Frederick," etc., are muttered as he slowly paces up and down the library with folded arms and anxious face.

It was one o'clock when the carriage stopped before an elegant mansion, the door of which was thrown open by a stout, pompous-looking colored man, who ushered our young friends into a small reception-room, and then, opening the door of an adjoining apartment, he called out, "Mister Jacob's family hab arrived ;" and a large, majestic-looking lady arose from her seat before the fire, and, advancing a few steps, said, "Come into the parlor, my dears." She embraced her nieces, and then, turning to

Edith, said, with a haughty inclination of her head, "The governess, I presume. Matty, my dear, the name, if you please."

"Miss Edith, Aunt Martha."

"Miss Edith, I hope you will make yourself comfortable, and feel at home with your charges here. Mary, when will your father arrive?"

"I don't know, Aunt Martha; next week, perhaps."

"Ah, I am extremely sorry that Snyder is ill; I was in hopes that this visit would have cheered your father somewhat; but if he only remains a day or two, we cannot effect much in that short time." While she spoke, she was scanning Edith closely, with a cold, proud look, but with a somewhat astonished expression of countenance, produced by "the governess's" beauty and youthful, lady-like appearance. Reseating herself, she said, "You will find your cousin up stairs, girls. You had better go up and dress for dinner; to your old room, Martha, and—Christopher" (calling to the porter in the hall), "show Miss Edith—this lady—to the green-room."

"Oh, Aunt Martha, please let Miss Edith have the room next to ours," said Matty and Mary, in the same breath.

"No, my dears; the room next to the one you always occupy is reserved for Emily Owen."

"When is *she* coming," asked Matty, with a look which was indicative of anything but pleasure at the prospect of such an acquisition to their Christmas circle.

"We expect her to-morrow," replied her aunt.

"Well, Aunt Martha, please let Miss Edith sleep in that room to-night," said Matty, in a coaxing tone.

"I have had the green-room prepared for your governess, and"—with another haughty bow to Edith—"I presume she will have no objections to taking immediate possession of it."

"Certainly not," said Edith. And, without more words, they followed the stout waiter out of the room.

"I'll come over as soon as ever I get dressed," said Matty, running after Edith; and then she disappeared with her sister through an arched doorway, and as Edith walked in another direction, she heard their voices and feet as they ran up stairs.

The green-room was a small apartment, having one window draped with green chintz, under which was a green Venetian blind, which rendered the room quite dark. Drawing back the curtains, Edith let in the sunlight, which

danced on the green wall, and revealed an ingrain carpet and chairs of the same verdant hue.

"What was this room ever intended for?" asked Edith of herself, as she slowly untied her bonnet strings, and looked up at the dark ceiling. "Weak eyes, probably," herself answered; and, apparently satisfied with this solution, she walked to the window and looked out. "Nothing to be seen but two or three cabins and some brick walls beyond; not an evergreen in sight *without* doors," she said, again addressing herself. "The girls' room is probably in front; this is certainly in the rear, and those were back stairs that I came up. I see plainly that *governesses* are, as George would say, below par in this quarter—obviously below the state of equality in Mrs. Morgan's estimation." She looked around the room again, and walked to the small Franklin stove which stood in the fireplace, looking as cold and uninviting as did the mistress of the house herself. "Well, I must keep down my pride for two weeks, and submit to their being proud with me"—and she poked the dying embers vigorously. "This is a cool reception in every sense of the word. I wonder if there is any coal or wood up here." Not finding any, she pulled the green bell-cord, and a pert-looking mulatto girl obeyed the summons.

"Will you bring up some wood? my fire is almost out."

Without answering, the girl wheeled around, and almost ran against Martha, who was coming through the narrow entry.

"Dat you, Miss Matty?"

"Yes, Tink. How do you do?"

"Right smart, Miss Matty. Jis gwine down stairs arter some wood for de gobness's fire."

"Look here, Tink"—catching hold of the negro girl's arm as she was about to shuffle down stairs—"the lady in the green-room is *Miss Edith*, and if you say *governess* again, I'll forbid Nelly speaking to you while she is here."

"Miss Edom, is it? I didn't know afore; I heard missus call her gobness, and I tot dat it was some gobner's lady."

"Now, Tink, you know that's a fib. But go about your business, and be smart with the wood."

"Isn't this horrid, Miss Edith? Green, greener, greenest!"—pointing to the curtains, wall, and carpet. "I'm glad that horrid green bedstead is gone!"

"Why was this room furnished thus, Matty?"

"Just Aunt Martha's fancy, I reckon," said Martha, taking the poker and writing in the

ashes. "How do you like Aunt Martha?" she asked, without looking up.

"I am not able to judge yet, dear," replied Edith.

"Well"—suddenly throwing down the poker—"I like her less than I ever did. Mary and I were always pleased to come here, because Christmas times Uncle Morgan always has so much fun going on. But we were never fond of Aunt Martha; she is so stiff; and I positively dislike her now."

"No, Matty, you do not dislike your aunt; you are only a little offended because our rooms are not adjoining," said Edith, quietly.

"Yes, I know that I am offended at that; but 'I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendering of toads.' I read that in Shakspeare one day when papa left the book open on the table, and I thought of it to-day when"—she hesitated, and her manner became embarrassed.

"When what?" asked Edith, understanding what was in Matty's mind, but wishing to bring her to the point at once.

Martha looked up, and her face flushed; then she stooped and picked up the poker, and said, as she made a plunge at the ashes, "Why, when she spoke to you, Miss Edith."

"Matty," said Edith, sitting down and drawing Martha to her side, "I am glad, dear, that you have spoken frankly, and I will take this opportunity to tell you that I hope you will not allow your aunt's manner towards me to influence your conduct towards her in the least, for it would give me great pain to witness any disrespect or resentment on your part, and besides it would render my position here only the more awkward." Edith knew that this was the best argument that she could use, and she was glad to see that it had the desired effect.

"Well, Miss Edith, I won't do or say anything to make you feel disagreeable; but I would like Aunt Martha and Nora to know that I haven't any of Aunt Martha's scornful pride, if I do look like her. I know," she added, understanding Edith's significant smile, "I know, Miss Edith, that I *look* proud, but I never *feel* as Aunt Martha and Leonora *act*, except to them; I have a proud contempt for such people as they are, and indeed, Miss Edith, I must say it, it gives me pleasure to annoy them sometimes."

Edith looked very grave, and shook her head.

"I understand now," continued Matty, "why papa did not wish us to come to Augusta this Christmas, and why he wrote to Uncle Morgan inviting him to bring his family to the Bluff; but Aunt Martha would not consent to any such

arrangement, because Nora was promised a party on New Year's Eve; she will be eighteen then, and she is just precisely like her mother. Cousin Fred—he is twenty-two—is like Uncle Morgan; *they* are my style! So full of fun!—just the nicest people in the world. I reckon we'll have a nice time, after all." And she looked up with a smile.

"Yes, dear, I dare say the two weeks will pass pleasantly enough. You must not give yourself any uneasiness on my account, for I shall not allow your aunt's coldness to make me unhappy, I assure you. But where's Mary?"

"Getting dressed. Nelly was not ready to plait my hair, and so I ran over here. We are not going down stairs until you are ready."

"I will not be long dressing," said Edith. And she went to the table, which was covered with green chintz, and, taking her combs and brushes from a travelling basket, she commenced to comb and arrange her hair. Tink came in with the wood, and soon had a cheerful fire built in the stove, and, taking the pitcher, shuffled out of the room and returned in about half an hour with water. Mary came in just as Edith's toilet was completed, and kissed her as affectionately as though they had been separated for a day; and as they passed through the narrow, dimly-lighted entry into the more spacious hall leading to the front rooms, she said, as she skipped along before Edith:—

"The front part of the house is so much pleasanter than the back. This is always our room"—throwing open the door of the room assigned to herself and Matty. "I wish there were two beds in here; then you could be with us."

"Yes, Miss Eden," said Nelly, who was plaiting Matty's hair, "it was right mean of Miss Morgan to put you in dat hole ob a closet; no nigger would sleep dar, I know. Dar, Miss Matty, it's did. Now put on your dress, honney."

"How do I look in this gown, Miss Edith? It feels very queer, so high up in the neck."

"You look very well, Matty; much better than in low bodies, and that white frill is very becoming, and looks neat." And indeed she looked much better than Edith had ever seen her look before. The snugly-fitting habit gave more symmetry to her figure, and the fine white cambric frills around the throat and short sleeves of the dress gave it a youthful appearance.

"Miss Nora hab done gwine down, Miss

Mary," said Nelly, as Mary was about to rap at her cousin's door.

"They are all in the parlor, I dare say, and Cousin Leonora will look at us, and bite her lips, and toss her head; I always dislike to go into the room when they are all together," said Mary.

"I don't, then, for I can give as many tosses as Cousin Nora," returned Martha, stepping proudly across the hall, adjusting her jet bracelets, and glancing over her shoulder at the skirt of her dress, which quite touched the floor.

As Mary had predicted, the family were assembled in the parlor, and as their visitors walked up the long room to the fireplace, around which they were seated, an elderly gentleman arose, and extending both hands said, as he shook the girls' hands, and kissed them on the cheek in a demonstrative manner, "Glad to see you! Bless me, how you've grown, both of you! And you, Blush-rose, why you're as pink as ever, my little beauty! And my buxom queen here is a woman grown, I declare! Stand off, Matty, and let me look at you! looks eighteen, by George! But where are all your freckles?"

"Gone to sour milk, uncle."

"Sour milk! Ha! ha! So, somebody has struck a vein of vanity? All right, Matty! don't blush, my dear, but bow to every pan of bonny-clabber you come across, for it's done a heap of for your good looks." Then, advancing a step forward, he extended his hand to Edith and said, in a more quiet manner, "And this is?"

"Miss Edith Stanford, Uncle Morgan."

"Ah, Miss Stanford, I am pleased to see you." And he shook her hand warmly, and, turning to his daughter, said, "My daughter, Miss Stanford, my son—and—I believe you have already met with Mrs. Morgan."

His frank, open countenance and cordial manner had the effect of placing Edith quite at her ease, and she returned the lofty bow of Miss Nora with graceful self-possession, and smiled in recognition of Mrs. Morgan, who bowed, and murmured "Miss Edith," as if the fact of their having met an hour before had quite escaped her mind.

"My son," otherwise Mr. Frederick Morgan, was leaning against the mantle, twirling the ends of his heavy black moustache slowly between his fingers, and gazing thoughtfully into the fire. When his cousins entered the room he turned and looked at his sister with a quick, inquiring glance, then, perceiving that she had

no intention of going forward to receive them, he made a movement to do so himself, when his father suddenly started up and met them as I have described. Fred gave them a welcome equally as cordial if not quite as boisterous as his father's, and, when introduced to Edith, he bowed with a degree of deference and slight diffidence in his manner, which did not partake of his mother's hauteur or his father's familiarity, but which indicated that he recognized her as their equal; and, when she was seated on the sofa in conversation with his father, he scanned her face as closely as his mother had done, but there was nothing rude or impolite in his gaze, but a degree of respectful admiration, which could not have offended the most fastidious.

Mary sat down beside Edith, and Martha stood before her cousins and entered into an animated conversation with them, while Mr. Morgan asked questions about the Bluff, and talked with Edith as unreservedly as though she were an old acquaintance. Mrs. Morgan held a small screen before her face, and, turning her head, examined her nieces with a critical eye, and then looked at her daughter with an expression of intense satisfaction. Leonora was a tall, dark looking girl, who, without having any claims to the term *beautiful*, was striking, stylish looking, and had that air of high breeding which, as an outward show, usually distinguishes the members of a family of long established position and wealth, and which never fails to be recognized by the educated and refined, and is *generally* a passport in good society, even when not backed by wealth. She was elaborately dressed, and with her dark hair and flashing eyes looked very brilliant beside her fair-faced, simply-dressed cousin; but Leonora was eighteen, and Matty scarcely fifteen, and Edith, who had noticed Mrs. Morgan's expression of countenance and divined that she was drawing comparisons unfavorable to Matty, thought, as she looked at the two, that three years would effect a wonderful change in Matty, judging from the rapid development of her mind within the past two months, as well as the improvement in her personal appearance and increasing refinement of manner. Wonderful, indeed! "Man proposes and God disposes."

"Martha," said Mr. Morgan, turning from the sofa and addressing his wife, "do you not think that Mary grows like her father?"

"Grows like him! why, she is his perfect image," responded Mrs. Morgan, and she looked at Mary with a very pleasant smile.

"A very lovely image, certainly," thought Edith, and she smoothed the brown hair caressingly. "But such an one will never create a sensation in society; she is one of those 'gems of purest ray serene,' whose brightest lustre is shed around the domestic hearth, warming the hearts of all who come within its influence. This little one is formed for love, not admiration"—and she pressed the little hand affectionately, which was laid so confidently in her own.

The parlor doors were thrown open suddenly, and "Dinner!" was announced by Christopher in a loud tone.

"Will Christopher never lose his hotel manners?" said Mrs. Morgan, as she arose and preceded the others to the dining-room. "I don't know but we'll have to put him below, awhile, until he is subdued a trifle, for, I declare, I cannot tolerate him."

"Who are you speaking of, mother? Kit?" asked Fred.

"Yes! I advise your father never to get another servant from a hotel to put him in the house, for he gives it the appearance of a boarding-house."

"Come, Fred, exert yourself for once, and escort your sister and cousin into the dining-room," said Mr. Morgan, offering Edith his arm and taking Mary by the hand. "I'll tell you what it is, Matty, you'll have to stir Fred up while he is here, for he is abominably lazy."

"Yes, Matty," said Fred, moving from his place and putting out his elbow, "you must stir us all up, for we are insufferably dull."

Matty and Leonora darted past Fred, who said that Nora knew the way, and he would only take Matty, and, laughing at his look of astonishment, ran out through a side door.

"That's decidedly cool," said he, looking after them. "Mary, you take my arm, for I have it settled for some one, and it's a pity to go alone after taking that trouble." And he walked up to Mary, and, pulling her hand through his arm, walked quickly through the hall, saying that he felt considerably stirred up already.

During dinner, Mrs. Morgan and her daughter made the New Year's party the subject of conversation between themselves. Fred and Matty sat opposite to each other, and carried on a war of words, which ended in a charge of almond shells and raisins levelled across the table. Edith sat beside Mr. Morgan, and was not addressed by any one save him and Martha, who made an occasional appeal to her to defend her against Fred's impudence.

"Just think, Miss Edith, he says that I weigh as much as Christopher. You oughtn't to allow me to be so insulted."

"I think you can defend yourself pretty well, Matty," said Mr. Morgan. "Ask him what his own weight is."

"Witches' weight, I reckon," said Martha; and the laugh was turned against the young gentleman, who, like all thin people, was ambitious of being stout.

"Have you learned to play any, yet," asked Nora of Matty, when she and her mother had determined upon the arrangements for New Year's Eve.

"Yes, very well, indeed," returned Martha, glancing at Edith.

Fred opened his eyes and looked at his *opposite* with an expression that said, "Is it possible!"

"Indeed I *do* play *real well*, Cousin Fred," she said, tossing her head. "Papa thinks that I have learned *ex-tra-or-din-a-ri-ly* well," nodding her head at every syllable of the long adverb.

"Who is your music teacher?" Fred asked, forgetting, probably, that the governess taught music as well as other branches.

"My music teacher! Why, Cousin Fred, Miss Edith, of course; and that's the reason why I play so well, considering the little tuition I've had." Then, after a pause, she added: "Papa thinks Miss Edith is the best player and sweetest singer he ever heard."

"O Matty!" Edith could not help exclaiming, for she more than half suspected that Matty's zeal in her cause had led her to exaggerate the truth.

"Indeed, it's true, Miss Edith, for I heard papa tell Mr. Ward so last Sunday morning; the very best amateur performer that he ever heard." And she looked at her aunt and cousins with a face that said, "What do you think of that?"

Neither of the ladies spoke, but looked curiously out of the window, though nothing of interest was to be seen in that direction. Mr. Morgan said—

"Ah, indeed! I hope Miss Edith will give us an opportunity to judge after dinner; we are all passionate lovers of music here; Fred, there, is at the head of all the musical soirees in the city; and Nora is no *bad* performer herself. I am very fond of music, and so is Mrs. Morgan, but neither of us professes to be a judge."

"Mr. Ellis overrates my abilities," replied Edith, though she did not forget that, as the

best performer at B—— Seminary, she had carried off the prize from a score of competitors.

The ladies retired as soon as the cloth was removed, but the gentlemen lingered over their wine, and did not join them in the parlor until the chandelier was lighted. Mrs. Morgan had fallen asleep, and her stately head was nodding to the polished andirons when her husband and son entered the room. Martha and Nora were in the reception-room, and Edith and Mary were seated at the centre-table reading.

"Now, Mary, let us hear what you have learned! Play your best piece, and then we'll have Matty at the instrument," said Mr. Morgan, throwing himself on the sofa.

Mary hesitated, and looked at Edith. "Go, my dear," said Edith, and she sat down at the piano, which her cousin Fred opened, and after striking the keys in an undecided manner at first, she felt more assured as Edith arose and stood beside her, and played through the simple piece without making any blunders.

"Capital! Why, Mary, you play like a professor!" said her uncle, patting her cheek. "Now we must have Matty at it." And calling his daughter, who came into the room followed by Martha, he said: "Come, girls, now is your turn! Mary has been entertaining us, and you must let us hear what you can do. Sit down, Matty, and then Nora will play some of her *fantasias*."

Without any hesitation or embarrassment, Matty seated herself at the piano, and after playing a short prelude, commenced singing a popular song. At the second verse, her uncle joined in, and sang it through with considerable fervor. Martha's voice was sweet and full, and she sang with more expression than many persons after years of study. Mrs. Ellis had taught her daughters all the rudiments of music, and Edith had found them farther advanced than she was led to expect from what their father had said. She put them at once to the learning of easy pieces, and ten weeks of daily practice under her constant supervision had effected much. Contrary to Mr. Ellis's or Edith's expectation, Martha's application quite equalled her talent, and thus her progress had been facilitated.

Mary applied herself equally as well, and indeed often practised an extra hour after the expiration of the time assigned to her; but she might give the greater part of her time to the study of music, and become perfect mistress of the *science*, but the *art* she would never acquire in any great degree, or, by any amount of practice, become anything but a mediocre per-

former; for she lacked both the ease and taste that Martha possessed, and her touch was merely mechanical, like the act of the street performer's hand in turning his hurdy-gurdy.

Mr. Morgan was quite enthusiastic in his applause of Matty's singing, and Fred patted her head in a patronizing manner and called her a "Nightingale," "Fat Swan," etc.

"Now, Nora," said Mr. Morgan. And the young lady sat down on the stool, spread out her dress and arranged her music before her, and with the air of a public singer commenced a cavatina in Italian, which seemed to be interminable, notwithstanding that her voice was good and she sang with considerable taste; but the accompaniment was *executed* without any mercy on the piano-strings, and whatever merit there was in her singing was more than counterbalanced by the defects in her playing. After the song was finished she pounded out some polkas and waltzes, which were perfectly *stunning*. Tea was announced, and she arose from her seat and looked as if she expected Edith to applaud her performance, but seemed satisfied with the look of surprise that was on Edith's face, and which she mistook for astonishment at her skill. Looking on her with rather more complacency, she said, "You will play after tea, will you not, Miss Edith?"—not doubting, however, that she would decline after such a brilliant performance as her own.

"Yes," said Matty, "Miss Edith and Cousin Fred will both play." And she caught hold of her teacher's hand and looked up into her face, her eyes sparkling in anticipation of Nora's discomfiture.

"Did you speak to me, Matty?" asked Fred, starting up and looking around as if slightly bewildered.

"You've been asleep, Cousin Fred, I declare! A pretty compliment to your sister's playing!" said Matty.

"Pon my word, I haven't been asleep; but I was in Europe just then, and you called me home. What did you wish?"

"I wish you to play, after tea, on that instrument. Do you understand?"

"Oh! certainly, certainly. Anything more?"

"Yes. Come to tea." And, taking his arm, they went into the tea-room, which adjoined the parlor.

Christopher brought in some papers, and as soon as the tea things were removed Mr. Morgan and Fred were absorbed in the news. Mrs. Morgan became interested in a book of fashions, and Nora and her cousins returned to the parlor.

"Come, Miss Edith, won't you please play now?" said Martha, turning as she reached the door.

"Permit me to lead you to the piano, Miss Stanford," said Mr. Morgan, laying down his paper and starting from his seat.

Mrs. Morgan looked up with a cold smile, and, taking her book, followed them into the next room. Fred alone remained in the tea-room.

"Perhaps you can play some of my pieces," said Nora. And she drew a large book from the stand, and laid it on the piano.

Edith was looking over some loose music, and, selecting a piece, said, "Do you play this, Miss Nora?"

"Let me see. O no! That's one of Signor Cavelli's pieces; nobody can play that creditably but him."

It chanced to be Edith's *chef d'œuvre* in performance; and, placing the music before her, she commenced, to Nora's undisguised astonishment, what nobody could play but Signor Cavelli.

"Thank you, Miss Stanford," said Fred, who had entered the parlor very quietly, and was standing directly behind her. "Such music is a treat, after Nora's banging."

"You didn't go to Europe, then!" said Matty, mischievously.

"I only go to get rid of 'such notes as I never indorse;' when Nora begins to play, I'm off."

Mrs. Morgan had been called into the tea-room, and Nora had followed her mother without vouchsafing a word of thanks to Edith. Indeed the significant looks that passed between the mother and daughter indicated, not only that they felt no pleasure in the discovery that a governess excelled the daughter of the wealthy Georgian, but that they considered her superior attainments a personal insult to themselves.

"You positively must sing for us," said Fred, as Edith was about to rise from her seat.

"For me, Miss Edith," said Mr. Morgan. And she complied, though unwillingly, for, with woman's instinct, she had discovered that her music did not give pleasure to the ladies; and, not belonging to that class of females who, in their desire to please the gentlemen, are regardless of the opinion of their own sex, she felt rather mortified at Leonora's abrupt departure from the room, instead of being elated at the involuntary acknowledgment of the excellence of her playing. She did not sing with her usual ability, for she felt the influence of

the cold looks of Mrs. Morgan and her daughter, who could not, with any degree of politeness, remain in the tea-room when they were called by Mr. Morgan to come into the parlor and hear the song. The consciousness that she was doing her very worst did not add to her comfort, and when she had finished she left the instrument with a flushed face and embarrassed manner. Mr. Morgan complimented her singing in unqualified terms, and Fred pleaded for another, "just one more song." But she refused in a decided manner, and took a seat at the centre-table. With a look of disappointment, and a slightly indignant glance at Nora, Fred sat down at the piano, and played in a style so different from that of his sister that Edith was amazed that he did not correct her, instead of silently sanctioning her *hammering* out her music.

She did not know that Frederick Morgan and his sister were seldom together, and so utterly indifferent to each other at all times that they never interfered with each other's pursuits, and Leonora's peculiar style of playing had never met with either praise or censure from her brother. Frederick was the senior by four years, and when quite young had been separated from his sister by being sent to school in a distant State, where he was visited by his parents semi-annually. He was naturally warm-hearted and affectionate in disposition, and when he returned home, at the end of three years, his heart was overflowing with love for his sister; but he found her grown to be a proud, selfish girl, who looked upon her brother as an interloper, and returned his affectionate embraces with coldness, and eyed him with suspicion. She made it a point to dispute with him on every occasion of his receiving more than ordinary attention from his parents, and every favor he asked of them she considered an infringement on her own rights. Thus, by her unsisterly behavior, she turned her brother's affection to disgust, and when he returned to school it was with no pleasing recollections of his sister, but rather with a feeling of relief at their separation. He *could* have loved a sister—one worthy the endearing name—with all that love, so pure and holy, which usually exists in this relation; he had often felt the need of a sister's sympathy, but had never turned to *her*, and the few letters that had passed between them while he was at college were cold, brief, and invited no confidence on either side; and when he returned from college, and found Leonora as arrogant, overbearing, and selfish as when he left home, he kept aloof from her as much as possible. It

was only on rare occasions that they spent the evening in each other's society, for Frederick had found other friendships, and passed his evenings away from home, with more congenial companions.

Would that every sister's mind could be impressed with the idea that *she* is her brother's keeper! that on her unwearied kindness and affectionate vigilance depends, in a great measure, his exemption from those vices so common among young men, so degrading in their tendency, and which, "when once they invade, bring with them such a frightful train of followers!"

Fred was still playing, Edith and Mary were looking over some engravings, and the others were in the tea-room unfolding some packages which Christopher had brought in, when the door-bell rang, and Nora entered hastily, saying, "That's Cavelli." In a moment, she was shaking hands with a dark-looking Italian; and Mrs. Morgan entered, and expressed much pleasure at seeing the visitor.

"My cousins, Miss Ellis, and Miss Mary Ellis, Signor Cavelli," said Nora.

He bowed to the young girls, and then his eyes rested on Edith; but, with a shrug of her shoulders and quick elevation of her eyebrows, Leonora turned away, and, wheeling a large chair before the fireplace, sat down and motioned to the gentleman to be seated near her.

Frederick looked at his sister, and his eyes flashed and lip curled with an expression of intense scorn, and, turning to Edith, said, "Signor Cavelli, Miss Stanford."

Edith's face had become crimson at the intentional slight offered her by Leonora, and when Fred introduced the Italian, she looked up, bowed, and dropped her eyes instantly, and continued to look at the pictures before her.

Mr. Morgan came in in a few moments, and the conversation, which Leonora was monopolizing, became general; but Mrs. Morgan and her daughter studiously avoided addressing any remarks to Edith, and when a topic was introduced upon which there seemed to be a diversity of opinion, and Fred appealed to Edith to support him in his views, his sister abruptly changed the subject, and asked Cavelli if he would not play. This was a piece of rudeness that Mrs. Morgan could not countenance; for, though her pride would not allow her to receive a governess in her family as a visitor, to be treated as her daughter's equal, yet she would not encourage any acts of *vulgar* rudeness on the daughter's part that would forfeit her the title of lady; and when Cavelli declined play-

ing until after a while, she gave Leonora a look full of rebuke, and quietly resumed the conversation which had been interrupted.

Fred, who had been sitting on the sofa, drew a chair to the table and sat down beside Mary. Taking advantage of a pause in the conversation, he said: "Cavelli, I am thinking seriously of a trip to Europe. Wouldn't you like to bear me company?" And he eyed the Italian keenly.

"How soon?" asked Cavelli, without looking up.

"Next month," answered Fred.

"No, I believe not. I shall not return to Italy before spring," he answered, glancing, with a smile, at Leonora. She returned the smile, and looked into the fire.

Fred looked at a picture intently for a few moments, then, with a very grave face, said, "I think I'll put Uncle Ellis into the notion of going; the trip would do him a world of good."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Matty. "And, pray, what would *we* do?"

"Stay at home," said he, looking into her face with a saucy smile.

"Humph! I reckon papa wouldn't *leave* us, and I know he wouldn't *take* us from our studies, when we are learning so fast."

"Pray, what are you learning?"

"*Everything!*"

"*Everything!*"

"Yes; I mean everything that is taught in schools."

"Geometry, trigonometry, sour milk, and long dresses," said he, with a provoking smile.

"And what is taught in *colleges*, I'd like to know? Geometry, trigonometry, smoke cigars, and look at the ladies."

"And dye his moustache!—that's reduced to a science, now," said Mr. Morgan, laughing heartily.

"And what do you do *out* of school hours, Matty?" asked Fred, after the laugh had subsided.

"I read a good deal," she answered.

"What? Haven't you finished the '*Life and Adventures of Robinson Crusoe*'—that remarkable man—yet?" he asked.

"Yes, indeed, some time ago; and I would like to read some of De Foe's other works, but papa hasn't any," she replied, not ashamed to acknowledge that she liked the book.

"What have you been reading instead?" her cousin asked.

"Some of Scott's works and the '*Queens of England*.'"

"All in three months, and attended to your studies besides? You've accomplished considerable."

"We have read two of Scott's and one volume of the Queens."

"That's doing pretty well. But who do you mean by *we*?"

"Miss Edith, and Mary, and myself, and sometimes papa."

"And so you've formed an association for literary improvement. What do you call it? 'Beech Bluff Lyceum'?"

"We don't *call* it anything, but we think it very pleasant, don't we, Mary?"

"Yes, and very profitable," Mary ventured to say.

"*Mew*, little puss!" said Fred, mimicking her tone, and putting his arm around her. Then, turning to Edith, he said, addressing her: "What kind of a collection of books has Uncle Ellis, Miss Stanford?"

"A very fine collection," returned Edith.

"Cousin Fred, why don't you call papa 'Uncle Jacob'?" asked Matty.

"He taught me to call him Uncle Ellis when I was a child, and I have always continued to do so," returned Fred.

"That was one of Ellis's whims," said Mr. Morgan, stopping in his walk up and down the room. "He told me once that he never could forgive the injury that was done him by his parents when they named him Jacob. It is the nickname of Jake that is particularly offensive to him, I believe."

"It is not a very euphonious appellation, certainly," said Fred.

"Who would ever think of calling papa *Jake*?" exclaimed Matty.

They all laughed, for such a *slang* name was decidedly incompatible with the character and noble person of Mr. Ellis.

"What's in a name?" said Mr. Morgan, continuing his walk.

"A great deal!" said Fred, speaking very emphatically. "A rose by any other name would *not* smell as sweet—at least to me. A name is expressive of some character, and when misapplied the incongruity strikes us at once. Call a rose, *turnip*," and flourishing his arm across the table, he said, "Miss Matty, will you not accept and wear this turnip for my sake? Now, doesn't that sound ridiculous?" turning to his father.

"Of course!" replied his father; "because the name is associated in our minds with the vegetable, and the mention of the one suggests the idea of the other. On the other hand, it

would be quite as absurd to invite Miss Matty to dine on roses."

"Very poetical," said Fred, laughing immoderately; but decidedly absurd, for, judging from her appearance, Miss Matty would prefer to dine on something more substantial."

Mr. Morgan was standing behind Mary's chair twining her thick curls around his finger; looking over into her face, he said—

"Well, beauty, what names do you like best?"

Looking first at her uncle, then at Edith, she said, very innocently—

"*Edith* and *Ellis*."

"Corresponding initials! Do you mean the two names together?" exclaimed Fred.

"Yes—no—any way," said Mary, comprehending from Edith's blushes and Matty's distressed look that she had made a blunder.

Fred's smile gave place to a look of vexation when he discovered Edith's embarrassment, and, rising from his seat, he said, "Come, Cavelli, give us some music!" And the unpleasant occurrence was soon forgotten in listening to Signor Cavelli's delightful playing.

After singing a duet with Leonora, Signor Cavelli took his leave, and a few moments after, Mrs. Morgan gave the signal for retiring.

"Let us go to your room for a few moments, Miss Edith!" said Matty, when they were in the hall.

"No, my dear, it is later than you usually sit up, and you must both go to bed and to sleep as soon as possible," and, kissing them, she proceeded to her own room. Closing the door, she dropped the curtains, and sat down in the small rocking-chair and took another survey of the apartment. By the light of the astral lamp which was burning on the table, the walls, ceiling, and furniture looked positively black, and she felt as if surrounded by the gloom of a subterranean vault. "I wonder if the fortnight will be as long, accordingly, as this day has been!" she thought, looking into the fire. "A *fortnight*! it seems interminable, but I must submit," she said, aloud, and then, after a pause, during which she gazed steadily into the fire, she drew a long breath, leaned her head on the back of the chair, and said, "Longing already for the congenial atmosphere of Beech-bluff!" Another pause. "One more Christmas-eve, and the next I'll spend at home! *Deo volante!*"

In the mean time Mrs. Morgan and Fred had remained in the parlor, and as soon as the door was closed upon the others, Fred threw himself on the sofa beside his mother, exclaiming,

"Mother, I am really surprised at your receiving Cavelli here on such intimate terms!"

"His mother was my most intimate friend," rejoined Mrs. Morgan.

"I know, and was killed by his father's neglect. I am inclined to think that he possesses all his father's vices and none of his mother's virtues, for I hear a great deal that is to his disadvantage."

"But, my son, you invited him to accompany you to Europe!"

"I know that I did, and for this very reason; he told me, several weeks ago, that he intended to return to Italy in the spring, and I wished to ascertain if he had really any intention of doing so. He had not, as I suspected, and, furthermore, he has no idea of sailing in the spring as he told me this evening."

"His father has written requesting him to meet him at Rome in May."

"His father! his father is a worthless, broken down Italian count, who supports himself by the dice, and if they are to meet in Rome, it is for no good purpose, I'm confident. Old Cavelli came to this country at his son's age; taught music awhile, and by deceptive arts and flattery inveigled one of his pupils—a young girl—into a private marriage with himself, took her to a foreign country, where, after a few unhappy years, she died, neglected, and in poverty."

"But that was not the son's fault," said Mrs. Morgan, shaking her head gravely.

"Certainly not; but it was the husband's, the father of this young man, who, regardless of the solemn injunction of his dying wife, and forgetful of his own and his child's interests, withheld his son, when a bachelor uncle offered to adopt him; and even when this uncle went to Italy for the express purpose of bringing the child to America, the deep-rooted hatred which old Cavelli felt for his wife's relations, caused by their efforts to effect a separation between his wife and himself, and by their steady refusal to acknowledge him, made him spurn with insult the offer to adopt his child. But, though rancor then made him so relentlessly obstinate, he became mollified by want and disease, and after years of unbroken silence on his part, he sends his son over, at the age of twenty-one, to claim the once offered but rejected support; and here he remains, an idle, worthless fellow, possessing no value of character to recommend him, and no talents save what lies in his finger ends, and—" Fred hesitated.

"And what? I will hear you out, Fred, though your language is rather stronger than I

altogether approve," said Mrs. Morgan, with the most serene expression of countenance, as if her son's strong language did not alter her opinion of the subject of their conversation.

Fred arose, and stood directly in front of his mother, and continued, with emphasis: "And, if I mistake not, he is doing credit to his father's tuition by playing the same game, in one point of which his father proved a winner."

"Fred, what do you mean?" Her serenity was all gone, and, for a moment, her maternal fears were aroused.

"I mean, mother, that if I am any judge of lovers' signs and looks, those that pass between young Cavelli and Leonora are indicative of something more than ordinary friendship."

"You must be beside yourself, Frederick!" She spoke quickly, but in a low tone, and her voice and manner betrayed indignation as well as alarm. "What! Leonora marry a poor, penniless Italian? *She*, the haughty daughter of one of the proudest, wealthiest families in Georgia! No, no, my son!"—an incredulous smile spread over her face as she laid her hand on her son's arm—"Your sister's pride will never bend to *any* thing; even *love* will be subordinated to it. I receive Cavelli kindly, out of regard to the love that once existed between his mother and myself, and Nora welcomes him cordially out of respect for me; nothing more, Fred, depend upon it."

"Mother, I am compelled to think that there is something more, and, though I have never interfered with Leonora's affairs, I must do so now, and prevent, if possible, a step that would mar the happiness of her whole life. Father does not approve of Cavelli, and treats him with as much coldness as his courtesy will allow him to treat any one in his own house; but he continues to come here, nevertheless, and—I have been a close observer—when he suspects that he is losing ground with you, he adroitly introduces his mother's name into the conversation, and draws upon your sympathies, which you think are all for the mother, but of which, in reality, you are making the son the immediate object; and Leonora—"

"She would never, *never* marry Cavelli!" exclaimed Mrs. Morgan, in a louder, more decided tone.

"Your friend was from a family as high in social position and as proud as ours. She was undoubtedly as haughty as Leonora; but she left home, friends, *every* thing for a poor music master, and learned from sad experience how one false step can make the misery of a lifetime, and your daughter may do the same."

"No, Fred, I cannot believe this ; I know your sister better than you do, and I am convinced that she would never throw herself away on any one," said Mrs. Morgan, rising and approaching the centre-table. "Your solicitude is very natural, very brotherly, but I think your personal dislike to Cavelli has influenced you, and led you to draw conclusions from actions, which in another you would regard as perfectly innocent. As long as he deports himself in a gentlemanly manner in my house, he is welcome to visit here. It is the least I can do for poor Ellen's boy."

"And by so doing you peril your daughter. My belief as to Cavelli's designs is founded on the ground of satisfactory evidence, and that Leonora encourages him, is just as evident. I hope you will reflect upon this matter, and take measures at once to ward off danger."

"Well, Fred, I will not treat your suspicions, or convictions, whichever you please to term them, with indifference ; but I will, to gratify you, be more circumspect in future ; and if I discover any alarming symptoms of love, I will take Nora away until Cavelli has left the country. So good-night."

"One word more, if you please, mother," exclaimed Fred.

"What now? It is late," looking at her watch.

"One word respecting the young lady who is visiting here—Miss Edith," he added, in reply to his mother's severe look of inquiry.

"What of *her*, pray?"—and Mrs. Morgan seated herself on a chair near the door.

"This much, mother. She is entitled to more courtesy than has been accorded to her to-day."

"What more can she expect? Has she not been treated by me with perfect civility?"

"*Civility*, and nothing more, but something less by Leonora."

"You probably forgot that Miss Stanford is your cousin's *governess*, not a *distinguished stranger*."

"I do not forget, mother, that she is a stranger in our city, and a visitor at our house, and should, therefore, be treated with the utmost courtesy ; by her beauty, her polish of manners, and, judging from her proficiency in music, by her accomplishments also, she is fitted to grace any parlor that *I* ever entered, and to adorn any circle that I have ever met in these rooms."

"I think it would be expedient for me to be circumspect with *you*, as well as with Leonora," said Mrs. Morgan, in a tone slightly sarcastic.

Fred did not change countenance, but commenced to drum on the piano with his fingers, and without making any direct reply to his mother's observation, he said : "We boast of our family *pride* ; it strikes me that there is an inconsistency in receiving Cavelli, a man of no worth, an idle fellow living on his uncle's charity, with every mark of respect, and at the same time refusing to treat Miss Stanford—a perfect lady—with any degree of attention more than ordinary civility requires, simply because she is striving to maintain herself by her own efforts."

"We will drop this subject for the present, Frederick," said Mrs. Morgan, once more rising to leave the room. "You know my views, and understand my feelings respecting *governesses* ; I hope you will respect them, and not become too devoted to Miss Edith. I question whether she will feel the need of attention from your sister and myself, while you and your father bestow so much upon her. Good-night."

Frederick sprang to the door and opened it, and his mother passed into the hall ; he stood a moment looking thoughtfully at the polished door knob which he was turning with his hand, and then at the entrance of the servant to put out the lights ; he closed the door, and went to his own room repeating, in a half singing tone—

"—Learn for the sake of your soul's repose
That wealth's a bubble that comes and goes !
And that all proud flesh wherever it grows,
Is subject to irritation !"

(To be continued.)

THE VILLAGE BELL.

BY R —.

Old village bell ! old village bell !
To sorrow sacred, sadly sweet ;
Oh, what a tale your tongue could tell !
If but the half it could repeat,
How hearts grew sad, or how they beat
As you told of ill or well.

For many a year, your solemn tone
Hath called the fold of Christ to prayers,
And often you have seemed to moan,
When hearts were ashes, eyes were tears ;
When calling me beside a bier—
A mother's bier—I heard you groan.

Old village bell ! old village bell !
Thou evermore shalt sacred be ;
I'll muse—where'er thy sad tones swell—
On what has been, and what will be—
You've tolled for many, you'll toll for me—
Sweet village bell ! sweet village bell.

A DAY IN A PASTOR'S LIFE.

BY T. P. W.

"At evening time it shall be light."

An autumn of uncommon mildness and beauty had given place to one of those cold, dreary days, when the ice king gathers around him snow, sleet, and hail, and sends them forth on a wintry wind as precursors of his coming reign. The grates had still their summer fixings; and the pastor, suffering from recent illness, sat, with flushed cheek and hurried breath, shivering over the kitchen fire. There were quick footsteps hurrying to and fro, for warm hearts and willing hands were busily engaged in making the study comfortable for "dear Uncle Ellis." The tall, manly-looking nephew, and black-eyed, rosy-cheeked niece who were helping auntie, were cousins, who had come to brighten the pastor's home by a brief visit. Karl had just returned from a successful business experiment at the West, and was full of life and spirits. Ella, our pet and darling, was a very sunbeam, always loving and hopeful.

"The study is ready, uncle."

How pleasant it looked with its cheerful fire, softened light, and the lounge with pillows and other et ceteras for a temporary bed! And how comfortable the pastor felt, as he lay tucked up after the most approved fashion!

"I hope you have no engagements for to-day," said the anxious wife.

"Engagements!" said Karl and Ella in a breath; "as if Uncle Ellis could go out such a day as this, when he's sick enough to send for the doctor, and have all sorts of nice things made for him in the bargain."

"I have a wedding and funeral to attend, but a carriage will be sent for me, and I can go very comfortably."

Ring, ring—and the door-bell gave forth those quick, sharp sounds that tell of haste and urgency.

"Please, sir, Mr. H. is very sick, and wants to see you real bad."

There was an appealing glance from the wife and looks of determined opposition from Karl and Ella, but the pastor rose very quietly, with trembling hands put on rubbers, cloak, and cap, and went forth in that driving storm to visit the sick.

Mr. H. was one of those poor persons whom

our Saviour has left as a legacy to his children, to be always with them: that the chain of love that links us to our fellow travellers may, by active benevolence, be kept bright and glowing. There was a wife and four little children by that sick bed. The pastor's soothing words, his prayers and gifts, were like new life to the sufferer. Was he enabled to offer the prayer of faith that saves the sick? We know not, but from that hour Mr. H. slowly recovered, and is now healthy, energetic, and prosperous.

Again the lounge was drawn near the fire, the room darkened, and Uncle Ellis left to take a nap before dinner.

The warmth and quiet were luxurious. A dreamy feeling stole over the invalid, which would soon have given place to sleep, when there was a second summons to a sick bed.

It was promptly answered, and a feeble invalid, who had for many long years been a sufferer, blessed God for her pastor's words of cheer and comfort.

"I can't stay for my dinner, the carriage is waiting at the door to take me to the wedding."

"Bring some cake, uncle; and do, please, for once tell us about the bride's dress."

Our clerical friend had good taste, and a keen appreciation of the beautiful, but, respecting the minutia of a lady's wardrobe, he was as ignorant as Uncle C., who described a bridal dress as made of "linen full of little holes."

Uncle Ellis brought home plenty of cake, a good fee for auntie, and an exquisitely beautiful bouquet for Ella. "The parlors were filled with choice flowers, the table set in the most approved style of modern elegance, the company select, brilliant, and sparkling."

"But the bride's dress, uncle; you know you promised to try and remember what it was."

There was a puzzled look, and then you should have heard the merry laugh as Uncle Ellis said, "I am not quite sure, Ella, but I think the bride was dressed in black silk!"

No time for comments, for another carriage is waiting to take the pastor to the funeral of Mr. D. The deceased was one of the early

pioneers at the West, who had lived to see almost incredible changes in the home of his adoption. He had amassed a handsome fortune. Children and grandchildren were prosperous through his energy and forecast, and his last days were made singularly happy by his grateful descendants.

A very long line of carriages followed his remains to the cemetery, and they were filled by those who truly respected their departed friend.

"How *very* tired you look, dear uncle; I hope you can rest during the remainder of the day."

Another ring of the bell, faint, scarcely perceptible, as if touched by a timid hand.

One glance at the new comer, and our sympathies were speedily excited. Poverty and sorrow were there.

"Please, sir, our little baby died yesterday. We are strangers here, and didn't know who to go to, but if you will be so kind as to say a prayer over our little Mary—" Sobs and tears finished the sentence.

There was no hesitation now. Ella ran for the rubbers and cloak, to have them thoroughly warmed. "Uncle," said Karl, "you wrap yourself up as closely as possible, and I will drive you to the funeral in the buggy."

"Karl," said Ella, taking her bouquet from its vase, "baby won't have a beautiful white wreath on her coffin as our darling little cousin had; take these flowers and put them in baby's hand."

A few poor neighbors had assembled in the house of mourning. There were no pall-bearers, no carriages. A coffin of rude materials inclosed the precious treasure so lately the pride and joy of these children of poverty.

As if to look at the little one, Karl approached the coffin, and quietly placed the flowers in baby's hand.

Soothing words were uttered by the pastor, a heartfelt prayer offered, and then the mourners went to take a last look of their darling. A quick, bright flush of joy illumined the mother's face as the flowers met her eye. She looked eagerly around as if to pour forth her gratitude for such unexpected kindness. And then, as eagerly, she watched to see if her little baby might take the flowers with her to her lonely home. Yes, the coffin is closed, the flowers are there, and the mother's heart is comforted.

The coffin was placed in the pastor's buggy. The parents and the poor neighbors formed the procession that followed baby's remains.

Doubtless there were unseen attendants, for angels love the little ones whom our Saviour has blest, and who will ere long become jewels in his crown of glory.

Once more in the simply furnished parlor, which seemed rich and luxurious by contrast.

Another very decided pull at the door-bell. "No mistaking that ring," said Karl; "a hotel servant, undoubtedly."

A smart colored waiter was ushered into the parlor, and with a great flourish made known his errand.

"A couple at the Pavilion, Doctor, that want to get married, sir, and I told them that nobody could do up that business equal to the Rev. Dr. Ellis. Carriage at the door, sir."

The couple at the Pavilion were linked, and presently the carriage brought Uncle Ellis back to the cozy parlor, looking very merry.

"Now tell us, please, all about it," said Ella; "was the bride pretty?"

"Yes, a pretty brunette, with bright, sparkling eyes, something like yours, for instance, Ella."

Karl laughed.

"And the bridegroom," said Ella, quickly, "was like Karl, six feet, well proportioned, with a majestic air—never mind for the rest, but how *did* he look, truly?"

"He truly did look like one of nature's noblemen, fresh from the quarry, uncut and unpolished. The couple stood up directly after I entered the room. As I was about to commence the service, a glance from the bride at the hands of her liege lord, showed that he had forgotten his gloves. He quickly drew from his pocket a pair of *long, narrow black kids*, and commenced putting them on. Such work as he made, blowing in the fingers, stretching, and pulling, until he bent almost down to the floor, with a red face but very determined air. The bride gave me a quizzical glance, and then, with many blushes, tried to look demure, but her eyes laughed and sparkled as if she were ready to shout with laughter. At length the black kids were on, after a fashion, the bridegroom straightened himself up with a 'Now I'm ready, sir, go ahead;' and so they were married."

We had a merry tea drinking. "Now for some music. Open the piano, Ella, and let Karl get his flute in tune." With Uncle Ellis resting on the sofa, and auntie in the rocking-chair looking quietly happy, the cousins played and sang many favorite airs.

Another ring at the door-bell. "Shall I test the gas-burners, sir?"

"Yes, if you please."

And then, like children, we followed the man all over the house to see the gas lighted for the first time. All the lights burnt brilliantly. Now for the kitchen. Auntie had been advised by several wealthy ladies not to have gas in the kitchen, "servants wasted so." The gas was lighted, and Biddy shouted—

"Isn't it perfectly splendid, and right over my ironing-table, too?"

"Do you know how to turn down the light, Biddy, when you leave the room, so as to economize the gas?"

"Oh, yes 'm," and she gave a quick turn of the screw and left us in total darkness.

When the gas was again lighted, Biddy's look of mingled drollery and dismay was irresistibly ludicrous.

As we passed through the study to the parlor, Ella exclaimed: "Oh, auntie, the moon is shining brilliantly; it is *all* light—light within and without."

Then, like a ray from heaven, there flashed through the heart of the wife this cheering assurance, "At evening time it shall be light."

What matters it if the dearly loved husband's life is one of self-denying effort, if he is often called to comfort others when keenly suffering himself? Life's day is short, and "at evening time it shall be light." Light in its closing hours, light in the dark valley, light to illumine the grave where Jesus has slept; and beyond the grave, the home of the faithful "hath no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine on it, for the glory of God doth lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof."

THE LITTLE HANDS.

"The Little Hand!" bless it, how confidently it is placed within our own. It trusts in its helplessness and weakness for guidance. Every nerve rests tranquilly, as its tiny fingers are encircled by a firm but loving grasp. Watch the footsteps of the little one as he ranges the lawn, and with his tiny hand gathers the purple violets, and in childish glee strews them around; his blue eyes look roguishly, as he runs laughingly on, saying, "Catch me if you can." The tiny hand of childhood as it entwines its little fingers among your curls, or clasps them at your knee, lisping out an infant's prayer, speaks peace to the troubled

heart, as if an angel's voice had whispered it from heaven.

Beautiful childhood, would that it could be always shielded from harshness, from corroding care, and corrupt influences.

Look at little hands stretched out for help from a harsh father or from a drunken mother. There they are, five little ones; the eldest not more than six. The little girl, with her large dark eyes and curling hair, as she stands out in front of a band of little ones, singing, and keeping time with her little hands, appears happy now, for there is none to molest or make her afraid. She is taken away from the dark fate that awaited her in her infant's home; and the beautiful boy that she points out as her brother. The hand of the unnatural, drunken mother had placed a rope around his neck to strangle him, but was discovered and arrested in her dark design in time to save him from a cruel death. There he is, not four years old, with a doll in his little hand, and he looks up, his face radiant with smiles, as he replies to our simple question, "If he was fond of dolls?" He has large dark eyes, and a noble head. We could predict a splendid career for him in the future, if rightly guided.

Little hands are all around us seeking for guidance, relying upon the protecting influence of those older than themselves. Would that we kept ourselves pure, so that we might perform our duties faithfully and well. That nature must be hardened, indeed, that can see a tear-drop fall from the eyes of childhood, or the little hand stretched out in vain.

Who cannot recall to mind little hands that they have caressed and tenderly cared for, and that have now passed on to the "spirit land." They were laid to rest in their narrow house, their little hands crossed, and filled with white rosebuds, the last of summer's offering. Though now all unseen to our mortal gaze, still their angel hands are invisible ministers of love, drawing us to them in their beautiful home.

Cherish then the "little hand," and guide and guard it while you may, for it belongs to an angel in your household, and you know not how soon their wings will unfold, and soar far away into the world of love and light, leaving you in your anguish to mourn and lament over their brief stay.

Blessed memories of the little hands that have clung to you in their simple, childlike faith and trust. Oh, may these memories never be laden with harshness or unkindness, "For of such as these is the kingdom of heaven."

MR. AND MRS. RASHER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MISS SLIMMENS."



CHAPTER VI.

DOMESTIC.

DARN your stockings, Mr. Rasher? If that don't cap the climax! It would be pretty work to occupy my mornings in my boudoir; or no, I'd better keep 'em for parlor "fancy work" of evenings, when I've only a few calls, and Flummery is drumming at the piano or making himself agreeable to Fitz. I expect he'd want to take lessons in the fashionable and elegant art of darning old socks, he's so critical and fastidious. He always holds my silk for me, when he's here of mornings and I've got any to wind, and I presume he'd be delighted to hold a skein of blue yarn. If you're really not able, Rasher, to buy yourself new stockings when the old ones get holes in 'em, perhaps I'll provide myself with a darning-needle, and stay to home and mend 'em for you. You frequently advise me to be more economical, and here's a fair chance to begin. I do believe a man, be he high or low, rich or poor, is never satisfied with his wife, except when she is darning his socks or making a pudding. If any one should ask me my idea of the male sex, I should describe it as a rapacious pudding-bag with a pair of worn-out socks on the end of it; while the female sex would be represented as everlastingly busy trying to fill the bag with ceaseless pudding, and darning the socks at intervals. Growing poetical? Husband, there's that in the treatment of the masculine race that's calculated to make us indignant, if there's a spark of resentment in our breasts.

"They were such nice lambs'-wool, and you thought, as I'd nothing else to do, they were

worth"—Nothing else to do! nothing to do! Hurried, and worried, and flurried to death, with six servants setting me distracted, and company, and going out constantly! *Nothing to do* but set down and darn socks! Here I am, just home from the matinee, and hungry for my dinner, expecting half a dozen friends in this evening that I asked when I was at the Academy, and engaged for all day to-morrow going calling, and out to the ball in the evening, and I've *nothing to do!*

You thought it would seem so old-fashioned and pleasant to see me with my work-basket, passing a quiet evening, you talking and reading the paper, and me darning the heels and toes of your socks? Once for all, my dear, I don't consider anything pleasant that's old-fashioned, and as for my having been in the habit, in former days, of economizing, I wish you wouldn't refer to it; it makes me nervous. You're as sentimental as Cerintha, this minute, and I'm sure a person, to look at you, wouldn't think there was a particle of sentiment in you, which I heartily wish there wasn't, as it's always making you ridiculous. I've got so many other balls to keep a rolling I can't condescend to a ball of yarn? Now add something about "spinning street-yarn," and then you'll have run through the usual lists of a man's witticisms.

What's that sticking out of your vest pocket? Dear me! I'm delighted! Why didn't you tell me when you first came in?

ARTISTS' RECEPTIONS.

ADMIT *Mr. Rasher.*
Dodworth's Hall.

THURSDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 21, 1861.

GEO. A. BAKER,
WM. OLIVER STONE, } Executive
LAUNT THOMPSON, } Committee.

COMPLIMENTS OF *Lake Brown.*

La! and another one for me.

Admit one Lady.

Mrs. Cornell wanted to go awfully last month, but she couldn't find a gentleman who had an

invitation to spare. You may thank *me*, husband, for these tickets. If I hadn't proved myself a patteron of the fine arts, by getting all these pictures when the house was furnished, we shouldn't have been asked. I shouldn't care much for going, since there's no supper nor dancing, and nothing but to look at pictures which I don't care a snap about, if it wasn't a compliment to our taste, and nice to have been there.

You guess it was *you* who procured the tickets, this time? Indeed! And how? You've been ordering two or three pieces to be painted by some of our first artists? You were introduced to some of them, and they were such good fellows you couldn't help it. Well, I expect it's all right. For my part, I admire the frames more than I do the paintings; but other people of our set seem to have got up a mania about such things, and we must follow the lead.

I've a mind to give an Artists' Reception myself, after theirs is over. Flummery says that it's the duty of wealthy people without genius to encourage authors and artists; to scatter, as he said, golden showers upon the dusty pathway trod by the aspiring foot of genius. He said that even money earned by the wholesale pork business might be hallowed and exalted by being liberally given out for a charming picture or a glowing book. Of course I saw through it all, but it's true as preaching, nevertheless. If I've an ambition for anything, it's for being considered a patteron of the fine arts. My own particular taste runs to worsted work, and those cunning little dogs and things in Berlin wool, and next to that I admire monochromatics, but we must do as our set does.

Speaking of one thing reminds me of another. I wonder where that Signor Fingerani is that used to give the girls music lessons before they went away to boarding-school. Am I thinking of taking lessons myself, at this late day? I am *not*, Mr. Rasher; though why you should consider me too old to learn, if I was a mind to, I don't see; I am only forty-two, come April. The fact is, I had hard work to coax Rosine to stay, after that time you gave her warning; I had to raise her wages, and make her a present of one of my best second-best silk dresses, and now she's taken a fancy that she's a natural talent for music. She thinks she'd like teaching music better than waiting on ladies, or at least it would help her to pass away her spare time pleasantly, if she knew how to play the piano, and I've thought some of gratifying her, for the sake of keeping her.

Now, Rasher, that's just the way you always

do when you're out of patience about nothing, as you always are—flying about the room like a mad hen, making yourself ridiculous. I'm sure you needn't interfere with my management of my own servants—above all, my own lady's maid. There! there! there! you needn't speak; if you do, you'll be sure to stutter; control your temper, my dearest, for when a man stutters he's sure to get the worst of it. You see you can't talk half as fast as I, nor half as well, and you might better not begin. Pig-headed? Look out, my love, and don't provoke me, or you'll get your ears boxed soundly. *Me* pig-headed! *me*, indeed! And who but a person with a natural liking for pigs would be engaged in the pork business? If I had a married as I *might* have married, and as I've often since regretted I didn't, I might have had my choice of a doctor or a lawyer, and been more congenially united than I have been, instead of being tormented all my days with the smell of bacon, and feeling myself bound by chains of steel to the destiny of a pork merchant. But it's too late to mourn over early indiscretion. I *might* have been—*What's* that, Rasher? You haven't forgotten the tailor you cut out? Served him the same trick he served your clothes? There's the bell for dinner. Put on your cravat, my dear, and hurry. Preferred pig to goose, after all? Come, come, the soup'll be cold, and it's your favorite kind. You flatter yourself you saved me from cabbage, if not from pork? Oh, quit your nonsense! *Shear* nonsense? Well, if you want cold soup, I don't, and I'm going. What's that he's hollering through the keyhole about my first *suit-her*? "He'd have been a *fitting* companion." Quit your silliness, for I'm down stairs, and I can't hear you. "Did he *press* his *suit*?" Oh, get out! Here you come, down three stairs at a time; and now you've got rid of half a dozen miserable puns, I s'pose you'll be good-natured, and want to hug me, right in the dining-room. Why were your puns so miserable? Because they generally are, I guess. Because they were only *sew-sew*? Do please be quiet before we get in where the waiter is; and, dear, do try and remember not to put your knife in your mouth.

I tell you what it is, if we do have an artist's and author's reception, as I'm bound to. I mean to have the girls to home. It will be a fine opportunity for them to display their accomplishments, and take a step upward in the social ladder, as Fitz calls it. You say times are a little easier; and I'm going to do what I like. I believe you've been trying to frighten

me about your business, when there wasn't the least necessity for it, just for the sake of seeing me going without the comforts of life. I haven't got them white furs yet, and it's coming time to get a camel's-hair shawl for the spring. La, Rasher! I never thought of *your* ordering pictures painted. Did you choose your own subjects? Tell me what you ordered, for I want to speak of it, this evening, to Flummery and Mrs. Cornell. "You saw some excellent portraits of hogs, by Oestel, and ordered two companion-pieces, to hang in my boudoir!"—"also a sweet little landscape, that reminded you of the old homestead, where you was brought up—which you took, only you ordered a group of pigs, in place of the cattle, in the field." Now, my dear, if there's money to be wasted on pictures, I prefer picking 'em out myself, and shall insist upon doing so. As for having your pigs in the house, I sha'n't do it, no matter how well they're painted. "Connisurs pronounce 'em wonderful." Well, the more they are like hogs, the less I'll like 'em. If you'd had 'em so they could have passed for sheep, I wouldn't have minded, but as it is, if they hang anywhere, they'll hang in the smoking-room. What? "smoked bacon"—yes, make smoked bacon of 'em, for all I care.

CHAPTER VII.

IN HER ELEMENT.

I'M always in my element, Mr. Flummery, when I'm surrounded by congenial spirits, as on this occasion. You and my dear friend Fitz Simmons have been extremely kind in inducing all these celebrated artists, and so many talented people to honor me with their company this evening. I hope the supper will give satisfaction and pay them for their trouble in coming, if nothing else does. But, of course, I don't expect that people of such gifts care for such things as suppers and liquors; I have spared no expense to feast their minds as well as bodies. You observe I have added twelve new pictures to my collection, which I bought on purpose to add brilliancy to this soiree. Aren't they splendid? the coziest and most superb I could find, that would go in a private house; and, to whisper the truth to you, I got them surprisingly low. Purchased all at one place, and they made a reduction in consequence of the size of the order. Those four magnificent companion-pieces, "*Cole's Voyage of Life*," the real originals, I got for three hundred dollars, and the frames are worth sixty

apiece. Seems to me the company is in unusual good spirits—don't you think so, Mr. Flummery? I knew you'd agree with me. The artists are such a pleasant, sociable kind of people; they ain't as particular about their dress, some of 'em, as they might be, but it gives 'em an air. It makes me quite happy to see how delighted they are with the pictures. Don't you think the girls are looking well? O dear, you flatter them, Mr. Flummery. It's strange you seem to admire Felicia most. She is a good girl, amiable and sensible—but she hasn't the genius of Cerintha. Cerintha's real sentimental, if I am her mother that says it. She writes the sweetest compositions, and sees an exiled prince in every Italian organ-grinder. Am not I afraid she'll run away with some ragged hero, some day? O no! not she! she's prudent as well as practical. She'll never marry less'n half a million. If anybody makes a love match, it'll be Felicia, quiet as she looks. By-the-by, who's that she's so much interested in, now? that dark-eyed, handsome young man that's talking to her about that little drawing on the table. A very promising young artist? Rich? I thought not by the looks of his coat. It's decidedly rusty, and six months out of date. Will be a lion some day? I shall allow Felicia to cultivate him, then; but I must warn her against any tender interest. He's handsome enough to turn a young lady's head, that isn't hardly through with school yet. How admirably he looks at her; and she's actually blushing. I thought Madame Finishche taught her young ladies not to blush, it's so childish! I must correct Felicia for that fault, to-morrow. Don't? and why not, Mr. Flummery? But if you say so, it's all right; you've the credit of knowing everything. Do you know, Cerintha writes poetry; and as you are a poet, you ought to be kindred spirits. I wish you'd celebrate my soiree in some verses, won't you, now, that's a dear, good man? Fitz! Fitz, darling! com here! I'm trying to persuade our friend, Mr. Flummery, to immortalize this evening in some of the poetry which he prints in the magazines. They say you're so sarcastic, Mr. Flummery, and say such sharp things, even in your poetry, but I know you won't make fun of us. It would be so nice.

Do you think they are enjoying themselves, Fitz? They *seem* in excellent spirits; and I'm sure I've taken trouble enough to please 'em. Why didn't I consult you before I purchased so many pictures? Well, I was down to Stewart's, and coming back, I saw a shop full of handsome ones, and the idea struck

me it would impress my new guests favorably to find lots of pictures, and I stepped in and bought what you see. You've told me that size wasn't the main point in buying paintings. I guess I know that! But everybody knows "Cole's Voyage of Life" is a fine thing, and all the rest are choice copies of the old masters, whoever they are.

Everything seems to me to be going off splendidly; even Rasher's behaving himself remarkably. He hasn't said a vulgar thing this evening, in my hearing. There he goes, off to the smoking-room, with half-a-dozen gentlemen, to show 'em his pigs. He paid a hundred dollars for a little thing no bigger than my two hands.

(*Sotto voce.*) I wish Felicia would leave that fellow for awhile. He's quite too agreeable; and she's looking so pretty, now, with her eyes full of smiles and her cheeks glowing, he'll fall in love with her. Artists are all very well to patronize, but when it comes to son-in-laws, it's another thing. Bless me, Mr. Flummery, I did not know you were so near! Law? "That young gentleman, talking to my daughter, owns millions of acres of the loveliest and richest lands of the earth, owns diamonds and pearls, and the uncounted gold of a thousand sunsets." Pshaw! does he *really*, or are you speaking in a metaphysical sense? You know they don't take the gold of the sunset at Stewart's or Tiffany's—and I prefer that kind that has the stamp of the mint on it, that's always current. "Like old mother Bumsby's wine!" Rasher, remember; make no puns but good ones to-night. What's that, Mr. Flummery? A bad pun is often better than a good one, if it's only bad enough! Well, that's queer! don't forget you've got to write me some verses, Mr. Flummery. I'll have a little game supper and invite Fitz, and some others, when it's ready to be ready. Do you promise?

I hope you're enjoying yourself, Mr. Easelby. But you always do admire my pictures. I feel proud to be surrounded by so distinguished a gathering, and you are one of the brightest stars in my axletree of guests. How do you like this one? The vendor assured me that it was an old Italian copy of the original Raffel. I didn't know they had raffles in old times to sell off paintings. That's what we ladies do now, when we get a lot of pincushions and fancy articles left over from our fairs. It's a very good plan. I've no doubt the old masters got rid of a good many in that way, for I often hear it mentioned. I was very much charmed with your reception, the other evening, Mr. Easelby. You artists

are really getting to have very good society about you. I saw a good many of our wealthiest people present. We didn't use to think much of your class; but we're getting over our prejudices. There's Mr. Moneybags, talking to that young fellow with the seedy look, as if they were equals. We appreciate talent, Mr. Easelby; it is one of our privileges. Dear me! where's the man gone? I do believe he's going off before supper, and I haven't said anything in the world to offend him. I've treated the whole set as well as if they could return the compliment; the costliest music, game for supper, our best wines, and all them pictures on purpose to consult their tastes; and of course, they'll never treat *us* to music and supper. But I'll have it to talk about. I've got the start of Mrs. Cornell for once, and I can see she is dying of envy. I've got the author of "Poems of the Century;" and that man that's celebrated for writing something, I don't know what, but he goes to the Liverpools constantly; and Professor Donderland, who's been kind enough to ruin the piano with playing, and everybody that anybody wants to have, and I call it a perfect success.

There's Felicia and that young artist getting together again, after I've warned her not to pay too much attention to our guest.

I asked Flummery what made the crowd so cheerful, and he says it's the new pictures; so they're successes, of course. He says it would be a good idea for us to have a gallery to display them to better advantage—wants to know if there isn't room in the garret to construct one.

Rasher! Larkins says supper is ready; go and get Mrs. Moneybags, and I'll take Mr. Lake Brown's arm. "La! La! La!" what are you all laughing at? Mr. Rasher? he's so funny! What has he said now? "He wants to know why we are all like a parcel of pigs;" "because we all want to be first at the trough!" (*Sotto voce.*) Horror! I shall sink through the floor! that wretched man is enough to distract a woman. It's dreadful! his vulgarity always shows itself at the most conspicuous moment. If I didn't have hold of Mr. Brown's arm, I should sink right through, and likely as not light in the bowl of chicken salad.

What did you say, Mr. Flummery? "Why is Mr. Rasher like a tame bear?" I'm sure I don't know unless it's because he's so horrid rough. "Because he has given us a great *faux pas*." He! He! you're so witty, Mr. Flummery, I don't exactly know what you mean, but I'm sure it's funny, if you said it.

Allow me to help you to some of the celery, Mr. Brown; I'm sure you must be fond of it, I saw such beautiful greens in that picture of yours at Dodworth's. (*Sotto voce*—There's Rasher at his puns again. He'll make me miserable all through supper. "Don't be *sherry* of the wine; there's plenty of it.") I should think a person who could draw cows as natural as you would always be drawing them. ("Decaret's No. 1.") I'm so fond of cows in landscapes! I think every landscape ought to have cows in it. ("Why is this bottle like my amiable wife? Give it up? Because it's my-deary!") Especially those dreary deserts that Mr. Gamboe is so fond of painting; a cow or two would give life to them. ("Why is there no such thing as a headache in the morning after taking a little too much the night before? Give it up? Because it's all sham-pain.") "But that's as old as the hills." "All the better for being old.") I've thought a good deal, Mr. Brown, of sending my Cerintha to take lessons of some artist; I'm certain she has a talent for it; dear girl! she has a talent for most everything. You ought to see her specimens that she's brought home from school; and she's embroidered a whole scene in worsted work—Rachel and Joseph at the Well. It's sweet, especially the well, which is done to perfection—the curb, and the bucket and pole, just as they had them in old times. ("Why are gardeners stingy to their help? Because they order their salary cut down." Salary, good gracious!) Don't you think it would be advisable to have my daughter take lessons of some of our first artists? I should like to have an artist in the family; it would be something to be proud—(Good gracious! There it comes at last! "Why am I like the basement of my own warehouse? Because we're both pork-sellers." If I don't pay Rasher for that after the company's gone, then I don't know what revenge is—the brute!) O yes! The Masquerade Ball was the most delightful part of the opera. I went on the stage myself—charming! (Larkins, tell the band to strike up a perfect crash. I'm bound to choke Rasher off, if I have to drown the whole company in the noise.)

O no, Mynheer Donderland, my daughters wouldn't think of playing and singing after you; that would be asking too much of them. But dear me, Mr. Rhymer, I've got a secret to tell you. Cerintha admires you immensely since she's found out you're the author of "Poems of the Century." But that isn't the secret, which is, that Cerintha is something of a poet, too—that is, I hope she is, though I'm not a

competent judge of verses. I found some lines lying in a copy of your poems this morning. I knew her handwriting, and I secured them, without her knowledge. Would you like to look at them? She's in the conservatory now, and won't shriek out and snatch 'em away, as she'd be sure to do if she were here. They seem to me to be very nice. Here, Mr. Flummery, you read 'em, low, so she won't find out what's going on. You and Mr. Rhymer are judges. [*Flummery reads and comments:—*]

"I would that I were dead!

'Tis hard to bear with life when hope is o'er,
And I can know it's vernal bloom no more!
Within my breast it nevermore shall spring,
Nor o'er my soul it's golden radiance fling!

I would that I were dead!

"Youth, beauty, fortune, new dresses, flirtations, plenty to eat and drink—how's this, Rasher? Been treating Miss Cerintha with any superhuman cruelty? Just hear how she runs on—

'My sorrow has no name, and if it had,
I would not speak it (good); 'tis too wildly sad
For human utterance. Icy griefs are felt
Which never into softer words can melt—

("Excellent for purposes of ice cream in warm weather.")

I would that I were dead!

'Life has no pleasure for my lonely heart!
Within my eyes the burning tear-drops start!
My soul is dark (borrowed); nor music, flowers, nor
mirth

Can ever light again this midnight earth!

I would that I were—wed!

"That's it exactly. I would that I were wed. That sounds more reasonable in a good-looking young lady. But as to the 'midnight earth!' just look at Miss Cerintha now. Looks like a hopeless case, doesn't she, laughing with Mr. Dorsay and brilliant with flirtation, fairly beaming with it? Didn't read it right, Mrs. Rasher? 'Tisn't 'I would that I were wed?' Well, let's read the last verse—

"'Tis sad in youth to feel the heart grow old!
In summer's heat to feel the winter's cold!
This is my fate! So be it! I will bear
With my wild sorrow! I will wed Despair!

("Oh, don't! She meant Dorsay. A slight mistake, but all right now.")

I would that I were wed!

"It's my solemn conviction, Mrs. Rasher, that this poetry was indited after Miss Cerintha had eaten too hearty a dinner, when she hadn't a care, or a trouble, or a want in the world, and was as happy as a young lady can be with a slightly overloaded stomach. People who

are miserable never express themselves so sublimely; then, again, miserable people are often very funny. I suppose, if I should tread on one of your corns, Rasher, you'd say something very amusing about it, wouldn't you? You warn me not to try it? Well, Mrs. Rasher, this is very good poetry, very good, indeed! I used to write in the same line when I was about her age; but if I should serve up your soiree now on a golden salver of rhyme, I'd do it in a lighter style."

Come here, my darling. Mr. Flummery has been reading your verses to the company. There, I knew you'd shriek! Be calm, my love; it was I who gave them to him. He thinks them sweet, but a little too pensive. Yes, I know, sweetest, you're naturally melancholy, while Felicia's just like her pa—fat and merry. What's that, husband? She eats full as much pudding and pie as Felicia? Pshaw! she had always a delicate appetite. When she was a child only—my goodness! if Rasher himself ain't making poetry!

(My wife has lately grown ambitious,
I tell you she's a smasher!
She resolved to give a learned soiree,
Than which nothing could be Rasher!)

Making a fool of himself, as usual. I wish I could get near him!

(She went and bought a bran-new house,
And furnished it so quaint, sirs!
She got the curtains and carpets first,
And then called in the painters!)

He'll make 'em all as mad as fire! No! they're giggling and poking each other slyly in the ribs; some are crying, "Go it, Rasher!"

(She bought a lot of worthless daubs,
Got bitten by the biters,
And after everything was wrong,
She then called in the writers.)

If I could only get near enough to twitch his coat-tail! I do believe he's taken too much wine. Everybody in the house has stopped to listen to him, of course.

(She's cut a fashionable splurge—
Also each poor relation—
She thinks she's brimming o'er with sense,
But I know it's sense-ation!)

Don't, Fitz, hold on to my dress so! I'm going to him.

(To-morrow you will joke and laugh,
As you paint, and write, and quarry,
At Mrs. Rasher's latest splurge,
Her grand literary, musical, artistic,
And Hall-Columbia soiree.)

Well, if that don't beat the Dutch! I don't

wonder you all laugh, gentlemen, but I do believe my husband's drunk.

There! they're gone at last, and I'm glad of it! Rasher! I'll never forgive you for the fool you've made of yourself. Dear me! it's tiresome work, anyhow, trying to be literary. I felt as uneasy as a fish out of water. The only comfort I've had to-night was when I was resting on the sofa beside Mrs. Moneybags, talking over our new dresses—there!

GRANDMOTHER'S GARDEN.

BY CELESTE.

My grandmother's old-fashioned garden!

Ah! never again shall I see
A spot of such exquisite beauty
And wondrous enchantment to me!
For there, in my earliest childhood,
I whiled away long summer hours,
And gazed on its treasures with rapture,
Or filled my young hands with the flowers.

The trees in the orchard—long branches
Reached o'er the mossy stone wall,
That 'mid the soft border of grasses
Their first golden apples might fall.
Those prim garden beds, to my vision,
Seemed crowned with each loveliest hue,
And passers-by, young and old, lingered
The beautiful garden to view.

The crocus first whispered of beauty
Safe hidden beneath the spring snows;
And hyacinths, fragrant and lovely,
Next 'woke from their winter's repose.
From then till the cold winds of autumn,
So ruthless, chilled summer away
That spot was my fairyland gorgeous,
And each charming flower was a Fay!

The lilac boughs trembled with sweetness,
Those mornings so dewy and bright;
The woodbine flowers bloomed on the lattice,
And humming-birds sought them at night;
The snowballs grew high in the corner,
And lilies so stately and tall,
Near daffodils, tulips, and roses;
And robin's song floated o'er all.

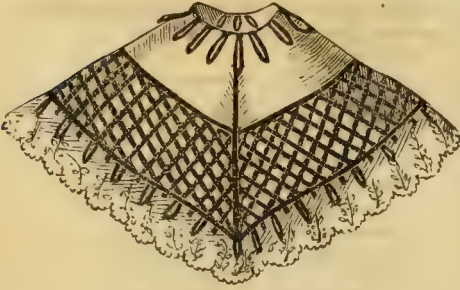
Oh, many the flowers in that garden!
Their names are all dear now to me.
Sweet-Williams I love, for they grew there,
A charm has the gay *four-d-lis*;
For memories linger around them,
Each one to my heart hath a tone—
O violets, sweetest and dearest,
I loved you, and called you my own!

I sat in the vine-covered arbor
When clusters of purple peeped through,
Near by rushed the musical river,
And verdure-clad hills rose to view.
Ah! then, in my grandmother's garden,
I knew naught of sorrow or tears,
And life was as sweet as the roses
That bloomed in those earlier years.

NOVELTIES FOR MAY.

Fig. 1.—Bertha cape or fichu, for wearing in the evening, or with a low-necked dress in summer. The foundation is Brussels net; the

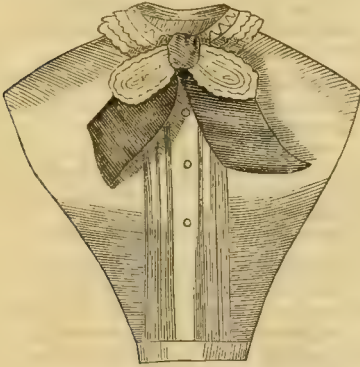
Fig. 1.



loops and lozenge trimming of narrow velvet ribbon; plain fall, of any neat point.

Fig. 2.—Collar and habit shirt, suitable for mourning; the folds may be of clear muslin or tarleton; the needle-worked edge of black, as

Fig. 2.



is also the knot of ribbon, which forms a pretty variation to the lappet shape of the collar.

Fig. 3.

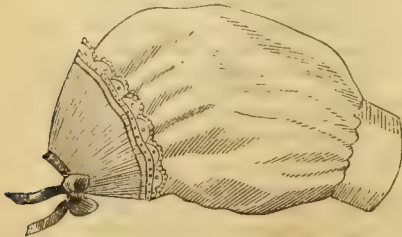


Fig. 3.—Undersleeve of clear muslin, with a deep frill, *en revers* at the wrist, fastened by an elastic band, with a medium velvet ribbon.

Fig. 4.—The tongue-shaped cuff or lappet *en revers* (turned back), is much worn by those who prefer a close sleeve; the star-shaped or-

Fig. 4.



naments, if in mourning, should be of crape; in black velvet, otherwise.

Fig. 5.



Fig. 6.



Figs. 5 and 6.—Caps for morning wear. The round cowl shape of Fig. 5 is perhaps the most desirable.

Fig. 7.



Fig. 7.—White chip hat, with a very light white feather on one side: cape trimmed with violet velvet and white blonde strings of white ribbon: full ruche of white blonde, with a bouquet on the right side.

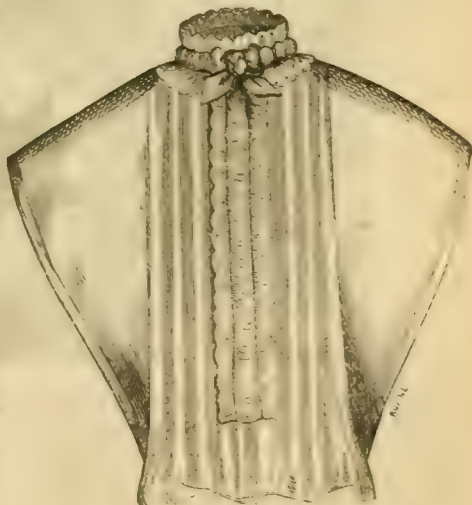
Fig. 8.—Coiffure for a young lady.

Fig. 9.—Zouave chemisette.

Fig. 8.



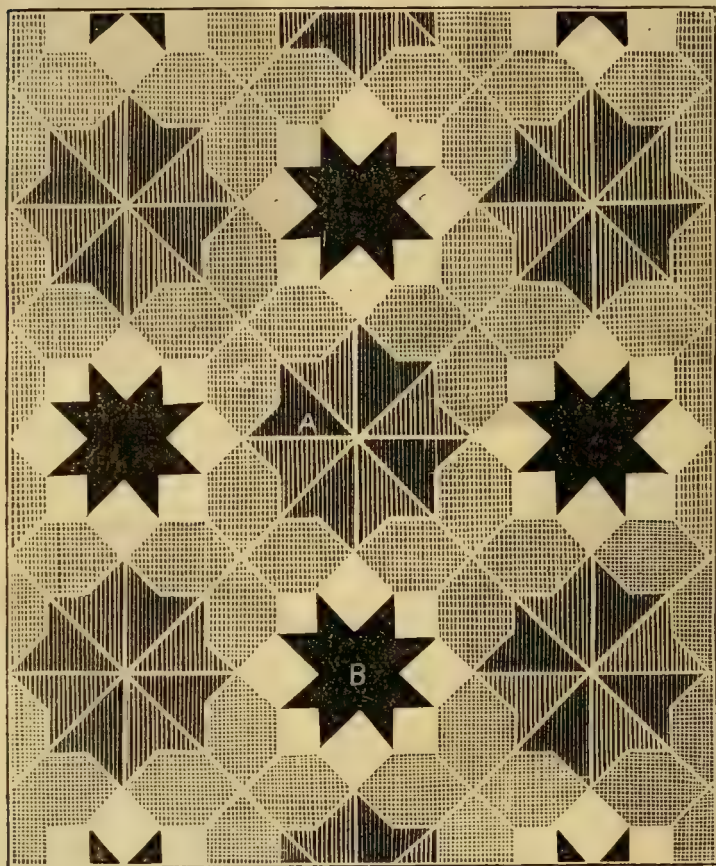
Fig. 9.



NAME FOR MARKING.

Secretia

DESIGN FOR PATCHWORK.

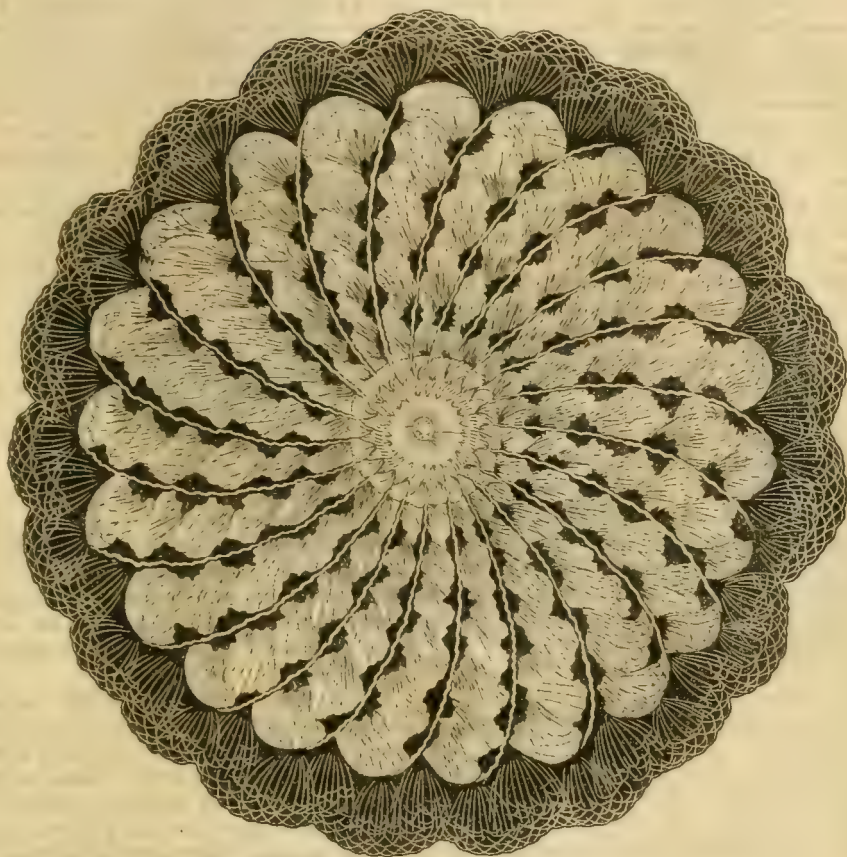


Our page compels us to reduce the size of the pattern; but, by a little attention, sections may easily be cut of any dimensions desired. Take a piece of clean stout white paper, and fold it in all the parallel sloping lines seen in our engraving. These may be at any distance from each other; only regular and equal. It will be seen that a line drawn exactly between every pair of parallels will take in the points. Draw these lines with a pencil, to distinguish them from those caused by the folding, and the proper forms can be readily obtained. Cut them out, and from them others in card-board, if for a large piece of work, and you have all your sections ready, without the possibility of a misfit. The two eight-pointed figures are differently arranged. A may be filled up in eight pieces, while B should be composed of nine—a star of eight points to the centre, and

eight diamonds round it. Or, if on a sufficiently large scale, the inner star may be of eight pieces. Two very distinct shades of the same color will look better for A than many different tints. B may have a dark centre and bright points, or *vice versa*. The intermediate figure, C, should be of such neutral tints or dark shades as may throw up the brilliant hues of which the star should be composed.

We have said that this design may be applied to another purpose. Worked on canvas, in wools, the outlines done in black, it would be both rich looking and easily worked. Elderly people and children can often do a piece where they can count threads, where a painted pattern would puzzle them. No. 14 or 16 canvas, and eight-thread wool should be used. Orange, claret, blue (if good), and brilliant greens look well in such a pattern.

TOILET MAT.



TAKE white crochet cotton, No. 8, tie a small ring, and in it work 18 long crochet stitches.

2d row.—Two long stitches between every stitch.

3d.—Three long stitches in every bunch of two stitches.

4th.—Three long stitches between the first and second stitch of every bunch.

5th.—Four long stitches between the first and second stitch of every bunch, and so on increasing one stitch every row, until you have the mat the size you desire. The one in the engraving is increased to ten stitches in every bunch. The last two rows are done in colors.

KNITTED ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS.

PUCHSIA.

If knitted in good size China silk, it does well to ornament caps or bonnets.

CALYX.—Four calyx are required for each flower; cast on eight stitches with crimson split wool.

1st row.—Knit plain.

2d.—Purl.

3d.—Knit plain.

4th.—Purl.

5th.—Make one, knit two; repeat to the end of row.

6th.—Purl.

7th.—Knit plain.

8th.—Purl.

9th.—Knit plain.

10th.—Purl.

11th.—Knit plain.

12th.—Purl.

13th.—Make one, knit three; repeat to the end of the row.

14th.—Purl.

15th.—Make one, knit four; repeat.

16th.—Purl.

17th.—Make one, knit five to the end of row.

18th.—Knit six stitches, turn back and purl the same (leaving the rest of the stitches on the needle). Continue knitting and purling the six stitches until you have six small rows; then decrease one stitch, knit four; next row, decrease one, purl three, knit a row plain; then decrease one, purl two; lastly slip one, knit two together, turn the slipped stitch over, fasten the wool by putting it through the last stitch. This completes one division of the calyx. Break off the wool, leaving about a yard on the work, in order to carry down the wool to the stitches, which are still on the needle. Then with the same wool, knit six more stitches, which must be done especially as the first, forming the second division, and with the same wool knit the third and fourth, which finishes the calyx.

Sew a bit of fine wire (with the same split wool) round the end of each division, and the ends of the wire must be sown two by two on the inside of the flower before it is sown up.

The corolla is small in the Fuchsia, and less apparent than the calyx. The color of the wool must be either purple or dark puce.

Cast on eight stitches.

1st row.—Knit plain.

2d.—Purl.

3d.—Make one, knit two; repeat throughout the row.

4th.—Purl.

5th.—Knit plain.

6th.—Purl.

7th.—Make one, knit three; throughout the row.

8th.—Purl.

9th.—Knit plain.

10th.—Purl.

11th.—Knit four stitches, turn back, decrease one, purl two, and finish by slipping one, knitting two together, turning the slipped stitch over, and putting the wool through the loop; bring the wool down the edge in the same way as for the calyx, and knit the second, third, and fourth divisions like the first. Sew a bit of wire round the edge, following the sinuosities of the work, and sew the two edges together.

The pistil and stamen can be made like the lily, but very much finer and smaller; but a simpler and easier method is, to stiffen some pale green, or white sewing cotton, with gum, and cut eight pieces of it of about five or six inches long, for the stamen, and one bit rather longer for the pistil; tie them together, and dip the longest in gum, and then in some green

powder, or wool cut as fine as powder, and the rest, first in gum, and then immediately in yellow powder, or wool cut as fine, which will answer quite as well for the purpose. Mount your flower, by placing the stamens and pistil inside the corolla, and that to within the calyx, sufficiently low to show the corolla slightly; sew the open side of the calyx, and twist all the stalks together, covering the little stem with green wool.

Buds.—Cast on four stitches, knit one row plain, purl one row.

3d row.—Make one stitch, knit one throughout the row.

4th.—Purl.

5th.—Knit plain.

6th.—Purl.

7th.—Make one, knit two throughout the row.

8th.—Purl.

9th.—Knit plain.

10th.—Purl.

Then gather all the stitches with a rug needle, make a little ball of red wool, put a bit of wire across it, fold over, and twist the wire quite tight, cover the little ball with the piece just knitted, sew the opening neatly, and gather up the stitches at the stem, which must be covered with crimson wool.

LEAF.—Cast on three stitches, knit, and purl alternate rows, increasing one stitch at the beginning of each row until the leaf is of the breadth desired (about seven stitches for the smallest, and fourteen or sixteen stitches for the largest); then knit and purl four rows without increase, and begin to decrease in every row, until you have but three stitches left, which knit as one, and fasten off. Sew a fine wire round the leaves, leaving a small bit at the end as a stalk, and also a fine wire doubled, at the back of the leaf, in the centre, which will keep it in shape.

Several shades and sizes of leaves are required, as also several buds and flowers, to form a handsome branch.

SMALL RETICULE OR PURSE, IN APPLICATION.

Materials.—A piece of cinnamon brown cloth, on which the design is laid in black velvet and blue cloth. Red braid, gold braid, and gold thread, passementerie tassel and slides, and cord to match.

This article consists of four pieces, on all of which the design is repeated; they are sewed together down the sides, and meet in a point. The black velvet is represented as black in the



engraving; the lighter pattern is in blue cloth. Both are edged throughout with gold braid, laid on so as to conceal the part where the *aplique* and ground join. The braided patterns on the velvet and the blue cloth are done in red braid, edged with gold thread.

To make it, have four pieces of washleather, cut the same shape as the sides of the bag, and join them up; join up the bag also, put the lining in, and fasten it lightly down the seams. Turn in the edges at the top; sew them together, finish with a cord and small rings, covered with crochet, through which the strings are run.

Any other combination of colors may be used, care being taken that they harmonize sufficiently well.

THE MISS DINAH PEN-WIPER.

TAKE a black china baby about three inches high, dress it with three black cloth skirts, the third one the longest, and cut with the scissors into scallops, and with a thread drawn into flutes. Over these skirts is a bright scarlet velvet skirt ornamented with braid and beads,



over that a short white silk skirt tied at the waist with a cord and tassel. A ribbon sash passes from the left shoulder to the right side of the waist. On the head is a turban gayly ornamented with feathers and flowers. The under cloth skirts are to be used for the pen-wiper.

ECONOMICAL PLANT PROTECTORS.

THE first and best method is to get a common garden frame, made of whatever size you think proper, either with one, two, or three lights; but, instead of having them glazed, as is the usual custom, have some cheap calico stretched upon the frame, quite tight, and afterwards made waterproof by means of a composition, directions for the making of which will be given further on; and for the plan see Fig. 1.

The next consists of six stakes, being driven into the ground in a circle, at equal distances from each other, and two hoops, whose size and diametrical proportions must depend entirely upon the extent of the plant or tree you desire to surround; one to be nailed within an inch of the top of the supports, the other about half

Fig. 1.

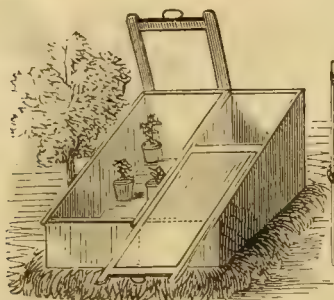
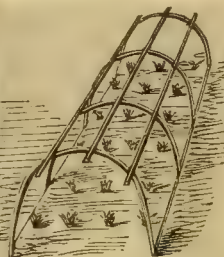


Fig. 2.



Fig. 3.



way down, and afterwards covered with waterproof calico, as Fig. 2.

The third and last, though by no means the least important, is not a new idea, but equally useful in its way for square beds of plants. It consists of a sufficient number of arches, which may be formed with hoops from an old tub, which have opened, pointed at each end, and thrust into the ground at the extreme edges of the bed, at about eighteen inches apart all the way down. Then place a straight stick or lath on the top, and one on each side, about twelve inches from the ground; tie each arch securely to these sticks, and you will have a frame strong enough to hold the waterproof calico, taking care, however, that in both cases the material used as a covering reaches the ground, where it will have to be secured, as, without it is, the plants would be as well and better off without any covering at all; for you could but lose them, and you would be sure to do that if you neglected the above caution, and have the mortification of knowing you had taken the trouble to make a frame, which, for the want of a little forethought, failed to pro-

duce the effect desired, namely, the protection of your favorites.

To give them air and light you must contrive to have some portion of the coverings movable, for which purpose the top is preferable. Open these doors or windows, as I may term them, whenever the weather will permit, but close them at night, or, in fact, as often as you think there is any danger of their taking harm.

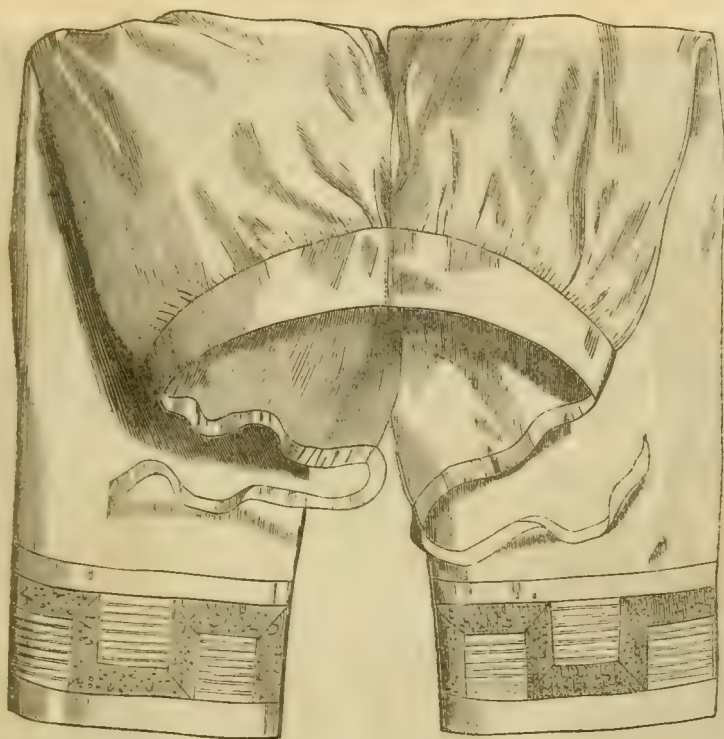
Here is a receipt for waterproof dressing which I have frequently used, and found efficacious: Get some thin cheap calico, and after having stretched in on your frames (or, if required, in a piece, on the ground) quite tight, then cover it, by means of a brush, with a composition made of two pints of pale old linseed oil, one ounce of sugar of lead, and four ounces of white resin. The sugar of lead is to be ground with a little of the oil, after which add the remainder and the resin, and mix these ingredients well together while warm.

In conclusion, permit me to hope these instructions will not only meet the requirements of many, but verify the old saying, "A penny saved is a penny earned."

NAME FOR MARKING.



NEW STYLE OF DRAWERS, VERY COMFORTABLE, AND
EASILY MADE.

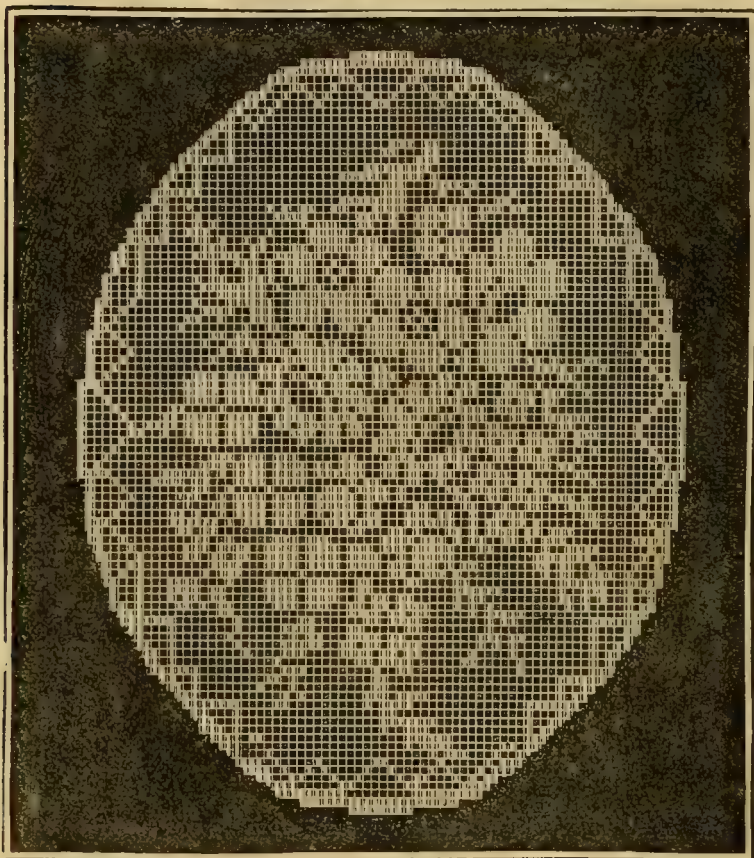


EMBROIDERY.



CROCHET TIDY.

TO BE WORKED IN SQUARE CROCHET.



COUNT the number of squares in the extreme width and multiply by three, with the addition of one for the length of chain ; and then select a cotton which will bring the tidy to the size you require. In an oval tidy, you do not commence on a chain of the full length, but on one that will make the number of squares at the side. In this tidy, as there are twelve squares, thirty-seven chain must be made. Break off. In the next row, as there are six squares extra on each side, make a chain of eighteen, then work on the chain for the twelve close squares ; then finish with eighteen chain. Go on increasing in this way till the extreme width is obtained. To decrease, if by one square only, miss the first stitch of the last row, slip the next, single crochet the next, and double cro-

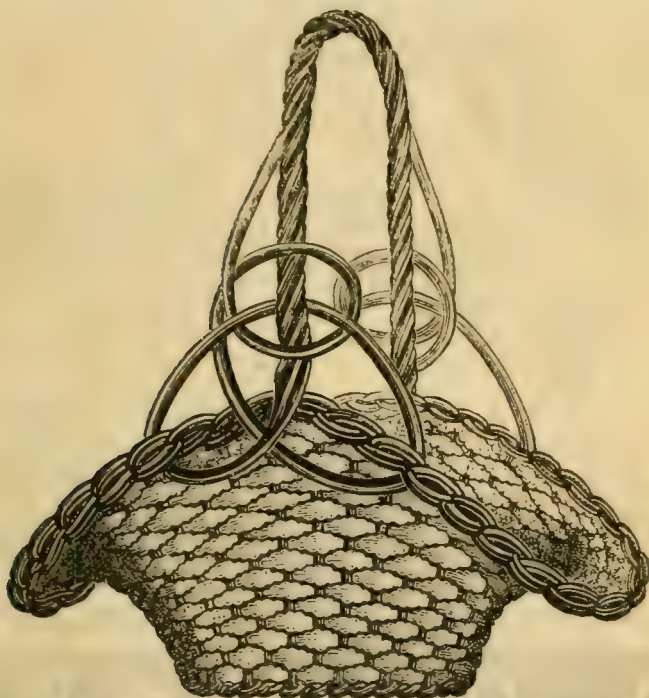
chet the third. Reverse this to decrease at the end of the row. If two or more squares are to be decreased at each end, begin with the slip stitch over the second, third, or any other. Always work in the ends if possible. This tidy will be greatly strengthened and improved by a line of double crochet being worked entirely round it. A fringe trimming is the prettiest for round or oval tidies.

EMBROIDERY.



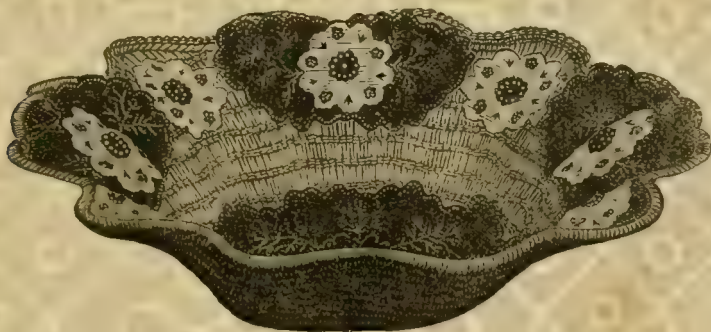
FANCY BASKETS.

VERY PRETTY ARTICLES FOR PRESENTS, OR FOR FANCY FAIRS.



Have a frame made of brass wire, and pass fancy ribbons in and out of the wire, as shown in the cut. The handle and sides of the basket

can be ornamented by bows or rosettes of ribbon, as taste may dictate.



This basket is of willow; the double oval leaves which decorate the inside and bottom of the basket are pieces of red cloth cut out, ornamented with embroidery and chain-stitch in

bright blue silk and sewed on. In the centre of these double leaves, and in the spaces which separate these pieces, are placed stars of white cloth, cut out and ornamented.

EMBROIDERY FOR A SKIRT.



PATTERN IN BRAIDING AND BRODERIE ANGLAISE.

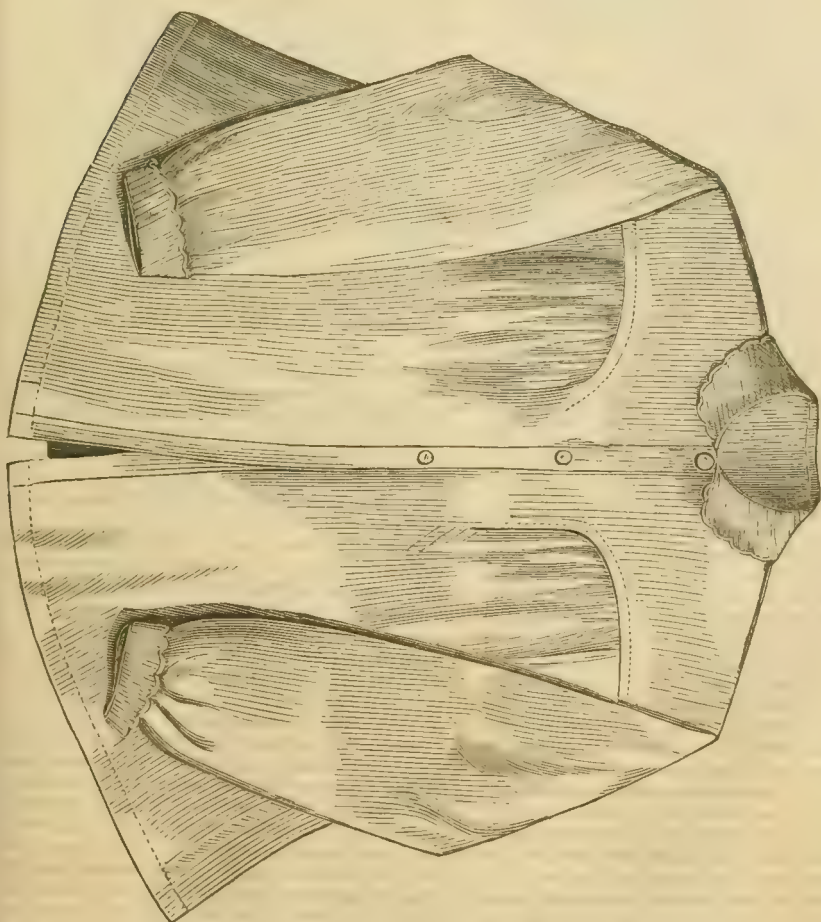


To be worked on stout cambric, for a petticoat insertion. This fashion has now superseded the work at the bottom of slips.

SAMPLER FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.



A VERY SIMPLE STYLE OF SHORT NIGHT-DRESS, EASILY MADE,
AND VERY COMFORTABLE.



Receipts, &c.

TO MAKE MUFFINS AND CRUMPETS.

You must first provide yourself with an *iron plate*. This should be about eighteen inches square and three-quarters of an inch thick. The surface should be perfectly level and very smooth, though not polished. Muffin and crumpet makers generally have the plate (larger than that I have named, and circular) firmly imbedded in brickwork, with a furnace under it, such as is placed under a copper. You, however, need not go to this expense, as you can place your plate over the fire in your range, resting it on the hobs, taking care to have a fire clear at the top, that your articles may not be smoked. The fire should be made up with coke or cinders, and so regulated that the heat may not be too great. The exact degree of heat required you will soon be able to ascertain by experiments. You will ruin your muffins and crumpets, if you suffer them to be burnt. When the raw material is laid on the plate, it must be carefully watched and duly turned. This turning must be performed with dexterity by means of a knife somewhat resembling a painter's palette knife, only broader and longer, sufficiently thin to bend easily, and about sixteen inches in length.

Crumpets.—Make a batter thus: To two quarts of water, just lukewarm, add a quarter of a pint of good yeast, free from bitterness, and mix them intimately. Put to this as much flour as will make a thinnish batter, and put it in a warm situation for about six hours. Stir it well up with a broad, flat wooden spoon, and let it remain in the warmth three or four hours longer. Have ready some tin hoops of the size you wish your crumpets, and about half an inch deep. Next ascertain whether the iron plate is sufficiently hot, which it will be if, when you throw a pinch of dry flour upon it, it becomes brown. Lay as many of your hoops upon the hot plate as there is room for, say four, and with a small ladle pour a sufficient quantity of batter into each hoop. When the top is covered with little air bladders turn each crumpet dexterously over, tin and all, with your long knife, and bake for about five minutes longer. Observe carefully all that takes place during the baking of the first batch, and you will have no difficulty afterwards.

Crumpets may either be served up hot at the time they are made, or they may be made some time beforehand, and toasted when required for use. If you *toast* them, let both sides be made a pale brown, lay them on warm plates, and spread some soft butter lightly on each side. They should be toasted quickly, and it is best not to lay them upon one another, as that causes them to taste rather dourly.

Muffins.—Ordinary brewers' yeast may answer the purpose, if it be first strained through some bran to free it from its bitter taste. Put it in a quart of warm water, and mix in it as much flour as will make it a stiff batter. Place it in a warm situation for four hours, then stir it well down. Take up a portion of the batter, say a quarter of a pound, in a *broad* wooden spoon, in your left hand; and with your right hand, with a *small* wooden spoon, or with your hand, form it into a round, ball-like shape. Spread some flour, about half an inch deep, upon a pasteboard, and make a little round hollow for each of these balls. Cover them up with flannel, and let them remain two hours to prove. When your

iron plate is sufficiently hot, as for crumpets, set the muffins upon it. When they have risen properly turn them over, and bake till they are sufficiently set.

Muffins are rarely used without *toasting*. Run the point of a sharp knife about a quarter of an inch deep along the outer edge of each, exactly in the middle. Then toast them, by holding them at such a distance from a clear-fronted fire that they may get hot through without burning. When toasted on both sides pull them open and place a thin layer of butter on each side; close them again, and cut each muffin separately with a sharp knife across the middle. File them lightly upon each other on a warm plate.

MISCELLANEOUS COOKING.

A *NICE DINNER OR SUPPER*.—Cold meat, especially if rather underdone, may be readily made into a savory dish, as follows: Cut the meat into slices, spread them out on a dish, and sprinkle them with pepper, salt, and flour. Chop an onion, and sprinkle that over also. Put the pieces into a deep dish, and add water in the proportion of a small teacupful to a pound of meat. Add, to make it more savory, a tablespoonful of vinegar or ketchup, or any gravy that may be in the house. Cover the whole with mashed potatoes, and put the dish in a side oven, if the family have one, or, if not, in a Dutch oven before the fire, about half an hour before meal-time. This will make a good dinner occasionally; or, for a working-man, who has to go out to work and does not get his dinner regularly, his wife will, no doubt, get smiles and commendations if she thus prepare a supper for him.

CHEAP RICE PUDDING.—Boil a pound of rice in three pints of water, till it is thoroughly soft. Stir in a small teaspoonful of powdered allspice, if agreeable, or a blade or two of cinnamon. It may then be served out in plates, and a little treacle poured over each, or, after the rice is soft, two tablespoonfuls of flour may be stirred into a pint of milk, and put into the rice and stirred up. Let it boil for a few minutes, and sweeten to taste with brown sugar.

POTATO SOUP MAIGRE.—Take some large, mealy potatoes; peel, and cut them into small slices, with an onion; boil them in three pints of water till tender, and then pulp them through a colander: add a small piece of butter, a little Cayenne pepper, and salt, and, just before the soup is served, two spoonfuls of good cream. The soup must not be allowed to boil after the cream has been put into it.

This will be found a most excellent soup, and, being easily and quickly made, is useful upon an emergency, when such an addition is suddenly required to the dinner.

MOCK TURTLE SOUP.—Scald and clean thoroughly a calf's head with the skin on; boil it gently an hour in four quarts of water, skimming it well. Take out the head, and when almost cold cut the meat off, and divide it into bits about an inch square.

Slice and fry of a light brown in butter two pounds of the leg of beef, and two pounds of veal, and five onions cut small, and two ounces of green sage. Add these to the liquor in which the head was boiled, also the bones of the head and trimmings, two whole onions, a handful of parsley, one teaspoonful of ground allspice, and two teaspoonfuls of black pepper, salt to your taste, and the rind of a lemon; let it simmer and stew gently for five hours; then strain it, and when cold take off the fat. Put the liquor into a clean stewpan, add the meat cut

from the head, and for a gallon of soup add half a pint of Madeira wine, or claret, or the juice of a lemon made thick with pounded loaf-sugar; mix a spoonful of flour and a cup of butter with a little of the broth, and stir it in. Let it stir very gently till the meat is tender, which will be about an hour.

About twenty minutes before it is to be served, add a small teaspoonful of Cayenne, the yolks of eight or ten hard-boiled eggs, and a dozen forcemeat balls; some add the juice of a lemon. When the meat is tender the soup is done.

To make the meat balls, boil the brains for ten minutes, then put them in cold water; when cool, chop, and mix them with five spoonfuls of grated bread, a little grated nutmeg, pepper, salt, and thyme, and two eggs; roll the balls as large as the yolk of an egg, and fry them of a light brown in butter or good dripping.

Very good soup, in imitation of turtle, is also made from calves' feet; four of these boiled in two quarts of water till very tender, the meat taken from the bones, the liquor strained; a pint of good beef gravy and two glasses of wine added; seasoned as the calves' head soup, with hard eggs, balls, etc.

To CRISP PARSLEY.—Pick some bunches of young parsley, wash them, and swing them in a cloth to dry; put them on a sheet of paper in a toaster before the fire, and keep them frequently turned till they are quite crisp, which will be in about six or eight minutes.

To FRY PARSLEY.—When the parsley has been washed and thoroughly dried, throw it into lard or butter which is on the point to boil; take it up with a slice the instant it is crisp, and lay it on paper on a sieve before the fire.

FRIED BREAD FOR GARNISHING.—Take slices of stale bread about a third of an inch thick, cut them into shapes with a paste-cutter, fry them in fresh butter a light brown, lay them upon a cloth to dry, and place them round the dish. They may be made to adhere by brushing the under part with a little flour mixed with white of egg.

CHEESE STIRABOUT.—One pound of oatmeal, three ounces of salt, half a pound of cheese cut up, two table-spoonfuls of mustard, two gallons of water; add your oatmeal with the hand; stir it all the time.

HOMEMADE WINES.

To SWEETEN WINES.—To fifteen gallons of wine put half a pound of dry ground mustard-seed, and a small handful of clary flowers; put it in a linen bag, and sink it to the bottom of the cask.

GOOSEBERRY WINE.—Bruise the gooseberries with the hands in a tub; to every six pounds of fruit add a quart of cold spring water, stirring it thoroughly; let it stand twenty hours, then strain them; dissolve two pounds of sugar to every quart of water employed, let it remain another day, remove the scum very clearly, and pour it into the utensil or cask in which it is to remain previous to being bottled. The scum removed must be kept in flannel and the drainings caught in a vessel; they must be added to the other liquor. Let it work about sixty hours, not more, and then cover down close. In four months it will be ready for bottling.

GRAPE WINE.—To one gallon of grapes put one gallon of water; bruise the grapes, let them stand a week without stirring, then draw off, and fine. Put to a gallon of wine three pounds of sugar, put it in a vessel; but it must not be stopped till it has done hissing.

MULBERRY WINE.—Take mulberries that are quite ripe; gather them when the weather is fine, spread them on a cloth on the floor or table for twenty-four hours, and boil up a gallon of water to a gallon of juice; skim the water well, and add a little cinnamon, bruised. Add to every gallon six ounces of white sugar-candy, finely beaten, skim and strain the water when it is taken off and settled, and put to it the juice of the mulberries, and to every gallon of the mixture put a pint of white or Rhenish wine; let them stand six days in a cask to settle, then draw off the wine, and keep it cool. This is a very rich wine.

ORANGE WINE.—A dozen of oranges to a gallon of water and three pounds of loaf-sugar; pare the oranges thin, and take off all the white skin; squeeze them well, and then put out all the juice, oranges, and the water together, and let stand for four-and-twenty hours; then strain it off, and put it into a barrel with sugar, half the peels, and a quart of the best brandy; bung it down when it has done hissing; it must stand twelve months before it is bottled. The water must be cold, not boiled.

PARSNIP WINE.—Clean and quarter four pounds of parsnips, to which put one gallon of water; boil them till tender, drain them through a sieve, but do not bruise them; pour the liquor into a tub, and to each gallon add three pounds of lump sugar and half an ounce of crude tartar; when cool, put in the yeast, and let it stand four days in a warm room, then turn it. The mixture should be fermented in a temperature of sixty degrees. When fermentation has subsided, bung down the cask, and let it stand twelve months before bottling it. March and September are the best months for making it. It only requires to be kept a few years to make it superior to all other made wines.

RAISIN WINE.—One hundred of Smyrnas to twenty gallons of water (wine measure); boil half a pound of hops in the water for an hour, let it stand till cold, then pour it over the fruit; let it remain three weeks, stirring it every day; press it off, and put it into the cask; do not bung it down till the fermentation has ceased; when it has stood about a year, draw it off clear, put it in the barrel again, and let it stand to settle before it is bottled; before it is bunged down close put a quart of brandy to a hogshead of wine; what is thick should be run through a flannel bag. The time of steeping depends on the warmth of the weather. When the fruit is swelled ready to break, it is fit to press.

RASPBERRY WINE.—Take three pounds of raisins, wash, clean, and stone them thoroughly; boil two gallons of spring water for half an hour; as soon as it is taken off the fire pour it into a deep stone jar, and put in the raisins, with six quarts of raspberries and two pounds of loaf-sugar; stir it well together, and cover down closely, and set it in a cool place; stir it twice a day; then pass it through a sieve; put the liquor into a close vessel, adding one pound more loaf-sugar; let it stand for a day and a night to settle, after which bottle it, adding a little more sugar.

WALNUT WINE.—To one gallon of water put two pounds of brown sugar and a pound of honey, and boil them for half an hour; be careful to skim it clean; put into a tub a handful of walnut leaves to every gallon, and pour the liquor upon them; let it stand all night, then take out the leaves, and put in half a pint of yeast. Let it work fourteen days; beat it five times a day to take off its sweetness, and stop up the cask. It should stand six months before it is used.

BEDS AND BEDROOMS.

IN our present highly civilized state, we spend so large a portion of our time in bed (about one-third), even when in health, that it is of great importance for us to understand what is the best form, and material, and condition, of this place of repose. For healthy persons, it is undesirable to burn a fire or gaslight during the night: the former, while it burns briskly, promotes ventilation, by causing a current up the chimney; but very commonly, towards morning, it sinks low, and has not sufficient power to cause a draught, and is only a consumer of oxygen and a liberator of carbonic acid; such also is the gas-burner, unless there be a tube over it running into the chimney, and carrying off the noxious fumes. Most persons experience a sense of insecurity when they retire to rest with the bedroom door open, yet this is the safest condition in which to sleep as far as the health is concerned; the air is then constantly undergoing a change, and does not become vitiated, as in a confined space, where one or more persons, by breathing, are abstracting its vital principle. A light chain-bolt will answer the purpose of security, and enable the door to be kept ajar; or if this is objected to, the upper panels may have perforated zinc plates let into them or some other contrivance, by which open spaces can be left; this is sometimes done with bedroom windows, and it may be so managed, that the openings can be closed at pleasure. For the rest, have as few obstructions to the free passage of air as may be. Bedrooms are far too much encumbered by bed and window curtains, and other drapery; if people knew the inestimable value of a pure and frequently changed atmosphere, they would not wrap and inclose themselves as they do, shutting out their best friend, oxygen, and in their deadliest enemy, carbonic acid. Always let beds be stripped directly they are vacated, and the clothes thrown right off; unhealthy excretions are given off by all animal bodies in a heated state, and these must be dissipated as soon as possible, therefore open the window, and let the fresh breeze sweep through the room. Remove slops and dirty linen the first opportunity, and sweep out frequently, scattering tea-leaves to keep the dust from flying; do not wet the floor in damp weather, but when it is fine and dry, this should occasionally be done, early in the morning, that it may be perfectly dry by night.

THE TOILET.

THE EYES.

THE eye, when in health, requires very simple attention, bathing with cold or tepid water being all that is needful. It is, however, so delicate an organ that external causes easily affect it and impair its beauty. Too strong a light fatigues the eyes, and exposure to currents of air, long-continued application, or night watchings are equally injurious to them. In evening occupation, extreme care should be taken in the management of the light, which should be considerably above the eyes, so that the glare may not shine into them. Inflammation of the eyelid, accompanied by irritation, may be speedily reduced by holding it over the steam of boiling water. It sometimes happens that the glands of the eye secrete too abundantly, and become glued together during the night; in which case the following preparation will be found useful: Chamomile tea, moderately strong, with a little brandy, in the proportion of a tablespoonful of the latter to a small cup of the tea; the eye should be bathed frequently with this mixture, and at night, be-

fore retiring to rest, a little ointment, composed of sweet oil and white wax, should be carefully applied to the edges of the eyelids with a fine camel-hair pencil. When reading or other exercise of the eyes has been too long continued, an aching sensation is felt just above them; a piece of linen doubled several times and steeped in equal parts of vinegar and rose-water will give relief. Persons who suffer from weak eyes will derive great benefit by dropping into them two or three drops of cold spring water several times in the twenty-four hours. A small lump of sugar saturated with eau de cologne, and slowly dissolved in the mouth, will give temporary brilliancy to the eyes.

The eyelashes contribute greatly to the beauty of the eye; in early youth they are generally thick and long, but, owing to neglect, they soon break and wear off. As they not only impart a soft and pleasing expression to the eye, but protect and preserve it, their growth should be encouraged, and for this purpose they should be clipped every four or five weeks; by this means they will acquire strength, and will soon become long and luxuriant. One or more eyelashes sometimes grow inwards and irritate the eye; it may be possible to train them in a proper direction with a camel-hair pencil dipped in gum-water, otherwise they should be cautiously extracted by a surgeon. The eyebrows have a great influence on the character of the face; Le Brun regarded them as the most certain interpreter of the sentiments. Their shape may be improved by judicious management, but artificial applications always give an unnatural and disagreeable effect; they may be rendered soft and compact by the use of a little pomade and smoothing them closely together with the fingers. A well-formed eye should neither be too open nor too closed; the almond shape is the most beautiful. The Chinese have a method of elongating the oval of the eye by drawing out or extending the eyelid at the external angle, and by constant repetitions of this slight operation they obtain the almond shape, which they esteem essential to beauty.

Opinion, fortunately, differs as regards the color of the eyes; some prefer blue, with its various shades of violet and gray; others black, brown, or hazel. One person will admire black eyes, as possessing more fire and brilliancy, while another will exclaim—

"Je n'aime pas les yeux noirs
Qui ferment disent, *I will make war,*
Mais j'aime les doux yeux bleux
Qui doucement disent, *I do love you.*"

Black eyes announce an impassioned and ardent temperament. Physiognomists also attribute to them a greater degree of sincerity than to any other color. In blue eyes we recognize a tender, mild, and timid organization, but in some of their lighter shades they are not always to be trusted. Byron used to say, "Never put faith in a gray eye." Every eye which is healthy and without positive blemish or defect is capable of beauty, although in shape and color it may be far from perfect.

The eyes are the interpreters of our affections and our thoughts; theirs is a language universally understood, persuasive and emphatic, penetrating to the inmost recesses of the soul. They express and communicate with unequalled rapidity emotions the most tumultuous, sentiments the most delicate; they obey every moral impression, betray every shade of feeling. There is the timid glance of modesty, the bold stare of insolence, the warm glow of passion, the glassy look of indifference, the light of intellect and genius, the leaden gaze of stu-

pidity, the calm serenity of innocence, the open frankness of candor, the furtive look of hypocrisy. Courage, benevolence, despair, joy, pity, fear, love—these are but a few of the passions and sentiments which they are capable of portraying. Those eyes are the most beautiful which express the finest feelings, which yield testimony to a noble and loving nature.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PROPERTIES OF CHARCOAL.—Among the properties of charcoal may be mentioned its power of destroying smell, taste, and color; and as a proof of its possessing the first quality, if it be but rubbed over putrid meat, the bad smell will be destroyed. If a piece of charcoal be thrown into putrid water, the putrid flavor is destroyed, and the water is rendered comparatively fresh. The sailors are aware of this fact, and when the water at sea is bad, are in the habit of throwing pieces of burnt biscuit in it to rectify it. Again, color is materially influenced by charcoal, and, in numbers of instances, in a very singular way. There are numerous applications of this property of charcoal to useful purposes in the arts; if you take a dirty black syrup, such as molasses, and filter it through burnt charcoal, the color will be removed. There are some properties in charcoal which appear to be mechanical rather than anything else; but for the purpose just mentioned, the charcoal of animal matter appears to be the best. You may learn the influence of charcoal in destroying color, by filtering a bottle of port wine through it; it will lose a great portion of its color in the first filtration, and become tawny; and after repeating the process two or three times, you may destroy its color altogether. It is a very hygroscopic substance, and therefore absorbs air and moisture in considerable quantity: it therefore increases in weight, on exposure to air after burning.

FACTS ABOUT MILK.—Cream cannot rise through a great depth of milk. If milk is therefore desired to retain its cream for a time, it should be put into a deep narrow dish; and if it be desired to free it most completely of cream, it should be poured into a broad, flat dish, not much exceeding one inch in depth. The evolution of cream is facilitated by a rise, and retarded by a depression of temperature. In wet and cold weather the milk is less rich than in dry and warm; and on that account more cheese is obtained in cold than in warm, though not in thunder weather. The season has its effects—the milk in the spring is supposed to be best for calves, in summer it is best suited for cheese, and in autumn the butter keeping better than that of summer. Cows less frequently milked than others give rich milk, and consequently much better. The morning's milk is richer than the evening's. The last drawn milk of each milking, at all times and seasons, is richer than the first drawn, which is the poorest.

METHOD OF ASCERTAINING THE STATE OF THE LUNGS.—Persons desirous of ascertaining the true state of their lungs are directed to draw in as much breath as they conveniently can; they are then to count as far as they are able, in a slow and audible voice, without drawing in more breath. The number of seconds they can continue counting must be carefully observed. In a consumption, the time does not exceed ten, and is frequently less than six seconds; in pleurisy and pneumonia it ranges from nine to four seconds. When the lungs are in a sound condition, the time will range as high as from twenty to thirty-five seconds.

FURNISHING.—It is a great mistake to crowd a room, and it is also an extravagance which brings no good return. In Paris apartments appear to much more advantage at much less cost. Looking-glasses are usually fixtures in the *salons* of rooms, thus preventing dilapidations of the walls on removal. If in beginning life the money often so disadvantageously spent in articles that encumber, rather than improve a dwelling, were deposited for accumulation, with such after-additions as were found practicable, the foundations of future independence would often be laid.

WASHING LACE.—The following method of washing lace, lace collars, or crochet collars, not only makes them look well, but saves much of the wear and tear of other washing: Cover a glass bottle with calico or linen, and then tack the lace or collar smoothly upon it; rub it with soap, and cover it with calico. Boil it for twenty minutes in soft water; let it all dry together, and the lace will be found ready for use. A long piece of lace must be wound round and round the bottle, the edge of each round a little above the last, and a few stitches to keep it firm at the beginning and end will be found sufficient, but a collar will require more tacking to keep it in its place.

THE USE OF SILK.—Silk is an agreeable and healthy material. Used in dress, it retains the electricity of our bodies; in the drapery rooms and furniture covers, it reflects the sunbeams, giving them a quicker brilliancy, and it heightens colors with a charming light. It possesses a cheerfulness of which the dull surfaces of wool and linen are destitute. It promotes cleanliness, and will not readily imbibe dirt. Its continually growing use by men, accordingly, is beneficial in many ways.

CHAPPED HANDS.—Borax, two scruples; glycerine, half an ounce; mix in three-quarters of a pint of boiling water, and use morning and evening.

TO KILL FLIES.—Two drachms of extract of quassia, dissolve in half a pint of boiling water. Sweeten with a little brown sugar, and pour on plates.

CASTOR OIL POMADE.—Castor oil, eight ounces; best lard, four ounces; white wax, four drachms; bergamot, four drachms; oil of lavender, forty drops. Melt the lard down in a pipkin, and on cooling add the castor oil, stirring the whole well; then add the bergamot and oil of lavender. You can increase or decrease the above in equal proportions at pleasure.

VARNISH FOR MAPS AND PICTURES.—Put equal parts of Canada balsam and turpentine into a bottle, which place in a warm situation, and shake frequently for about a week, the varnish will be then fit for use. The picture or map must first have a coat or two of thin isinglass or gum arabic, which should be perfectly dry before the varnish is applied.

TO CEMENT BROKEN CHINA.—Beat lime into the most impalpable powder; sift it through fine muslin; then tie some into a thin muslin, put on the edges of the broken china some white of egg, then dust sometime quickly on the same, and unite them exactly.

SWEET BUTTERMILK.—Take the milk from the cow in a large wide-mouthed bottle. In ten minutes begin shaking it till flakes of butter swim about and the milk looks thin and blue; strain it through a sieve, and drink as often as the stomach will bear. This must form the whole of the patient's diet, eating with it roasted apples and ripe fruit. Keep in a cool place, and it must not taste in the least sour when taken.

Editors' Table.

BEAUTY, AND HOW TO GAIN IT.

PART SECOND.

"What is good-looking but looking good?"

THE action of the emotions upon the lines of the face is constant; the consequent impression indelible. Ill-humor, unkindness, egotism as regularly and certainly deform the faces of those who harbor them as the most industrious and pains-taking artist can, with repeated strokes of his pencil, portray the hideous image. Indeed, the operations of nature being more steady and certain than those of man, the effects of evil passions produce countenances more forbidding than human art can possibly delineate.

No matter how bright the eye, if unkindness and envy frown through it; no matter how perfect the mouth when discontent and scorn have moulded its expression! The fine tints of the skin, most fleeting of feminine charms, how speedily these take their flight when gusts of passion disturb the animal economy, or eager appetite overloads the stomach.

On the other hand, whether the eyes be black, blue, or gray, large or small, when softened by amiable feelings and brightened by good-humor, they never fail to charm. The face speaking sense and gentleness is pleasing, even pretty, whatever may be its outline.

When Louis the Fourteenth was young, he one day said to the Duc de Morthemar, a man of remarkable conversational powers, "Of what use is reading?"

"It does for my mind, sire, what good dinners do for my complexion."

This duke had a very bright color in his cheeks. His remark was as true as it was witty; and it may be added that those brilliant, well-nurtured minds give a beauty to the feminine face that is particularly valuable because it is *lasting*. When the poet spoke of

"The mind, the music breathing from her face,"

he indicated a charm that is not fleeting with the spring of life, but which accompanies its owner into the autumn of years, ay, even to the winter of old age.

And now we will let our young friend go on with her story:—

REVERIES OF A MAIDEN OF NINETEEN.

(Continued from page 368.)

How fastidious Cousin Eustace is! He desires beauty and perfection in everything. How plain I must appear in his eyes, and how imperfect in every way! I feel this when he looks at me. How I wish I could emerge from this chrysalis existence, and put on wings of beauty and brightness!

Everard is handsome; to my eyes he is a perfect specimen of manly beauty. And then he is so good, so frank and intelligent, too! How happy he will make the woman he loves, if she is capable of appreciating him! But how high above all others must the woman be who calls forth his deepest, truest love! I do not believe such a girl would be easy to find. How superior he seems to every one! But then, if there were not so much imperfection in the world, perfection would not look so beautiful. I am sure I have never seen any one

that I thought united so many good, and noble, and attractive qualities as Everard. Ah! well, he is too far above me or anything I can ever hope to reach for me to think of him. Yet how happy it would make me to know that I could render myself worthy of being loved by him!

There is nothing makes one so attractive as amiability—true and genuine, not a simpering, affected softness; that is more displeasing than downright open ill-nature, for it implies hypocrisy. If we indulge unamiable, envious, revengeful feelings, they will grow continually stronger, till they overcome our better natures, as weeds choke and wither the flowers.

Ill-temper is a great disfigurer of beauty—almost as bad as the smallpox. A shrew wears an expression stamped in that will betray her, although she "may smile and smile." The voice, too, partakes of the sharp qualities of her temper, and even her very motions, for that matter; they are all of a piece. She is *angular* every way, and when she endeavors to put on an appearance of amiability, how easily we can see through it!

Shams will never do, if we wish to please; it is much more troublesome to support them than it is to attain reality. Besides, it is irksome to be always on guard lest the real quality of the mind and temper should peep out somewhere. Aunt Eustace says it is more trouble to hide our faults than it would be to overcome them, if we would only try it. Then hiding faults don't answer the purpose, either, for if people don't *see*, they will feel them.

But I was reckoning up the beautifiers. *Love* is a beautifier—not only love for our friends, but love for all good and beautiful things in nature and morals. There is another kind of *love* that *beautifies* more than all. The consciousness of being loved will heighten beauty sometimes, even if the admiration does not come from those we love. I suppose it is not very disagreeable to *any one* to be admired; to be sure I do not know much about it from experience, but I must plead guilty to being a *little curious* to know the sensation that this admiration produces. Perhaps I shall come to the knowledge some day, else why this strong desire to be beautiful and beloved?

Uncle Eustace thinks that Everard admires Jane Austen; he has imagination enough, uncle says, to invest her with the high qualities he would desire her to possess. And she would not be likely to dispel the illusion, as *I* should, by some inharmonious action, supposing it were possible for him to get up a fancy in regard to me.

Somehow I can never fancy him loving Jane Austen. Yet love has strange freaks sometimes; even such a piece of still life as she may serve for a high-souled man to wrap his affections about. I must set these thoughts aside. The matter of self-improvement ought to occupy my mind now; and, as the first step towards it, I will banish vain imaginations.

I must put together systematically all the knowledge I have gained that will help me to attain the excellence I am seeking, and then deduce from it a set of rules for the regulation of my habits, mental, moral, and physical; and then I must, I *WILL* endeavor to live up

to them, *regularly*, earnestly, that I may obtain beauty, goodness, and happiness, for these all lie along the same path.

I mean to be thorough in this matter, and to collect all the aid I can from books, from observing others, and noting the operations of my own mind, also the effects of various physical habits.

Who knows but I may collect such a mass of valuable facts as to be able to *write a book*, and give my experience to help others'—at least, I may write for the *Lady's Book*. But I am afraid it would not be of much account; people have more knowledge now than they put to good use. Perhaps this happens because they do not *see the whole*, and the various relations between cause and effect do not strike them as important. I must make my teachings very plain.

And first I must try to remedy the defects in my own habits and character; doing right by fits and starts will never effect much change. I think I have some *natural advantages*, as they are called, but these are constantly growing less, instead of increasing. Here I have lived nineteen years, and my life has been almost a blank. I wonder if the next nineteen years will not be better filled. We are blind gropers in our own darkness, sure enough.

But a little light has dawned. I have gained self-knowledge and strength of purpose during the two last years. I have read books for instruction, and found interest in them, positively more engrossing than my former books of light literature—very *light*, indeed—ever gave me. I never found living at random pleasant, at all, and I am convinced that we never do enjoy real happiness till we live in the way that is right, and endeavor to do right.

Aunt Eunice says I have improved. I wish I knew what Everard thinks.

(Conclusion next month.)

TO H. VETHAKE TOTTEN.

How shall I weave my sorrow into verse?

Too fast and free the bitter teardrops swell,

Too poor and feeble will the sad strain seem,

For I have loved thee all too long and well.

Yet, O thou loved and lost! by all the hours

That we have passed in sweet commune together,

I fain would bind a tribute wreath for thee,

Although the pallid buds at once should wither.

I never dreamed that thou wert early doomed,

For thou wert born for deeds of high renown;

How often I, with all a sister's pride,

Have claimed for thee the future's laurel crown!

I knew how pure and noble was thy heart,

I knew the intellect thy white brow shined,

And scarce could tell which most my love had won,

Thy gentle goodness or thy noble mind.

Yet not for thee we sorrow, O beloved!

For not in darkness sunk thy sun at noon;

Ah, God knew best for thee, thou pure of heart!

And crowned thy bright youth with no earthly boon.

Forget me not, if heaven's stainless ones

May e'er by earthly memories be moved;

Remember her who, as a sister weeps,

Proud to have known thee, prouder to have loved.

And in my heart there dwells a vacant shrine,

Gone is its idol—it can know no other;

No form of earth thy vacant place can fill,

Who *could* replace thee, O beloved brother!

LUCY H. HOOPER.

WOMEN WHOSE NAMES WILL LIVE.

Two deaths have recently occurred, one in England, one in America, that deserve a record in our Book.

MRS. CATHERINE GRACE FRANCES GORE, wife of Captain Gore, of the British Life Guards, died on the last day of January, 1861. Mrs. Gore, well known throughout our reading land, by her fascinating novels, was born 1799. Her first work, "*Theresa Marchmont*," was published 1821. Since that time she has written between sixty and seventy different works—novels, poems, and plays, making, in all, over 200 volumes; and, the *London Times* says, that "in all these volumes there is scarcely to be found one dull page."

The same journal, after many testimonies to her wonderful readiness of composition, and mental power, and judgment, says: "Mrs. Gore's wit was inexhaustible. For the most part it took the form of simile; but her comparisons were so subtle, and her allusions so swift, that she kept the reader's attention at a high level of activity. And then for the matter—it was interesting while it was new, and it will be interesting again when it is old. Some future Macaulay will turn to her pages for a perfect picture of life as we find it now in the upper crust of society." She was truly a lady of society as well as of learning, "one of the most brilliant women of her time, whose talk overflowed with epigram and jest, and whose commonplace remarks were more witty than the best wit of others." She was a woman of Genius.

MISS MARY P. TOWNSEND, of Boston, Massachusetts, died about the first of January, 1861. She was sister of Miss Eliza Townsend, author of some remarkable poetry, among which was the noble lyric entitled "The Incomprehensibility of God;" a poem pronounced by eminent critics equal to the best poems of Wordsworth, Coleridge, or Bryant. These two sisters, with their only brother, Alexander Townsend, Esq., lived together in opulent *singlehood* all their lives, devoted to each other, to literature, and works of benevolence.

Mary P. Townsend was the last of the family, and her last *Will* has lately been published, showing the character of her mind, and proving her thoughtful care to do all the good in her power. Her name has never appeared on the title-pages of books, but it will, henceforth, be deeply graven in many thankful hearts.

The first bequest in her will was to the "Home for the relief of single, indigent women in Boston." She says, in her testament, that "she belongs to the sisterhood, and is in duty bound, as far as she has the means, to procure them a shelter from the 'world's dread laugh,' and a quiet home." The recipients are to be such as are reduced by *poverty, not crime; to be Americans and born of American parents*.

For the benefit of these single women Miss Townsend devised \$20,000 to enlarge the "Home," and \$60,000 to be applied for the support of the charity. Then she divided about \$30,000 among various religious and benevolent societies; and left \$20,000 to Harvard College for the benefit of indigent scholars. Her brother was educated at that college, and had always been a benefactor to struggling genius. Thus we see that to promote learning and piety among all, and contribute to the particular comfort and happiness of those of her own sex who find life a lonely and stony pilgrimage, were the good works she planned and strove to accomplish. She was a woman of Benevolence.

EXAMPLE: WHAT IT TEACHES.—The sketches we have

given of these two eminent ladies do not imply they are to be patterns for their sex in those particulars which distinguished themselves.

Mrs. Gore was gifted with extraordinary genius; Miss Townsend inherited great wealth. These were *talents* committed to them, which not many women possess in like degree. But what they did with their *ten talents* all other women may do with their *five*, or *two*, or even *one talent*: *improve what they have*.

Industry is the good fairy that gives the great reward; *Idleness* is the wicked elf that robs us of time, disturbs our plans of improvement, and destroys our high-built hopes of doing good or great things.

Industry it was that gave Mrs. Gore her world-wide fame. Had she folded her fair hands in listless indolence she would never have written 200 volumes. If she had not studied and worked hard, notwithstanding her wit and genius, she would never have been heard of beyond her own circle.

Miss Townsend practised, through a very long life, care for the happiness of others, which her dying testament embalmed. She had thought, prayed, and worked to do good. *Work*, then, is the lesson these ladies have left as their legacy to all women.

WORK! WHAT WORK SHALL WE DO?—This is the question often propounded to us by young ladies, and even older ones, who have the means of living provided for them, and have more time on their hands than is needed for home duties and their own individual improvement and enjoyment. There are thousands of such women found, especially in our large cities. "What shall we do?" is their earnest question.

We tell them of Associated Charities (and shall have more to say on these domestic missions); of providing Homes and culture for the poor and destitute little ones, and Hospitals for Sick Children; of patriotic efforts, like the purchase of Mount Vernon; of Missions for the instruction and salvation of women in heathen lands. Many an earnest-hearted Florence Nightingale might be found in our wide land, longing for an opportunity of active work in the noble cause of humanity. To these we say, *work* in the best way that offers; do not wait for special opportunities or a great occasion. Do what your hands find to do with faithfulness and perseverance, and you will be in the path that leads to happiness for a woman, whether you have or have not the talents to achieve eminence.

"MISSION CRUMBS.* First number. *For the Women's Union Mission Society of America to Heathen Lands.*" New York. January, 1861. This interesting little work will be devoted to Mrs. Mason's Mission and the School for Girls at Tungshoo, Burmah. We hope our friends will obtain this quarterly pamphlet (price three cents per copy), which will give them more information than we have room to insert. The plan of collecting money for the Mission is succeeding well. Many "Mission Bands" are formed, each pledging twenty dollars a year for five years, when it is expected the School and Mission will become self-supporting.

One dollar a year makes a member.

Twenty dollars, collected or given, a manager.

* To be had of Miss Doremus, Secretary of the W. U. Missionary Society, care of Doremus & Nixon, 21 Park Place, New York. Or send two three-cent stamps to Mrs. Hale, Lady's Book, Philadelphia, and the pamphlet, with a circular, will be forwarded.

Fifty dollars, collected or given, makes a patron.

We have the following names and gifts to record for this month:—

Ladies of Philadelphia (by the hand of Mrs. Stevens), \$20. Contributed by Mrs. J. E. Gould, Mrs. George Junkin, Miss Sessions, Mrs. G. S. Benson, Mrs. Morris Patterson, Mrs. John McArthur, Jr., Mrs. M. Bullach, Miss A. Bullach, Mrs. H. West, Mrs. Field, Miss S. Field, Mrs. H. Collier, Mrs. E. C. Grant, Mrs. Henry M. Fuller, Mrs. H. D. Sherrerd, Mrs. S. A. Mercer, Mrs. Anna R. Howell, Mrs. C. O. Abbey, Mrs. Martha Manderson, Mrs. J. E. P. Stevens (collector), one dollar each, pledged by these ladies for five years, making their Pastor's wife, Mrs. William P. Breed, Philadelphia, Honorary Manager.

Mrs. E. Ravenscroft, Suspension, Ala., \$1.

Mrs. L. S. Goodwin, Boston, Mass., \$2.

Mrs. A. H. Worthen, Lynn, Mass., \$1.

GOOD LISTENERS.—Coleridge, who was a man of genius and knowledge, was glad of opportunities of display. Being a good talker, he liked to find a good listener; he admitted it, and told an anecdote of a very talkative Frenchman, who was introduced to a dumb lady. The Frenchman went on talking and the lady seemed to listen very attentively, never, of course, offering to put in a word. When the Frenchman afterwards met the friend who had introduced him, he expressed his obligations for bringing him acquainted with such an agreeable and intelligent woman. He was much astonished and mortified when told that she was dumb. An agreeable listener is the pleasantest companion for an egotist.

MISS S. J. HALE'S BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, 1826 RITTENHOUSE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA.

This school is designed to give a thorough and liberal English education, to furnish the best facilities for acquiring the French language, and the best instruction in music and the other accomplishments. The moral training and the health and physical development of the scholars are carefully attended to.

References: Mrs. Emma Willard, Troy, N. Y.; Henry Vethake, LL.D., Wm. B. Stevens, D.D., Wm. H. Ashurst, Esq., Louis A. Godey, Esq., Philadelphia; Charles Hodge, D.D., Princeton, N. J.; and others.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.—The following articles are accepted: "Love"—"A Sign for the Absent Spring"—"The Parting"—"The Dream of the Persian Astrologer"—"The Withered Leaf"—"Loving Eyes"—"Life and Toil"—"The Fairies"—"The New Cloak"—"Heroines"—"Widows"—and "A little while."

These articles are declined: "The Voice of Spring"—"Mildred"—"Martha" (we are sorry to disappoint the writer, but we have no room)—"The last Kiss at Night"—"Ella" (well written, but we have too much poetry offered)—"Song"—"Silent Cities"—"Country and City"—"Active Life"—"Never will do"—"The Times"—"A Shining Light withdrawn"—"Heroes"—"Lost Hours"—"Dirge"—"The Crisis" (we do not discuss political matters in the Lady's Book)—"Earnest Endeavor" (press on, the writer will succeed)—"On the Evils of War"—"Why do we Mourn?"—"Errors of Thought"—"Elsie Atkins—a story of Real Life" (so romantic and apparently unreal that we fear to publish it)—"To-day"—and "The Broken Heart."

We should like the address of the writer of "Over the Sea."

Health Department.

JNO. STAINBACK WILSON, M. D.

FEMALE PHYSICIANS.—We learn from our medical exchanges that there is a considerable stir in the profession just at this time about the medical education of women, and their admission to the rights, privileges, and honors of physicians. The Pennsylvania State Medical Society, and Philadelphia County Society have passed resolutions refusing their members consultation with female physicians.

The Montgomery County Medical Society of the same State objects to the course taken in reference to "medical sisters," by those societies. Dr. B. Dowler, of the *New Orleans Medical and Surgical Journal*, in an article of some length, advocates the woman side of the question dividing the profession in Pennsylvania. He says: "As there is no sex in science, so there is no ethical code by which competent women as physicians must be excluded from the pale of the profession solely on account of their gender."

The *Atlanta (Ga.) Med. and Surg. Journ.*, from which the above extract is taken, gives its opinion thus: "We think this matter comes before society in general. If public opinion tolerates the practice of medicine by a woman, and decides that all the duties of a physician will comport with the proper grace, modesty, and gentle bearing of ladies, it is all that is necessary to give them a place in the profession. As a member of social society, we say that when women seek the position of physicians they leave the sphere of greatness nature designed them to move in, and in which society desires them to remain. As a medical man, we look to the capability, honesty, and uprightness of those who ask admission into the profession. We say let woman doctors *alone*, and they will soon learn the error of their way, if an error it be, and return to their *domestic* and literary greatness."

Now as a member of society, and as a "medical man," we claim the privilege of having our say in this matter. We boldly and unhesitatingly declare ourself on the side of the "medical sisters." Seven years since, and before this thing was agitated to any extent in the medical profession, we wrote an article for the *Southern Med. and Surg. Journ.* of Augusta Ga. (see *Southern Med. and Surg. Journ.* for 1854) advocating the education of women for the practice of certain branches of medicine. In that article we contend that the mental capacity of woman is fully equal to the acquisition of all necessary medical knowledge, while her tact, promptitude, intuitive quickness of perception, and delicacy of touch give her great advantage, and render her peculiarly fitted for the practice of *midwifery*; the Bible name of the profession proving it to belong to woman.

"The moral or psychologic adaptation of woman (quoting from the article) needs no proof; all who have been so fortunate as to receive the kind ministrations of a mother, sister, or wife, in sickness and distress, will respond with a warm heart to the simple self-evident declaration that woman is peculiarly qualified by nature for the relief of the afflicted of her own sex, by touching the tender chords of sympathy in a sister heart which vibrates responsive to her own."

Besides the mental capacity, the manual dexterity, and moral fitness of woman, we contend that she has a great advantage over man in diagnosing disease, or determining its nature, because she has a *feeling know-*

ledge. If we mistake not, there is an old saw which runs thus: "Seeing is believing, but *feeling is knowing*." Who will pretend to say that a woman is not more competent than the opposite sex to comprehend the diagnostic value of certain symptoms and sensations originating in the feminine constitution when she has *felt* those sensations which are peculiar to her as a woman, and which render her such an enigma to those who have only an intellectual or theoretical knowledge of her peculiarities in health and disease?

Woman, then, being mentally, morally, and physically suited for the practice of medicine, it follows that she has a *natural right*, by virtue of her natural qualifications. The only question for us to consider, then, is whether it is necessary and proper that she should exercise this right, and to what extent.

First, as to the extent, we will only say that woman being *naturally* incapacitated for the *general* practice of medicine, while she is eminently fitted to minister to her own sex and to children, she will, from the very nature of things, be confined to a class of diseases in which her services are most needed, and which will not conflict in the smallest degree with that "grace, modesty, and gentle bearing" about which our Atlanta editor appears to be so solicitous. As to the propriety and necessity of having feminine physicians for women and children there cannot be a moment's doubt; the safety, the happiness, the *very salvation* of the most refined and lovely women imperatively demand that they should have one of their own sex who is properly educated and competent to treat their peculiar diseases. The education of women for the treatment of women is the only remedy for concealment and irremediable disease on the one hand, and the malpractice of uneducated women on the other. And while the necessity for female physicians for children is not so pressing as in the case of women themselves, the advantages of educated women to treat the ailments of children must be manifest to every one.

Now the question is: Shall the medical profession, through the influence of selfishness, professional pride, an under estimate of the capacity of woman, false notions as to her social position and duties, or any other motive, oppose her enjoyment of those honors and privileges which are universally conceded to all honorable educated physicians?

It cannot be denied that women physicians would divide the practice, and thus render it less lucrative than it is now for men. But, admitting that the profits would be diminished, there would be a corresponding diminution of labor, which would give the male practitioner more time for study and reflection, and thus enable him to cultivate more successfully the vast field of general practice committed to his special care and guardianship. But granting that no personal or professional advantage could arise that would afford an adequate compensation for the pecuniary loss, we would still contend that the claims of suffering humanity and the good of our race ought to be sufficient to banish all mercenary influences from the ranks of the noble and philanthropic profession to which we belong. And we would add that the profession, by taking the initiative in the medical education of women, regardless of all selfish considerations, would re-establish its ancient renown, and win for itself benedictions more grateful to every pure and generous heart than all the gold of Ophir.

At some future time we will have something to say on professional pride and some other points connected with this great and most interesting subject—the medical

education of woman. At present we can only add that Dr. Dowler, the Montgomery County Medical Society, and the friends of this movement are right: those who oppose are wrong, and their opposition will prove futile, for the native modesty of woman, and the advanced civilization and refinement of the nineteenth century imperatively require that woman should be properly qualified for giving medical attention to her own sex, and the requisition will be met in spite of all opposition.

Prudence and honor, then, as well as the dictates of philanthropy and humanity, should so far prevail with physicians as to induce them to cease, forever cease their fruitless attempts to stifle the voice of Nature as she pleads in melting tones through woman—"Give me one of my own sex to minister at my bedside in sickness and in *my time of trouble!*"

COLUMBUS, Ga.

Literary Notices.

BOOKS BY MAIL.—Now that the postage on printed matter is so low, we offer our services to procure for our subscribers or others any of the books that we notice. Information touching books will be cheerfully given by inclosing a stamp to pay return postage.

When ordering a book, please mention the name of the publisher.

From T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

A MESSAGE FROM THE SEA; and THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER. By Charles Dickens (Boz). Complete in one volume. The general business depression which has been felt throughout the country, occasioned by recent political events, has not failed to extend to the publishing business as well as to others. Hence we have not to chronicle the issue of the usual number of new books. The Messrs. Peterson, however, seem not to have suspended in any noticeable degree their usual activity. Nor is there any reason why they should do so. The publications issued from their house are always of a class that must find a sale. These publications are usually the works of standard or well known authors, which are published in editions of every style and binding, and which, though not perhaps of the sensational school, are yet such as always are and always will be in demand. Belonging to this class is the book whose title we have given above. Dickens is one of the most popular, and, at the same time, one of the best of English novelists. His stories are so widely read that his very name is "familiar as household words." The volume of which we speak is uniform with Peterson's Library Edition of his works, and contains his two latest tales for Christmas and the New Year. We have already given them a notice as they appeared in another form of binding. Price, paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1 25.

From HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, through PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

HISTORY OF THE UNITED NETHERLANDS: *From the Death of William the Silent to the Synod of Dort.* With a Full View of the English-Dutch Struggle against Spain, and of the Origin and Destruction of the Spanish Armada. By John Lothrop Motley, LL. D., D. C. L., Corresponding Member of the Institute of France, author of "The Rise of the Dutch Republic." In two volumes. This is a work following the History of the Rise of the

Dutch Republic, by the same author; taking up the course of events at the period when that work closes, and pursuing them for the space of several years. These events are recorded in their most minute particulars, the character and appearance of persons participating in them are closely drawn, and every fact of sufficient importance to claim a place in history is detailed and dwelt upon in all its bearings. Although narrating the occurrences of very few years, so full and comprehensive is this work that it includes two large octavo volumes. Price, cloth, \$4 00; sheep, \$4 50; half calf, \$6 00.

THE WITS AND BEAUX OF SOCIETY. By Grace and Philip Wharton, authors of "The Queens of Society." With illustrations from Drawings by H. K. Browne and James Godwin. Engraved by the Brothers Dalziel. This is a companion book to "The Queens of Society," which has preceded it. There are within its pages graphic sketches of noted individuals of the past and present centuries, witty anecdotes and humorous descriptions. The first character with which the reader is entertained is George Villiers, second Duke of Buckingham; and afterward follow among others, Sheridan, Beau Brummell, Theodore Hook, and Sydney Smith, any one of which forming the only subject of a volume would be a sufficient guarantee of its readableness. Price \$1 50.

THE CHILDREN'S BIBLE PICTURE-BOOK. Illustrated with eighty engravings. This elegantly illustrated volume concludes the series of four, of which the preceding three, "The Picture-Book of Quadrupeds," "The Picture-Book of Birds," "The Picture Fable Book," have been already noticed. This, as well as the others, is well suited to entertain and instruct those for whom it is designed.

From ROBERT M. DE WITT, New York, through PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

HARRY HARSON: or, *The Benevolent Bachelor.* By John T. Irving (nephew of Washington Irving). The story is well told, with occasional little ebullitions of wit and originality, which atone in part for its defects. The interest never flags, from beginning to end; and one finishes the perusal of it with the thought that, though the "nephew of Washington Irving" has not yet added fresh laurels to the bright name he bears, there is still a possibility that he may do so.

From RUDD & CARLETON, New York, through PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

PAMPINEA, and other Poems. By Thomas Bailey Aldrich. We have received this little volume of poems which is from the pen of one of our younger American poets, who not only gives great promise for the future, but has in the past and present produced something worthy of praise. Two previous volumes of poems have been given to the world by him; one, "The Ballad of Babie Bell, and other poems;" the other, "The Course of True Love never did Run Smooth;" while the third and present one possesses all the characteristics of simplicity and poetic beauty of its predecessors. His works are stamped with the true mark of genius, and he is destined to take his place among the first poets of our country. Price 75 cents.

From FISHER & BROTHER, Philadelphia:—

POETRY OF THE BIBLE AND PARABLES OF JESUS. *In Rhyme.* By Silas Sexton Steele. With eight illustrations. Though we cannot commend very highly the poetical merits of this little book, it is nevertheless

attractive in appearance, and will find many admirers among the little folks. Price 12 cents.

THE EVERGREEN MINIATURE LIBRARY: Contains *twelve volumes*, done up in handsome style, gilt edged, ornamented covers, and many illustrations, making a "love of a library" for children, which grown people may read with profit. Each little book is a gem of devotional, historical, or poetical literature. We wish this "Evergreen" could be set in every family.

From the Author, New York, through J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

A VOICE FROM THE NEWSBOYS. Here we have a novelty at least: the story of John Morrow, a young boy but sixteen years old, written by himself. He "has been on his own hook for the last six years as a newsboy, match peddler, bookseller, and dealer in stationery, dry-goods, hardware, etc.," and has now written an account of his life, the truth of which is vouched for by many well known and responsible persons in New York city who are acquainted with him personally, for the purpose of raising funds for his own education. An eminent professor, speaking of the book, says: "Its statements may be relied upon as entirely truthful. The benevolent, to whom it may be offered, may feel sure that they do a kind deed in buying it." Orders may be sent to Johnny Morrow, care of A. S. Barnes & Burr, Nos. 51 and 53 John Street, New York.

From CASSELL, POTTER, & GALPIN, New York:—

CASSELL'S ILLUSTRATED FAMILY BIBLE. Parts 23, 24, 25 and 26. These books include a portion of the book of Nehemiah, the books of Esther and Job, and also a portion of the Psalms. Published semi-monthly at 15 cents per part.

CASSELL'S POPULAR NATURAL HISTORY. Part 22, descriptive of the different varieties of sheep and goats. Published monthly at 15 cents per part.

From ROBERT CARTER & BROTHERS, New York:—

EVENINGS WITH JOHN BUNYAN: or, *The Dream Interpreted.* By James Large. We have an interesting picture, in this work, of the influence which that wonderful work, "The Pilgrim's Progress," has now throughout Christendom. This record of the family reading and talking over the—almost divine allegory, will add a pleasure to the home-circle of readers in many families.

KITTY'S VICTORY, and other Stories. By the author of "Cosmo's Visit to his Grandfather." This is a charming book for little girls—and boys, too, as the family group is incomplete without the happiness of all the children, which these stories are calculated to enhance.

THE BLACK SHIP, with other Allegories and Parables. By the author of "The Voice of Christian Life in Song," etc. This, also, is designed for the young, and is of a graver tone and requires more reflection. It is well written, and will interest readers of mature years.

THE CITIES OF REFUGE: A Sunday Book for the Young. By the Rev. John R. Macduff, D. D., author of "Morning Watches," etc. We have noticed several works from the pen of this powerful writer—all are good—and this one is excellent.

From A. D. F. RANDOLPH, New York:—

PLEASANT PATHS FOR LITTLE FEET. By Krana. This is a very pretty gift for children, containing ten stories, each one interesting and instructive, such as the young will love to read as well as learn to love what is truly good by reading. The writer shows decided talent

for this important office of writing for children. The book is handsomely printed.

From C. M. SAXTON, BARKER, & Co., New York:—

"OUR FARM OF FOUR ACRES," ETC. "YALE LECTURES," "ORCHARD HOUSE," "RURAL AFFAIRS," and other publications on *Agriculture, Gardening, and Rural Economy*, to which these publishers devote much of their attention. We have in former numbers noticed one of these books, "Our Farm of Four Acres," etc., as a work of great interest to ladies, which they should read for the innocent amusement it would give them, if they did not need nor heed its lessons of useful instruction. Now we commend the other publications we have named to the attention of all who take an interest in country life, and want aid in improving their gardens, orchards, and farms, or who desire to learn something true and practical of rural affairs. This is the season to think about *Agriculture and Gardening*. Ladies who do not take any interest in these subjects lose much of the pure, healthful, and, we may say, devotional enjoyment of heart and mind which the Creator has provided for the best happiness of His rational creatures.

From TICKNOR & FIELDS, Boston:—

ELSIE VENER: A Romance of Destiny. By Oliver Wendell Holmes, author of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table," etc. In two volumes. This is a book requiring something more than a cursory examination, in order to bestow upon it fair and just criticism, be it either praise or censure. It is written in Dr. Holmes' own peculiar, clear, forcible and lively style, and might perhaps not inappropriately be termed a disquisition on ethics as viewed from the author's stand-point, arrayed in all the attractiveness of romance. That these views are in some measure peculiar to himself, all the world knows; and we leave to our readers to pass opinion upon the book, according as they may or may not agree with and admire him. Price \$1 75.

Godey's Arm-Chair.

GODEY FOR MAY.—Another engraving suitable to the season. We try to study that. "Buttercups and Daisies." A pleasant group indeed, and splendidly engraved, but why dilate. Godey's steel engravings are now well known the world over to be superior to all others.

Our sixth double extension fashion-plate graces this number, and had we only room to publish some of the thousand letters and notices we have received of these beautiful fashions we should be pleased. Our readers will observe that we give a picture as well as a fashion. Look at the background of this plate, its drawing and its coloring; it would be pretty, even without a figure. Look at the lady on horseback—how well engraved! how well colored! As beautiful as this plate is, we can even improve on it.

Drawing Lessons. Never satisfied. We have even made an alteration of this department for the better. This is an imitation of a lithograph, on tinted paper.

The "Dawning of Genius" is an engraving of great merit. A young lad, who has begun to display a "taste for the arts" (we judge he is a musician as well as a painter), is intently occupied sketching the portrait of an ugly mongrel dog, perched upon a table for the pur-

pose, and held there under gentle restraint by the artist's sister, who smiles kindly at his grave and astonished countenance. An elder brother looks on at the progress of the work, and acknowledges the truth of the resemblance with a broad grin of approval.

We are again indebted to Mr. Letson, of the house of Messrs. A. T. Stewart & Co. of New York, for the Cheveron dress which graces this number. The inimitable Brodie, the prince of cloakists, also favors us with one of his beautiful designs.

If we have done nothing in this world but this one thing, we deserve the thanks of the public. We have forced publishers to keep a greater uniformity in their monthly numbers. Our own course has led to this. We give as good and often better numbers during the year than we give in January. They give nearly as good. However, that is something gained for the public. They now begin to find out what we knew long ago, that "honesty is the best policy." In former years, they would publish a splendid January number, containing many engravings, and an extra number of pages. Many would subscribe upon the strength of this number, but they soon found out their mistake, and probably would not take the Book another year. But that mattered not, there were always other dupes; and so it kept on until our course was perceived, and our list increased, and the reason was found out, and now their subscribers have something like justice done them. But there is still great room for improvement.

DREER'S GARDEN CALENDAR FOR 1861. Designed to furnish brief Directions for the Cultivation and Management of the Esculent and Flower-garden. Illustrated with engravings, and containing select lists of seeds, trees, and plants. A most excellent work, and worthy the attention of all amateur gardeners. Price 12 cents.

A VERY pretty notice from the *Westminster Sentinel*:—"Godey's Lady's Book is chaste in style, beautiful in sentiment, noble in thought, and is well calculated to call out all the ennobling virtues of the human heart. It contains a heavy list of excellent articles, and sixty-five engravings in all. Of Godey, it is true, that

No cottage is furnished, no palace complete;
Unless there the ladies the Lady's Book meet;
No bride of discernment looks placidly on
The home that contains not the *sine qui non*."

MRS. R. B. L.—The only premium we give is the Book itself. Instead of spending our money outside we spend it in the Book. Depend upon it that a work must want merit, that has to be bolstered up with premiums.

GENTLEMEN will thank you for a seat in an omnibus or car, ladies won't. Why is this? We dislike to find fault with a lady, but a little incident occurred to ourself in a Fifth Avenue omnibus in New York, and with a Fifth Avenue female, we won't call her lady. At some inconvenience, we handed up her money to the driver and procured her change. She took the latter from us as if we were the favored party. We informed her that we were not employed by the proprietors of the line to hand up money. She looked as if she felt the reproof, but said nothing. It would have been an easy matter to have simply nodded her head as a token of thanks. Ladies, we are very sorry to have to make these complaints, but you must try and be a little polite.

MRS. J. B. B.—Did you ever read the fable of the father, son, and donkey? We might just as well try to please all the world as did the two bipeds in the fable; besides, to do what you request would take up too much space; and again, our subscribers would not be "willing to pay a little more." In London, if they add anything to a magazine, they charge for it. Here have we added \$10,000 a year to our expenses, in publishing the splendid fashion-plates we are now giving, and we do not even ask "a little more." In fact, we receive now even a little less, for persons send us money at eight or ten per cent. discount, and send us drafts with the same rate of exchange deducted, leaving us about enough to pay for the manufacture of the book, and our profit in these instances is *fame*.

To "a subscriber from Virginia." We can only quote the fable alluded to above.

THAT TURKEY COCK we received at Christmas, and apologize for not having noticed it before, and our only excuse is that we took it immediately home, where it was much admired by our Christmas party. Well, to proceed, we received a turkey cock by mail, and a splendid specimen he is of that proud-looking bird, and a useful ornament, for there he stands on the dressing-table, full of pins—in fact, it is a pin-cushion, but one of the best got up imitations we ever saw. We return our thanks to the lady who sent it, and wish she had furnished us with her name.

THE following is high praise indeed:—

We can honestly recommend the New School and Cottage Pianos, manufactured by BOARDMAN, GRAY, & Co., as a well made and durable instrument, admirably well adapted not only for school purposes, but for small parlors, sitting-rooms, etc. The public will find it an excellent and useful invention, and all the makers claim for it, as regards thorough workmanship and entire reliability.

RICHARD STORRS WILLIS,
Editor Musical World, New York.
WM. CULLEN BRYANT,
Editor N. Y. Evening Post.

CLUB OF \$10. TEXAS.

We cannot get along without your Book. In fact, we cannot keep house without it.

S. E.

CLUB OF \$10. NEW YORK.

As I cannot do without taking the Lady's Book another year, I send you a club. Please accept my thanks for the pleasure you have given me for the past year in receiving your Book. I would not be without it for double its value.

H.

CUTION.—When sending money, use a wafer in sealing your letter, in addition to the sealing matter that is on the envelope. The want of this precaution has cost us an immense amount of money.

FLORA'S INTERPRETER, AND FORTUNA FLORA. By Mrs. S. J. Hale. Third revised edition, enlarged by 160 new interpretations, with new illustrations, etc. This is the original of all these works, and although many imitations have been attempted, the steady demand for this work proves its superiority. It is probably the only work of the kind of which more than one edition has been published, and this has reached its third. It is beautifully printed on tinted paper, and handsomely bound. Price \$1 00.

OUR MUSICAL COLUMN.

Father Kemp's Old Folks in Europe.—As many of our readers will like to know how this well-known band of singers and performers has been received in England, we lay before them the opinions of two good critical authorities, both of whom, it will be seen, are quite guarded in their comments, though extending a hearty welcome to the strangers. The first is from a private letter—

"Your 'Old Folks' are a queer institution (that is your New England term, I believe). Out of three performances that I have listened to I have gathered at last a large grain of comfort. The novelty of the representation is beginning to wear away, and I can detect a fine vein of melody and harmony in all that they sing. But the instrumentation quite staggers me, as does also Father Kemp's original method of using his baton. That the whole performance is different from anything I have ever seen you may well believe, and I have only to say that if this is the choral singing of one hundred years ago in New England, it is very different from Old England's singing of the same period."

The second extract is from a Liverpool paper:—

"The hall was full, and the appearance and performance were so 'unique and peculiar' that we can scarcely pronounce an opinion on the success this numerous party are likely to meet with. The voices are, many of them, very good, and they are evidently well drilled and accustomed to sing together; but the music sung is so differently arranged from anything we have heard before that we scarcely recognize our old friends. * * * During a short interval between some of the performances the whole party marched or promenaded round the room, to give all the audience an opportunity of close inspection. It is difficult to imagine how the public will appreciate an exhibition so peculiar and so unlike to our previous importations from the United States. The expense of the undertaking, carrying about so large a body of persons, must be enormous, and it will require large audiences to remunerate the projectors."

Mr. Everest's Compositions.—The taste and feeling displayed in Mr. Everest's adaptation from Franz Abt, in the present number of the Book, should direct the attention of our musical patrons to the series of translations from the great German composers issued in sheet form by our well-known contributor. They are all of real merit, and we give the names of some of them, for the benefit of our friends: Go, my Rose, by Himmel; Hark how Sweetly, Schubert; When the Moon, Weber; In the Lovely Month of May, Kucken; I Saw a Rose, Reichardt; Oh, Tell me now, Franz Abt; Just from the Bud, Kucken; Dear Mountain Home, Krebs; How Charming and Cheering; Thine Eyes are like Gems; O it is Pleasant; Thou Little Star; and The Maid of the Rhine. Price of each 25 cents. We need only refer to Ah, do I Love Thee? in the present number, for a sample of these pieces. On receipt of price, we will forward any of them to any address; or they may be ordered with any music named in our "Column" for January, February, March, or April, or with our own three latest ballads, Poor Ben the Piper, 25 cents; The Grave of Old Grimes, 25 cents; and Oh, Lady, Touch those Chords Again, 25 cents. Communications on musical subjects or orders for music to be addressed to Philadelphia, to

J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

THE more generally persons are pleasing, the less profoundly do they please.

VOL. LXII.—40

WE ask attention to the advertisement of the Illinois Central Railroad, on the fourth page of our cover. Here is a chance offered to all to obtain farms on reasonable terms. We found the following in an exchange paper:—

"A VERIFIED ESTIMATE.—In the year 1851, Mr. Robert Rantoul, of Massachusetts, at the time Solicitor of the Illinois Central Railroad Company, put forth a pamphlet, in which he boldly asserted that if our prairies could be speedily opened by the construction of railroads, the increase of population in Illinois would be one hundred and ten per cent. in the next ten years. Probably the statement of Mr. Rantoul had a greater influence on the minds of capitalists than those of any other writer at that time, and the result of the late census is a remarkable illustration of the accuracy and ability with which Mr. Rantoul studied the progress of emigration westward, and verifies his prediction that the great volume of this emigration would settle on the prairie soil of Illinois, because of the wonderful ease with which it could be converted into cultivated farms. The amount expended on railroads in this State since 1850 is nearly one hundred millions of dollars. In the same period the population has increased one hundred and two per cent.—from 851,470 in 1850 to 1,739,496 in 1860. On the line of the Illinois Central Railroad the percentage of increase has been very much greater, being one hundred and forty-two per cent. There are forty-nine counties touched by this road, which show a population of 814,891 in 1860 against 335,589 in 1850, a gain of 479,293. In the fifty-three counties not touched by the Illinois Central Railroad the increase is only seventy-six per cent. These counties in 1850 contained a population of 515,875. In 1860 the same counties have 924,605."

TO THOSE WHO PURCHASE THE LADY'S BOOK OF DEALERS, AND TO THOSE WHO RECEIVE THEIR SUPPLIES FROM THEM.

—We wish all such to understand that if they find any advertisement in the Book, placed loosely in there, that they are not from us. We are induced to give this notice, because advertisements are placed in the Book obnoxious to us and to others, and we object most strenuously to their being put there; but we cannot control them, as we sell our Book in large quantities to those who sell to others, and who, themselves being publishers of books, put these advertisements in the Lady's Book for the purpose of distributing them.

AMUSEMENTS.—The natural and only safe mode of enjoying amusements is in common. Where one sex enjoy their amusements alone they are sure to run into excess. The division of the human family into man, woman, and child, father, mother, brother, and sister, is the only conservative principle of society; they act and react upon each other like the different seasons of the earth. Each age and each sex has its peculiar characteristics, that serve to modify and check certain mischievous tendencies in the other sex, and in others of different ages. For one sex to attempt to amuse themselves agreeably and innocently alone, is like trying to make music on a one-stringed instrument.

LADIES who sit with their feet under them should avoid the practice. Several serious accidents have occurred from it.

THE best \$3 00 and the best \$2 00 monthly are offered one year for \$3 50. Godey's Lady's Book and Arthur's Home Magazine.

We publish the following from one of the best lady friends we have in the Far West. It is her own experience; and how she has worked for the Lady's Book for years past, we know, and have often thanked her. Her letters are always worth publishing, as they give a history of the West much better than we can find in books or papers. We remember a passage in one of her early letters, when she first went there to reside—"The river is our only road;" all the rest was forest. Yet even under such circumstances she sent us subscribers. She is indeed a true friend.

GETTING UP CLUBS IN THE "FAR WEST."

OR, ONE DAY'S EXPERIENCE IN SEARCH OF SUBSCRIBERS FOR THE LADY'S BOOK.

"I have succeeded in getting up a club with very little exertion, for, so popular is your Book, I have only to mention my intention, and the names are given me at once."

The above is an extract from a subscriber's letter published in the December number of your invaluable magazine. I suggested the idea that some account of my experience might not prove uninteresting.

The time for getting up clubs has arrived. Once a year, at least, I call on *all*. I wait until the fishermen (who have been "uncommon lucky" this fall) have sold their fish and the farmers have housed their abundant harvest, hoping every one will feel *rich*. So behold me, armed with the December number of the Lady's Book (a gem a diamond of the first water, just from the office, and looking so fresh and pure it seems like sacrilege to trust it to any but gentle and *spotlessly clean* hands. It is a bright, still, *cold* November morning. My heart is light and my hopes are sanguine, so I feel no cold, and heed not difficulties.

The population of our town numbers about five hundred, *all told*, and these are scattered over an area of fifteen or twenty miles. The inhabitants are English, Irish, Dutch, Norwegians, Swedes, French, and half-breeds, with a very light sprinkling of Yankees.

Call No. 1. A very polite invitation to walk in is answered by an equally polite invitation to subscribe for the Lady's Book, which calls forth the complaint, "Well, I don't know. We are pretty poor, and *my man*, he *must* have his weekly paper." This I *generally* consider enough, but the lady looks as if *she* really *could* appreciate Godey. I display the engravings and read the table of contents, with the authors' names. Her eyes brighten, and the expression of her countenance is decidedly encouraging. She finally concluded to "ask my man," and I take my departure with brighter hopes, which a long walk through the woods to the next house does not serve to darken. The woods are so pleasant in a fine day at this season of the year! The fallen leaves make a soft, bright carpet underfoot, and the red berries of the winter-green make the roadside gay. The chatter of the squirrels is overhead,

"And the sound of dropping nuts is heard,
Though all the trees are still."

Here and there a tiny blue violet holds up its modest face to catch the sun's farewell kisses. Always beautiful, they are all the more beautiful for being unexpected, and then the mosses look so fresh and green in contrast with the dead leaves and withered grasses. Now and then a glimpse of the river or the far off lake flashes through the openings, and everything seems to be rejoicing in these last hours of sunshine. But I am wandering far from my subject.

At the next house a coarse-looking woman opens the door, and as I enter I see she has been reading an account of the last "horrible murder" in *Frank Leslie's Illustrated*. New York *Weeklies* and *Mercuries*: Boston *True Flag* and *Flag of Our Union*, with others of that ilk, strew the table, the lounge, and even the floor. I do not feel particularly encouraged by these signs of the *litterary* propensity, but I state my business. "Let's see it," she says; and I lay the treasure in her greasy palm. First, of course, she spreads that splendid fashion-plate. "Wall, I declare! that 'ere painted picter is nice!" is her comment. After she has looked it *all over*, descanted on the patterns, etc., and rolled it up in her hands awhile, she returns it to me, with the remark that she "would really like to have it; it seems a *real* nice book, but money's scarce, and Sary Ann (her blooming daughter) has got her heart *set* on one of them gold (?) belts at Jones's store." So I proceeded.

Two, three, four more calls are made, with various results. Some are already subscribers to other magazines, others promise to ask "him" (their husbands), and *most all must* have their weekly paper; it is as necessary to their happiness as tea is to an old maid's.

What a forbidding aspect this house presents! But never mind (it is against my principles to pass by any house where there is enough of the English language understood so they can get beyond *nichts verstand*). My timid knock is answered by a gruff "What do you want?" The lady (!) is a new arrival; some one who has come into the neighborhood since my last year's visits were made. To her *polite* inquiry I reply I would like to have her subscribe for the Lady's Book.

"I don't want it," she answers; "Miss B—— takes it, and I can read hers."

"But, my good madam," I reply, "we who are already subscribers have resolved to lend no more."

"Well, you'll make a *deal* by that. If Miss B—— don't want to lend hers, she can keep it at home."

"I will tell you," said I, "what we intend to *make*. We calculate that those of our neighbors who have been borrowers will find they cannot do without it, and *next* year they will subscribe for themselves." And I pass on.

The next call is also on a new comer; but the clean, cozy room, with its cleanly swept hearth and warm, bright fire, raise my drooping spirits at once. The plain but neat-looking woman stitching away in her low rocking-chair, the books on the shelves, the papers on the table (not trashy ones, but a few such as the Philadelphia *Saturday Evening Post* and our own county paper), and the nice kerosene, all encourage me to state my errand. "Yes," she will be "very glad to take it;" and the money is forthcoming from a neat little crochet purse (a Lady's Book pattern). She says she "used to take it," when she lived "outside," which means out in the world, within the bounds of civilization. I proceed, with a lightened heart and a heavier purse.

The next lady I call on "would like it, and Lizzy Jane (her rosy daughter) wants it real bad; but she feels as if it would be "real wicked to spend money for such things when there are so many suffering from the loss of the *Lady Elgin*. That was such a heart-rendering affair," she adds, with a dismal shake of the head. I agree with her, but cannot refrain from asking her if she shall send the money she denies Eliza Jane to the poor sufferers in Milwaukee. She "don't know as she will," but thinks perhaps she may conclude to gratify her

daughter, and if so, will send the money over before I send.

It is getting past noon, and I am hungry, not having happened to be anywhere at just the dinner hour, and worse than all the rest, it has clouded up, and is beginning to rain. But I know "the sun shines somewhere," and I know, too, that beyond that long, dark stretch of woodlands there is a bright little cottage where a sewing-machine, with its pleasant, cheering *click*, occupies one corner of the cozy sitting-room, and a fine open piano glazes another, while Godey's Lady's Book is always on the stand. Here my dear friend Nell T— makes music and sunshine for a husband and two dear children. Around this cottage clusters a little settlement of Yankees from "down East," in whom you are sure to find *intelligence*, and most always refined and cultivated taste. Nell gives me something to eat, though it is long past the dinner hour in her methodical household, and with another two dollars in my purse I hurry on, for the day is closing dark and rainy. I hasten from house to house, and then with rapid steps take up my homeward march, where I arrive, tired, bedraggled, and cold, after a walk of full eight miles through swamp and forest, for which I have nothing to show but an utterly ruined book and *ten dollars!* Only five subscribers for one hard day's work! This is only one day's experience. I have another before me, for I have only been down the river, and now I must go up to the mills, out to the farms, and down to the lake shore; but it will only be a repetition of to-day's labors, and I have only related this to show that it is not always easy to get up clubs, even for the Lady's Book.

Truly your friend, and an earnest worker for Godey's Lady's Book.

D—A, November 20, 1860.

To show the difference in more settled and in populous parts of our country, how easy it is to make up clubs, we publish the following:—

OHIO, Dec. 12, 1860.

Here I come again with my club; no trouble to make it up. Your Book is so fascinating that it needs but to be seen and read to gain admirers. The question is asked me, "When are you going to send on for the Lady's Book? Put down my name; can't do without it."

P.

OHIO.

I cannot refrain from mentioning a significant fact—last year I had some difficulty in obtaining the requisite number of names; this year the names were ready before I was.

C.

ILLINOIS, Dec. 22, 1860.

I find your magazine is rapidly increasing in popularity in our Western country, for with a very little exertion I have succeeded in getting up this club.

L.

IOWA, Dec. 17, 1860.

I now find it but little trouble in making up my club.

S.

CALIFORNIA, Jan. 14, 1861.

I find no trouble in making up a club. Every lady to whom I have shown the Book gave me her name without hesitation.

H.

MARYLAND, Jan. 7, 1861.

I have been a reader of your very popular magazine for two years, and am so delighted with it that I resolved to get up a club. I had only to make my intentions known, and the names were given immediately.

J.

DUNTON CO., TEXAS, Jan. 3, 1861.

I made up this club with but very little trouble, so popular is the Book, even in this far off frontier country.

C.

ILLINOIS, Dec. 16, 1860.

Having been a subscriber for your Lady's Book for

two years, I to-day thought I would try and make up a club, and in about one hour and a half I had my club of nine all made up, and now send it with my best wishes.

S.

INDIANA, Nov. 13, 1860.

I have succeeded in getting up my club without any trouble or inconvenience. I just mentioned it to some of my friends as I chanced to meet them, and they paid me the amount.

M.

We copy with great pleasure, from the *Vandalia Democrat*, the following tribute to our coadjutor, Mrs. Hale, and heartily indorse it. Time has indeed dealt gently with her:—

"Mrs. HALE.—It must be that years have dealt gently with her, and though her brow may be marked with the chasms of Time, and her hair turned into silvered purity (we know not that this be true), she is not old. A truly good and noble woman never grows old; excellence of character, like hers, is perpetual youth, never dying, never yielding to the heavy pressure of Time, but radiating from her own heart, it enters countless other hearts, takes up its abode there, and lives—a life akin to that of angels. The first book that ever gladdened our young heart, the treasure-trove of our young life, was written by Mrs. Hale. We kept it long and well, and oft, as we looked upon its soiled covering and torn leaves in its declining days, a feeling of half childish, half manly sorrow would come over us, such as we suppose is felt by those having lost their first love. But the little book is gone, like all the baubles and pleasures of childhood, yet every picture, every word is stereotyped in our mind, and will be reviewed with pleasure, even in the closing hours of life.

"What a commentary is the life of Mrs. Hale upon the follies of the strong-minded women of the age! The lady editor of Godey's Lady's Book has won for herself an enviable immortality, an immortality, not of theory, but of living worth and excellence. The little books of her earlier life—pearls of purity and perfection—have gladdened countless thousands of little hearts; and in the strength and maturity of womanhood, in the vigor of life, and—it may be—in her declining years she speaks through the press to the same hearts she gladdened in youth, dispensing to her countrywomen the priceless treasures of her own rich laden mind, exquisite in taste, full in all the acquirements that grace and adorn the character of woman.

"She needs no marble monument to perpetuate her name, for upon millions of hearts is written,

'TO THE MEMORY OF SARAH JOSEPHA HALE.'

THE Lady's book was offered as a premium at the Highland Agricultural Society Fair at Johnstown, Pa. for the best specimens of the following articles, in fancy and plain needle-work:—

Fancy Needle-work.—Ottoman cover. Table cover. Fancy work with needle, for chairs. Cotton embroidery. Silk embroidery. Knit crochet shawl. Knit cap. Pair worked slippers. Specimen crochet work. Knit or crochet quilt. Worked sofa cushion. Silk bonnet (domestic). Display of bonnets. Specimen of taste and skill in fancy work. Chair or sofa tidy. Fancy basket. Fine needle-work.

Plain Needle-work.—Pieced silk quilt. Pieced calico quilt. Transposed quilt. Pieced calico quilt made by a girl under fourteen years of age. Homemade shirt, made by a girl under fourteen years of age. Homemade shirt. Specimen of plain sewing.

DESCRIPTION OF DRESSES WORN AT THE LATE DRAWING-ROOM RECEPTION OF HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA.—

VISCOUNTESS SOMERTON.—Costume de cour, composed of a train of the richest white taffetas d'Italie, lined with silk, very tastefully trimmed with thulle and ribbons; corsage to correspond, with Brussels point lace, and bouquet of roses du roi; skirts of white thulle over white glacé covered with magnificent flounces of Brussels point lace and roses du roi. Coiffure of ostrich feathers, lappets and diamonds.

LADY MACDONALD.—Train of rich white glacé, trimmed with bouillons of mauve thulle and blonde; petticoat composed of alternate rows of mauve and white thulle, and tunic en point over a slip of white glacé. Head-dress, plumes, flowers, and lappets; ornaments, diamonds.

LADY CHURCHILL.—Costume de cour, composed of a train of the richest white Terry velvet, lined with blue glacé trimmed with turquoise blue Lyons velvet and French blonde; corsage drapé, ornamented with blonde and diamonds; skirt of white thulle de Lyons over white satin, covered with French blonde. Head-dress, ostrich feathers, diamonds, and lappets.

LADY CARINGTON.—Train of mauve Terry velvet, lined with white glacé, and trimmed with black lace; a double skirt of white glacé, trimmed with black lace and mauve crape, and bouquets of fern leaves. Head-dress, feathers and lace lappets; ornaments, diamonds.

LADY TEMPLEMORE.—Dress of black glacé, with bouillonné skirts of black sparkling thulle; tunique of handsome black lace looped with bunches of black grass; corsage to correspond; train of superb black moire antique, with bouillons of sparkling thulle, parsé with grass. Head-dress, black feathers and long thulle veil; ornaments, jet.

LADY OVERSTONE.—Train of black satin, lined with white glacé and trimmed with black lace; petticoat of white crape over glacé, with flounces of black lace, and trimmed with satin ribbon and thulle. Head-dress, feathers and lace lappets; ornaments, diamonds.

LADY WODEHOUSE.—Train of the richest Gothic moire of a novel design, vert d'Azoë, lined with silk, and very elegantly trimmed with Brussels point lace, thulle, and ribbon; corsage to correspond, with lace and bouquet of violet and silver daisies; skirts of vert d'Azoë thulle over taffetas d'Italie, covered with flounces of Brussels point lace and trimmings of thulle. Coiffure of ostrich feathers, and wreaths of violets and silver daisies, Brussels lace lappets parure of diamonds.

LADY BELPER.—Train of rich bouton d'or moire Gothique, trimmed with black Spanish lace, corsage to correspond, with bouquets of flowers and diamonds; skirt of white thulle, over rich poult de soie, trimmed with bouillons of thulle, and Spanish flounces. Head-dress, feathers, lappets and diamonds.

LADY NAAS.—Train of white glacé, trimmed with bouillons of thulle and blue ruches; petticoat composed of alternate rows of blue and white thulle, over a white glacé slip. Head-dress, plumes, flowers, and lappets; ornaments, diamonds, and turquoise.

LADY JANE PEEL.—Train of lilac moire, lined with white glacé, trimmed with Brussels lace, edged with lilac chenille; corsage and sleeves trimmed with lilac thulle, Brussels lace, and diamonds; petticoat, double skirt of white glacé; upper skirt trimmed with two flounces of Brussels lace, and plaiting open at the side, with bouillons of thulle and bows of ribbon. Head-dress,

diamonds, feathers, and Brussels lace; ornaments diamonds.

THE LA PIERRE HOUSE.—With all the building up of new hotels and the failures of old ones, this celebrated house holds the even tenor of its way successfully, giving great satisfaction to every one who gets under its hospitable roof. The Messrs. Ward have a way with them that, having once made a friend, they never lose him. We have no hesitation in saying that it is the best conducted hotel on this continent. It is quiet and orderly; everything well managed; more like a private than a public house; its situation—the highest in the city—near to all the principal depots; its table such as can only be found in Philadelphia, and the brothers Ward gentlemen in the truest sense of the word.

SEASONABLE HINTS ABOUT PERSONAL COMFORT.—A thin shawl may be made warm by folding a newspaper inside of it. The paper is impervious to the wind and cold air from outside, and prevents the rapid escape of the warm air beneath it. Every one knows that the heat of the body is carried off much more rapidly in a high wind than in a calm. The wind blows away the heat evolved from the body, but in a perfectly still air this heat remains, and constitutes an atmospheric envelope so nearly of the same temperature with the body itself that the latter is not so quickly robbed of the natural heat.

A piece of silk oilcloth stitched in the folds of a shawl, is more flexible than the paper, and will last a whole winter. It has the advantage of securing inward warmth without the additional weight of a thicker garment.

When you set out on a winter journey, if you are liable to suffer from cold toes, which many people do in spite of "rubbers," fold a piece of newspaper over your stockings, which you can readily do, if your boots or shoes are not irrationally tight. This is better than "rubbers," which are, in fact, very cold comforters in extreme, while they make the feet sweat in moderate weather. The main use of India rubber overshoes is to keep out water, and for that they are second only to a stout, water-proof, first-rate calf-skin boot. There is not a more villainously unwholesome article of wear made than the high-topped rubber boot. It makes the foot tender, especially in children, gives an ugly gait, and when left off in any weather, the wearer is liable to "catch cold." Saint Crispin is the best friend of the human feet, when his leather and stitches are honest.

The constitutional vivacity and temper of a person has much to do with his endurance of cold. For this vivacity is a sort of nervous fire that lessens the sensibility to outward impressions. An indifferent, milk-and-water person, without energy and force, is at the mercy of every cold blast that sweeps round the corner. He, and especially *she*, has no defence but to wear a dozen shawls during the day, and sleep under a bale of blankets at night. One without any mental purpose (unfortunately there are such), though in vigorous health, is much more liable to catch cold than a spirited, delicate body bent on some positive pursuit.—*The Century*.

THE *Lansingburg Gazette* says: "It is all and more than its publisher promised it would be, at the beginning of the year. It is the book of books for fashionable Ladies."

A COLUMN OF FACTS.

When did the first steamship cross the Atlantic?

In 1819. She was the American ship *Savannah*, from Savannah, Georgia.

In a church, which is the hottest situation? and why?

The gallery; because the cold air lies nearest the floor till it has become heated, when it ascends towards the roof of the building.

What is the wind?

The air in motion.

Whether is ice or water lightest?

Ice.

Whether does a piano give a higher tone in a cold or a warm room? and why?

In a cold room, on account of the strings being tighter, or more contracted.

What is the strength of a horse as compared with that of a man?

The strength of one horse is as the strength of five men.

What are sonorous bodies?

Bodies which produce sound.

What solid bodies are among the best conductors of sound?

Iron and glass; these transmit sound at a rate of more than three miles a second; and after them come copper, several kinds of wood, silver, tin, and so on.

What is an echo?

A reflected sound.

Why does a metal spoon, left in a saucepan, retard the boiling process?

Being an excellent conductor, the metal spoon carries off the heat from the water, and consequently prevents it boiling so soon as it otherwise would.

In building a room for public speaking, what should be the limit of the height of its ceiling?

It should not be above thirty or thirty-five feet.

What is the temperature at which water scalds?

One hundred and fifty degrees.

What is the general effect of heat upon substances?

It enlarges their dimensions by expansion.

Why are the quills and bones of birds hollow and without marrow?

That they may not only be light to assist their passage through the air, but that they may be possessed of the greatest strength.

In warfare, what is the distance at which artillery can generally be effectively used?

From a quarter to half a mile. Big cannon balls and shells can be thrown with effect to the distance of from a mile and a half to two miles.

PATTERNS FOR INFANTS' DRESSES, OR INFANTS' WARDROBES.—Our fashion editor has supplied a great many wardrobes for infants lately, and in every case has given great satisfaction. She has facilities for furnishing these articles better and cheaper than any other person. The vast influence that her connection with the *Lady's Book* gives her induces importers and others to submit to her their earliest fashions. To those who cannot afford the articles, made-up paper patterns can be sent, which will be facsimiles of the originals. We cannot publish the prices, as the postage varies according to the size of the articles ordered, and that we have to pay in advance. For particulars, address Fashion Editor (not Mrs. Hale), care of L. A. Godey, Philadelphia. All other patterns furnished as usual.

THE USE OF PAPER IN JAPAN.—It was wonderful to see the thousand useful as well as ornamental purposes to which paper was applicable in the hands of these industrious and tasteful people; our papier-mache manufacturers as well as the continental ones, should go to Yeddo to learn what can be done with paper. We saw it made into material so closely resembling Russian and Morocco leather, and pig-skin, that it was very difficult to detect the difference. With the aid of lacker varnish and skilful painting, paper made excellent trunks, tobacco bags, cigar cases, saddles, telescope cases, the frames of microscopes, and we even saw and used excellent waterproof coats made of simple paper, which did keep out the rain and were as supple as the best Macintosh. The Japanese use neither silk nor cotton handkerchiefs, towels or dusters, paper in their hands serves as an excellent substitute. It is soft, thin, tough, of a pale yellow color, very plentiful and very cheap. The inner walls of many a Japanese apartment are formed of paper, being nothing more than printed screens; their windows are covered with a fine translucent description of the same material; it enters largely into the manufacture of nearly everything in the Japanese household; and we saw what seemed to be balls of twine, which were nothing but long shreds of tough paper rolled up. If a shop-keeper had a parcel to tie up, he would take a strip of paper, roll it quickly between his hands, and use it for the purpose, and it was quite as strong as the ordinary string used at home. In short, without paper, all Japan would come to a dead lock; and, indeed, lest by the arbitrary exercise of his authority, a tyrannical husband should stop his wife's paper, the sage mothers-in-law invariably stipulate in the marriage settlement, that the bride is to have allowed to her a certain quantity of paper.

REMEDIES.—

For a Fit of Ambition.—Go into the churchyard and read the gravestones; they will tell you the end of ambition. The grave will soon be your bed-chamber, the earth your pillow, corruption your father, and the worm your mother and sister.

For a Fit of Repining.—Look about for the halt and the blind, and visit the bedridden, and afflicted, and deranged; and they will make you ashamed of complaining of your lighter afflictions.

For a Fit of Idleness.—Count the tickings of a clock. Do this for one hour, and you will be glad to pull off your coat the next and work like a negro.

For a Fit of Passion.—Walk out in the open air; you may speak your mind to the winds without hurting any one, or proclaiming yourself to be a simpleton.

For all Fits of Doubt, Perplexity, and Fear.—Whether they respect the body or the mind; whether they are a load to the shoulders, the head, or the heart, the following is a radical cure which may be relied on, for I had it from the Great Physician: "Cast thy burden on the Lord, he will sustain thee."

HOW TO REWRITE.—Procure a draft, if possible; if not, send notes; but let it be a matter known only to yourself; the fewer you let into the secret, the more certainly there is of your money coming to hand. Do not register your letters, as this at once informs everybody that money is in your letter. If you send gold dollars, secure them carefully in the letter; otherwise, they are apt to work out of the envelope. Notes on all solvent banks taken at par. Be careful and pay the postage on your letter, and direct it to L. A. Godey, Philadelphia.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.



FATE LADY.

TAKE a piece of pasteboard about twelve inches square; draw a circle upon it, and cut it out. The outside edge should be colored or bound round with gilt-edged paper. The flat surface must then be ruled, all the lines meeting in the centre; in these the mottoes are written, taking care to draw a distinct line in red or black ink between each. Insert a wire exactly in the centre of the circle, and on it fasten a neatly jointed dressed doll, altogether not more than five or six inches high. In one hand fix a small wand, pointing towards the motto beneath her. The wire can be made steady by fastening it in the centre of any common round box, covered and bound to correspond with the other portions. The doll must be just high enough above the pasteboard to turn about freely. When you wish to tell a fortune, turn the doll round rapidly, and when she stops read what her wand is pointing to.

Mottoes similar to the following will do for the stand; they are from "Lines to a Fate Lady," by Mrs. Ann Maria Wells:—

1.
The fairy lady seals your doom,
In that blest spot—your own kind home.

2.
Emma an heiress shall come out,
And shine at ball, and play, and rout.

3.
Ah, lady, you may well look sad!
Lucinda's fate is very bad.

4.
Nay, wise one, never look demure;
You're not too modest, I am sure.

5.
Possess'd of talents, virtues, grace,
Her poorest charm's her pretty face.

6.
Two dunces her first friends shall be,
Herself the dullest of the three.

A GRAIN OF GOLD.—Here is a little allegory taken from one of the agricultural speeches of Edward Everett:—

"Drop a grain of California gold in the ground, and there it will lie unchanged to the end of time. The clouds on which it falls are not more cold and lifeless. Drop a grain of our blessed gold into the ground, and lo! a mystery. In a few days it softens—it swells—it shoots upwards—it is a living thing. It is yellow itself, but it

sends up an emerald green through the soil—it expands to a vigorous stalk—revels in the sunshine—itself more glorious than Solomon in its sunshine—itself more glorious than Solomon in its broad, fluttering, leafy robes, whose sound, as the west wind whispers through them, falls as pleasantly on the husbandman's ear as the rustle of his sweetheart's garment; still towers aloft, spins its verdant skeins of vegetable floss, displays its dancing tassels, surcharged with fertilizing dust, and at last ripens into two or three magnificent batons like this (an ear of Indian corn), each of which is studded with hundreds of grains of gold, every one possessing the same wonderful properties as the parent grain, every one instinct with the same productive powers."

"DOUBT NO MORE."

BY HARRY HAREWOOD LEECH.

By your doubting and cruel note
I am taught that devotion is vain.
My love, did you know when you wrote
You'd inflict such exquisite pain?
I am sure your heart is so kind,
Your impulses noble and just;
Then why, with your generous mind,
Will you stab with those lines of distrust?

What words shall my eager lips frame
My constant affection to prove?
In my prayers I whisper thy name;
In my dreams I call thee "my love!"
What proof shall my longing soul give?
What balm on thy chafed spirit pour?
My darling, thy image must live
In my "heart of hearts" evermore.

With each pang a solace is given,
With hope I am girded about;
At least, 'tis a law of wise Heaven,
There must be sweet love, before doubt.
Come back to thy faith and thy rest;
Thy lover is true, as of yore.
Oh, darling one, from thy dear breast
Banish doubts of him evermore!

PINS.—The pin manufacture is one of the most extraordinary branches of national industry. By aid of improved machinery, more than three times the number of pins is made that could have been produced by the same number of workmen a few years since; yet the pins are sold at no more than twopence per pound over the cost of the metal of which they are formed. Upwards of 150 tons weight of copper and spelter are annually worked up into pins by one Birmingham house alone. Were the whole of this metal converted into ribbon pins, half an inch in length, it would produce 100,500,000,000, or about one hundred to each inhabitant of the globe. If placed in a straight line, these pins would be 787,500 miles in length, or sufficient to extend upwards of thirty times round the globe, or more than three times the distance of the moon from the earth. Hence we cannot be surprised at the unanswerable question, "What becomes of all the pins?"

THE publishers of "Art Recreations" (that valuable guide to all the beautiful arts and fancy works ladies delight in) supply all materials for wax work, and, in fact, for all the various arts taught in the book. For information, etc., address Messrs. J. E. Tilton & Co., Publishers, Boston.

"M. R. P."—Sorry we cannot oblige you. The stories you mention are excellent indeed, but we do not like to republish our own stories. Strongly tempted to do so, in the case you mention.

LARGE COUNTRY RESIDENCE IN THE ITALIAN STYLE.

Designed expressly for Godey's Lady's Book by SAMUEL SLOAN, Architect, Philadelphia.



PERSPECTIVE VIEW.

This building is planned with reference to a high style of living, and without an ostentatious exterior, can lay claim to a considerable amount of architectural beauty.



FIRST FLOOR.

Principal Floor—A entrance hall; B drawing-room, 18 by 24 feet; C library, 14 by 18 feet; D conservatory (omitted in the elevation); E reception-room, 12 by 22 feet; F dining-room, 18 by 21 feet; G butler's pantry; H kitchen, 16 by 17 feet; I and J Verandas; K entrance drive.

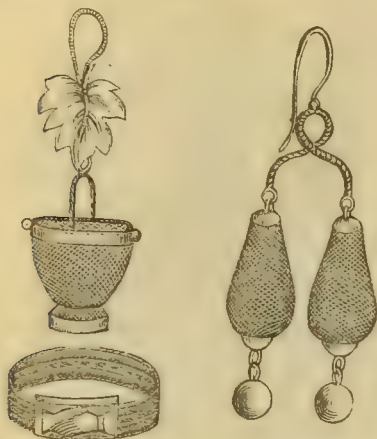


SECOND STORY.

Second story.—M M M M M chambers, L hall, N bath-room, O bed-room, P passage.

Among the principal novelties of this season are the little photographs, called, from their smallness, "visiting-cards," which may be had very cheap, and which enable an individual to bestow a likeness of himself, at small cost, on his entire circle.

HAIR ORNAMENTS.—Ladies wishing hair made into bracelets, pins (which are very beautiful), necklaces, or ear-rings, can be accommodated by our Fashion Editor. A very large number of orders have recently been filled, and the articles have given great satisfaction.



We give the prices at which we will send these beautiful articles:—

- Breastpins, from \$4 to \$12.
- Ear-rings, from \$4 50 to \$10.
- Bracelets, from \$3 to \$15.
- Rings, from \$1 50 to \$3.
- Necklaces, from \$6 to \$15.
- Fob-chains, from \$6 to \$12.
- The Charms of Faith, Hope, and Charity, \$4 50.
- Hair Studs from \$5 50 to \$11 the set.
- Sleeve Buttons from \$6 50 to \$11 the set.

HAIR is at once the most delicate and lasting of our materials, and survives us like love. It is so light, so gentle, so escaping from the idea of death, that, with a lock of hair belonging to a child or friend, we may almost look up to heaven and compare notes with the angelic nature—may almost say: "I have a piece of thee here, not unworthy of thy being now."

LADIES should use EDWARDS' PAINT RESTORER, for removing dirt from paint and glass. Price per package, sufficient to clean a whole house, 25 cents. For sale by all grocers, druggists, and fancy goods stores throughout the country.

Samples of this compound sent by mail upon receipt of two three-cent stamps.

Address Fisher, Day, & Co., successors to J. E. Tilton, dealers in artists' goods, engravings, materials for Grecian painting, etc., 188 Essex Street, Salem, Mass.

RE-UNION IN HEAVEN.—I am fully persuaded that I shall love my friends in heaven, and therefore know them; and this principle binds me to them on earth. If I thought I should never know them more, nor, therefore, love them after death, I should love them comparatively little now, as I do all other transitory things.

THE WISDOM OF SORROW.—Sorrow seems sent for our instruction, just as we darken the cages of birds when we teach them to sing.

CHAOS.—A woman putting your room to rights—just after you have been arranging everything to your satisfaction, and elaborately assorting your papers with such methodical care that you could put your finger upon each separate one in the dark—that is what I call chaos! Men are not more awkward in handling women's babies than women are in fingering men's papers. The mischief, and damage, and endless annoyance of spirit, and thorough disturbance of temper for the rest of the day, that are engendered by the latter practice, surpasses all belief.

WOMAN'S HOME BOOK OF HEALTH.—*The New York Journal of Commerce* makes the following mention of the above named work by Dr. John S. Wilson, of this vicinity:—

"The Woman's Home Book of Health is from the pen of a Georgia physician who writes in a very frank and straight forward manner, and with no attempt at scientific technicality. The book is full of good sense, and points out the errors in living, among American women, with blunt truthfulness."

The postage on the Lady's Book, if paid three months in advance at the office where it is received, is *four and a half cents* for three monthly numbers.

PHILADELPHIA AGENCY.

No order attended to unless the cash accompanies it. All persons requiring answers by mail must send a post-office stamp; and for all articles that are to be sent by mail, stamps must be sent to pay return postage.

Be particular, when writing, to mention the town, county, and State you reside in. Nothing can be made out of post-marks.

- Miss H. M. W.—Sent sleeve pattern February 18.
- Mrs. A. C. K.—Sent corset fastener, cotton, &c. 18th.
- M. E. B.—Sent two hair rings 18th.
- Mrs. R. W. F.—Sent pattern Zouave jacket 18th.
- Miss P. A.—Sent pattern gored dress 18th.
- Miss R. T. McG.—Sent pattern cloak 18th.
- Mrs. J. C. G.—Sent net for hair, needles, &c. 20th.
- Mrs. A. S. T.—Sent scissors, paper cutter, &c. 20th.
- Mrs. F. A. W.—Sent silk apron 20th.
- M. O. S.—Sent jacket pattern 23d.
- Mrs. A. V. Du B.—Sent bundle by Harnden's express 23d.
- J. D. M.—Sent handkerchiefs 23d.
- Miss F. S. B.—Sent hair ring 25th.
- R. L.—Sent patterns 25th.
- Miss E. R. L.—Sent pattern morning robe, &c. 25th.
- Miss M. M.—Sent velvet cloak by Adams's express 25th.
- Mrs. E. T.—Sent patterns 27th.
- Mrs. A. B.—Sent red cotton, slip pattern, &c. 27th.
- Mrs. W. L. B.—Sent patterns of boy's clothes 27th.
- Mrs. S. J. S.—Sent crochet needles and braiding 27th.
- Mrs. M. J. L.—Sent pattern gored robe 27th.
- Miss M. J. A.—Sent canvas March 2d.
- Mrs. S. V. R.—Sent hair bell and clasps, 2d.
- Miss L. J. E.—Sent hair rings 2d.
- M. A. H.—Sent hair ring 2d.
- R. A. Y.—Sent hair ring 2d.
- E. D. J.—Sent hair ring 2d.
- Mrs. M. A. B.—Sent India-rubber gloves 2d.
- Mrs. G. S. W.—Sent sewing silk and needles 2d.
- Mrs. L. M. W.—Sent pattern Garibaldi suit 2d.
- Mrs. O. M. S.—Sent patterns infant's clothes 2d.
- Mrs. J. P. A.—Sent patterns infant's clothes 2d.

- Mrs. J. B. E.—Sent tape and braid 5th.
 Miss L.—Sent black lace veil by Adams's express 5th.
 C. D. C.—Sent beads 5th.
 Mrs. H. S.—Sent patterns of infant's clothes 5th.
 Mrs. F. J. S.—Sent patterns and tatting 5th.
 H. A. B.—Don't know any cure. Better consult a chiropodist.
 Mrs. Dr. B.—Sent pattern 7th.
 Mrs. M. M. McC.—Sent breastpins, &c. 7th.
 Miss E. A. M.—Sent net for hair 7th.
 Mrs. A. L. B.—Sent dress pattern 7th.
 Mrs. W. W. F.—Sent cloak pattern 7th.
 Miss E. E. B.—Sent cheuille 11th.
 Miss H. M. H.—Sent net for hair 11th.
 Mrs. T. P.—Sent stamens for hair flowers 11th.
 Mrs. J. N. B.—Sent pattern Garibaldi coat 13th.
 Mrs. L. H. M.—Sent pattern of dress 13th.
 Mrs. J. B. W.—Sent pattern Garibaldi suit 13th.
 Mrs. W. W. H.—Sent cloak pattern 13th.
 Mrs. D. D. C.—Sent apron pattern 13th.
 Mrs. J. W. D.—Sent braiding 16th.
 Mrs. J. S. J. L.—Sent materials for working slippers 16th.
 Miss J. H. O.—Sent insertion and tatting 16th.
 C. A. M.—Sent hair ring 16th.
 Mrs. McG.—Sent hair earrings 16th.
 S. J. S.—Sent wristbands, &c. 16th.
 Mrs. J. J. F.—Sent silk twist, braid, &c. 16th.
 M. L. T.—Sent pattern Zouave jacket 18th.
 Mrs. M. S. L.—Sent linen cambric and embroidery silk 18th.
 Mrs. M. E. C.—Sent patterns 18th.
 Mrs. N. M. L.—Sent infant's clothes by Adams's express 18th.

Chemistry for the Young.

LESSON XVIII.—(Continued.)

393. OUR examination of sulphur having come to a conclusion, it remains for us to devote a slight attention to two of its important points, at least—namely, sulphuric acid (oil of vitriol) and hydrosulphuric acid (sulphuretted hydrogen). The chief qualities of both these will be found to have already come under our investigation; nevertheless they are far too important for being thus cursorily passed over.

394. And first as regards sulphuric acid. This compound is frequently considered as synonymous with oil of vitriol, although the supposition be not precisely true. Sulphuric acid is a snow-white, solid compound, whereas oil of vitriol is a liquid, as we all know. Hence, in future, remember that oil of vitriol is a combination of forty parts by weight of real sulphuric acid with nine parts by weight of water. The first evident characteristic of oil of vitriol is the thick viscous quality which causes it to look and to flow from vessel to vessel something like an oil. Another characteristic is its intensely acid taste, which, provided the oil of vitriol be largely diluted with water, may be recognized with impunity. A third characteristic is its power of reddening blue litmus. But the specific tests for this acid are these:—

395. When mixed with solutions of the earth baryta, or with salts of the same, or with salts of lead, it throws down in either case a dense white powder, the *sulphate* of baryta or of lead—absolutely insoluble in water, and also in hot nitric acid. Thus soluble salts of baryta and

of lead, especially the former, are used not only to indicate but to separate sulphuric acid, whether alone or in combination.

396. To a solution of nitrate of baryta add a solution of oil of vitriol, very weak, in water, and remark the copious white precipitate which falls. Instead of sulphuric acid and water, use a solution of Glauber's salt (sulphate of soda) and water, and remark the similarity of the result. Prove that neither of these precipitates is capable of solution in hot nitric acid; hence they would appear to be identical. Prove their identity of composition by the following investigation:—

397. Mix each of them with charcoal separately, and treat as directed in 392. The results of this treatment having been put into two test-tubes, add hydrochloric acid to the contents of each, and test the resulting gas with paper dipped in acetate of lead. The paper blackens; hence you have been acting on a sulphuret: hence this sulphuret must have come from a sulphate, and the sulphate can only have been generated by the sulphuric acid, free in the one instance, combined with soda in the other.

398. Our old acquaintance, hydrosulphuric acid, need not detain us long. To comment upon its ill odor, and its power of throwing down calcigenous metals, or to mention its solubility in water, is needless. I shall, therefore, limit my experiments on it to those which demonstrate it to contain sulphur, by getting the sulphur out of it.

399. Collect, without agitation (by agitation it is absorbed), two three-ounce wide bottles full of the gas over water in the usual way, close them with glass plates, and set them on the table.

400. Collect one bottle of equal size as to mouth and capacity of chlorine (321), remembering the precautions mentioned at 255, close the mouth of the bottle also with a glass valve, and set it on the table. Now let the bottles be taken up, each by a different person, and let the glass valves be brought face to face in such a manner that when slid away the bottles will lie horizontally mouth to mouth; rapid combination will then ensue, and sulphur will be deposited. This experiment renders evident the manner in which chlorine or bleaching powder (chloride of lime), which gives off chlorine, acts in destroying ill odors. For the most part, this ill odor is dependent on the presence of hydrosulphuric acid gas; and chlorine, as we have already seen, decomposes this gas, and liberates sulphur.

401. Into the remaining bottle, containing hydrosulphuric acid, pour a little fuming nitrous acid (known under that name in the shops), and replace the valve. Sulphur is again deposited.

402. As regards phosphorus. We will not perform any experiments with this substance, because it is extremely dangerous to meddle with. Sulphur we have seen to exist in animals and vegetables, it is true, but to a far greater extent in the mineral kingdom. Phosphorus, on the contrary, is scarcely found in the mineral kingdom; in certain vegetables it occurs more frequently; but animals, especially their bones, yield it in greatest abundance.

403. The chief points of practical interest in analysis relative to sulphur, involve sulphuric acid and hydrosulphuric acid, both of which have been sufficiently treated of; for the purpose, however, of impressing two or three important facts, I wish you to assume the problem of, *sulphate of soda being given, how to extract the sulphur which it contains*. The various stages of

analysis necessary to effect this have already been detailed.

Centre-Table Gossip.

LIST OF GARDEN FLOWERS. No. 2.

We continue the list of hardy perennials, which our readers will find useful, as we have done, any variety mentioned we have either included in our own borders, or see growing within a stone's throw of us.

Rudbeckia—A genus of indigenous plants, large and showy.

Saxifraga—*Saxifraga*. Dwarf plants with large fleshy leaves, with pink or white flowers, very early. Suitable for rock work.

Sedum—Stone crop. Creeping plants, excellent for rock only.

Spiraea—Meadow Sweet. A very desirable class of plants of the easiest culture. *S. filipendula* with white flowers, buds shaded with pink. The foliage of this variety is very beautiful. Other desirable varieties are *S. Japonica*, *S. lobata*, *S. rosea*, and *S. ulmaria*. In some parts of the country the *spirea* is known as the "King" and "Queen of the Meadow."

Tradescantia—Spiderwort. *T. virginica* has fine blue flowers produced every morning from July to September. There is a variety with white flowers, and another with double red flowers, which latter variety is rare.

Valeriana—*Valerian*. The white flowering variety is a tall growing plant, four to six feet in height, with a profusion of small, very fragrant flowers in June.

Veronica—*Speedwell*. *V. spicata* is a fine blue variety. The flowers are produced in long succession on tall spikes.

Viola odorata—Sweet Scented Violet. These should be found in every garden for the sake of their delightful perfume. The double blue and white varieties are the most desirable.

Viola tricolor—*Pansey*. Too well known to require any description.

CLIMBING ANNUALS.—*Climbing* annuals are of great utility in the decoration of gardens, the rapidity of their growth and profusion of flowers during several of the summer and autumn months, render them very effective. Of this class the *Cobea*, *Lophospermum*, *Maurandia*, *Ipomea*, &c., are well known, and generally used in the best gardens for covering trellis work, walls, fences, arbors, &c.

We now add to the list for this purpose an *annual Passion flower* (*P. gracilis*). It is represented by the French journals as an exceedingly graceful plant, of rapid growth and luxuriant foliage, flowering in two months from the time of sowing the seed. The flowers are small greenish white; fruit an oval berry of an orange yellow color. Its origin does not appear to be known. The seeds should be sown in March, in a frame, on a gentle bottom heat, and the plants will be fit for planting out by the middle of May.

BARGAINS IN "DIAMONDS, PEARL, AND GOLD."

It may be only "trying" to those of our lady friends, who have a fancy for "sales" and an eye to a good "auction bargain," to read of one that included so many articles interesting to the feminine mind; but we judge the taste of our Centre-table Club, by what we have found it in the past, and propose, a full congress being assem-

bled around its genial light, to read aloud, so to speak, an account of the great sale of Government presents, which took place at Calcutta the past season.

On the return of the Viceroy and Governor-General of India from his official tours through the country, it is usual to sell by public auction the presents he has received, and which the forms of Indian State receptions require to be taken and reciprocated by "nuzzers" or presents, *quid pro quo*, given in exchange. The sale of the valuable presents received during the late tour of his Excellency the Right Honorable the Governor-General and Viceroy of India took place on the premises of Messrs. Hamilton & Co., Calcutta, jewellers, &c., to the Viceroy.

The presents consisted of articles of native jewellery, arms, armor, shawls from the looms of Cashmere, Umritsir, Delhi, and Dacca; massive gold and silver-mounted trappings for horses and elephants; gold and silver cups; and implements for using pawn, uta, &c.; a great variety of native manufactures in cloths of gold and silver; the finest muslins, beautiful carpets, and embroideries, a portion of which were hung about the saleroom, and formed a truly Oriental background to the dark faces of the grotesquely-clad company. The ten days were not wholly occupied by the sale of the Government presents. At the same time was disposed of a number of very magnificent jewels taken at the Baillie Guard, Lucknow, and lately handed over to the ex-King of Oude by the British Government; Messrs. Hamilton and Co. selling the same under the orders of that ex-King for his benefit. Many of these said jewels were of the greatest magnificence and rarity. One of the necklaces, composed of emeralds which were pierced and strung in triple rows, was of the weight of two pounds and a half; one of the three or four large diamonds of great brilliancy weighed over fifty carats. A crown of very brilliant diamonds, another of emeralds, another of cats'eyes, and one of amethysts, have been sold. Some of the emeralds and rubies were of great antiquity, bearing the names of Indian monarchs engraved on their surfaces from the time of Timour Shah. Many curious articles of Indian manufacture in precious stones, pearls, jade, &c., were included in the sale.

The auction was numerously attended throughout by the native nobility and gentry, as also by the native jewellers, who were the principal purchasers, although the most valuable lots were ceded to the former. These consisted of the celebrated Oude diamond, weighing upwards of fifty-six rutties (one ruttee is 1.875 grain), which sold for 33,100 rupees; also two other large diamonds, which were knocked down for 17,500 and 31,700 rupees respectively. The sixth day's sale included a most valuable enamelled gold hookah apparatus, ornamented with about 2500 diamonds of various sizes, and was secured by a wealthy Rajah for 40,250 rupees. The supplementary catalogue comprised a superb diamond crown, purchased for 39,000 rupees. Of the precious stones in this collection the emeralds attracted most attention, from their immense size, one of which was of such dimensions as to allow it to be cut in the shape of an eggcup, and weighed upwards of 1000 rutties. There was also a large collection of "lollries" or "spinel rubies," of which a necklace realized 24,000 rupees, and was greatly enhanced by the fact of one of the stones having the name of the first King and great Persian conqueror of Delhi, "Timour Shaw," engraved on it.

Of the Government presents the Cashmere shawls included some of the finest specimens produced; the prices ranged from 400 to 1000 rupees each. Great competition

took place for a set of silver elephant trappings, sold for 13,000 rupees.

The total amount of the sale was calculated at upwards of ten lacs of rupees (£100,000).

NOTES AND QUERIES.

1. *Wild Flowers and Woods*.—We cannot too strongly urge upon our lady friends the study of botany, which will enhance the pleasure that a natural love of flowers gives, and teaches habits of close observation, which is useful for any department in life. The commonest weed or leaf is invested with interest. There is the *Vervain* (*Verbena officinalis*), lifting its graceful stem, crowned with a slender spike of small gray flowers, by waysides and on hedge-banks. This plant is interesting on many accounts. It was sacred to the religious services of the old Greeks and Romans, as well as to those of the ancient Druids, while its medical virtues were widely spread and firmly believed in. A wreath of the plant being worn on the head, was said to cure pains in it; and its root was not long since worn by persons suffering from scrofula, by way of amulet, with a yard of white satin ribbon round the neck.

Musk Mallows (*Molva moschata*). The prettiest of its sisterhood, with light green five-lobed leaves, cut into numerous segments, that look like fringe; the flowers are large, of a fresh rose-color, and the plant in hot weather is redolent of a faint musky odor. Mallows were eaten by the ancients, not only in salads, but boiled; and the Chinese and Egyptians still make use of one species as an article of diet. The mucilage of the roots is useful for coughs and pulmonary diseases.

Common Wild Flax (*Linum catharticum*) opens its pretty, light-blue blossoms in chalky fields. The use of the cultivated variety is too well known to be repeated. The oil of the seed is valuable in commerce; and the refuse, after its expression, is used to feed cattle.

Great Bedstraw (*Galium aparine*). One of the most lovely of our native flora; spreads thickets and hedges with its climbing stems, and trumpet-shaped, solitary, snow-white flowers.

Miss Caroline A. White, whose graceful articles on floral culture have illuminated our pages heretofore, has sought out these pretty summer guests and catalogued an almost incredible number of them.

2. *Translations of the Bible*.—The Bible has been translated into 143 dialects and languages; of which 121 have appeared subsequent to the formation of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and 25 of them existed only in an oral form without an alphabet. Upwards of 43 millions of these copies of the Bible are circulated now among not less than 600,000,000 of readers. Well may those who "watch for the morning" say, "What hath God wrought!"

Fashions.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

HAVING had frequent applications for the purchase of jewelry, millinery, etc., by ladies living at a distance, the *Editor of the Fashion Department* will hereafter execute commissions for any who may desire it, with the charge of a small percentage for the time and research required. Spring and autumn bonnets, materials for dresses, jewelry, envelops, hair-work, worsteds, children's wardrobes, mantillas, and mantelets, will be chosen with a view to econo-

my, as well as taste; and boxes or packages forwarded by express to any part of the country. For the last, distinct directions must be given.

Orders, accompanied by checks for the proposed expenditure, to be addressed to the care of L. A. Godley, Esq.

No order will be attended to unless the money is first received. Neither the Editor nor Publisher will be accountable for losses that may occur in re-mitting.

Instructions to be as minute as is possible, accompanied by a note of the height, complexion, and general style of the person, on which much depends in choice. Dress goods from Levy's or Evans & Co.'s; cloaks, mantillas, or talmas, from Brodie's, 51 Canal Street, New York; bonnets from T. White & Co.'s; jewelry from Warden's or Caldwell's, Philadelphia.

When goods are ordered, the fashions that prevail here govern the purchase; therefore, no articles will be taken back. When the goods are sent, the transaction must be considered final.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL FASHION-PLATE FOR MAY.

Fig. 1.—Brown spring silk, gored, the body and skirt being in one piece. The front breadth is cut out in squares, and has the appearance of being buttoned over on either side; it is, however, only cut on one side; the squares are edged with black thread lace; the buttons are silk, with velvet centres. This trimming is also on the side breadths, but only extends half way up the skirt. The sleeves are cut with an elbow, and trimmed to suit the skirt. English split straw hat, with plume and demi veil of black lace.

Fig. 2.—Dress suitable for a watering-place, or evening company. It is of white *glaze* silk, made infant waist, with a semi loose sleeve, drawn lengthwise into puffs, and trimmed with box plaited blue ribbon. The skirt is trimmed with *bonillonnés* or puffs, about half a yard in depth, separated by rows of blue ribbon, box plaited. The gloves have two buttons at the wrist and scalloped tops. A large bow, with ends of very wide blue ribbon is placed at the back of the waist.

Fig. 3.—Green cloth habit of the new shade, made with a plaited jockey at the back, and having small pockets in front. A standing linen collar, with black velvet neck-tie. Coat sleeve, with gannet cuff. Leghorn Spanish hat, trimmed with black velvet and white ostrich plumes. The side-saddle has three horns, which is a great protection to the fair equestrienne.

Fig. 4.—Rich purple silk, with plain round waist with velvet belt. The skirt is made three-quarters of a yard longer than usual, and is drawn up at intervals to the proper length, forming puffs, with pointed pieces of purple velvet put on to cover the seams. This is one of the newest trimmings, and is very stylish. The sleeves are done in the same manner. Black straw hat, with peacock plumes.

CHITCHAT UPON NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS, FOR MAY.

THE fine May weather has brought out all the spring novelties, and the streets are gay with pretty bonnets, dresses, and mantles. The prevailing colors for bonnets seem to be black and white, violet, light green, and Magenta, though we see some of pink, blue, and mallow. Bunches of fruit and aquatic plants are extensively employed as ornaments, but light feathers are in very good taste, and there is quite a novel arrangement of them: for instance, a bonnet of embroidered white tulle had a bor-

der of violet velvet edged with black lace; a thulle crown covered with small very light feathers, white and violet; a thulle curtain bordered with velvet, and as a bandeau point and blonde lace; the strings were one white and the other violet, edged with black lace. Many of the bonnets for young ladies have long illusion veils, either hemmed or edged with blonde caught on top of the bonnet with a large bunch of flowers, and tied under the chin; they are very light and youthful looking. Some of the prettiest bonnets are of white crape trimmed with flowers, lace, or velvet scarfs; one we noticed decorated on the front by a very full blonde ruche in the middle of which was a compact row of red daisies. The bandeau was composed of a row of daisies placed on a velvet band. Another bonnet trimmed outside with a double point of cherry velvet, inside with bunches of black berries and cherry velvet. Black continues to be worn. We saw a pretty bonnet the other day, which, without being very novel, was still rich and quiet. It was composed of fine black hair embroidered with butternuts in silken straw. The ribbon with which it was trimmed was a black ground embroidered also with silken straw; the flowers were entirely black, with jet centres. Chips will be much worn, and as they are so beautiful of themselves they require but little trimming, a spray of flowers on one side being quite sufficient. All kinds of mixed straws will be worn, as well as black, white, and gray. The small, close bonnets called Capelines, sometimes adopted in the country by those who do not like the jaunty little straw hats so much in vogue, are this summer being made of worked muslin lined with colored silk or gauze, and the colors usually selected for this purpose are mallow, pink, blue, lilac, and cerise; they are trimmed with ruches of thulle and ribbon. Other capelines, of a less gay and elegant style, are composed of jaconets, silk, *piqué*, etc.

From bonnets we next pass to caps; and for ladies who wear caps our fashionable milliners have brought out some very light and pretty ones. A very graceful one formed a net, made of gold thread at the back, and was finished on one side with a bow of black lace and on the other with a delicate pink rose. There are many other styles, and some particularly pretty breakfast caps; we can, however, give them but a passing notice.

Nets for the hair are by no means laid aside; they are still very much worn in morning-dress, and also in evening *negligé*. Those made of colored chenille or velvet are very becoming; they are usually finished with tassels or rosettes.

Among Brodie's large assortment of silk wraps we noticed some which were extremely stylish; they were mostly of the paletot shape, with thick cords down each seam, and richly ornamented by crochet and bead *patés*, though there are many mantles and circles with over seams, also corded down each seam. Many were corded with white and trimmed with black and white braid, much resembling stitching, and black and white buttons ornamenting the seams. Some had only pointed collars, others square or pointed capes, corded and richly trimmed with lace, or made entirely of lace. Other wraps were edged with purple and various colors, with pelérine capes, the ends extending down in front to the end of the wrap, with a narrow black lace falling over this colored silk, which had a very pretty effect. Crochet trimmings, lace tassels, and fancy hoods arranged in a hundred different ways almost bewilder one by their style and beauty.

The most fastidious cannot fail to find an elegant and

varied style of dress goods to meet their wants and taste at the establishment of Messrs. A. T. Stewart & Co., New York. We saw so many and such beautiful goods that we cannot pretend to do them justice. However, to begin with the less expensive, the chintzes, they are unusually gay and delicate, being generally of white grounds with small figures and bouquets of flowers in the gayest chintz colors thrown over them. The chintz lawns pleased us much; they are rather thicker than a lawn, with a cord through them, and a raised dot of white on a pink, blue, or lilac ground. Most of the muslins were white grounds, with pin dots and single flowers scattered over them. Three new colors have come out this year in the muslins—a new red, purple, and green; and a great recommendation in the eyes of housekeepers is that they are all fast colors. There is a new material, called silk muslin, much resembling grenadine, the exception being that grenadine is all silk, and the other silk and cotton. In this style of goods were five and seven founced robes. The beautiful organdies, so delicate in texture, had, like the muslins, white grounds with pin dots and stripes and bouquets of the most exquisite flowers, or else a mottled gray ground, more delicate than a *chintz*, with very peculiar figures in gay chintz colors. We saw a few seven and five founced robes, but the novelty of the season is the Chevron dress, of which we give a cut in the front of the Book (page 387). This dress has diagonal stripes of *rose de chiné*, about an inch and a half in width, meeting in the centre of the breadth, and between these stripes are bouquets of roses with their foliage, which has a charming effect. We have had this design in silk, but this is the first appearance of diagonal stripes on muslin. Very few founced dresses, or rather robe dresses, will be worn, though we saw a few in organdy and *barège Anglaise*. This latter material can be had in the plain *chiné* from 12½ to 37½ cents, but the newest styles have embroidered figures over them, which add greatly to their beauty. The summer or Manchester poplins have a cord through them, and are worked with spots in gay-colored silk, of much the same style as many of the silks, and much resembling them in appearance.

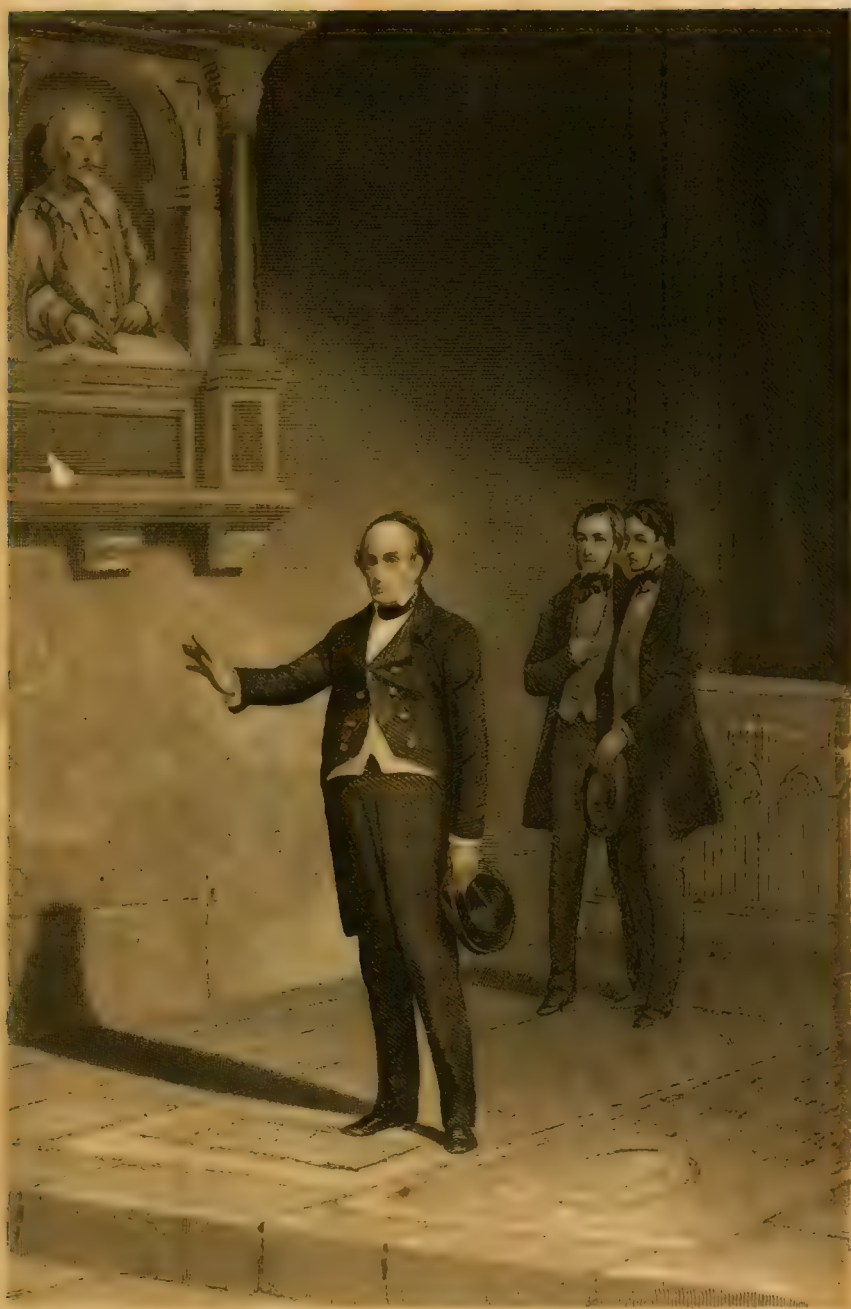
Mozambique is another new material; this is thicker than *barège Anglaise*, and very suitable for travelling-dresses. It can be had in plain *chiné*, plaids, cheques, stripes, or plain grounds with embroidered figures in gay colors; this last style is exceedingly pretty. The grenadine *barège* is of the same style as the Mozambiques—a black or delicate gray ground with embroidered spots or figures worked in silk. Pekin cloth, thicker than the last mentioned material, is also very nice for travelling-dresses.

The rich silks are generally of a *chiné* ground, with large dashed figures, or else a solid ground with very rich embroidered figures or sprays of flowers thrown over them *à volanté*. These silks are \$4.50 a yard, but the same designs are carried out in less expensive goods. The light summer silks are cheques or stripes, with dashed figures; there are also many solid grounds with a thread of white crossing them.

For ladies and children the turban style of hat will be the rage. They can be had of white, black, gray, or mixed straw. Another style is somewhat of the mushroom shape, but has the brim set up about an inch on the crown, and instead of slanting gradually off goes off in a curve, and rolls under at the edge of the brim; these also are to be had of all colors, and will be trimmed with peacocks' and game birds' feathers. FASHION.











CODDEN'S FASHIONS FOR JUNE 1861.





A SUMMER SCENE.



THE VITTORIA.

From the establishment of O. BRODIE, 51 Canal Street, New York Drawn by L. T. VOTER, from actual articles of costume.]



The general characteristics of the style most in vogue this season are preserved in this beautiful garment; the variation which it presents in its particular construction, however, places it in a front rank with its competitors in beauty. The pyramidal creations are bordered with a corded outline of *lilac* silk—the garment itself being of black taffeta. The upper portion is ornamented with a cape of rich black gu pure lace, falling over the silk and the outer borders of the gores with an effective passementerie, which is continued at their apices by rosettes of zimp.



Fig. 1.—Dress of Mezanbique, gray ground, with Magenta flowers. The dress is gored; body and skirt in one piece; the skirt bound with Magenta silk, and Magenta ribbon bows up the front of the skirt.
 Fig. 2.—Dress of gray summer poplin. Skirt plain; the body has lapels trimmed with blue silk, and a linen collar turns over on this lapel. The sleeves have a blue gauntlet cuff. Each of gray poplin, bound with blue silk. Blue chenille net, trimmed with ribbon.

LATEST FASHIONS.



A lilac spring silk, gored, buttoned from the throat down, and trimmed with a narrow quilled ribbon. Loose sleeve, with puffs laid on.

Child's dress of white muslin. Coat of buff *piqué*, trimmed with braid, and braided. White straw hat, with white plume.

LA FÉLICES :

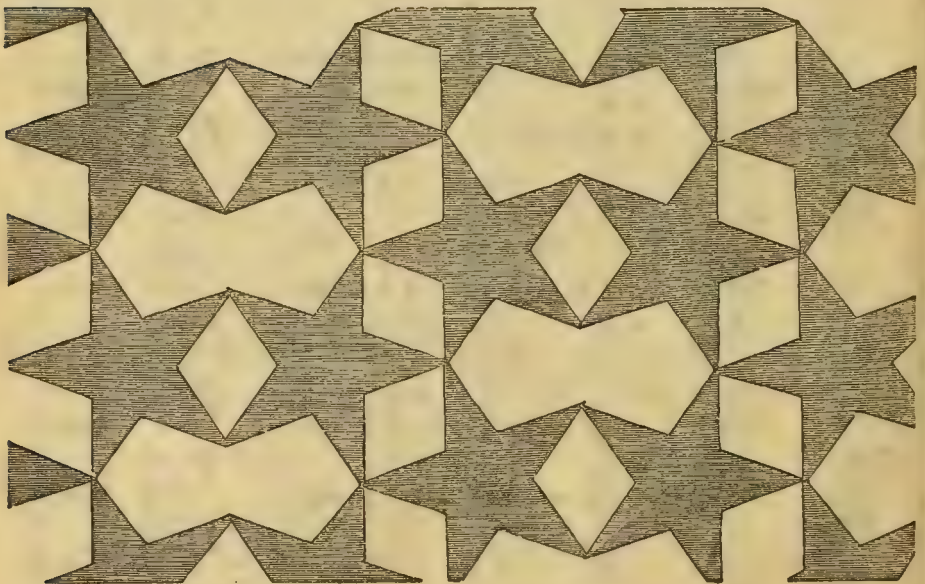
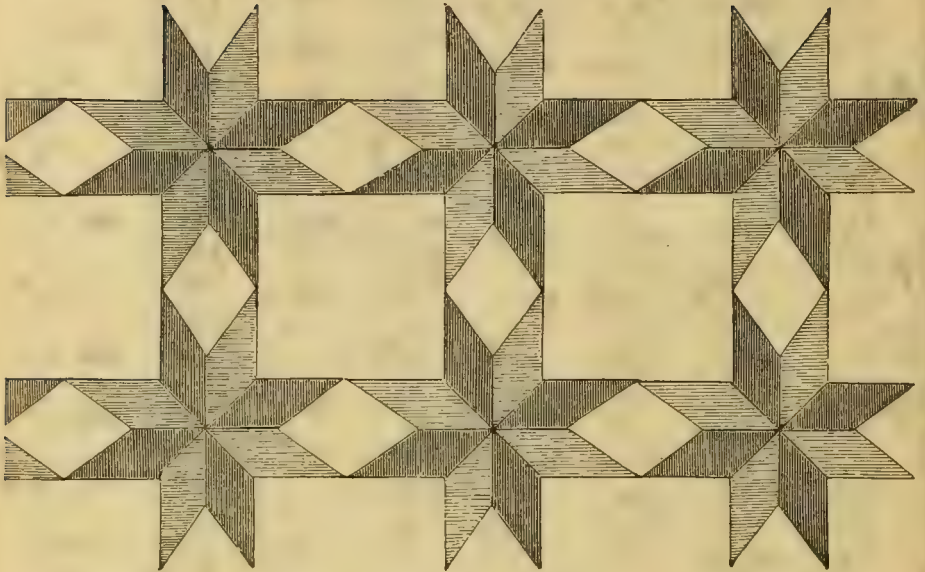
MAZOURKA, COMPOSÉE POUR LE PIANO, POUR GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

À mon ami, Habib Mollis, New York,

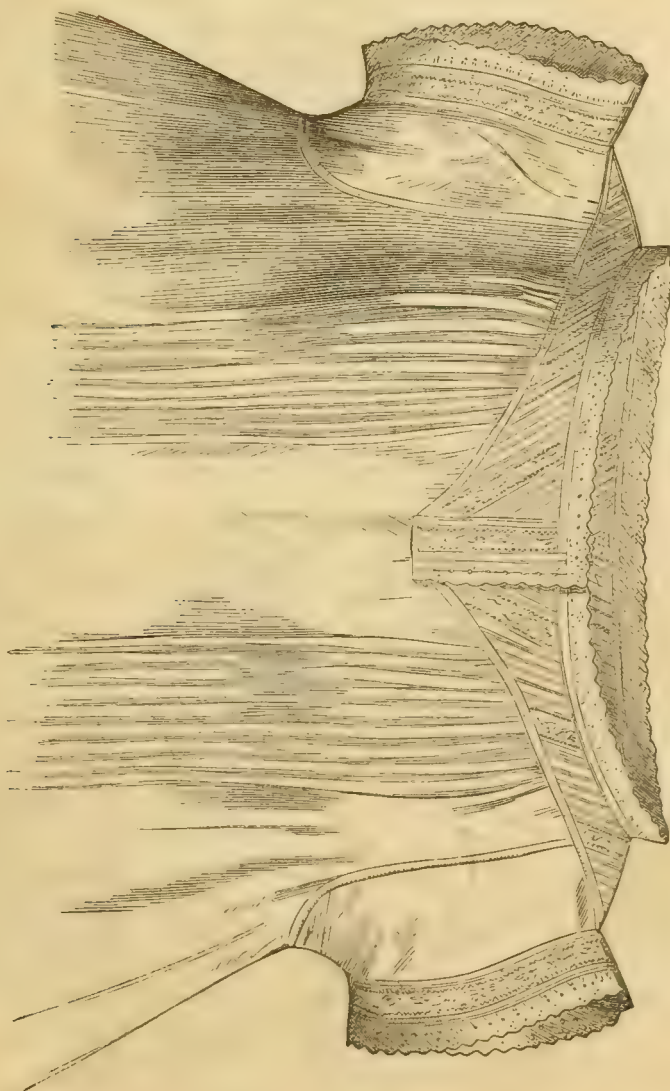
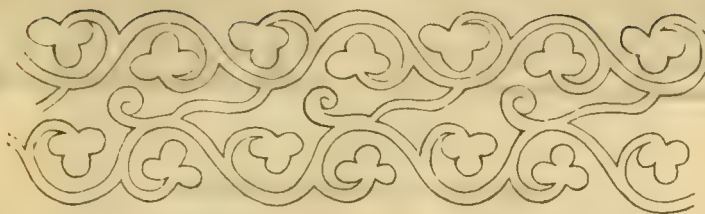
PAR EDWARD AMBUHL.

The musical score is written for piano and consists of two systems of staves. The first system contains four staves, and the second system contains four staves. The music is in 3/4 time and features a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings. The first system begins with a treble clef and a 3/4 time signature. The second system begins with a bass clef and a 3/4 time signature. The score is marked with 'mf' (mezzo-forte) and 'ff' (fortissimo) dynamics. The piece concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

PATCHWORK DESIGNS.

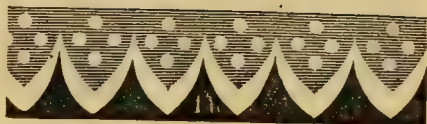


BRAIDING PATTERN.

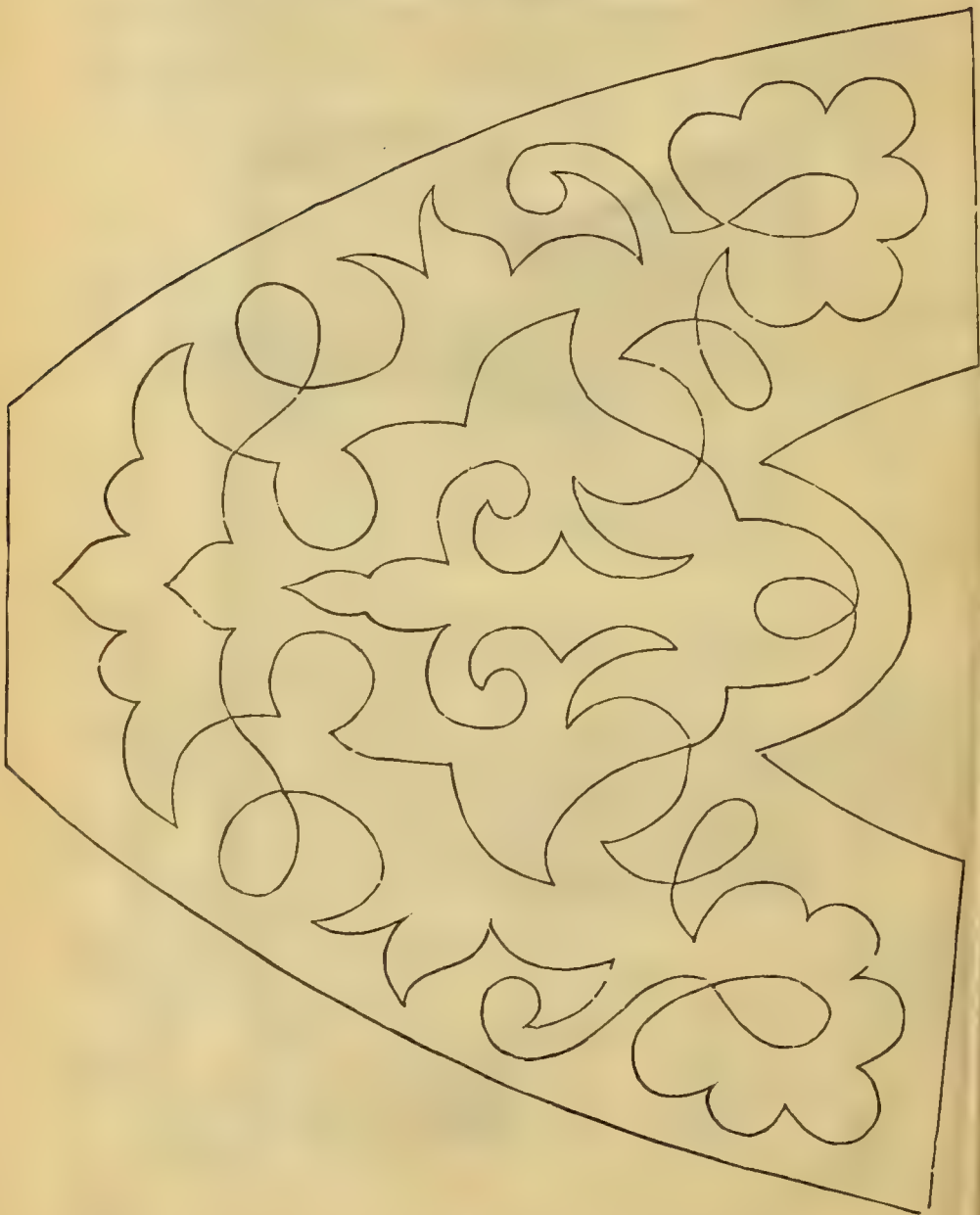


NEW STYLE OF POINTED YOKE CHEMISE.

EMBROIDERY.



BRAIDED SLIPPER PATTERN.

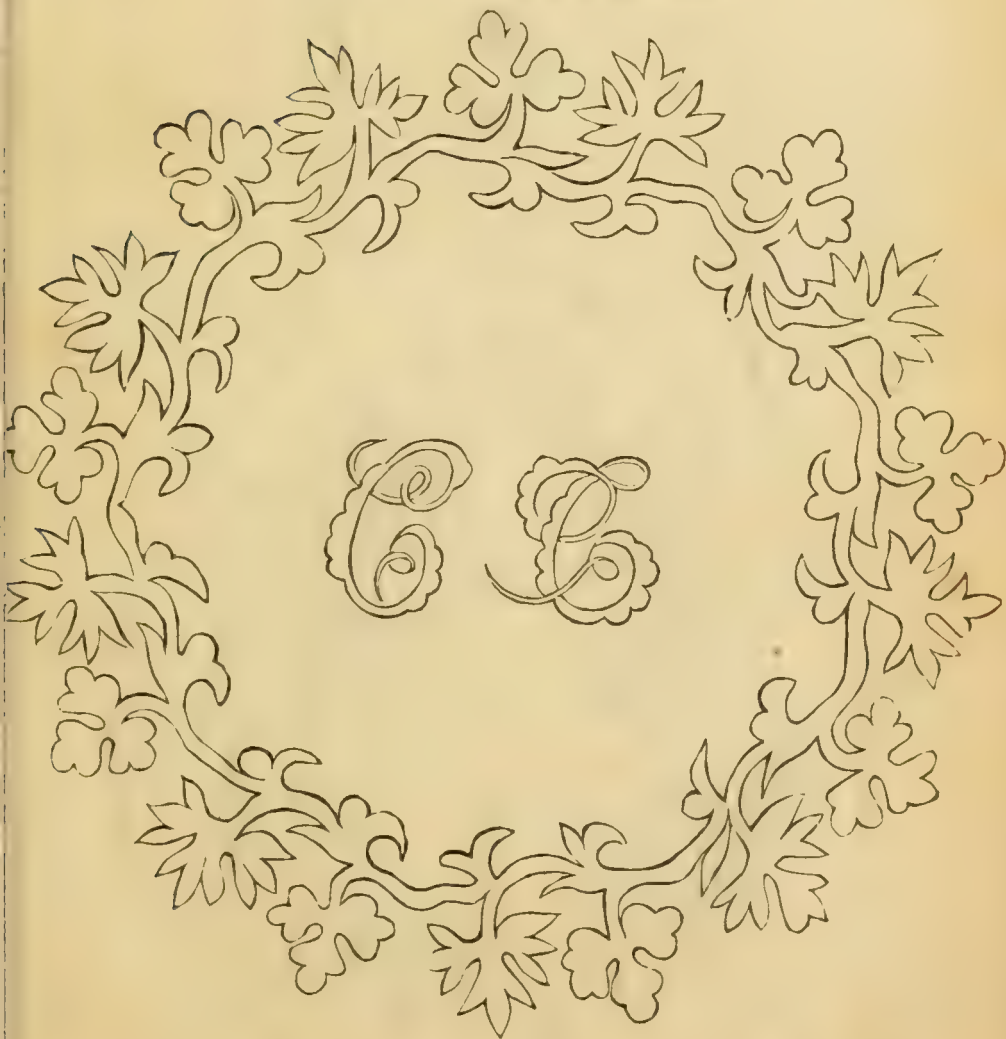


NAME FOR MARKING.



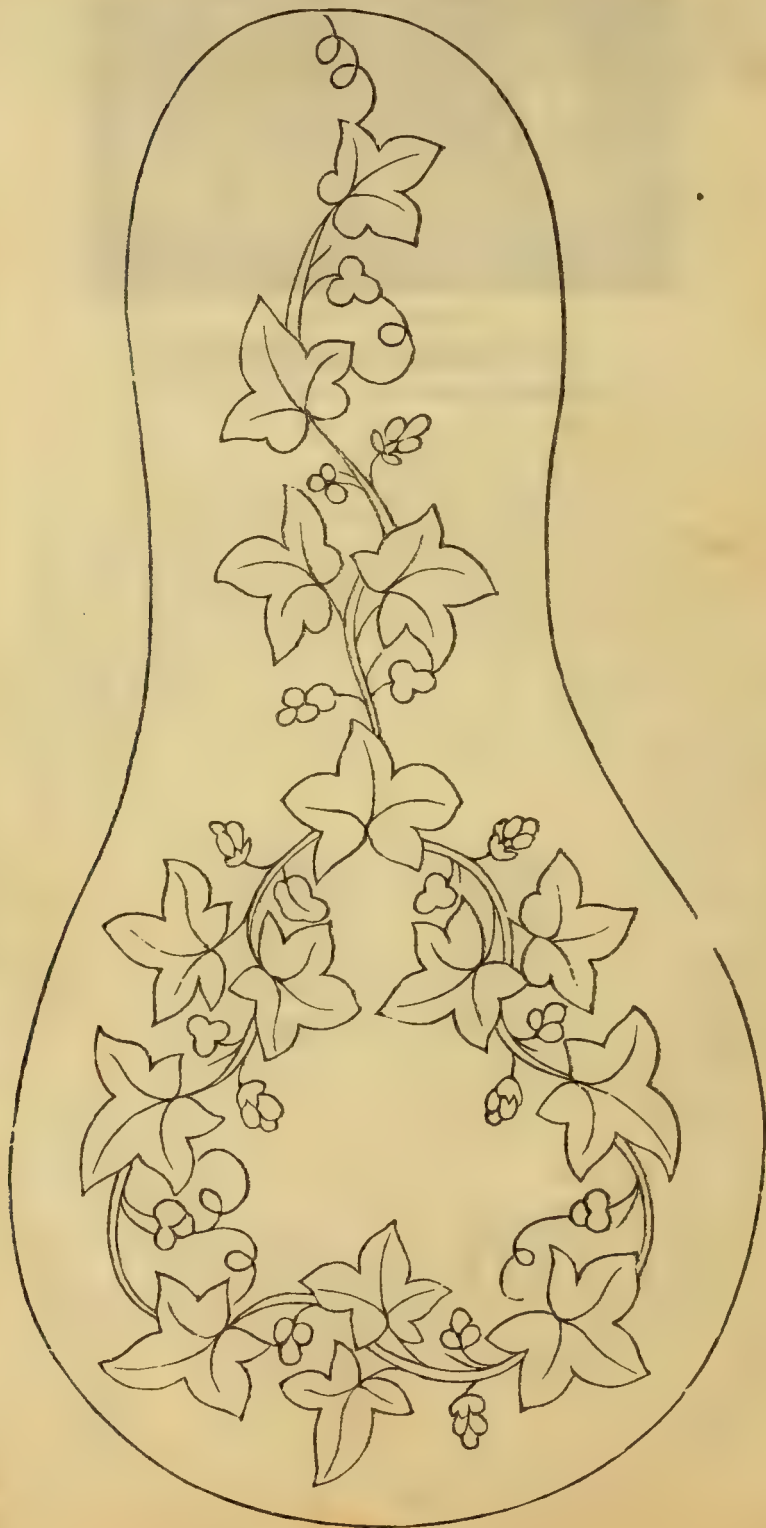
TOP OF TOILET OR PINCUSHION.

IN EMBROIDERY, OR BRAIDING IN FINE GOLD THREAD.



EMBROIDERED WATCH-CASE

TO BE WORKED ON VELVET OR CLOTH, WITH CHENILLE OR SILK.



GODEY'S

Lady's Book and Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA JUNE, 1861.

THE MANUFACTURE OF GUNPOWDER.

We should never advise any one, who is not called by duty, to visit a Powder Factory, for, firstly, you run a risk of being blown to nothing; and, secondly, you increase the danger in which the workmen are placed. So, to save you, reader, from these dangers, and to give you a clear account of the various processes that are gone through to produce this important element of war, we sit down to write. As we enter the gates we observe nothing very particular, and our guide seems to be used to all matters connected with the business, so we go gently on until we reach several large stacks of wood, alder and willow, which are standing there to be dried by the atmosphere, previous to being converted into *Charcoal*. Each piece of wood is about three feet in length, and the manner of burning is as follows: A series of iron cylinders, each about two feet six inches in diameter and five feet in length, are ranged in a building known as the cylinder house. Each of the cylinders is set in brick-work, so arranged that the hot air from the furnace plays quite round it, causing the heat on the upper and under sides to be uniform. Made to fit these cylinders are others of thinner iron and lighter make, capable of being drawn in or out at pleasure. In this portable cylinder, technically called a *slip*, the wood is put, and then pushed into the fixed cylinder and shut in by air-tight iron doors, or doors made air-tight by means of sand. As soon as the action of carbonization commences, all the gaseous products of the wood are expelled through a hole at the back of the cylinder, and thence into the flues, where they are burnt. Here is a twofold benefit. The gases are almost sufficient to convert the wood into charcoal, and the great nuisance which would

be caused by their escape into the atmosphere is avoided. After remaining in these cylinders at a low red heat for about six hours, the wood is perfectly carbonized. It is then allowed to cool; and when drawn out is charcoal of the purest quality, and is ready for grinding. This process is none other than that of grinding coffee. The charcoal is put into a hopper, from which it falls into the mill, is cut or crushed to pieces, passed through a reel covered with a canvas of the finest mesh, and is then fit to perform its part in the manufacture of gunpowder.

Sulphur is prepared by heating a quantity of crude sulphur in an iron pot, conducting the vapors into cool chambers, where they fall as a very fine powder, called flowers of sulphur. When the chamber becomes warm these flowers of sulphur melt, and run into cylindrical moulds, in which form the sulphur is called roll sulphur, and is quite pure. It is then ground and passed through a very fine sieve, when it also stands ready.

The last and most important ingredient is *Nitre*, or, as it is more commonly called, saltpetre. This is obtained chiefly from Bengal, and in its crude or "grough" state contains from one to twenty per cent. of impurities; common salt being the chief. In this state then it arrives, and before being used has to be freed from every impurity. This used to be done by repeated boilings and crystallizations; but now it is boiled once and passed (in a fluid state) into large shallow copper pans, called coolers. Now if allowed to cool at rest it forms itself into large crystals, which contain much that is impure; but if you can get the crystals small, there is little impurity to be found. This

is obtained by keeping the liquid constantly in motion during the cooling process; so that the nitre crystallizes in very small particles, so small indeed that the saltpetre thus crystallized is called *saltpetre flour*, and is, if carefully washed with distilled water, absolutely pure, and so fine that no grinding is necessary. Under the old system the saltpetre had to be thrice boiled, thrice set to cool in crystallizing pans, and then melted, run into moulds, cooled, and ground. We are indebted to the French for the new process.

After having then seen our ingredients carefully prepared, we now bring them together in a "house," called the "mixing house." They are here weighed in the following proportions:—

Saltetre	75	per cent.
Sulphur	10	" "
Charcoal	15	" "

These ingredients are then placed in the mixing machine, which is simply a wooden box, through which a shaft passes armed with long copper or gun-metal teeth. The shaft is made to turn on its axis very rapidly, and by means of the teeth the mass is intimately mixed. A bag is placed under the machine, a slide is withdrawn from the bottom, and the powder (for such it is now, but very weak) falls into the bag. The quantity placed in one bag is called a charge, and weighs between forty and fifty pounds. The charge (*green charge* called generally) is now ready for the incorporating mills, where the several ingredients, which before were only mixed, are now incorporated, or very intimately combined, by means of a heavy grinding pressure. Imagine a large round dish of iron. In the centre of the dish is an upright shaft, made to turn by means of gear-work underneath the floor; on this dish are placed two wheels, called runners, made of iron or stone, each weighing three or four tons. Through the centre of each runner a horizontal spindle passes, which spindle also passes through the upright shaft before mentioned, cutting it at right angles. When the upright shaft is put in motion of course it carries round these runners, which perform about ten revolutions per minute. The weight of the runners causes great pressure upon the powder, which is spread equally over the bottom of the dish, and the small circle in which the runners revolve causes the grinding, by which means, and the aid of water, the intimate mechanical combination of the ingredients, upon which the strength of the powder entirely depends, is obtained. The time necessary to bring the powder

to its proper strength varies from one hour to ten, according to the quality required. One manufacturer has patented a process by which he causes the bottom of the dish to be *heated*, by which means he obtains the required strength in a much shorter time. When taken from these mills it is in broken cakes of a grayish color, and about half an inch in thickness. It is now called mill-cake, and has attained its greatest strength—all after processes decreasing its explosive force, but increasing its durability.

From the incorporating mills it is taken to the *press house*, where the mill-cake is passed between cylindrical toothed rollers, which in motion turn towards each other, and crush the powder again to dust. On one side of this press house you see a large cubical box placed between four iron columns, which support a huge cross-bar of iron, called a cap; underneath the cap is suspended a cube of wood to fit the box which stands below. The powder, when broken down, is carried to this box, on the bottom of which a layer of it is placed. This layer of powder is covered with a sheet of copper, and on the copper is placed another layer of powder, then another sheet of copper, and so on, alternately a layer of powder and a sheet of copper, until the box is full. A man then turns a small cock, the box begins to rise, and pushes itself against the piece of wood suspended beneath the cap. As this wood fits the box, the box keeps rising, but as it rises the powder is compressed to the requisite hardness. But how is the box made to rise? By hydraulic pressure. The box stands upon the *ram*, as it is called; this ram fits into an iron cylinder; into the cylinder water is forced, which raises the ram and of course the box placed upon it. The pressure obtained is generally about four tons to the square inch upon the ram. When the pressure is taken off, and the box opened, the powder and copper are compressed into one solid mass; but a few hard blows with a wooden mallet soon cause the cakes to separate. The copper plates are put aside for future use; the cakes of powder, about two feet six inches square and one-eighth of an inch in thickness, are carried to the breaking-down machine, where they are again passed between the toothed rollers and broken into pieces hard and black, of irregular forms, varying from an inch and a half to half an inch in length. The powder is now fit for granulating or *corning*, as it is called. Before we leave this house we may just get a glimpse at the men here, and yet the men you cannot see, only their intensely black faces and lively eyes. Strong men and true, no doubt, to their

employers, but not always conscious that while careful for "the master," they are caring for their own lives.

We take leave of the press house, then, and follow the hard pieces of powder to the granulating house. Here we are in great danger, and not very well able to see it on account of the "dust" flying about. However, we can perceive the "house" is tolerably full of machinery; consisting principally of the toothed cylindrical rolls and "Jacob's Ladders." These "Jacobs" are endless straps passing over wooden wheels, each strap has a number of cups fixed upon it. The powder is "shot" into a hopper on the floor; at the bottom of this hopper one of the wooden wheels rotates, and over it the endless strap passes. In the downward journey the cup is inverted, but no sooner does it get its turn on the bottom wheel that it rights itself, and not only so, but fills itself with powder, which it carefully carries to the housetop, and as it turns on the upper wheel shoots its load headforemost into another hopper, from which it passes between the rollers, and is crushed into the required sized grain. So these "Jacobs" save the trouble and expense of having men to carry up the powder on their backs. The powder here is not only granulated, but a large portion of the dust is taken from it and returned to the incorporating mills.

We have now the powder in grains of various sizes and of a very dull grayish brown color, not much like the powder of commerce. But we shall get it so much like that, that you will recognize it wherever you may meet with it. From the granulating house it is carried to the rubbing house, where the powder is placed in cylindrical vessels of wood or canvas, and rapidly turned upon the vessels' axes. By this motion the grains of powder are hardened, and by the attrition they gain a glossy appearance and look bluish-black. This rubbing of the powder is a great deterioration to the explosive quality of the powder; it makes it less angular, but, as a counterbalance, it is much more durable, being less impervious to moisture than before. Well, having whirled it in the cylinders for ten or twelve hours, and having seen it brought out, and noted its different appearance, we follow it to the drying house. Not long since it used to be dried as follows: The powder was spread upon canvas cases and placed in racks round a room, called the *store*; into the wall of this building a huge iron pot was built: not standing on its bottom, but so placed that the bottom of the pot should project into the room while the mouth was outside.

In this a fire was kindled, and the bottom of the pot heated to a red heat. Pleasant, certainly, when one entered to see the round red pot glaring in amongst the powder and threatening death and destruction to all. Now the stove is heated by means of steam pipes passing through it, and the temperature usually obtained is about 130. For twenty hours it rests in this warm climate, during which time it parts with all its moisture except about nine per cent. At this stage the powder is somewhat dusty and of different-sized grains; two things then are required, to clean it from the dust, and to separate the grains into the various sizes, for large or small arms. To accomplish these ends, the powder is transported from the stove to the dusting house.

The dusting house, as its name implies, is the place where the powder is dusted, or finally cleansed from any remaining dust. This is an important affair, as the fouling or not fouling of the gun depends greatly upon this matter. It is generally performed by causing the powder to run through a series of reels covered with open canvas, which reels are rapidly whirled round, and while they are in motion all the very fine powder or dust falls through the canvas. When properly dusted, the different-sized grains have to be separated one from another; the "large grain" for artillery; the "fine grain" for rifles; the "double F." and "treble F." for sporting purposes; and so on. When separated it is carefully weighed, put into barrels, headed up, and carried away to magazines, quite finished and ready for use.

These various processes cannot be carried on without much risk to life and property, hence the necessity that exists for the greatest possible care throughout all departments. Every man has clothes to be used only in the houses, so that there can be no chance of the least particle of grit getting on to the clothes, neither is any man permitted to wear metal buttons. All shoes are exchanged for shoes made only of leather, no nails of any kind; and these are worn only in the houses. In the machinery brass and copper are largely employed, because from them it is almost impossible to strike fire; and to prevent any friction under foot should grit get into the houses, the floors are carefully covered with leather. Still, with all these precautions, accidents are not entirely avoided, though greatly diminished.

At the present day, the uneducated Hindoo girl, by the use of her hands simply, could

surpass the delicacy and fineness of texture-productions of the most perfect machinery, in the manufacture of cotton and muslin cloths. In England, cotton has been spun so fine, that it would require a thread of 450 miles in length to weigh a pound; but the Hindoo girl had,

by her hands, constructed a thread which would require to be extended 1,000 miles to weigh a pound; and the Deccale muslins of her manufacture, when spread on the ground, and covered with dew, are no longer visible.

MAGNETIZED INTO MARRIAGE.

BY METTA VICTORIA VICTOR.

"It's both annoying and ridiculous!"

"Yes, it is, indeed!"

"Just to think, Kennon! Here I am to be married to-night, and it's now four o'clock P. M., and I have 'nothing to wear' but this dusty, dirty, disagreeable travelling suit. Some outrageous rascal stole my carpet-bag, and vamosed, and here I am, minus all the necessities, except the ring; *that*, I believe, is safe in my vest pocket."

"Oh, that's all! I thought it was something else which you referred to as annoying and ridiculous," said his friend, the groomsman elect, who had come to the depot to receive him.

"What can be more so?" cried the young man, savagely. "Just look at me! And there isn't a ready-made clothing store in this little village, I'll be bound; and if there is, do you suppose I can obtain *such* cloth, and *such* a fit! That suit was a miracle in the way of fit and becomingness. It made me even handsomer than usual, so you may judge. If you had a drop of generous blood in your veins, you would pity me."

"I do pity you sincerely, but not for the loss of your wedding-suit."

"What for, then?—my prospective misery?" laughed the expectant lover, with a toss of his head, as he stole a look in the little dusty mirror of the station-house. "O dear! I do look shockingly, Kennon. You'll have to lend me a suit; and you're shorter and broader than I. It will never do for Emily's lace and white satin to brush against these soiled habiliments. I've a mind to have the wedding delayed until I can send back to town."

"There will be no necessity for your delaying it."

"And I couldn't disappoint myself so much, if there was. If Emily is waiting to have me, I cannot be so cruel to her—O no!"

Kennon looked in the bright triumphant face before him, the face of a man elate with happi-

ness, on which the loss of the important carpet-bag had thrown a shade of annoyance, as if truly to set off its light. His own expression was grave. He opened his lips and shut them once or twice before he could force himself to say what had to be said. "The loss of your wedding-suit is really quite *à propos*"—with an attempt to smile; "when you have lost the bride, you do not need the apparel."

Stewart Cameron looked up quickly at his friend; and, meeting his troubled eye, stammered out, "Is Emily dead?"

"O no, not so bad as that, but she—she—"

"Be quick with your bad news."

"Ran away last night with her cousin Gardiner."

"Indeed! I wish her good luck with him."

The tone of quiet scorn deceived his friend for an instant; but when he raised his eyes again, he saw, by the sunken, haggard look which had fallen upon all that bloom and sparkle, that the blight had been as sharp as it was sudden. He feared that Stewart would fall, and said: "Take my arm, and I will tell you all I know about it as we walk along."

"Where shall we go?" asked Stewart, with the vague air of one who has had a blow, and is struggling back to consciousness.

"To her father's. Yes, they are expecting you. They want to receive you, and testify their sympathy, and their own trouble about it. Mrs. Bell charged me not to return without you. I feel sorry for her—not only the impropriety of the affair, and the gossip attendant, but she liked you as much as she disliked Gardiner. She has spent the day in tears."

"They are married, are they not?"

"Yes; the ceremony was performed in the next village, during the stoppage of the train at the station. Everything was well planned. I presume you passed them to-day on the road. Nobody wonders that Gardiner Bell should do a dishonorable thing; but that Emily should prove so treacherous is astonishing. I see no

reason for her having played such a game, since no one compelled an engagement against her wishes."

"Compelled it!" muttered Stewart, between his shut teeth. "I believed that girl loved me, Kennon, as much as I believed there was a heaven above us."

"I have a curious theory," continued his friend, "but I do not expect you nor any of her friends to give faith to it. I believe he has bewitched her; that is, influenced her by other agencies than her own free will to the step she has taken. I believe he has magnetized her, or something—I hardly know what myself; but gained some unholy ascendancy over her will. I believe that she *did* love you—perhaps still does; but that he has exerted some strange fascination over her which has finally led her away, struggling to the last. I do not think it was in Emily's nature to have allowed these preparations for the wedding to go on, if she had been purposing this catastrophe all the time."

In the mind of the unhappy man beside him floated a vision of her whom he had come to marry, and found a living lie. The face, child-like in its innocence, with the trusting eyes, the trembling, sensitive mouth, the fair forehead; it wore a look which he had never seen upon it—not of careless audacity for the falsehood she had acted, not of shame and contrition, but a frightened, pleading look, in which terror and sorrow lurked, a hesitation, a struggle, as if compelled by some unknown power in a direction she was averse to taking. Involuntarily he stretched out his hand, as if answering her cry to be saved. The next instant he sneered at his own fancy, and walked on more firmly than before.

He would not have obeyed the request of Emily's family to come to them if he had not cherished a feeling of filial affection and reverence for her mother. A fierce rebellion arose in his mind against the sympathy which he felt would be lavished upon him. He was haughty and self-reliant, defying the pity or curiosity of the world; but when he came in sight of the 'familiar mansion,' when he walked up the shadowy avenue, through the broad, old-fashioned hall, into the parlor, and saw, standing to receive him, Emily's mother, pale, with tears on her cheeks, he was unnerved. Going to her quickly, he flung his arms about her, kissing her forehead with quivering lips. As he led her to a seat and bade her rest herself, looking up, he saw standing in the window a young lady who so closely resembled Emily that for an instant he was deceived. His mistake was

apparent to him almost before it was made; it was a relative; probably the cousin whom she had written to him was to play the part of bridesmaid. She was looking at him earnestly, but her eyes fell upon meeting his. A strange sensation oppressed him upon encountering her glance, which he threw off with an effort.

"Valencia, my dear," said Mrs. Bell, as soon as she could speak, "this is Mr. Cameron. You know each other, though you have never met before. Stewart, this is Miss Wood, my niece, who was Emily's best-beloved and most intimate cousin."

Miss Wood came forward and shook hands with him. He had often heard that she was just the stature and age of Emily, that there was a very strong resemblance to each other. They were, indeed, almost surprisingly alike; the same wavy brown hair, the same clear blue in the eyes, the same lightness and pliancy of the rounded form; yet there was a difference in expression, more apparent to Stewart than it had ever been to any one else. She looked as Emily *ought* to have looked, considering the part she had played; a "lurking devil in the eye," so very prudent, so very alert that no one but a person of Stewart's discernment would have detected it at all. Swimming behind that lovely azure, he saw it dart forth and draw itself back again instantly, while one could look down into the unfathomable depths of Emily's eyes and see nothing but calm and purity to the very bottom of the soul; at least, so it *had* always been, but of course those eyes had been lying ones, too. He, with all his knowledge of men and women, all his unusual quickness of perception and coolness of judgment, had been egregiously deceived, fooled! He almost flung away the soft hand which pressed his with silent sympathy, whereat the young girl opened her eyes a trifle wider, and then smiled. The smile seemed to say, "You are excusable for any degree of rudeness to-day, poor Mr. Cameron!" and irritated him like a finger laid upon the bare flesh.

He felt sorry for his hasty judgment when he perceived the delicacy with which she withdrew until Mrs. Bell could relate to him the particulars of Emily's flight, as far as known, and all the painful conjectures, doubts, and fears which distressed her.

"She had remarked," she observed, in the midst of her narration, "that Emily had not seemed so happy for the last three or four weeks; she had grown pale, was restless at night, ate but little, and would lose herself, in the moments of busiest occupation, in idle reve-

ries; yet when started from these by the playful rallying of her companion, her face would be full of gloom, sometimes of terror, instead of the blushes and smiles most natural to the circumstances. Yet she (the mother) would not and could not believe that these moods were caused by anything more serious than passing regrets at leaving her home, and timid apprehensions of that future state to which she yet looked forward with eagerness; the tumult of joy and fear common to betrothed maidens near the threshold of marriage. She had observed no intimacy between Emily and the cousin with whom she had so strangely eloped. None of the family approved of the young man; he had never visited them frequently, owing to the coldness with which they treated him since an avowal of love for Emily which he had made three years ago, when she was but fifteen years of age. Their reasons for disliking him was their knowledge of the natural want of integrity which he had displayed from a child, and their fears that his habits were not those to make a wife happy. Then, too, although they gave him credit for being as much attached to her as it was in his nature to be to any one, they knew that her fortune was the principal object with him in seeking to marry her. Within the last fortnight," continued Mrs. Bell, "he has called here more frequently than ever before. As Valencia came here about that time, and he appeared to come as a relative, to make himself agreeable to her, and as Emily's wedding was so near at hand, and there was always young company and much gaiety about the house, we treated him with less coldness. But, ah me! who could have anticipated so woful a result?"

Mrs. Bell wept silently as she concluded her story. Stewart Cameron paced the lengths of the parlors distractedly, and Mr. Bell, coming in, almost groaned as he shook him by the hand. Kennon remained in the little tea-room off the parlors, trying to keep up conversation with Valencia, for he was too solicitous about his friend to leave him. When a servant summoned the family to tea, the dainties which were to have furnished "the marriage table" seemed like "funeral baked meats." But little was eaten, and that in silence and constraint. Everywhere was some reminder of the feasting and merriment which were to have filled the now desolate house.

During the evening, Valencia played and sang a little, but the time wore away drearily, until Kennon took leave, and then Mrs. Bell herself offered to show Stewart to his chamber.

"We mourn her as one dead," said she, as she stepped in with him, closing the door and looking about. "Oh, Stewart! this was to have been the bridal-chamber. Look here, upon this bed; she left them all behind; they were prepared in honor of you."

He looked, and saw the exquisite dress of pearl-colored silk, the light over-robe of misty lace, the delicate handkerchief, the prayer-book, gloves, the wreath and veil—all but the lovely form which should have inhabited these bridal garments.

"Mrs. Bell, I have a curious request to make of you. I wish you would give these to me. They shall be to me a reminder of what was to have been. I will give them to my spiritual bride. Henceforth women are nothing to me—that is, no one but you, whose heart I know; but if I wish to please my starved fancy with the picture of a wife such as I hoped for, I will fill this apparel with an imaginary form, which I will dream is mine, and true to me."

She could not laugh at the sad conceit; her own feelings were too miserable. She answered that they were his, to take away with him, if he wished; and, bidding him good night, left him to the solitude created by the broken promise of her who was to have been with him.

It might have been midnight, or later, that Stewart Cameron, alone with his thoughts, felt the heat of the June night intolerable. Either the air was really oppressive, or his own thick-crowding emotions suffocated him. The windows were open, and out of one of these he leaned, breathing the odor of roses from the vines which hung thickly along the trellis-work of the porch beneath him. The roses of the year before had heard him tell the story of his love to blushing cheeks and kindling eyes; and every one knows there is nothing like the ghosts of vanished perfumes to haunt the memory with undying tenacity. The night was dark, except for the few wild stars which peered through the warm clouds which promised rain for to-morrow. Leaning there, breathing that haunting sweetness, and staring out into blank space, Stewart became aware of some one cautiously approaching the house from one of the side avenues. His senses were preternaturally acute that night, and he saw the men, who didn't see him, steal along and enter the porch. The next moment, there was the whisper of voices mingled with the fragrance floating up to him. He might have thought of house-breakers, or of the parlor-maid giving audience to some lover; but the first words were audible

to him, driving all inference away, in the desire to hear every syllable.

"Is she here?"

"Who? Emily?"

"Yes, Emily! confound her! You don't mean to say she is not here?"

"Of course she is not. How does it happen she is not with you? What have you come back for?"

"She has run away; actually given me the slip, and now I'm in a pretty kettle of fish. But the knot is tied, tight as the parson can tie it, and no power on earth shall keep her away from me."

"How did it happen that she left you?"

"I don't know much more about it than you do; but the fact is, Valencia, after we got away from you, the spell didn't seem to more than half work. She went to the minister's all right, and was married willingly enough—I can swear him to testify to that; but soon after, she began to look uneasy, to start, and be nervous, and then she got to crying, and finally asked me to take her back home. I told her we were married now, and going home would do no good; that I wanted her to go with me to visit my friends in Chicago, and that we'd go up the lakes and all around before we returned. So she said no more, and seemed reconciled. We were riding all the time in the cars, for I feared pursuit, and wanted to get out of harm's way. We rode all night, till, about nine in the morning, the cars stopped for breakfast at a station. She breakfasted with me, and I left her in the ladies' room a moment, while I bought myself some cigars, and when I went for her she was gone. I rushed into the cars and ran through them, for they were about to start, but I could see her nowhere. Just as I left them to return to the station, they moved off, and at the same time a train from the opposite direction also left the depot. It struck me in an instant that she had secreted herself aboard of that train for the purpose of returning home, and I darted after it, caught the last platform, dragged myself up, and rode all the way back in the same car with that poor fellow that I cut out so nicely. I should have delighted myself with the idea of his disappointment, if I hadn't been so uneasy. But you see, Val, I went carefully through and through the train, and there was no Emily to be seen. So I just stepped off at the station next this village, and waited till dark before I came over. I still thought she would take the next train, and be here by this time. I'm glad she isn't, for I'm bound to find her and keep her. She's mine,

and she's got to stay mine.' She'll be a little restive at first, but she'll get accustomed to me in course of time. It was lucky you saw me this evening, when you passed down the garden-walk with that young gentleman. Did you pick up my note?"

"Of course, or how should I have kept the appointment?"

"By the way, how do you like the discarded bridegroom?"

"Oh, very much; more, even, than I expected. He's just the man worth risking one's life for. He'll be difficult to conquer, but that will make my triumph the more splendid."

"Glad you fancy him, Val. Wish you good luck. He was part of the consideration, you know. But just at this crisis I'd like a little of your wit to help me in this new state of affairs. What had I best do about finding Emily? I didn't know she had any purse of her own with her. I don't know but she'll commit suicide, or go insane, or something. I wish your power had extended a little farther, Valencia. You have influenced her will, but you haven't made her love me, after all."

"Did I promise to?"—with a little laugh which made the listener shiver. "No, Gardiner, I've fulfilled my part of the agreement; and if you can't win her love after you've got her for a wife, it will be your own fault. You've too good an opinion of yourself to despair."

"Don't be sarcastic, Val; not with me. What I want of you is—if she should get back here before I know, to renew your influence over her, and make her pliable to my wishes. She's my wife, you know; married me of her own free will."

"Apparently—yes!"

"That person is not going to prolong his stay, is he? I should think delicacy would induce him to get away from here as quickly as possible."

"He shall stay as long as I can induce him, that's certain—or where would my chances be? If Emily should make her appearance here, what can she say or do? No force, no unreasonable or unlawful persuasion has been used. She is your wife, and must submit to it. She'll realize soon enough the necessities of the case. Still, I hope you can keep her away from here for the present, for my sake. But I must go in, Gardiner; it's too damp here for me, and I wish to look my best in the morning."

The interview was ended; the conspirators (if such they were) parted, leaving their listener in a state of excitement unparalleled in his

experience. Joy that Emily was free from the presence and attentions of that detestable man, fear that she yet might be found by him and held as his wife, unable to escape him however much she might loathe him, disputed with each other, overwhelming his own loss, his terrible conviction that she was bound to another by ties which denied her to him forever, and blent with all was wonder at the mystery which involved the whole case. Again that face, appealing and terrified, and those eyes which seemed to cry out to him, floated before his mental vision, until he felt as if he must fly—fly where? and to what purpose?

The brief night of that season soon gave place to the harbingers of dawn. By four o'clock it was light; by five he was down upon the porch, unquiet and watchful, waiting to see Mrs. Bell and tell her what he had heard, so that they might immediately decide upon what steps to take. As he walked there, unmindful of the refreshing morning breeze, another person came out to speak with him.

A moss-rose could not be sweeter or more modest than Valencia Wood, as she appeared this morning. She seemed afraid to insult his troubles with her pity, speaking to him so gently, looking at him so timidly.

"You did not rest last night, Mr. Cameron; you are pale, and your hand is hot"—dropping it, with a little sigh. She had taken it as she greeted him, without any advance upon his part.

"I did not rest!" thundered Stewart, with a look which made her recoil. "You did not expect that I would. But I heard and saw what you also did not expect I would. Tell me, girl, what unholy power you have used over Emily! Do not deny. Remember! I heard every word which you and *he* uttered here, on this spot, last night."

Her eyelids trembled and her color changed, but presently she raised her eyes with a look of surprise and resentment. "What do you mean, Mr. Cameron?"

"Do you dare to affect ignorance, Miss Valencia? I am not a man to be trifled with. You, if you are a woman, and that dishonorable friend of yours shall suffer all the punishment I can heap upon you. You shall be disgraced, at least."

"Either you have dreamed, Mr. Cameron, or your sudden loss has disordered your intellect. You address strange language to me, which I bear with at present as we bear with the sick or insane. He must be laboring under some

singular delusion," she added, half aside, and eying him suspiciously.

Stewart was perplexed. Facts which seemed appallingly certain a few moments before began to grow dim and confused. He could not, for the life of him, arrange them systematically in his mind, and bring one to bear upon another. Had he indeed been dreaming? "Absurd! impossible!" So he muttered to himself, and looked into Valencia's eyes steadily, to confirm himself, as one, in trying to grasp a thought which has escaped, will look into the eyes of another.

"Tell me what it was you dreamed," she said, in the manner of a person soliciting the confidence of a child.

"But I *did not* dream!"

"You must have dreamed, Mr. Cameron."

Her low voice, patient and kind, soothed and disarmed him. Yes! he had had a frightful dream. He could have sworn to it as a verity, which must have been owing to the feverish state of his mind, for now he perceived it to have been a phantom; and he walked to and fro, with the young lady keeping step with him, feeling all his hopes and fears subside, and the dull pain settling down again.

They continued thus until breakfast was announced. Valencia was not forward in conversation, occasionally remarking upon some trifling subject. She did not annoy him with questions, nor with expressions of sympathy. When she spoke, only the under-current of feeling in her tones betrayed her generous pity.

How much she was like Emily! Stewart felt it more with every added glance and word. Twin sisters never more closely resembled each other. Ah, if he could persuade himself that she was what Emily ought to have been, he might fling the past to the winds. The shadow of such a thought just hovered on the borders of his mind for an instant, and vanished the next, as if it had not been. Again it trembled back, as we have seen spots of sunshine flicker across the gloom of some closed room, coming and going through some almost imperceptible interstice.

"Valencia, my love, you and Stewart must not forget breakfast!"—and Mrs. Bell stepped out to bid her guest good-morning. "It is five minutes since Nora summoned us."

They went in together. It was evident that Mrs. Bell reposed great confidence in her niece, and felt a warm affection for her. She treated her with the tenderness of a mother.

"Surely these people know her well. I must have been totally mistaken in my first impres-

sions." And Stewart mentally begged pardon for the injustice he had done her in his thoughts.

With the intention of winning him from himself, Valencia offered, when breakfast was over, to play for him, as she understood he was fond of music. She took pride in her skill as a musician, and put on no false airs deprecating her own ability. She played as if to challenge his criticism, and he praised her sincerely.

The occurrences of the past night receded farther and farther away, only returning to him at intervals with a startling distinctness which for a few moments would overpower him. He would reach for his hat and stride forth, as if called of an imperative voice, only to grow doubtful, to hesitate, to return. All the forenoon, Valencia exerted herself to entertain him, succeeding better as the hours rolled on, until her aunt solicited her assistance about some feminine employment, and he was left alone.

When she was away, Stewart began to doubt himself and her. He realized the plain, unvarnished fact of the night before; he wondered how he could have deluded himself with the idea that it was a dream. "She has bewitched me as she did Emily. I will not see her again. I will leave this house instantly. I will say nothing to any one of my plans, but I will upset this planet but I will find that poor lost child, and set my mind at rest. If she has married of her own choice, I will bid her God speed; if she has been the victim of any infernal plot, I will be her avenger."

Calling a servant who was passing through the hall, he asked for Mrs. Bell—to speak with her alone a moment; and when she came, he told her he wished to bid her farewell for the present, but that she would see him again soon. He would leave the articles she had given him as surety of his swift return. Would she care for them sacredly until he claimed them?

His hostess remonstrated against his abrupt departure.

"I am going to try and find Emily," whispered Stewart. "I have good reason to know that her flight was a forced one; that strange means have been used for her deception. I am bound to know the truth, for my own sake, for yours, for hers. You may trust my discretion, Mrs. Bell. You are her mother, and know that I only seek her good. Let me go. If I ascertain that she has been sacrificed to the wishes and ambitions of others, I will put you in possession of facts immediately. I will not say now whom I suspect. Do not be surprised to

see Emily here any moment. She has fled from that man. Do not look at me as if I were wild. I tell you I *know* it. If she comes, keep watch over her; protect her from all untoward influence, *especially Valencia!*"

"There is Emily now!" almost shrieked the mother.

Stewart followed her glance, and saw, standing in the window where he had seen Valencia the day before, Emily, looking at them with dreary, haggard eyes, her face pale, her lips quivering as if she were trying to speak, wearing her travelling bonnet and shawl. As they started towards her, she walked away, and when they reached the porch she was nowhere to be seen. They hastened to look around the corner of the house, and encountered Valencia, her bonnet swinging on her arm.

"We have seen Emily; she was at this window an instant ago," gasped Mrs. Bell. "Did you meet her?"

"Meet her? No, my dear aunt, and you did not see her. It was I who stood in the window."

"You!" exclaimed both.

"Certainly"—laughing. "Did I look so much like Emily?"

"But how could you have on her bonnet and shawl?"

"I did not, dear auntie; I had on my own. Here is the bonnet. You sent me to the garden for flowers. It was your thinking so much about poor Emily that gave her dress and expression to me. Do, dear, dear aunt, try and be less troubled."

Mrs. Bell and Stewart looked at each other.

"You both of you act demented," still jested the young lady. "Shall I prove my own identity? Well, then, Mr. Cameron, I stood at the window and overheard you tell my aunt that you were going away; also to '*beware of Valencia!*' Now, what did you mean by that? I shall have a great deal to forgive, I'm afraid. Come! relinquish your idea of departing before dinner, and walk with me in the garden. There is a *Victoria Regia* just opening. Did you ever see one in full bloom? This royal plant floats on the bosom of its silver basin like the very dove of peace. It will calm you just to look at it."

Her fingers rested lightly on his arm, leading him away. Mrs. Bell watched her a moment.

"How much tact Valencia has!" she thought to herself, admiringly. "She is a noble girl! I hope, if Stewart ever recovers from the shock of Emily's treatment, that he will offer himself to Valencia. She is poor, too, and needs just

such a husband to gratify her fastidious taste, and support her in the position she is entitled to. O dear! my heart palpitates yet with the fright I got when I mistook her for my poor child." And, with a sigh, she returned to the house, leaving the young couple leaning against the edge of the marble basin, inhaling the heavy odors of the superb flower.

The remainder of that day Stewart Cameron was lost in an intoxicating dream. The rich perfume of the *Victoria Regia* acted like an opiate upon him, or, rather, like a taste of the vision-bringing *haschich*, transfusing his senses until the things about were floating in atmospheres of gold, warmed through with flushes of rose. He felt too indolent to any longer pursue his purpose of seeking Emily. A delicious languor enthralled his will; he yielded easily to the guidance of Valencia, who chatted with him, half playfully, half seriously, by the fountain, looking herself like some living lily, except for the soft fire in her blue eyes. Stewart vexed himself to think whether it were her breath or the creamy flower beside them which gave forth such sweet aromas. When the sun beat down his meridian heat upon the garden, they sought refuge in the cool parlors, and still Valencia hovered by his side. When Kennon called, she left for a few moments, to change her morning dress, returning soon, brilliant, and beautifully attired.

"I tell you what it is," said Stewart, following his friend out upon the avenue, at the expiration of his call, "I am not certain that I shall so much regret Emily's conduct. That cousin of hers is a remarkable girl."

"Very remarkable!" spoke up Kennon, quickly, curling his lip. "My friend, are you mad?"

"So I have been told twice or thrice to-day," laughed Cameron.

"Well, I believe it. Take my advice, and get away from her. It is my opinion that she has made all the trouble."

"Impossible! How could Valencia make trouble? Mrs. Bell regards her as a daughter; they all love and respect her," spoke the young man, with haste, oblivious of his own expressions, made a few hours ago.

"I don't know how she has made it. But she can't deceive me, nor influence me. She has tried her game with me; but, fortunately, I am not impressible. She didn't find a bit of imagination to work upon. My nerves are good, and my fancy stolid. Get your hat, Cameron, and take a walk; it will do you good."

He obeyed, with evident reluctance. Valen-

cia would have prevented his going; but Kennon kept by his side, and she was obliged to allow him to depart.

It was sunset when they went out, and almost nine in the evening when Stewart returned. Miss Wood was watching for him on the steps, a light scarf thrown over her head and shoulders, and the full power of the moon shining upon her.

"You have stayed away a great while," she said. "It is too lovely a night to be lost indoors. I have been out all the evening. See how the roses glow in the moonlight."

"It was to have been my honeymoon!" exclaimed he, bitterly.

She did not speak; but her eyes, lustrous and warm, down-wavering beneath his, put the question into his mind—"Why should it not be, still?"

"Valencia! Emily was false, but you will be true! Her bridal garments are in my room, in empty mockery of the bride. Why should you not wear them? To-morrow night, at this hour, will you marry me?"

"So soon? O Stewart! and we were strangers yesterday!"

"Not strangers. Mrs. Bell has told me how much she loved you, and you know what my family and fortune are. You are only a better Emily for me. It will please your aunt, and give the gossips of this detestable village a pretty theme for romancing."

For an hour or more they lingered upon the steps.

"Go, Valencia, and tell your aunt. If the plan meets her approval, there is nothing to prevent its consummation. Kennon shall be my attendant, and you will find some pretty maiden for yours. The feast shall be spread again, the guests rebidden, and the wedding shall be a merry one. Good-night, sweet." He kissed her, and she glided away.

"I must attend to that suit of clothes," thought Stewart, coming back to homely necessities. "It's a pity, after all, that I lost them." And as he went to his room, he admired the beautiful bridal paraphernalia still flung across the foot of the bed, which he had not disturbed during the long hours of the previous night.

Exhausted by excess of mental excitement, he was soon buried in profound slumber, from which he was awakened by a bright ray of moonlight stealing across his eyelids. He must have been asleep some time, for the moon hung low in the western heaven. He saw it, large and nearly full, with that mysterious light which

it wears as it approaches morning, and which gives to the most common-place objects an enchantment theirs at no other time. It was not, perhaps, then wonderful that the figure which he at once perceived standing at the foot of the bed should have impressed him so strongly. He saw Emily, still pale, still troubled, with her travelling dress and cloak upon her; but her bonnet was off, and her fine, long hair, all dishevelled, rushed down about her shoulders in a torrent of glistening gold. She had the bridal veil in her hands, and was arranging it upon her head, with wistful smiles, mingled with apprehensive looks, whispering to herself, and glancing about the room as if fearful of being pursued or chided.

"Emily!"

"Hush, dearest! I am almost ready; and if Valencia should know I am here, before the minister arrives, she will call me away with her eyes. I don't want to leave you, Stewart—I cannot—I will not! See! my veil is on! where is my handkerchief?—one moment."

"Tell me all about it, my Emily. Are you afraid of any one?" He spoke very gently, fearing to alarm her.

"There! I am ready, *quite* ready, Stewart." With beaming face and eyes overflowing with love, she held out her hand to an imaginary Stewart, and glided out of the room with him.

Trembling with conflicting feelings Cameron deserted his couch, dressed himself, went out into the hall, down into the parlors, and all over the lower part of the house, looked out on the portico, but saw and heard no one; the family was lost in slumber; he returned, to distract himself with doubts, until the intense reality of broad daylight persuaded him he had been deceived by a vivid dream. No! *not* deceived, for the veil and handkerchief were gone.

Going out of his room, as soon as he heard the household stir, he met Valencia in the hall, who advanced to him in the sweetest confusion, blushes on her cheeks, tears in her eyes.

"What will you think of me, Mr. Cameron? Was I in your room last night? Oh, I know I must have been, for here are the treasures which I stole away. But I hope you are unaware of my nocturnal visit. I shall have to confess to you that I am a sleep-walker. Sometimes, though not frequently, and generally when my mind is disturbed, I make these somnambule excursions. I am so sorry. But then"—with a beautiful, shy smile—"is it any wonder that I was agitated when I went to my dreams last night?"

He put back the veil and handkerchief which she extended towards him, caught her hand, and kissed her forehead.

"We will cure you of this dangerous habit, my sweet one. And now, have you consulted your Aunt Bell? Is it to be?"

"She has consented. As for me, Mr. Cameron, it is not for me to refuse so much happiness. All things shall be arranged as you desire."

At eight o'clock of that evening a small company was gathered in the parlors, to witness the marriage of the newly betrothed couple. Only the intimate friends of the family were present, as they felt too much grieved and mortified by Emily's conduct, to wish for a merry-making. Neither Mrs. Bell nor Kennon, (the latter officiated as groomsmen) expressed the surprise which they felt at the hasty arrangements of Cameron, so at variance with his usual manner of conducting the important affairs of life. They looked upon this hasty wedding as the result of pique; but as Valencia seemed to be a proper and lovable person, they hoped for a moderate degree of happiness to follow.

The couple, with their attendants, had entered from a side room, and the minister had stepped forward, when a shriek rang through the house, and Emily, pursued by Gardiner Bell, rushed through the startled assembly, and flung herself in her mother's arms.

"Give her to me! she is my wife," burst forth her pursuer, as the arms of the mother closed involuntarily about her child. "You've had her hid in your house now for two days, and I think it's about time she came to my house."

"We have not hidden her, Gardiner—she has not been here," answered Mrs. Bell, looking in the dark, excited face of the nephew she had always so disliked.

"See! I have been here, dear mother."

Stewart Cameron looked in the face of Valencia—it was white as ashes beneath the bridal veil of her cousin; her eyes were fixed straight upon Emily with a look of threatening.

"Do not let her look at me," almost screamed Emily, hiding her eyes in the bosom of her mother. "If she looks at me thus, I shall never be able to tell you all the truth, which I feel that you ought to be informed of. You know how I have always loved and trusted Valencia; she is a selfish girl, mother, and I wish to undeceive you. She has ruined my happiness forever. You know, do you not, that she is a powerful magnetizer? When she first came, and always on previous visits, I

have allowed her to experiment on me; I have placed myself in her power, until finally she gained the ascendancy over my will. She could influence me when I did not know of it, could bend me to her purposes, could prevent and change my best intentions. Oh, it is terrible to think of it! She heard me talk so much of Stewart, and when she found how wealthy he was, I have no reason to doubt she formed a deliberate purpose to get him from me."

"Fool!" sneered Valencia; but Stewart grasped her hand with such a pressure that she relapsed into silence beneath his now superior will.

"Once she said to me that things were unequally distributed—that she and Gardiner were both poor, and Stewart and I were both wealthy; couldn't we make an exchange?"—but I thought it a passing jest. She told me she and Gardiner were engaged, but wished to keep the matter secret for a time, as an excuse for his coming here so much. I cannot explain it by words; it is still a mystery to me; but gradually she obtained such an ascendancy over my will that she could compel me to do her bidding. She willed me to encourage Gardiner, she willed me to flee with him, and so powerful was her influence that it carried me through the marriage ceremony and kept me in a state of bewilderment for hours after. I cannot tell you the despair which seized me, as that influence wore away. I need not tell it, for it cannot remove the misery. I fled from the man I had married. I was wrought up to a state of madness, and had all its cunning and vigilance. I made my way back home, hating, loathing Valencia; but unfortunately, she was the first person I encountered after I reached the grounds, and the moment her eyes were fixed upon me, I felt that I was yielding again. I struggled fearfully. I got as far as the parlor-window, I saw you, heard you speak, but she called me, and I obeyed her. She willed me to remain concealed, and for the life of me, I could not reveal myself. That night she took me to her room. When she was asleep I got away from her, I went to my own room; half-crazed with trouble, and unnerved by her unhealthy influence, I imagined myself the bride I had hoped to be, but she stole after me, and drew me back again. She proposed to give me up, this evening, to Gardiner Bell; she left me in a sound, magnetic sleep when she went to dress herself for this ceremony; but something mercifully awoke me, I arose clear-minded, mistress of my own powers; and when I started to break up this unholy match, and

found *this man* watching for me, heaven itself, I think, gave me power to escape him, to resist all, to betray all."

She stood up, now, unassisted, untrembling, facing her enemies with a will which they could not make to waver.

"You are my wife, and the law shall compel you to obey me," spoke up Gardiner Bell, savagely.

"Never! my lips pronounced words which give you a legal right to me, but they were spoken by another's will, and not by mine. I will die in my mother's arms, but I will never go with you."

Both Mr. and Mrs. Bell threw protecting arms about their daughter.

"She shall stay here with us until this matter is investigated," said the father, and what he said he acted up to. There was that in his eyes that made his nephew's cower.

"Now, I have something to say in confirmation of Emily's story," said Stewart Cameron. He had dropped Valencia's hand, and stood apart from her, leaving her solitary in her shame and confusion. Great as was her effrontery, she knew that he had proof infallible of the truth of every word which her cousin had uttered. "The first night of my stay here, I overheard a conversation between Valencia Wood and Gardiner Bell, in which this plot was discussed freely, and in which he asked if Emily had fled home at her desertion. I saw, in company with Mrs. Bell, Emily at the window at the time she speaks of. She was in my room last night for the veil and handkerchief, which she carried out. And now, to account for my own astonishing foolishness, I can only say that this sorceress so bewitched me that all the facts were turned to her own advantage. I have felt like one in a dream, and I just begin to see that I have been in a dream. Unluckily, however, for this accomplished magnetizer, I have not *quite* been magnetized into marriage."

Valencia left the room, without a friend to follow her.

When Stewart went to his chamber that night, a second time the wedding garments mocked him, empty of the bride.

Valencia left that very night, on the midnight train, disappointed, and utterly miserable but for the thought that she had left two hopeless hearts behind her.

Retribution, in this case, was awfully speedy for one of the guilty parties. Gardiner Bell accompanied her, and in passing from one car to another, during the darkness, he fell between them, and was killed.

So that, not many months thereafter, the empty bridal garments were filled with life, love, and beauty, and Valencia Wood gnawed her lips with vexation as she read of a long-delayed wedding.

FLOWERS, AND WHAT MAY BE LEARNED FROM THEM.

BY HARLAND COULTAS.

THE rich variety of flowers and forest trees which cover the earth, were undoubtedly created to minister to our well-being, and it is plainly the intention of the Creator that we should study them. Especially ought young people to be encouraged in this study, for it brings pleasure to the mind and health to the body.

The wild flower is the earliest thing of beauty which every child that treads a green field, or wanders along a green lane, takes to itself; it loves the flowers as it were by instinct. And this love of beauty ought to be cultivated, because it is allied to the love of virtue. Wild flowers are the loveliest and most accessible of God's created works, and none can spend a few of "life's hours" in becoming acquainted with them, without being led to sympathize with "whatsoever things are pure and lovely" in the moral world. "Never lose an opportunity of seeing anything beautiful. Beauty is God's handwriting—a wayside sacrament; welcome it in every fair face, every fair sky, and every fair flower, and thank Him for it, the fountain of all loveliness; drink it in, simply, earnestly, with all your eyes; 'tis a charmed draught, a cup of blessing."

"Blessed be God for flowers,
For the bright, gentle, holy thoughts that breathe
From out their odorous beauty like a wreath
Of sunshine on life's hours."

The most impressive lessons are also taught us by the flowers. In them we see exemplified our own brief life-history, the passage from infancy to manhood when human life is in its flower and beauty, and a family gathers around our table, and the transition from manhood to the tomb, for like the flowers we have a limited amount of vital force which is soon expended, we die and disappear, and others take our place.

Assuredly the flowers are under the Divine government, and not only they, but also our own world, and every one of those bright worlds which adorn the landscape of the heavens. A flower is a beautiful world in itself. It is formed from the matter of the earth and atmosphere which is attracted about a seed, and every atom

moves to its place in accordance with the operation of irresistible laws. There is no chance work in the building up of a flower. Now it only requires an enlargement of mind to see that the same principle applies to the world. It is the littleness of Atheism, the want of that lofty and true conception of the simplicity and grandeur of Nature which cannot see in a flower or forest tree a microcosm or little world, and from thence be deeply convinced that there is a Divine Providence ruling over the affairs of this world. Oh! how much more cheerful and happy in reference to temporal things, if we had more confidence in Him who has so beautifully clothed the flowers and so bountifully provided for them. It is impossible to imagine an appeal more touching to our hearts, or convincing to our reason, than those words of the great moral Teacher, "And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?"

Flowers! when the Saviour's calm benignant eye
Fell on your gentle beauty: when from you
That heavenly lesson for all hearts he drew,
Eternal, universal as the sky;
Then in the bosom of you purity,

A voice he set as in the temple shrine;
That life's quick travellers never might pass you by,
Unwarned of that sweet oracle divine.

And though too oft its low celestial sound
By the harsh notes of workday care is drowned,
And the loud steps of vain, unlistening haste;

Yet the great Omnipath no tone of power
Mightier to reach the soul in thought's hushed hour
Than yours, meek lilies, chosen thus and graced

MRS. HEMANS.

This world is full of beauty little understood or appreciated. There is an overflowing goodness which is ever changing the vegetable covering throughout the year for our instruction and enjoyment, and giving a renewed charm to the ever-varying features of the landscape. Through ignorance we do not see and appreciate the kindness of that Providence which thus surrounds our path through life with blessing.

That succession of wild flowers which adorn our rocks and hills, our woods, fields, valleys, and mountains, from the time when the buds expand and the leaves are green, till the once bright foliage falls brown and withered before the wintry blasts, how few know even by sight, much less by name, amongst those who live in

the country during a portion or through the whole of the year, and who have therefore ample leisure and opportunity, and yet there is not one of them which does not yield abundant scope for study, and exhibit a perfection of structure which tells of the Divine Creator.

HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

How often is it said in the present day that men and women are falsely placed with regard to each other? According to one party men are too strong, and women too weak, and they demand that women's prerogative be forthwith greatly increased—they would make men of them at once. Others consider that by a different course of education, which should direct their minds to great objects, women would quietly assume a position equal to that of men, without any more active interference. A third, and large party assert that, so far from men being the stronger, they have always been the victims of the other sex.

There is perhaps some truth in each of these propositions; but when we consider that men have always been the law-makers, there may be a suspicion of their having secured to themselves an undue portion of the powers and privileges of social life. It is so easy to make a law in favor of one's self, that we think there is a chance of the suspicion being well-founded. On the other hand, the small amount of truth which we have supposed to exist in the propositions above stated, is completely swamped by the presence of a load of injustice.

The destiny of man and woman, husband and wife, is the same: each has certain duties to perform which, of themselves, combine for the mutual advantage. If men and women, when brought together by marriage, and who have to live together for the whole of their lives, would make up their minds to be as charitable to each other's failings, as much disposed to mutual forbearance, and consideration towards each other's feelings in private, as they appear to be when in presence of their friends, we should hear much less about injustice, and false position.

To use a common expression, what is fair for one is fair for the other: in the married state there should be the strictest equality. The husband must come down from the position of master, not that his place may be taken by the woman, but that she may be the sharer of his pleasures, hopes, and joys, as she has ever been the partaker of his pains, fears, and sorrows.

There is nothing more beautiful than friendship; and the friendship of husband and wife insures the highest earthly happiness.

Many married men consider themselves fully justified in passing most of their evenings away from home, among their companions. If this be fair for the man, it is equally fair for the woman to go out and visit her friends also. If it be essential that the woman have always a smile ready to greet her husband when he enters, it is equally essential that he should bring good-humor and a pleasant countenance with him. True, he may be troubled and annoyed with business cares; but, is she not troubled and annoyed, often to a greater degree, with family and household cares, with the difference that, while she is always amongst hers, the man by his more active out-door life does, in some measure, modify his. If it be fair for the husband to keep the purse, it is fair that the wife should know how much or how little there may be in it. There must be no secrets on either side; what the man knows the woman ought to know. In cases of difficulty woman's feelings will often suggest a better remedy than man's reason.

The case might be met by the mutual recognition of one common purpose, and object, combined with respect for differing views regarding its attainment. Generally speaking, it may be said that there wants for man, more of sympathy, for woman, more of discretion:—

"The kindest and the happiest pair
Will find occasion to forbear;
And something every day they live
To pity, and perhaps forgive."

THE DEAD DOVE.

O VAINLY we sigh for thee, beautiful dove!

And vainly we pity thy fate;

Naught, naught can restore thee to life and to love,

Not e'en the sad plaint of thy mate.

Thy soft glossy plumage is spotted with gore—

The life tide that ebb'd from thy heart;

Thine eyes dimm'd by death shall be blind nevermore,

And the chill of his touch ne'er depart.

Thy nestlings are chiding thy tedious delay,

And calling in vain for thy care;

Their clamorous cries thou canst never obey;

Alas, thy sad fate they must share!

They will wait for thy coming, till, weary and faint,

They sink with a pitiful cry;

But thou wilt be deaf to their mournful complaint,

And like thee, all alone, they must die.

We'll fold thy bright wings on thy poor wounded breast,

And thine eyes dim in death we will close;

With a tear for thy fate we will lay thee to rest

Where naught shall disturb thy repose.

MY GUARDIAN.

BY MARY W. JANVRIK.

I WAS thirteen when my father died and left me an orphan. My mother had died when I was a mere infant, and I had grown up without a knowledge of a mother's love and tender care.

My father was a man of great business cares, with large property, consisting of landed estates, with many tenants under him. He had but little leisure to devote to me, his only child, though he loved me a great deal. This I knew, for there were times when he would come home at night, and, not finding his little Manette, he would send for me, and, fondly stroking my hair, call me "his darling child," and tell me how much I grew like my dead mother.

I had a governess in those early years, and was an apt pupil—so my governess said—and made light of the hard lessons which were given me. My life was very quiet till my thirteenth year, passed there in the old manor house, with no companions save my instructor and my books; but there came a change.

One stormy evening, late in November, my father, who had been absent on business for upwards of a week, came home, wet and chilled with his ride in the cold storm of rain and sleet which had that day fallen.

"I had just given up your coming to-night, father," I said, as he came in and removed his wet garments.

"I was detained by an accident to the carriage," he replied. "It was fortunate that I was able to procure assistance, or I might have been forced to longer delay in this cold storm. As it is, I feel chilled through and through; I must have taken cold." And he drew his chair up to the glowing grate.

"I will ring for Jane to bring in your tea." And I rang the bell as I spoke.

A half hour after—the tea service removed—he resumed his seat beside the fire.

"Manette, little daughter, come and sit here," he said, pointing to a low stool at his feet; and I obeyed. "How much you grow like your mother, child!" he went on. "You have her eyes and hair, and quiet ways. You are all mother, and I bless you for it!"—and he pressed a kiss upon my forehead. "If your mother could have but lived! But she was called early. It was God's will, but we shall

join her some time, my child." And he fell to musing. Presently he looked up, and said, somewhat wearily, looking pale the while: "It is late, Manette; you must retire. I have a dull headache, and must sleep. I have ridden ever since morning, and am very fatigued; a good night's rest will restore me." And, kissing him good-night, I left him.

The next morning, when I descended to the breakfast-room, I was met by the governess, who told me that my father felt ill, and was unable to rise, and had requested a physician to be summoned. I went immediately to his room. The physician from the village was standing by the bedside, with an anxious expression of countenance. My father's face was crimson with violent fever, and his eyes were wild and brilliant. He lay quiet when I entered; but, as he caught a glimpse of me, he cried—

"It is the face of my wife, my dead Manette! I am coming to you soon; but our child, our little Manette, will be fatherless." Then he beckoned me to come to him.

I went up to the bedside, and, forcing back the tears with a strong effort, said, soothingly—"I am your little Manette, father, and you must not leave me; you must get well, and not leave me alone, my father!"

He drew my hand in his, and, closing his eyes, sank back upon the pillow, where he remained quiet for a little time till the fever spell came on again, when his brain again wandered.

For a week my father lay thus, every day the fever raging in his veins, when at length, on the seventh, at midnight, the crisis came. Then, pale and exhausted, he called me to him, and, in a faint voice, said that he realized that he was very sick, and felt he could not recover, bidding me be calm and brave. He kissed me, and, with my hand close clasped in his, fell into that last sleep which knoweth no awakening on earth again.

"Manette, you will come and live with me, and I will be a father to the child of my friend. It was his wish." It was my guardian, Mr. Harrington, who had spoken to me, and on the night after my father's funeral. "Do not grieve so, my child," he continued; "it is

God's will, and we must submit. He doeth all things well."

But I could not see it then, and so I wept afresh, crying—"He is dead, gone, and I am fatherless! I shall be all alone now!"

"Manette, my child, I will be a father to you in place of the lost one; it was his wish, and you will come and live with me," replied Mr. Harrington, soothingly.

And so I left the old home of my birth and that life of thirteen years, and went to live with my guardian at Lakeshore, a distance of over a hundred miles from the manor.

My violent grief for my loss gradually lessened as time passed. My guardian, in truth, became to me as a father might to his own child, and I grew calmly happy.

And thus time passed till four years had elapsed, and I had attained seventeen. My governess had not accompanied me to Lakeshore; but I had attended the select school of Madame Derwent, and graduated with the highest honor. My guardian was present at the closing examination, and as I met his eyes resting upon me in pride, I felt more than repaid for my days of hard study by his one look of approbation.

After the close, we rode home slowly together. As we neared the house, half hidden by the grove of noble elms which surrounded it, and drove up the long, shady avenue, he said, looking at me with his deep gray eyes: "Well, Manette, you are emancipated from the school-room now, and, I suppose, like all young ladies, are rejoiced at your freedom. Are you not?" he asked, looking at me earnestly.

"Yes and no," I answered, laughingly. "I am partly glad and partly sorry."

"Why sorry? You are expecting to enjoy much in the future, and young ladies are always anticipating the happy period of their 'coming out' in society."

"But I don't care for society," I answered; "at least, not fashionable society, and I like my books a great deal better. But, now that I have left school, I shall have more leisure to devote to my painting and music, and to the society of those who are my true friends." And I fancied I had uttered a very dignified decision.

A smile lurked about my guardian's lips as he said: "One would think, Manette, to hear you, that you had already found out the hollowness of the world, and tasted its bitterness as well as its sweets, you talk so wisely. But, my child," he continued, and the smile left his face, "that is a lesson I pray you may never learn."

I was prevented a reply, for the carriage had reached home.

I should have written that Madam Harrington, my guardian's mother, a dignified yet affable lady of the old school, presided over the somewhat quiet household of her bachelor son; and she, too, welcomed his ward home to Lakeshore with a kindness which savored of a heart which, though old in years, had not forgotten its own youth time. And so she said, kindly, as we sat at tea:—

"And now I suppose you will be lonely here, Etta. You had better ask some young friends to pass a month with you. The change is great from a busy school to an old house like this, where there are no young faces."

"No, no, dear Mrs. Harrington. Do not invite any one here. I am not at all lonely with you and Mr. Harrington, and I do not wish for other society."

"It shall be as you like, Etta," she replied; and I saw a pleased expression resting on my guardian's face, though he said nothing.

The next morning, at breakfast, Mr. Harrington remarked that he was called on some business matter over to E—, a town some twelve miles distant, and asked me if I would like to accompany him. I had made ready, and we were soon on the road.

It was a beautiful October morning, clear and bright, and we rode through woods clad in the gorgeous drapery of autumn, past the river, which wound like a silver thread through meadows and hills, and along the broad, fair turnpike bordered by stately trees and open fields. I sat quietly drinking in the beauties of the scene, but at length was recalled to myself by my guardian.

"Manette, are you lost in admiration of the beauties of this October morning?"

"Almost," I replied, looking up and meeting the gaze of his deep eyes, "but your voice recalled me back to the reality."

"You are a great admirer of beauty in every form," he said. "You can appreciate a beautiful work of Nature or of Art, Manette. You should have brought your pencil with you."

"I don't know; yes, I trust I can appreciate the beautiful everywhere," I answered, "both in Art and Nature, as you say. Those distant mountains, with the blue shadows upon them, those nearer hills, in the golden light of the sun, and these glistening meadows, with the dew yet upon the grass—these, all these I love; yet these are tame, when compared with a living love, a breathing, pulsating love, that better satisfies the heart, I think."

In my excitable nature I had opened more of my heart than I intended to my guardian; and as I paused, looking down confusedly, not knowing what he would think of me, I was startled by the violent trembling of his hand which held the reins, and, looking up at his face, saw that it was deathly pale. He put his hand which was free on mine for a moment, then hastily removing it, murmured—

"No, no, it cannot be! It is presumption in me to think it. I am surely mad or dreaming!"

I looked at him in astonishment, and then asked: "What is it, my dear guardian? Is it anything I can do for you?"

"It was nothing, Manette. I was dreaming aloud; it is a habit of mine;" and he smiled half sadly; then he added in his old calm manner, with the emotion all gone, "I am afraid that my child will be a little lonely in our dull old house, with no society save my quiet mother and her guardian. Had we not better invite Miss Eames, or some other young lady to Lakeshore for a season?"

"No, no, my dear guardian; do not do it!" I said. "I shall not like this Miss Eames, if you do. I want only the society of our home circle, and shall be very happy there with you and your dear, kind mother, unless you wish more company," I added.

"Well, if you think so, Manette," he answered, smiling down on me with his deep, gray eyes, as I sat beside him. "Then it is settled, and to my liking, too, for I much prefer a quiet home. But here we are, almost at our journey's end!" he added, as we entered the village and drove through its pretty shaded streets to the house of the person with whom he had business.

An hour after, as we rode homeward, my thoughts reverted to the morning's conversation, and I only wondered what grief had thus shaded my guardian's life.

As Mr. Harrington assisted me from the carriage, on our arrival home, a young man came down from the veranda with eager warmth of manner, saying—"Uncle Oscar, do you not recognize me, or have I grown out of your knowledge within the last five years?"

It was a handsome, boyish face, the young man raised to his uncle's; a broad brow, overshadowed by thick masses of curly, brown hair, and eyes of the same rich brown, a handsome, bold face, with a pleasing look in those brown eyes and around the firmly cut mouth.

"You have grown completely out of my knowledge, Edgar," replied Mr. Harrington; "but I begin to see traces of the boy I knew in

your face," he added, as he gazed upon him; then, calling to me as I turned to leave them, he said: "Manette, this is my nephew, Edgar Harrington. My ward, Manette Blanchard."

The eyes of the young man rested on my face for an instant, then he extended his hand, saying frankly: "I am most happy in making your acquaintance, Miss Manette, for permit me to call you by that name; and I trust we shall be the best of friends during my stay here at Lakeshore; for I foresee that we shall be thrown much together."

Edgar Harrington remained with us over a month, through golden October, when the leaves fell withered and sere to the cold earth, and through the colder and longer days of November, when the winds wailed and moaned abroad, and the shivering trees stood bare and leafless like giants despoiled of their armor.

From the first, I had liked Edgar Harrington; his bold, handsome face and strong confident manner. We had become great friends; and rode or walked together on pleasant days, or, when stormy, read or sang together in the parlor. He was the only child of my guardian's brother, and had just graduated from college with the highest honors. His home was in Beechwood, some hundred miles distant; and he had come to visit his uncle for a season of rest, before commencing to read law under an eminent barrister in his native town.

My guardian had been absent much, of late, on urgent business, he said, which required his immediate attention, and I saw but little of him. When I did, I noticed often the old look about the mouth and eyes, and it filled my heart with pain. "It is his old sorrow," I would say to myself. "It is what none can help, or gladly would I."

It was the early evening of a day late in November. The day had been unusually warm and pleasant; and Edgar Harrington, who was to leave on the morrow, proposed our taking a last walk together; as I made ready, and we went forth. There was one place whither we had often been, a little vine-clad seat in the edge of the forest upon the summit of a hill; and hither we wended our steps in the soft, bland evening air.

"Manette," said Edgar, as he sat beside me, "Manette, there is something on my heart which I must tell you to-night, before I leave this place to go back to my home. There is a little boon which I wish you to give me, Manette," he said, taking her hand as he spoke. "It is this hand, and your love with it. Am I asking too much?"

It was unexpected to me—this avowal from his lips; and it startled me a little; for, in the time we had been together, I had never thought of this. He had seemed so like a brother, as I thought; but, alas! I never had had a brother, and so knew not the love of one. Did I regard him as a brother? I knew not. I loved him very much; and he had more than a brother's affection for me. So, with his passionate words, and quick, decided manner, the matter was settled; and we were betrothed lovers. I doubt if I was happy then, if, when my head rested on my pillow that night, I felt as one *should* who was betrothed to the object of their strongest love; but yet I loved him, and said to myself over and over again, "If he should cease to love me, it would be the greatest trial of my life."

The next morning Edgar told his uncle of our relations to each other, and received his congratulations for our happiness. This, he told me before we parted; and then, with a last embrace, he sprang into the carriage which bore him to the nearest station.

We were betrothed, but were to wait until Edgar had won his profession, which would be in three years. And so we parted, he to begin his new career, and I to remain with my guardian till he should come to claim me.

After he had gone, my guardian came to me in the parlor, and there was the old look in his face again. He was suffering. "Oh, what would I not do to relieve him; and yet I am powerless," I said to myself, as he came near me where I stood at the open window; and taking my hand in his, which trembled a little, he said, tenderly—

"Manette, my child, Edgar has told me all; and I desire nothing more than your happiness. I wish you much joy in the new relation you have assumed toward him. I pray you may be happy!"

"I thank you, my dear guardian, my best friend," I answered; "I am happy in this new tie. Edgar is so generous and noble that we *must* be happy together."

"Yes, yes, you will be!" he answered. "Edgar is a young man of much talent and nobleness of character, and will give you the love for which your nature yearns. Oh, Manette, child, I pray that nothing may come between you and your bliss, that all be fair and bright along your future way!" Then, slowly releasing my hand which he continued to hold, my guardian went out, leaving me alone, and with that same look of sorrow about his mouth ever before me. Why should it disturb me so? I

could not banish it, and yet I could not speak to him about it. But it was ever before me; and that night I heard my guardian walking his room, slowly pacing back and forth, till I fell asleep in the gray dawn.

A year went by, and Edgar came once in that time to Lakeshore. It was in the summer days, and again we took long walks and rides, and I was happy. When he left me to return again to his studies, he said, as we parted, "In two short years, my betrothed, I shall have gained my profession, and *then* I shall come to claim my bride."

In the ensuing winter, a heavy sorrow came to our home, in the death of Mrs. Harrington, my guardian's mother. But it was not as those "who sorrow without hope;" like "a shock of corn fully ripe for the harvest," she was gathered into her rest.

Over six weeks had passed without a letter from Edgar. Always, before this, I had received one every fortnight. What could have happened to him? He must be ill. And my anxious heart conjured up every imaginable accident to my betrothed. At length, one evening, my guardian came home from the village, and with the long expected letter in his hand. He gave it to me, and I opened it eagerly. As I read, my head swam, my hand trembled, and a quick pain shot through my heart. With a faint cry, the letter fell from my hand, and I sank insensible upon the floor.

When I returned to consciousness, my guardian was bending over me. His words reached me like words heard in a dim dream: "O my God!" he cried, "why does Edgar thus cast so ruthlessly away this love that another would give his life to win?" He was bending over me, laying my brow with water, and he stooped down and pressed a warm kiss upon my cold lips. That touch recalled me to life, and I opened my eyes and looked around.

"You were faint, Manette," said my guardian, calmly. Could it be the same voice which I had heard the moment before? "Your letter overcame you. I have read it," he continued, for I thought perhaps Edgar was ill. Excuse me if I was wrong, but your happiness is very dear to me, my child."

"You know *all*, then, my friend; the faithlessness of my betrothed and my misery," I said, with false composure. "My broken faith and broken heart—but no, it *shall* not break or bend for a false love!" I added, quickly; "it shall learn to beat calmly, and to despise him. False! false! they are *all* so!" I added, bitterly.

"Manette, my child, do not judge all men by Edgar. Strive to forget him, for he is not worthy your love," said my guardian, in a low voice.

"Yes, I will!" I said, almost fiercely. "I will tear his false image from my heart, as even now I rend this letter to fragments!" And I took the letter, and tore it into shreds.

But this fierce mood passed away, and when I sought my room it was to throw myself down beside the couch, and weep and wrestle for my blighted hopes. Days, weeks, and even months went by, and I mourned for my lost love. Try as I would, I could not quickly drive his image from my heart. My nature was too intense to forget easily.

Two years passed, and with no change to me. We had little company at Lakeshore, and thus, in my secluded life, I had much time to brood over, and make myself miserable in thinking of the past. My guardian was much from home, and so I was left mostly alone.

One day, I read Edgar Harrington's marriage to the daughter of the eminent barrister with whom he had studied. "Now, at length, I shall be able to drive all memories from my heart," I said. And I did; from *that* moment all love died out, and Edgar Harrington, my former betrothed, became to me as one dead. If I had met him then, and he had been free, and wished me to wed him, I should have turned from him with indifference.

When my guardian came home that night I laid the paper before him, and pointed to the marriage. He read it, and then his eyes sought my face, but he saw no emotion there save a smile, as I said, calmly—

"You perceive it does not affect me any, my friend. I see *now* that I was mistaken in myself; that I never cared for him as I *should* for the one who was to be the nearest and closest friend on earth."

"Oh, Manette, how thankful I am that this is so! I had feared otherwise. You will yet find a love which will be the true love. But, Manette, I am going abroad. I start in the next steamer for Europe, and cannot say when I shall return. I shall expect to hear from you regularly during my absence, and shall write to you by every home-bound packet. And—"

"Oh, do not go!" I cried, interrupting him. "Do not leave me, my guardian, my only friend!"

He looked at me, and a cloud came to his brow, and the old look to his lips. "It *must* be, Manette! I must go. It is best that I go away."

"Oh, cannot you send some one for you?" I said. "My dear guardian, do not leave me! You know not how I miss you in your absence, even for a day, and these long months will be intolerable."

Again his brow clouded, though his lip softened; and he put his hand slowly to his brow, and murmured: "No, no, it is madness to think it! I must go. I cannot stay longer, and day by day live so. Child, you know not what you ask."

"My guardian, if you *must* go, then let me go with you!"

He gazed at me earnestly, and said, while his voice trembled: "Manette, I tell you again you know not what you ask. You will force me to tell what I had hoped to keep for aye a secret in my own heart. It is because of *you* that I am going away; it is because of *you* that I have absented myself from home; it is because *I love you* that I must flee from you! My child, you will forgive me, if I cause you pain. I had desired to depart with this knowledge unknown; for I have not dared hope that it might be for an old man like me to love you and to win you."

I was sitting on an ottoman at his feet when he commenced, but he had risen up and rapidly paced the floor. I recalled the words I had heard him utter that night when first I knew of my lover's faithlessness. Had I been blind during the past, that I had not seen this? Yes, I must have been. And this avowal, coming so suddenly, did it give me pain or joy? Certainly it was not pain that filled my heart and surged up over my whole being; no, no, far from it; it was not pain, it was intensest joy.

I rose from my seat, and, going up to my guardian, laying my hand upon his shoulder, said, softly: "Will you not take *me* with you, then, my more than friend, my dearest love? Will you not take your little Manette to your heart, and become her guardian through life, for she has just learned that you may do this?"

"Do you mean it, Manette? Is it *love* or gratitude you give me?" he asked, taking both my hands in his, and looking into my eyes with his deep, searching gaze.

"It is love, my guardian," I answered. "Be my guardian still, through life, through all my future! There is no one else I want but you."

"Yes, yes, it is *love*!" he said. "I read it in your beautiful eyes. Oh, my life, my darling, I am blessed, indeed!" And he took me up in his strong arms, and pressed a kiss upon my forehead and lips.

Yes, this was the love that should brighten my future way through life; this, which was

to take the place of that for which I had sighed in the past—the passing fancy of the boy Edgar Harrington. That the blighted blossom; this the perfect fruit.

And, as together we crossed the blue sea and journeyed through the Old World, as together

we looked upon its ruins, and palaces, and sunny skies, I never regretted that the fabric of my youthful love-dream was shattered to give place to a more substantial and perfect structure—the strong, enduring, deathless affection of my guardian.

AN EDITOR'S TROUBLES.

A BROTHER editor from that vast region the West, has written us such a pitiful letter on the subject of an editor's difficulties that we insert it for the benefit of our readers. He writes:—

H—, Sept. 14, 1860.

MY DEAR FRIEND: FOR I am sure, after you have perused my letter, you will let me call you friend, or even brother, so nearly does my lamentable experience resemble yours. I have just found time, in the midst of my duties, to read the second number of "Scene in Our Sanctum." I read it all, and I can only say that, remarkable as some of the specimens of literature given there are, in every way, I can take from the drawer now open beside me articles sent, actually sent to me for publication, and letters directed to your humble servant which are fully equal to anything you perused on that *hot* day. Hot! Some of the letters I have received and some of the articles sent to me would make an editor perspire in December, with the snow two feet deep, and the fire in his office entirely extinct. But enough of this prelude; let me dip into the above-mentioned drawer and send you a copy of what I find there.

Poetry! Mr. Godey, it is my firm belief that every idiot in the United States writes, at some period of his or her life, poetry, and sends it to an editor. Otherwise where does such trash as the following come from? I won't tell you who wrote it, but if an elderly, tall, lank, tall-haired maiden lady who haunts my office, sends me any more I will publish it, and *put her real name to it*. There!

Home.

WHEN o'er the vast, expansive firmament we roam,
Cohesive sentiments attract our longing hearts to home.
Home! the *synonym* of all things blest,
When we by Pandemoniac sorrows are oppress.

Be it a desert—a vast plain—a scene
Of wildest desolation, still I ween
Each sympathetic breast echoes my cry
In Homes enchanting environs let me live and die!

I won't tell you who wrote it *this time*, but if any more pink-edged notes signed "Aurelia," come to me, let her beware!

Another dip into the drawer produces the following:—

Annabel.

Grace Alice Laura S—.

ACCOMPANY me, reader, to a stately city mansion where, in the lap of luxury, surrounded by all the costly appendages of wealth, cradled in the sunshine of prosperity, rich, courted, flattered, the idol of society, the star of fashion, shielded from every rough wind, bosomed in ease and comfort, lived my heroine. There let us leave her to seek another scene, the haunt of vice and poverty, the home—alas, to call so low a dwelling by so sweet a name!—the home of Marcus—Marcus! Hark! do you hear the low silvery tuneful voice that echoes the name?

Radiant in loveliness, in a dark blue velvet and diamonds, she forms a striking contrast to the tall, embrowned son of poverty who stands in the doorway.

"Marcus!"

"Annabel!"

She fainted! He caught her in his arms! She revives! speaks!

"Marcus! my own! we must fly! My father will never consent!"

"Won't he?"

"Never!"

"We will fly!"

They flew!

In a shaded cottage, shut out from the rude world they dwell—loving and loved.

There, for a regular jumble, I think that cannot be surpassed.

Here is something that must touch your editorial feelings. I found it upon my table last week:—

DEAR SIR: I see by your prospectus that your circulation is fifty thousand. Now, sir, that must bring you in considerable money.

What is money? Filthy lucre! trash! yet, applied to good purposes, treasure and riches! Therefore apply it to the best use! We are in debt twenty-five hundred dollars for building our church! Pay this! Put your money to the highest use, the diffusion of Christianity. Pay our church debt, and keep your heart from sinful coveting of riches!

Yours in brotherly love, SIMON G——.

Comment is useless! As we are on the letter question, I send another specimen of this favorite torment of editors:—

DEAR SIR: I am the muther of 4 children. Tha are good children, awl of them, too gurls and too boys. James, the eldest, helps his pa on the furrum, and is ekwel to a man his pa sez; they are real nice children. Jewlia is one of the hansumest gurls ever was, tho I say it as shoodn't; but wat I want principally to rite about is Ellinore, she 's the yungist, and she 's a genius; she is, really. Such ritin as she does, and she only ateteten. I want to see her in print, so I send sum of her poytry to you to put in your paper. If you think ten dollars is too much for it, we 'll say ate.

Yours respectfully, JANE SMITH.

And here is the *poytry*:—

My Kitten.

My kitten, how you frisk and play,
All in the sun on a summer's day;
Don't its rays dazzle your eyes,
And make you see stars in the skies?
Kitten! idol of my soul,
Drink the milk in this here bowl;
James says you are a feline beast,
And I have a feelin' heart at least,
Kitten! kitten! I love thee!
Say, kitten, do you love me?

The next I find is poetry. O Jupiter! I shall certainly die of a poetry indigestion

Country Felicity!

EMBOWERED in a mossy nook,
Far from the city's noise,
By rivulet and running brook
I taste the country's joys.
Verdant verdure, grassy green,
Encounters here my eye;
Azure blue, cerulean hue
Hovers in the sky.
Melodious, tuneful melody
Falls on my listening ear;
Harmonious, sweetest harmony
Softly greets me here.
I watch the tuneful nightingale—
The clarion of the night,
And as he soareth heavenward,
I join him in his flight.

Felicity and happiness
Dwell in a country home;
Who from these bowers of endless peace
Could to a city's horrid turmoil roam?

What do you think of that? Another letter from a genius who must possess a fluent pen to do all that he promises:—

DEAR SIR: I shall write in the course of the coming year several novels. As my means are limited, I cannot wait for them to be completed and published in book form, but propose to write a chapter each week, and publish in some leading periodical. I offer them to you at the moderate price of \$500 each.

They will be entitled as follows:—

The Farmyard of Snuzzle; an offset to The Household of Bouverie!
Into the Water; companion to Over the Cliffs.
Astray in the Mountains! not by the author of Out of the Depths.
Jemima! sister novel to Lavinia.
A Plaster Puppy, by Holly Berry; who didn't write The Marble Faun!
Jim Jones! no relation to Guy Livingston.
Pay me a good deal, and pay me quick! far surpassing Love me little, and love me long.
Poker and Tongs! a newer novel than Sword and Gown.
The Dilapidated Woodshed! belonging to The Semi-detached House.
The Factory in Worsteds! written after The Mill on the Floss.
Somebody after Her! unknown to the author of Life before Him.
Eve Bugle! companion to Adam Bede.
Not exactly a Genius! the counterpart of Almost a Heroine.
Sarah Smith's Baby! a burlesque on Sylvan Holt's Daughter.
Jack Nova Scotia, Rowdy! not by the author of John Halifax, Gentleman.
Folks is Various! by Mighty Main, who didn't read Odd People.
Women who remain seated! companions to Men who have risen!
Day after To-morrow! in the style of Two Years Ago.
You don't say so! in answer to The Reason Why!
The Flaming Bedpost! to match The Pillar of Fire!
Staid at home to Look! not written by the author of Run away to Sea.
The Gentleman in Black! a companion to The Woman in White.
Write and Wafer! written after Say and Seal.

If these titles don't suit you, let me know, and I will send you some more. I ain't particular! I can write up to any title that any body else can. Yours respectfully, J. L. C.

If you would like to secure J. L. C.'s contributions for the *Lady's Book*, I can send you his address.

The next package in the drawer was sent to me by a gentleman who resides in H—. He modestly calls them "Imitations of the Poets," and on the strength of this uses great names with a perfect looseness. I give a few specimens:—

Crash! Smash! Dash!

After Tennyson.

CRASH! smash! dash!
O'er thy iron track, O cars!
And I would that my pen could write out
The sound of thy many jars!
Oh, well for the men who travel,
If their nerves are injured to riot!
Oh, well for the grim conductors
That they care not for peace or quiet!
For the noisy trains whirl on
To their stations in country and town;
But oh, when there comes a smash up,
How railway stock goes down!
Smash! crash! dash!
Locomotive and tender and train,
For the ancient days of the old stage coach
Can never come back again.

The Sailor Boy.

After O. W. Holmes.

A SAILOR stood upon the deck,
A handsome lad was he,
But his face was very dolorous
As he gazed upon the sea.
Upon the briny ocean
This boy was forced to roam,
For the very simple reason
That he had no other home.
He likewise had no pa nor ma,
No sister nor no brother;
But this sailor had a sweetheart,
Who loved him and no other.
She was a very lovely gal,
Her Christian name was Sue;
Her ebon hair had a natural curl,
And her azure eyes were blue.
Her cheek was like the blushing rose
That's newly blown in May;
Her teeth were like the costly pearl
That's dived for in the bay.
Now when this sailor left his gal,
To go upon the sea,
She up and concluded she wouldn't stay
Alone by herself. Not she!

She'd heard that sailors always have
A sweetheart in each port,
And she thought to have *one* true sweetheart
Was all that *one* man ought.

So she joined her gallant lover's crew,
To sail with Captain Duttons,
And bought herself a jacket blue,
With geese on the buttons!

But as this sailor stood on deck,
Lamenting of his dear,
He'd not the least suspicion
That Susan was so near.

"Susan!" he sighed—and at the name
She gave his hand a squeezer,
And softly whispered, in low tones,
"Here I am, Ebenezer!"

He clasped her to his manly breast,
And, gazing on her beauty,
This very lovelorn sailor boy
Forgot his sailor's duty.

Don't blame the youth, for all of us
Forget which way to steer,
Neglect our helm and rudder
When we think on woman dear!

The captain came upon the deck,
And seeing what was jogging,
He ordered this sailor boy
To have an awful flogging.

Then to his heart the sailor boy
Clasped his lovely Sue,
Blubbering, "I cannot bear it!"
She sobbed, "I wouldn't, too!"

Again he kissed her lovely brow,
"Farewell to earth," sobbed he;
And these devoted lovers
Jumped right into the sea.

MORAL.

If you've a girl, keep her at home,
Or else, on land or water,
You'll be a gazing in her eyes
At times when you hadn't oughter.

Hard Times.

After Kingsley.

THREE merchants were riding down into town,
In the passenger cars as the clock struck ten;
Each thought of the notes that were coming due,
And all were very disconsolate men.
For men must work that their wives may dash,
Even if there threatens a business crash
And a dreary impending crisis!

Three ladies sat up in their parlors fine,
Discussing the news of the world of "ton,"
And chatting of feathers and flowers and lace,
Wondering if silks would go up or down.
For women will dress for ball-room floors,
And dry goods bills run up by scores
In spite of the coming crisis.

Three failures there were in the morning's news;
Three gloomy men were the lords and masters;
Three women are weeping and wringing their hands,
Each blaming her spouse for the country's disasters.

For women will scold if they cannot dress,
And the loss of fine clothes is a dire distress,
Due to the coming crisis.

The Tippler's Soliloquy.

After Shakespeare (some time).

To drink or not to drink, that is the question:
Whether 'tis better, on the whole, to suffer
The stings and torments of a thirst unsatisfied;
Or to take rum against a sea of cravings,
And by deep drinking end them. To drink, to sleep,
No more; and by a spree to say we end
Thirst, heat, and suffering—and all other shocks
That flesh is heir to; 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished! To drink, to sleep,
To sleep! Perchance to dream; ay, there 's the rub,
For in delirium tremens what may come,
When by the man of poker we're pursued,
Must make us pause. There 's the respect
That makes our soberness of so long life;
For who would bear the kicks and knocks of fate,
The summer's heat, the duns of creditors,
The snails of scolding wife, the baby's squalls,
The insolence of bosses, and the spurs
That ragged merit of policemen takes
When he himself might his elysium seek
In a mint julep. Who would work all day
To groan and sweat under the scorching sun;
But that the dread of something after drink—
The excruciating headache, after which
A feller 's so used up, puzzles the will
And makes us rather bear the thirst we have
Than fly to hiccups and the soda water.
Thus conscience doth make cowards of us all;
And thus the native thirst for brandy toddy
Is quenched with dread of headaches and policemen;
And rarest frolics that are sorely tempting,
With this regard become the direst folly,
And lose the very name of "jolly benders."

What do you think of the proposition contained in the following letter?

DEAR SIR: I am a yung Lady who have Got a good English Ejucation, but no accomplishments much, and I am ankshus to Improve my talents. I know I've got talents and Cood write if I was larned a little More. As I can't afford to pay my skoolin myself, and pa says he's paid enuf for my Ejucation, I thought I wood Write to You and borrow five hundred Dollars, three hundred for Skoolin, and the rest for Currant expences Which is numerous in a city bordin Skool. I say borrow, for as soon as I finish I am Going to be an Orthoriss and write, and I will write for You and Pay up. Plese write immejately, For I want to Get away from this old farm and go to Skool awful.

Yours trewly, ANN R—.

May she live till she gets it—as the Irishman said when the man, paying him a shilling for holding his horse, said—"Pat, you owe me sixpence." "May your honor live till you get it!"

Can anything—I put it to you as an editor—can anything surpass the refreshing impudence of young aspirants to public notice. Read the following:—

DEAR SIR: We are two sisters who are unexpectedly obliged to earn our own support. We have decided to adopt literature for a profession, and have accordingly written a sketch for your paper. Please send \$25 by return of mail, as we are in immediate want of the money.

DORA and CORA DODD.

Another letter, the exact copy of this, came the same day, and with them were the following "sketches," offered at the moderate price of \$25 each.

Winter.

Cora Dodd.

CONDENSED frigidity diffuses itself over the surface of creation. Hilarious skaters wake the echoes with jubilant chorus, while through atmospheric space ring forth the sonorous sleigh-bells. Phosphorescent resplendent icicles form glittering substitutes for summer's verdant foliage. Silvery pure snow fluviates mutely from the azure firmament, imbedding vegetation in its chilly folds. Ruddy lambent flames within contrast with frigid hoariness without. Such is winter.

Eternity.

Dora Dodd.

SPACELESS space, unbounded bounds,
Exaggerated length of time,
Never ending, ceaseless rounds,
Forward reaching, endless time
Magnified, all glorious space
Lengthened, coming time
Boundless and unceasing grace
Grant us at that time.

The next letter from the drawer is as follows:—

DEAR SIR: Send me ten dollurs four the in-closed poetry, and oblige Yours J. J.

The Slayin Party.

WE krammed into a normus slay,
All for to go a slayin;
Fortin kupples we maid that day,
All for to go a slayin.
The nite before the sno had snu,
As if two malk gud slayin,
So I invited luvly Sue
To go with us a slayin.
Twas jolly fun, we all were gal
Wen startin out a slayin,
The sun shin was as brite as May
The day we went a slayin.

We all upset inter the sno
 Wen we went out a slayin;
 We larfed and skrambled out again,
 To finish up our slayin.
 Wen we cum home the moon had sot,
 The day it was a dornin,
 We singed alowd, a merry crowd,
 We won't go home till morning.
 And that is all I now kan rite
 About this famuss slayin,
 And so I bid you all good-nite,
 And hope you 'll go a slayin.

Ain't that enough?

I cannot send you the whole contents of the drawer, for it would occupy all my time for a month, and take all the paper in my office. These few specimens must convince you that you are not the only man who groans at the sight of an envelop, or faints at the prospect of a manuscript. Hoping that I have not bored you, I am Your brother in affliction,

L. C. R.—.

DOING HER OWN WASHING.

BY A. B.

MRS. HAMERSLY did her own washing, a fact impressed upon the deepest consciousness of every child she had. Talk of "black Mondays" elsewhere! They were serene twilights, compared to the Cimmerian gloom which gathered over the house of Hamersly, as the first puff of smoke from the wash-house chimney greeted the early morning sky.

The Hamersly's were not particularly poor by any means. A Brussels carpet adorned Mrs. Hamersly's parlor, and there was enough stuffed furniture and *etagerie* in it to have paid washing-day hire for the last six years. Then why did Mrs. Hamersly do her own washing?

She had never asked this question to herself, yet we opine to think it was from an "ambition" to keep up a traditional "smartness," said to have existed in her ancestry; also—and let this part of it be told in a whisper—we suspect Mrs. Hamersly was just a little "near," and it would have gone to her heart to have paid out a bright half dollar every seven days, more than to perform the whole drear drudging herself.

This view of the case, we may be assured, was never brought forth in conversation on the subject; her argument generally was: "Her mother and grandmother before her had always done her own washing, and why shouldn't she? She was a larger sized woman than either of them. Besides, it was just about as much trouble to be running round to find a washerwoman every week, and have her only *half* do the work after all, as it was to do it all herself."

I do not in the least deny the right of women, in these enlightened days, to make drudges of themselves, because their grandmothers did so; but, perhaps, it would be well to try and discern the actual amount of labor performed by these excellent defunct, in order that their modern imitators may gauge their own efforts thereby.

I have been in the far backwoods, where everything was as nearly as possible in the same primitiveness, to be found everywhere fifty years ago, and I do not hesitate to say I have found ladies in comfortable modern habitations, exerting themselves far more than these examples of the olden time. Then everything was so rude and simple; the same offices, now complicated by new contrivances, did not require a tithe of the labor they now demand. Mrs. Hamersly's grandmother's washing was not probably one-fourth of the size of her own, for those were not days when cotton and calico could be had almost for the asking.

"Our grandmothers," no matter how preternaturally smart, *could not* have worked harder than hundreds of women in these degenerate days; for as these latter work *all the time*, I do not see the possibility of the thing.

Mrs. Hamersly wrought for a family of six; herself and husband, and four olive branches. Of these, Carrie, the eldest, was over fourteen, and Lilly, the next in age, nearly thirteen. Pretty and graceful children, of whom Mrs. Hamersly could not be otherwise than proud, although her frequent address to themselves was: "Shif'less lazy girls, always trying to shirk their work." How could it be a marvel, when *the kind* of work Mrs. Hamersly imposed had such an effect upon her own spirits? For, let it not be supposed the lady went about these self-imposed tasks with cheerful serenity, not at all. True, she had been known to arise on some Mondays, comparatively speaking, smiling, but as things grew more and more complicate, as drear disorder, which there was "no time" to obviate, reigned over the Sunday littered house, the cloud spread and spread, until no child of Mrs. Hamersly's dreamed of addressing her save upon matters of immediate urgency.

As the washing day went on, and Mrs. Hamersly, wet and weary, grew cross and discouraged, she thought bitterly of her husband sitting comfortable and at ease in his cushioned chair in the office, and of her children always ready to leave the scene, and slip away, to work or play, her heart rose up in angry repining, and nothing could have persuaded her that she was not a very ill-used woman indeed.

Mr. Hamersly did not deserve these hard un-
wifely thoughts; he was one of those unob-
servant men who never meddle in the least with
house affairs, leaving them to his wife's superior
skill and wisdom, which I think showed a very
pleasing respect. His whole life was spent for
wife and little ones; and I dare say he would
rather have worked himself, had he known how
his wife felt about it.

So things had gone on ever since Carrie was
born, and so they might have been still going
on, at least until pleurisy or rheumatism ordered
a stop (for Mrs. Hamersly always awoke stiff
and sore on Tuesday) had not the experiences
of one particular Monday proved the inaugural
of a new regime.

The earliest dawn of this important day
brought with Mrs. Hamersly's earliest return
to waking life the consciousness of a very large
washing variously dispersed about the house.
Mrs. Hamersly did not hear the real sigh Lilly
echoed from Carrie, as, coming to the foot of the
stairs, she desired them in a severe tone to
"bring down those duds, if they expected her
to wash them."

Carrie was always from school on Mondays,
and to-day Lilly was ordered to remain also.
As they came down stairs their mother was
just whisking out to the wash-house, and a
voice from the retreating figure exhorted them
to "see if they couldn't creep a little faster,
and get a breakfast fit for a pig on the table, by
the time their father was ready for it."

A girl of fourteen does not invariably succeed
in serving up, alone, a meal savory and palatable
altogether; certain it is, both Carrie's breakfast
and dinner bore more than slightly the stamp
of failure that day. Her entire efforts were of
course directed to getting and clearing away
these two meals, as well as preparing the younger
children for school. Poor Lilly fetched and
carried in obedience to her mother's crisp com-
mands. So the "housework," properly speak-
ing, stood per force unperformed.

As the morning advanced, Lilly came wearily
in where Carrie stood washing the dishes; she
sank on a seat and wiped the thick damp from
her white forehead. "Oh, Carrie, how I wish

mother didn't do her own washing; nobody
else's mother of the girls we know do theirs.
I wonder if we are so awfully poor, after all.
How the house looks! It makes me sick to
see it. Last Monday I was over to Ellen Er-
win's; there was a great stout Irishwoman rub-
bing away, and singing as if she liked it. Ellen's
mother was sewing, and oh! it did look so nice
in there. Ellen took me up stairs, and every
bed was made, and everything slicked up as if
no one had ever been there before. I don't
believe we ever got our rooms to looking as nice
as theirs, and yet they have only ingrain carpet
on their parlor, and ours is Brussels. I wonder
if we have to do our own washing so as to have
dearer things than other folks. It isn't a nice
way, anyhow—but, mercy, there comes moth-
er," and she sprang up, guilty, and rushing out
at the other door, reached the wash-house as her
mother entered the larger dwelling. So Carrie
bore alone the style of address her mother was
too apt to use on washing-day; and every word
of which cut through her sensitive young spirit,
two edged.

"Dishes not washed up yet! you've been off
to play, of course. Potatoes not over, meat not
out of the cellar—really, I'm afraid dinner won't
be quite equal to the breakfast your father
praised so and ate so much of. However, do
just as you've a mind to; don't think of mind-
ing your mother, that would be too ridiculous."

Reader, what demon could have transformed
the quiet, conscientious child, in her mother's
eyes, into a being to whom such an address was
appropriate? Methinks, whatever spirit it may
chance to be, it has hovered around more than
one wash-tub, for Mrs. Hamersly is no *rara avis*.

But we are by no means to judge all this
lady's moods by that of washing-day. Few
women in her own circle, when nothing ruffled,
held greater powers of pleasing; and, in a sum-
mer visit she had made not long before, in the
fine town of Lanham, some twenty miles dis-
tant, she was much liked and noticed. She
was not often tired of relating how she had
made the acquaintance of "Mrs. General Breck,"
the leader of things in Lanham, who had not
only insisted on her spending a day with her,
but had promised to return the visit at no dis-
tant day. And Mrs. Hamersly ran over in her
mind the splendors she meant her house and
family to assume when that great event should
take place. "Mrs. General Breck kept three
servants, and had no idea how some people had
to work, anyhow. She meant to have Jane
Williams (when Mrs. General made her visit)
come to wash dishes, and do such like." And

pleasing visions of the advancement and respectability this connection would not fail to give danced through her mind continually.

The Monday wore on, the slender dinner had been silently dispatched, and by one o'clock Mrs. Hamersly was in the very thick of her washing, the final rag of which seldom found the clothes-line before four P. M. Lilly had been dispatched to the spring for rinsing water, Carrie was up garret in search of an old piece of carpet her mother meant to wash, when, coming into the house to fill the bluing rag, she heard a knock at the front door. The "soap-fat man" had engaged to come that day, and she did not doubt this was he. So, throwing down her rag, she marched to the door, and jerked it open. No greasy dealer in scraps greeted her vision, but, instead, flounced and ringleted, Mrs. General Breck!

A kissable and embraceable figure did Mrs. Theodore Hamersly present as she confronted her visitor! An old, faded, collarless calico dress, wet at bottom and front, a ragged hood slouched over her damp and smileless face. No wonder Mrs. General Breck did not know her, but began, "Is Mrs. Ham—"

When conscious of the "haggish look" it gave her, this latter lady snatched off the hood and stood revealed in *propria persona*.

Mrs. General Breck did not kiss her. How could she? In a state of mind not possible to describe, the hostess led the way to the parlor.

Every one knows what effect upon a room a Sunday's free range of "the children" has. Books and papers littered the chairs and floor. The children's Sunday bonnets, not yet put away, heaped the table, and a fine dust sifting in from a carelessly open window dredged the whole.

Mrs. General Breck was on her way to the springs, and had proposed to tarry on the way long enough to spend a night with Mrs. Hamersley. It is needless to say that, upon seeing this lady, that project was given up.

Mrs. General Breck owned to no acquaintances whose person and house went in such trim as those of Mrs. Hamersly, so, after a very unsatisfactory call, Mrs. General took her leave, "regretting" that the approaching three o'clock train made it impossible for her to remain longer.

Mrs. Hamersly went back to her wash-tub. It may be inconceivable to some, but this was one of the bitterest mortifications of her whole life. A fierce tide boiled in every vein.

"Make some starch."

This was addressed to Lilly in a tone which

made her shrink. She did not dare to question as to the *how* of making starch, though she was quite ignorant in the matter, Carrie having always done it heretofore. But Carrie had been sent to the store on an errand, and she could not even ask her. She believed it was made of flour and boiling water, but she did *not* know that, in order to make starch, the flour must first be dissolved in cold water. She took a milk-pan, and, not knowing the proper quantity, took nearly a quart of flour from the barrel, and placed it in the pan. She then poured the kettle of boiling water over it, stirred it around a little, and then with difficulty lifted the heavy mess to carry it out to her mother.

Such starch! It more nearly resembled pudding; lumpy, thick, worthless. Mrs. Hamersly saw this at a glance, as her daughter carefully set down the pan. It was the last hair, in the state she was in, which rendered the burden unendurable. Forgetting herself utterly, she struck the child fiercely; and, partly with the blow, partly with the effort to avoid it, Lilly staggered and fell, striking her temple heavily against the corner of the wash-bench. The blue eyes closed drearily—Lilly was insensible.

Terribly shocked and awakened, Mrs. Hamersly bore her injured child to the house. She was with her alone; she kissed and clasped her frantically until a moan told that life and pain had come back together. She would have fallen on her knees before her child, and implored her forgiveness, but pride forbade, and, Carrie being now come, she went back once more to her wash-tub.

Lilly lay with the pain beating heavily in her wounded head, till at length, hearing her father's step, she arose, and, with instinctive delicacy, combed the hair carefully over the swollen and discolored temple. She could not set the table, however, for she staggered at every step; so, going back to the sofa, she again lay down.

When Carrie had prepared supper, she could not eat, and dared not come to the table, for fear her father should notice her head. She could not help his noticing her absence.

"Lilly, why don't you come to your supper? You are not sick?"

"A little tired, father, this has been washing-day, you know," replied she, trying to smile.

I should not like to feel the pang Mrs. Hamersly felt as she thus heard her child trying to conceal her own unwomanliness. It did not remain long hidden, however.

Little Dick, the youngest, playing about the

room, unconscious of Lilly's hurt, brushed her head with his arm. She could not suppress a quick cry of pain. Her father turned quickly round. The hair now pushed aside, showed the raised and purple welt it had before concealed.

"Good Heavens! How did this happen?"

Lilly was mute; she *could not* tell. Mr. Hamersly looked instinctively at his wife.

"Theodore," she said, tremulously, "I was not myself when I did it. I have been so tired to-day—you can't think!" And the feeling long pent up rushed forth in a shower of sobs. That same pride soon forbade her children seeing these, and she finished her cry in her own room, which she did not leave that night.

The sorely tired Carrie, after washing the dishes, once more aroused the two children from the floor, where they had fallen asleep, helped Lilly rise from the sofa, and pioneered the whole party up stairs.

How it looked up there! How very disheartening to the tired and sleepy group! Not a bed made, and nearly all denuded of pillow-cases and sheets. Here was more work to do, and, as at last Carrie's head touched her pillow, her mother's was no longer the only moistened one to be found that night.

Mrs. Hamersly thought her husband asleep, for he lay very quietly, but he was broad awake, nevertheless. Mr. Hamersly was one of those many men who need some very decided occurrence to rouse them up to a clear view of things; but, said view once gained, there was no hang back in necessary measures.

"What's the use, after all," he now questioned, "of Miss Hamersly's doing this pesky washin' so often? Haven't had a decent dinner on Monday, I don't know when. The whole house looks like sin, too; no time to make things decent. Carrie kept out of school, and the gad put on the rest of the young 'uns generally. If Matilda Ann hadn't been washin', her hair would have been slick, and she would have had on her brown gingham and white collar; then she would have been a fair match in good looks with Miss General Breck, though she had all California on her back. If she hadn't been washin', she would never have knocked my little Lilly in that shameful way. I can't bear to think on it"—and at this point he gave a tremendous lunge over in bed. "The long and short of it is, Matilda Ann's washin' *don't pay*: the sooner it's put a stop to the better. I won't have no more on it while I'm master of this house and the father of them children."

There was a "stitch" crawling up and down

Mrs. Hamersly's side the next morning, and the group which gathered around the table did not seem greatly exhilarated. The meal ended, Mr. Hamersly pushed back his chair and produced his great black pocket-book, a thing he had never been known to do unsolicited before. You might have heard a pin drop as he arose and placed a pile of bills before his wife.

"Here, Matilda Ann, are twenty-six dollars, fifty cents of it to be paid out every week to a washerwoman, for a year, when I shall hand you as much more, and so on. I have made up my mind it don't pay to have you do your own washin'; so don't let us see any more of it. If you don't feel in your own mind as if the money could possibly be afforded, s'pose you give up that new mankiller I heard you tellin' about. I believe it was going to oost nigh as much as this." And with this last, meant chiefly in joke, Mr. Hamersly went to his office.

Whether aforesaid "mankiller" was given up or not, we are unprepared to state; but we do know a new order of things is established at the Hamersly's. And every week Biddy Macpherson, a nymph with ankles and wrists twice as large as those of Mrs. Hamersly, may be found in that lady's wash-house, her broad cap border rising and falling, as, with the interlude of "a rippy dippy dip," her voice rings out the cadence of "Kate Mavourneen" and "Erin go Bragh."

TO MY BETTER SPIRIT.

BY GAY H. KARAMORE.

MANON, tell me, do you know

What impels the restless sea
Thus to chant in measure slow
All sad notes, which human wo
Sighs to eold eternity?

Manon, tell me, do you know

Why I'm so weighed down to-night,
That whatever bright flowers blow,
That whatever bright eyes glow,
My soul cannot feel the light?

Past me all fair forms seem lying
To fresh pleasures new and rare—
Yet what care I for their joying,
While my longing heart is dying
For thy gentle spirit's care!

Manon, tell me, did I wrong thee
E'er by word, or look, or deed?
Curses now are heaped upon me,
And thy very smiles they throng me
But to make my sick heart bleed.

And yet, Manon, smile again
As you used to smile on me.
Smiles! Oh, they shall banish pain,
And all sorrows be in vain
Which so surge this restless sea!

LESSONS IN MOSS PAINTING.

BY C. B.



PUTTING ON THE MOSS.—Take the brush and put on a thin coat of glue where the branches and leaves of the trees are to be; also where the ground is, and where you wish ivy to be, on old buildings, or in the crevices of the rocks. Then carefully pick the moss to pieces and place a fibre or leaf at a time, upon that portion of the picture that is glued. Different varieties of the moss must be so placed as to give the effect of light and shade. The lightest-colored moss is to be placed on the outside branches of the trees, and mixed with the darker colors for the ground, so that it will look like small patches of sunshine on the grass. There is one variety of running moss which

makes an excellent representation of ivy when placed among the ruins of old castles. Care must be taken that the moss be put on *one* leaf at a time and placed in a natural position. After the moss is all on, leave the picture lying on the back until the glue is dry.

CONE FRAME FOR MOSS PICTURE.—We give above a design for a cone frame. Procure a deep wood frame the size and shape of the picture. Go over the frame with a coat of copal varnish, and while the varnish is wet, spread on a thick coat of glazier's putty; then stick pine and hemlock cones, acorns and beechnuts in the putty, in any desirable figures, and fill in with the leaves of the pine cone. After the

putty is hard, varnish with copal varnish; or if a darker color is desired, mix a small quantity of black Japan varnish with the copal. Use a small brush, and see that the varnish

covers every part of the frame. Procure a clear, thick glass, and have it fit loosely in the frame; place the picture also in the frame, fasten it securely, and tie with heavy cord and tassels.

INTELLECT, THE TWIN SISTER OF CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.

BY WINNIE WALLACE.

INTELLECT—what is it? A precious gem whose refulgent brightness pours a rich, dazzling radiance over the surrounding darkness, causing all things hitherto enveloped in the darkest shades of obscurity to become gloriously bright; a lamp to guide the weary searcher after truths hopefully onward, and open up the richer treasures long hidden by the lowering clouds of ignorance, until, maturing, it shines like the meridian sun, casting its penetrating rays of light on mountain top, in glen and dale, on ocean and on shore, numbering the years of creation by the monarch of the forest, the strata of the earth, and the reefs of coral beneath the south sea wave; and lays bare all nature to its searching gaze. Oh, to what shall we liken this mystic thing, this bright glorious something without form, but comely in its influence? Is there aught on this earth of beauty and of grace which can compare with this bright, this heaven-born gift? Can the happy immortal spirit of man, diving among the bright elysian fields of the New Jerusalem, while bathing in the rapturous delights of that upper sphere, feel aught that combines the dreamy witchery and solid enjoyment of experience when tasting the sweet waters of wisdom? or does *this* compose his chief happiness? Onward and upward has it borne its way, and onward and upward will its course *ever* be, casting its brilliant light around, and making manifest the principles of abstruse science till it reaches the throne of God, its great fountain-head. It comprehends the stars in the blue ethereal vault of heaven, assigns to each a place, gives to each a name, computes their relative magnitudes, and measures the distance from one world to another with astonishing accuracy. It dives deep into the earth, and examines the nature of the atoms which conspire to form the globe. By the aid of chemistry, it enters into the analyzation of the elements which compose the atmosphere. Each drop of water must stand poised until millions of living beings are counted within its narrow limits. The wild flowers of the woodland, together with the delicate blossoms of the green-

house, must each and all consent to be torn in pieces that classes, orders, and genus may be given. It will look forward and grasp the future, and *with one grasp* will apprehend the past. Mountains are passed as "mole-hills" and oceans as "rippling streams." It soars above the clouds, yea, even to the great white throne, or descends to the depth of the sea, gathering everywhere some new bright treasure.

But the natural lustre of this jewel, like that of the diamond, when first found is comparatively nothing; its powers lie dormant, its capacities have never been tried, and consequently its value is not known, for, as the diamond must be polished before its dazzling brightness shines forth clearly, so must the intellect be cultivated before its brilliancy can be fully unveiled; and, as a love for the beautiful is ever found in the heart of man, it has been the object of his ambitious longings to be wise, to be great. He is ever ready to forget his mission here in his wild, impatient searching for knowledge, and yet to *fulfil this mission* is the beginning of wisdom. Placed here but for a season, soon to be called to a land of spirits, should he not first seek to build his Christian character before he would dive into the soul-enticing delights of science? Too often do scientific men leave the purification of the heart until they have unravelled the mysteries of the material world. Oh, man, "seek first the kingdom of God;" then shalt thou be fully prepared to study his works and appreciate the goodness and wisdom of the Mighty Author. And yet I do not place too low an estimate on the benefits to be derived from a mind whose powers are developed to their full extent; on the contrary, I would increase the cry for intellectual improvement which has of late gone over the land; I would send the soul to the hitherto unexplored fields of science; I would bring the WHOLE UNIVERSE within its comprehension; in short, I would satisfy the immortal yearnings of man's undying spirit.

But, says one, we cannot study the natural

sciences without feeling our faith in the Holy Scriptures shaken, and even our belief in the very existence of a God.

Why say this? As well might we say that the perusal of works that bear the stamp of master minds would lead us to suppose that they had had no author; that basking in the sun's rays, feeling his warming influence, seeing the light he sheds around would impress upon our minds the belief that the sun never existed, as that the close investigation of the works of God and the laws which govern them would lead to the conclusion that there was no Great First Cause which produces these mighty effects.

It is true that man, having but a partial knowledge of any science, may believe that *that* science would lead eventually to Atheism. But if he will pursue perseveringly the study, he will at last be constrained to cry out, "Great and marvellous are thy works, O Lord God! in wisdom hast thou made them all." He will feel his Christian character strengthened, and his faith in God increased. Show me a skilful botanist, and I will point to one who, in every flower which adorns this green earth, sees the wisdom of God displayed, and will feel that the same kind hand which sustains the floweret will shield him from all harm.

The geologist, who reads at a glance the composition of almost every particle of the earth's crust, will see in every rock a source of praise to the Great I Am. The astronomer, who calls the stars of heaven by their names, and views the whole firmament lit with millions of sparkling worlds, will know that there must have been some mighty One, who at first called them into being, and still holds them in their varied orbits. He will feel an awe insensibly as it were creeping over him, urging him with an irresistible power to fall down and worship Him, the Mighty Builder of the universe.

The contemplation of Nature through all her ramifications of order, will imperceptibly draw the mind from earth to heaven, and will unite him by an irresistible faith to his Creator; and every truth in every conjured science will serve as a foundation stone, upon which he shall finally build the temple that elevates him to the skies.

We are all the recipients of *intellect* in a greater or less degree, and in proportion to the measure of the gifts, will we be held accountable for the improvement of the talent committed to us. And should not man improve this great prize? Will it not enable him to see his duty clearer, and the advantages to be derived from

living a Christian life? Will not the possession of a well-stored intellect enable him to perceive the holiness and purity of God, and inspire him with a desire to be like him? Will he not, seeing the flowers which adorn the pathway of the Christian, and the crown of glory, which awaits the finally triumphant, lift his heart to God, the source of life and light, and determine to work out his salvation with fear and trembling.

The cultivation of the intellect will increase the capacity the soul has for enjoyment. Mind is immortal, and capable of infinite expansion. Every new truth increases its strength, and every additional idea, its powers.

And thus will it ever go on, adding strength to strength, until it will be capable of realizing, in the eternal world, those divine truths which in this life the most polished intellect, united to the firmest faith, can but perceive as through a glass—darkly.

WEAVING.

BY ISIDORE.

A MAIDEN was weaving at noonday—

A maiden with gold rippling hair,
Whose heart was as warm as the sunrays

That softly encircled her there;
And her eyes were like starlights in shadow,
And her thoughts were like sweet summer air.

I knew by the light of her smiling,
She was weaving a tissue of dreams,
A web of a million of fancies

Illuming her life with their gleams—
That she saw the far future before her
O'er-tinted with halcyon beams.

I did not disturb her with questions,
Nor mar her sweet thoughts with my own,
For the sunlight that played with her fancies
From heavenly pathways had flown!
And she wound them in hues of the rainbow,
As she sat in the noonday alone.

And soon when the shadows had fallen,
An old man with gray silvered hair
Was weaving a tissue of visions
In the gloaming that fell on him there;
And his thoughts were like hues of the evening
In the chamber so ghostly and bare.

I knew by the lines on his temples,
And by the wan smiles on his face,
That from the dead past he was calling
A host of regrets from their place;
And so he kept weaving his sorrows
In a dream that was mournful to trace.

And so we are weaving forever,
Our hopes, our regrets, and our fears,
And time soon dispels every vision,
Or we summon them back with our tears!
And still we are none of us wiser
As we glide through life's current of years.

SUNSHINE AND SHADE; OR, THE GOVERNESS.

BY FANNIE WARNER.

[Entered, according to act of Congress, in the year 1861, by LOUIS A. GODEY, in the clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

(Continued from page 436.)

CHAPTER X.

CHRISTMAS CHIMES.

CHRISTMAS morning was bright and beautiful; and was ushered in by many a glad shout from the black population of the city.

It was scarcely light, when Edith was awakened by the black children screaming beneath her window "Christmas gift!" and "Christmas gift!" was taken up by voices in every direction, and shouted in every key from the heavy bass to the childish treble. She arose, and, going to the window, drew up the blind and fastened back the curtain; hearing no stir in the house, she lay down again, and had nearly fallen asleep when she was aroused by a knock at her door, and, jumping up, she opened it and admitted Tink, who had come to light the fire.

"Christmas gift, Miss Edom!" said the black girl, with a broad grin.

"Merry Christmas!" answered Edith, with a smile, as she closed the door. The girl looked at her with a mystified stare, not understanding the northern style of greeting, then proceeded to shovel out the ashes and lay in the kindling wood.

"At what time do we breakfast, Tink?" asked Edith.

"Half past eight, 'um," replied Tink.

Edith looked at her watch, then commenced to dress; it was but little after six, and concluding naturally that there would be no family worship, she determined to finish her toilet, and go over to the girls' room and read with them a portion of Scripture before breakfast. She dressed by the light of Tink's candle, then, not having unpacked her trunk, took out her dresses and hung them up in the wardrobe. By the time she had her clothes arranged it was quite light, and, groping her way through the dark halls (for the blinds had not been opened), she rapped at the girls' door.

"Come in!" said Matty, and Edith entered and found both of her pupils sitting up in bed.

"Oh, it's Miss Edith! Christmas gift! Christmas gift!" exclaimed Mary, and she bounded out of bed.

"We were just saying that we would get

dressed and go over to your room before you were up!" said Matty, following her sister with very lazy movements.

"Does your uncle have family prayers, Matty?" asked Edith, after kissing the girls and returning their Christmas salutation.

"No, Miss Edith, he does not," answered Matty.

"I thought not," said Edith, "and I have come over to read a chapter in the Bible before breakfast."

"I wish Nelly would hurry herself back!" exclaimed Matty in an impatient tone, gathering up her clothes and carrying them to the grate, where she warmed each article before putting it on.

"Never mind Nelly; I'll assist you to dress," said Edith, and when Nelly made her appearance, her young ladies were ready to have their hair arranged.

"You must come up earlier to-morrow morning, Nell!" said Matty.

"Yes, 'um, I tot dat you 'd want to sleep arter bein' up so late las' evenin', and so I crept out de room slily arter makin de fire."

After the curls and plaits were put in order, Edith sat down at the window, with Matty before her and Mary on a low seat at her side, and opening her prayer-book at the lesson for Christmas day, she read the Collect, the Epistle and Gospel, and rendered a brief explanation. The breakfast bell had not sounded when they closed their books, and Matty proposed going down to the parlor.

"I do wish papa was here!" said Mary, "for I would like to go to the Episcopal church this morning, it's always trimmed so beautifully on Christmas day!"

"You can go with me!" said Edith.

"Are you going, Miss Edith?" I thought you would like to go, but I didn't think that you would go out in a strange city alone, and none of Uncle Morgan's family ever attend church on week-days."

"I know where Aunt Morgan's church is, and I'll be your pilot," said Matty.

"It'll be so pleasant for us then to go together," said her sister, congratulating herself

at first that her uncle's family were *not* piously inclined on week-days; but experiencing a sharp rebuke of her conscience, she added: "Of course I wish that uncle's family would always attend church when there is service, but I think we'll enjoy ourselves best to go alone."

"Nora says that it's *excess of devotion* to go to week-day or evening service, and she never goes except when she wants to meet Signor Cavelli: I think *that's* excess of devotion to *him*!" said Matty, opening the parlor door.

"I wonder if Nora has any more pretty things on the *etagère*!" and Mary examined the shelves saying, "I always look there all over when I come here!"

"What is this made of, dear?" asked Edith, taking up a yellowish-looking mat.

"Don't you know, Miss Edith?" exclaimed Matty, dropping a screen and approaching her teacher.

"No, dear, I have never seen anything of the kind before," answered Edith; and Matty, with an animated face, proceeded to explain.

"I can tell you all about it," said she, taking the mat in her own hand. "Cousin Clarence brought it from India; it's made of *laccine*; in the first place, *lac* is a sort of gum or stuff produced on the banyan-tree, and contains five or six different kinds of resin, and when it is first collected it becomes hard and is called *stick lac*; and when that is melted it is called *shell lac*, because it becomes like a thin crust, and this molasses-candy-looking stuff is made from that, and is called *laccine*; and that cabinet is lacquered or covered with varnish made of lac dissolved in spirits of wine. Doesn't it seem strange that this beautiful mat was once nothing but gum, running down a tree away off in India?"

"You remembered it all, didn't you, Matty?" said Mary, smiling.

"Oh, I knew I would," answered her sister, laughing; and turning to Edith, she said: "I'll tell you how I learned it. Cousin Clarence told it to me last Christmas, and said if I would remember it, he would give me a silver card-case this Christmas."

"I wonder if you'll get it, Matty!" said Mary.

"I reckon not; poor Clarence, he won't be here."

"Is your cousin dead?" asked Edith, concluding that he must be, from Matty's sad tone.

"O no! not dead, but"—and she looked around, as if afraid of being overheard.

"If it's a secret, Matty, you had better not confide it to me," said Edith.

"It is not a secret, but aunt don't like to

hear it spoken of. Cousin Clarence is Fred's twin brother, and he is *insane* in the asylum at Havana," she said, dropping her voice to a whisper.

"He has been there three years," said Mary, coming close to Edith; "but last Christmas he came home and was all right for two months, and then he became, violent again, and had to be sent back."

"This is made of laccine, or shell lac, too," said Matty, taking a long chain in her hand; "doesn't it look like gold?" and throwing the golden-looking chain over Edith's head, it fell in a variety of graceful curves over the massive plaits of her dark hair.

"Good-morning! and a merry Christmas!" exclaimed Mr. Morgan, coming into the parlor evidently in a very jubilant mood. "Fred, look at this *tableau vivant*! Miss Edith and her pupils trying the effect of green and gold! The chain looks well over your black hair, and in contrast to your green dress!" said he, bowing to Edith, who was blushing and attempting to remove the frail ornaments; but it had become entangled in her hair and twisted around her comb.

"Allow me to assist you," said Mr. Morgan. But he found it a difficult matter to loosen it without breaking, and he called to Matty, who, with her sister, had chased their cousin into the hall, shouting "Christmas gift!" which he claimed on the ground of having saluted them first.

"Every bit of your hair will have to come down!" exclaimed Matty, in dismay. "Shall I draw out your comb?"

"Yes," answered Edith. And she bowed her head while Matty drew out the comb and unbraided her hair, which fell over her shoulders in a waving, heavy mass.

"Breakfast!" announced Christopher, introducing his head into the room, and disappearing as suddenly.

"I must go to my room. Come, Matty," said Edith, disliking to enter the breakfast-room alone. She held up her skirt, and ran through the hall, returning Fred's bow and "good-morning" with a blushing face and embarrassed manner. Nora was on the stairs, and she gave Edith a look of haughty surprise, said "Christmas gift" to Matty, and passed them. Stopping before her brother, she said, as soon as Edith and her cousin were out of hearing as:—

"Is that the *Yankee* style of displaying a pretty foot and long hair? That young lady has obviously been studying *effect*!"

"No amount of study could accomplish that blush," answered her brother.

"Yankee ingenuity has taught her how to 'bid the cheek be ready with a blush,'" returned Nora.

"I think she would make her fortune by teaching the art to others," said Fred, his look and tone implying that his sister would not be unwilling to learn. They both passed into the breakfast-room without having expressed a wish for the other's enjoyment of the merry season.

The family were seated around the table when Matty and Edith entered.

"You've missed the *grace*," said Mr. Morgan, laughing, and motioning Edith to be seated in a chair at his side.

"Did you say grace, uncle?" asked Matty, with a surprised but pleased look.

"No, my dear, *I* did not, but Nora, there, said it over her diamonds."

"Look at this superb set of diamonds that father and mother have given me!" And Nora handed the case to Matty.

"Did you find your presents, girls?" asked Mrs. Morgan.

"No, aunt! Where are they?" asked Mary.

"I sent them up to your room last evening," returned Mrs. Morgan. And Mary started out of the room.

"They are watches!" exclaimed Matty, when her sister brought in two small velvet cases. And, opening hers, she lifted a small Geneva watch, and examined it with delight.

"Did you buy them, uncle?"

"Yes, Miss Mary, *I* bought them!"

"Mary, they are from papa! Look on the inside of the case."

"O Uncle Morgan!" said Mary, after reading the inscription.

"Well, *I* *did* buy them, but your father commissioned me to do so," said her uncle, laughing heartily.

"We are going to church, Aunt Martha," said Mary, as they arose from the table.

"To church!" exclaimed Nora, "when your father is not here?"

"We are going with Miss Edith," answered Mary, quietly.

"Well, every person to his taste. I think it is the greatest bore in the world to go to church on a week-day! I'm glad that I am not a Catholic, for that very reason." And she seated herself before the grate.

Mrs. Morgan asked if Matty knew the way, and said that they ought to start in season, for they would have a long walk.

"At what hour does divine service commence?" asked Fred, in a tone of mock solemnity.

"At eleven o'clock," answered his mother.

"It is ten now, and I think we had better be getting ready, don't you, Miss Edith?" asked Matty.

"Yes, dear, if your aunt will excuse us," replied Edith. And they left the room.

Nora looked after them, and, after reflecting a moment, said to her mother, who was standing beside her: "Miss Edith is not a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church."

"Yes, I reckon she is," said her mother.

"No, ma'am, she is *not*; it's a mistake; she belongs to the Methodist *Artful*! Why, mother, she was in the Ellises' room early this morning, reading in the Bible; and then she went down into the parlor, got up a tableau-vivant for father's benefit, and then ran through the hall, past Fred, with streaming hair and slipped foot, evidently with the object of making an impression on the young gentleman; and now she's going to church, a beautiful example of piety, expecting, without doubt, that mi-lord'll accompany her." She looked around to note the effect of her words upon her brother, who was standing with his back to her, looking out of the window. He did not notice her remarks, and she continued, addressing him directly: "I am glad, Fred, that you did not let your politeness run away with your judgment; I expected you would offer to escort the governess to church." He continued to drum on the window-pane, but said nothing. "Emily Owen is coming to-day." She looked at her mother, and they both looked at Fred, Leonora with a meaning smile and Mrs. Morgan with an earnest, anxious expression. His moustache went up contemptuously, but the announcement of Emily Owen's anticipated arrival produced not a word. The drumming continued, rather louder and quicker for a few moments, and then, putting his hands behind him, he approached his mother, and said:—

"What time do we dine to-day, mother?"

"At four o'clock," replied Mrs. Morgan.

He took up a spoon, balancing it on his finger for a few moments, then turned to leave the room.

"You will be home to dinner, will you not?" his mother asked.

"Oh, certainly; I shall return with the girls."

"With the girls?"

"Yes, mother. Variety is the spice of life, and I think I'll vary the order of exercises for Christmas day, and go to church with Matty.

I may come out a wiser and a better man. *Au revoir!*" And, smiling, he left the apartment.

"Matty! That's a capital dodge!" exclaimed Nora. "I'll bet that he'll walk with Miss Edith." And she went into the parlor to watch them from the window.

"Where are you going, Cousin Fred?" asked Matty, drawing on her gloves as she preceded Edith and Mary down stairs.

"If you will be very amiable, I will walk down the street with you," said he, tapping his boot with his cane.

"If I will permit you to do so, you mean. It is not often that you can be seen in such good company, and you must appreciate the honor. Now, hold up your head and turn your toes out!"

"Turn up your toes and hold your head out," said Fred, imitating her tone, and standing on his heels while he thrust his head forward.

"Children should be seen, not heard! Now, open the door."

Nora was at the window, and Fred, suspecting her motive, walked with Matty, out of consideration for Edith, whose position with regard to his mother and sister he did not think would be rendered any the more agreeable by any particular acts of attention on his part coming under their observation.

They walked on briskly for some time; then gradually slackened their pace, and Fred, addressing some remarks to Edith, fell back, and walked by her side. Without giving much thought to the subject, Edith had regarded Fred as a flippant, good-natured sort of person, not having a very large stock of brains, and nothing particular to recommend him save his affability and politeness. She was surprised, therefore, to find him extremely intelligent; and, after the weather and other topics of general interest had been discussed, and the conversation took a higher tone, she was astonished at the extent of information which he seemed to possess with regard to European affairs, society abroad, the political condition of both countries, etc., subjects which had been suggested by the mention of his anticipated European tour, but which, from his general manner and conversation, one would have supposed foreign to his daily experience.

When they reached the church, Fred said: "I will go in, if you think I will not disturb your devotions."

"Come in, by all means, Cousin Fred," said Matty, with an approving smile. And they followed the sexton to a front pew that was vacant. Edith passed in first, and bowed her

head a moment in silent prayer; Matty and Mary followed her example, while Fred took off his overcoat, and arranged himself comfortably in the corner of the pew. Edith was a dear lover of her church; its rites and ceremonies, always impressive, now seemed additionally so, and she experienced a feeling of intense satisfaction in being permitted once more to enjoy the beautiful service. The voluntary was played, and the deep, rich notes of the organ seemed to tell of friends far away, and stirred up memories so sad that, when the chant "Thy will be done" was sung by the choir, Edith dropped her veil to hide the starting tear.

The sermon was finished, the benediction pronounced, and an invitation given to strangers and members of other churches to partake of the Sacrament at the table of their common Master. Fred and the girls arose to go.

"I shall remain to communion, Matty, but you need not do so unless you choose," said Edith. And Matty, after whispering a few words to her sister and cousin, said:—

"We are going to walk, and will be back by the time you are ready to go."

"Very well," answered Edith. And she was left alone in the pew, surrounded by strangers, but feeling more at home than in the cold atmosphere of Mrs. Morgan's elegant mansion. "Ye who do truly repent of your sins, and are in love and charity with all your neighbors," etc., fell on Edith's ear. She was in love and charity with everybody, even her haughty hostess and her daughter, and their proud, almost scornful looks had not kindled one feeling of enmity in her heart. She pitied them, and prayed earnestly that they might become humbled, not through misfortune or affliction, but by becoming disciples of the meek and lowly Jesus. Edith was pious, but her piety was of that unostentatious character that made no show or parade of sanctity, but which was evident in her daily walk, in the conscientious discharge of her duties, both religious and secular, and in her lovely disposition, which, together with a pure heart and clear conscience, made her countenance so radiant and beautiful. She had found in her own experience that everything in religion was calculated to make one cheerful and happy, and she did not believe that, in "glorifying the Father," a long face and the use of cant phrases were essential; but she was not backward in acknowledging her faith or confessing her Saviour, as was evident in her attending church and remaining to communion on a day wholly devoted to worldly pleasure by those whom she was visiting.

Matty and Mary were sitting in a back pew when Edith passed down the aisle to leave the church, and when she asked how long they had been there, Mary replied:—

"We came in just before you went to the altar; it was so chilly that we did not walk far."

"Where's Fred?" asked Nora, when they entered the parlor, after leaving their bonnets up stairs.

"He went down to the reading-room to look over the papers," answered Matty.

"Gone down there to smoke, more likely; that's what his *religious* fit will end in!" said Leonora, pointedly, though in a pleasant tone.

"Smoke and religion! Ha! ha!" exclaimed a voice in the tea-room. "How do do, girls? I'll come in and look at you, directly." And, in less than a minute, a figure came bounding into the room, with outstretched arms, and embraced Matty and Mary; then, without waiting for an introduction, extended her hand to Edith, saying: "I'll not stand upon ceremony, Miss Edith, for I've known you ever since you've been South."

Edith's face expressed her surprise.

"It's a fact! Come over here to the fireplace, and I'll tell you what kind of an acquaintance we've had together." And, pulling Edith to a seat, she threw herself on the rug, and continued: "You know Mr. Acton?"

"Yes, certainly; he was my com—"

"I know," interrupted the stranger; "he was *your* companion for a few days; he is *my* companion for life: in other words, he is my other half, or three-quarters, for he is twice as old and large as I am, which is all very right and proper."

"Why, Emily! you married?" exclaimed Matty, holding her breath in astonishment.

"Yes, honey; I'm joined in the *holy* bonds of wedlock, and a *hole-y* institution wedlock is; one can easily slip through the meshes in this country of divorcees, and I think I'll be legally dissolved, for it's a great nuisance to have a man's boots kicking about your room!"

"But when were you married?" asked Matty, scarcely recovering her breath.

"You'll learn all that in good time, if you listen. Now, Miss Edith, I'll go on with my story. Well, Mr. Acton, after he left *you*, went to Havana to see *me*. We had intended to be married next fall, but while he was there we concluded to bring the courtship to a close, for he has to be in New York nearly all the year, and it's a great bore to court such a distance apart; and, besides, I'm the most miserable correspondent; hate letter-writing; and mother

had to answer all his letters, which did not seem to please him (though I've heard papa say that she writes splendid letters); and so I consented to be married as soon as he returned from Florida, and go to New York for our bridal tour, which was quite a piece of economy, as he had to go there any way, you see."

"But when were you married?" persisted Matty.

"Two weeks ago, honey, and without letting the good people here know anything about it; for you must know, Miss Edith"—casting her eyes at Nora, and looking very mischievous—"you must know that Mrs. Morgan and Nora there had dedicated me to Fred, who very naturally detested the sight of me, because I was always being poked under his nose. Weren't they enraged when I arrived this morning with my spouse! But I've been quite jealous of *you*, Miss Stanford"—starting to her feet suddenly; "really, quite jealous."

"Of *me*!" exclaimed Edith.

"Yes, *me*! and I called you names several times, for William was everlastingly talking about Miss Stanford, and wondering how you got along, and if you liked Beech Bluff, etc., until I more than half suspected that he was in love with you"—and then, sinking her voice to a very audible whisper, she said, with a look of arch delight at the extent of her knowledge—"I know all about Charles Howard!"

Edith colored, but said nothing; Nora eyed her sharply, and Emily, resting her head against the mantle, looked serious for a moment, then continued: "I am right down glad that you gave him his walking papers!" Edith looked astonished and distressed, but the volatile tongue ran on. "He'll catch a tartar when he marries Ellen Acton, if she is beautiful. She is William's niece, and he says that she is very fond of admiration, and is of a dreadfully jealous disposition; and three or four years ago, when she and Mr. Howard met in Europe, they became engaged; but she broke the engagement, because she heard after he came home that he was paying very particular attention to a certain young lady in B—," and the tormentor opened her eyes and nodded her head at Edith in a significant manner.

Edith felt distressed at these disclosures before her pupils, but she remained silent, fearing that if she made any remark, it would only encourage Mrs. Acton to be more communicative. She was hoping that nothing more would be said on the subject, and, to avoid it, was about to address a remark to Matty, when the little lady suddenly broke out again—

"William thinks that Mrs. Richards had a finger in the pie, and sent for Ellen to visit B——, in the hopes of renewing the engagement between her and Charles Howard! I wonder if they'll call me Aunt Emily!"

"You! why you are only two years older than I am, and you don't seem one bit older than when we used to play here together," said Matty.

"Yes, but I am, though; and I'm improved, too, for I don't quarrel any more, and I give up all my playthings. You know we never got along very amiably together."

"There's Fred!" exclaimed Nora, as the front door opened and closed with a loud noise.

"Tell him I'm married, or he won't speak to me!" said Emily, catching hold of Nora's dress.

"Ah, Em! how do de? I'm glad to see you!" and Fred grasped her hand in a most cordial manner.

"Right well, hon—Fred, I mean! and I'm married! not that I'm particularly glad of it, but I think you'll be!"

"I know it, Emily; I met your husband with father. Allow me to congratulate you!"

"As much as you please! but I fancy you congratulate yourself the most; you never gave my hand such a friendly grasp in your life!" and they both laughed heartily, continuing to shake hands and congratulate each other.

Emily—or Mrs. Acton—was of a petite figure, firmly proportioned, and very graceful and sylph-like in her motions, and possessing soft blonde ringlets and a pearly skin, which, together with her juvenile manners and childish voice, made her appear even younger than sixteen.

Mr. Morgan returned with Mr. Acton, who evinced the greatest pleasure in meeting Edith, and at dinner begged Mrs. Morgan to alter her arrangements and allow him to sit between his wife and Miss Stanford. Mrs. Morgan, whose manner seemed to have thawed considerably, though the *governess* was still a thorn in the flesh, granted the request, and he sat down with his wife and Edith on either side of him. Mr. Acton entered at once into conversation with Edith; talked about their friends in B——, and revived reminiscences of their journey, Mrs. Acton bending forward to catch the joke and laugh with them. Gradually throwing off the restraint that had made Edith appear to a disadvantage, though never awkward, she became her natural self, and looked so animated

and charming that even Mrs. Morgan's unwilling eye rested on her in admiration.

The three succeeding days were spent in a perfect whirl of excitement; driving and walking in the daytime, visiting all the objects and places of interest in and around Augusta; and the evenings were passed at public places of amusement, of which there seemed to be no dearth. On the morning of the fourth day, Mr. and Mrs. Acton took their leave, amid many expressions of regret, none more sincere than Edith's.

Whatever had been communicated to Mrs. Morgan and her daughter respecting Edith, there was a very perceptible change in their deportment towards her; they paid her more attention, and though they were not in the least degree familiar, yet it was evident that she had risen in their estimation.

It was the morning before New Year's; the young folks were assembled in the parlor arranging the flowers that were to decorate the rooms on the occasion of Nora's party. Edith's taste had been consulted, and she was filling vases and directing the girls where to place them.

"Where is that gum shell-lac chain?" exclaimed Matty, setting a vase on the *etagère*.

"Isn't it there?" asked Nora.

"No; and I want it to wind around this bust of Jenny Lind."

"It must be there under some of the ornaments, Matty," answered her cousin.

"Indeed, it is not. Christopher was in here polishing the andirons; I'll ask him if he has seen it." And, going to the door, she called the colored man.

"No, Miss Matty, I habn't seen it in here, but I sawd it up in massa Fred's room tree days back."

"In your master Fred's room!"—going to the door with a piece of music in her hand. "What's possessed him to take it? it belongs to me. Go up and get it, Christopher!"

"P'raps massa won't 'low it, Miss Nora," answered the man, looking rather dubious, and twirling his hat in his hand.

"Do as I bid you!" said Nora, sharply, stepping a pace forward and stamping her foot, then drawing herself up to her full height she returned to the piano and awaited the servant's appearance.

"Can't find 'um no whar! done gwine, Miss!" said Christopher, entering and approaching his young mistress with a very uncertain gait and manner.

Looking at him a moment, an angry expres-

sion settled over her face; then, as if the negro were the offending person, she ordered him, in no very gentle tone, to "leave the room!"

Nora's good-humor was gone for the morning; she jerked her music, threw down a vase of flowers in one of her sudden movements, and then, in raising the piano cloth to prevent the water from running on to the carpet, she dropped a note which she held in her hand into it, neither of which accidents tended to soothe her irritation. She called one of the servants and scolded her for carelessness when she accidentally brushed a piece of music with the towel with which she was saturating up the water. Tearing up the note, she threw the pieces into the fire, and was leaving the room with a very unamiable expression of countenance, when the door-bell rung. She listened intently for a moment, then, as the parlor door opened, she advanced and received Signor Cavelli with one of her most bewitching smiles. So sudden and so complete was the transformation, that to Edith, so unaccustomed to such scenes, she appeared as if suddenly touched by a fairy's wand; and one who had not witnessed the turbulent state of her temper a few moments previous would have doubted had he been told that aught had occurred to ruffle its sweetness. She bowed gracefully, and returned his "Happy New Year" with all her elegance and polish of manner, and after he had passed the compliments of the season with the "young ladies," she motioned him to the sofa, and sat down herself.

"I have come to bring my regrets, Miss Nora," he said, handing her a bouquet of rare exotics. "Circumstances prevent my being present this evening, but—"

"Why, of course you'll come!" exclaimed Nora, interrupting him.

"I am sorry that I am to be deprived of that pleasure," he replied in his soft accents. "I received a telegraph this morning announcing the dangerous illness of a friend in New York, and requesting my immediate presence."

"How excessively annoying! But when will you return?" Nora asked, in a tone of vexation.

"Just as soon as possible. If I find that dissolution has taken place when I arrive there, I shall return immediately." Then, sinking his voice, he murmured a few words and left the room, accompanied by Leonora. She did not make her appearance again until dinner-time, when her good-nature seemed perfectly restored, and she laughed and chatted with Edith quite familiarly.

"I have made out my programme for this

evening, and I hope the performers will acquit themselves creditably," said she, gayly.

"Performers! Whose services have you engaged?" asked her father, with a smile.

"Well, let me see! There's Miss Elton, she'll play and sing, of course; and—Miss Edith, you'll sing, will you not?"

"Certainly, if my doing so will give you any pleasure," replied Edith, somewhat surprised at the sudden clearing off of the clouds.

"That's right! Your music will give decided *éclat* to the performance," replied Nora, gayly.

"Who else, Nora?" Mr. Morgan asked.

"Fred, of course. The gentleman is absent when the roll is called; but we depend upon him, and hope he'll be accommodating this evening."

"Cavelli, I suppose?"

"No, sir. Signor Cavelli has gone to New York; he left his adieus with me this morning."

"The mischief he has! What has called him there so suddenly?"

"The illness of a friend."

"And couldn't stay to your party?"

"No, sir," answered his daughter, with a faint blush.

"How many letters are you to receive a day, Nora?" asked Matty, mischievously.

"Not one, my dear," said her aunt, before Nora had time to reply. And, looking at Nora with a satisfied smile, as if confident that her daughter would not disregard her wishes, she continued—"Your cousin knows that I do not approve of young gentlemen and ladies carrying on a correspondence with each other." Nora did not look up, but continued to run her pencil over the paper which she called the "programme."

"You did not name yourself, Cousin Nora," said Mary.

"No; Signor Cavelli actually had the impertinence to tell me not to disgrace my music master by *banging* to-night, and, as I shall be otherwise engaged, I shall not play at all. He thinks my style needs taming down, and he is going to take me in hand as soon as he returns," she said, laughing, as they arose from the table.

"Taming down!" thought Edith. "What an influence he must have acquired over her to have effected such a wonderful taming down of her style already!"

"What a precious fool!—with a *T* instead of an *F*," said Leonora, almost audibly, looking contemptuously after Edith as she left the room.

"And so you have changed your mind about

keeping Miss Stanford in the corner," said Mrs. Morgan, entering the dining-room, and closing the door.

"Yes, mother; nobody will know that she is a governess, and I am not going to proclaim the fact, I assure you. I intend to introduce her as a friend of the Ellises, who has come South for the benefit of her health."

"Oh, Nora! Miss Edith will never abet in that deception."

"She is to know nothing about it. I shall introduce her, and then if any inquiries are started, shall give that as an explanation. The girls will never tell that she is their governess, for they seem to detest the word when applied to their dearly beloved Miss Edith. It's fortunate the Actons left before the party; they certainly would have exposed her position."

"But I do not think it was altogether politic in you to propose her singing; that will introduce her at once to the notice of the whole company, and, if left by herself, she might pass unobserved."

"Never, mother; she is too handsome and distinguished-looking, and besides, papa would drag her awkwardly into notice, and we had better take her under our own wing, and throw the best light on the matter. She has completely bewitched papa and Fred."

"Ay, there's the rub—your brother!"

"I am not at all alarmed on his account since Mr. Acton told us that she refused that Mr. Howard, who, he says, is the handsomest man he ever saw, besides being very wealthy. With all Miss Edith's quiet ways and apparent unconsciousness, it's my opinion that she understands her own attractions, and puts a proper value on them, and is reserving herself for some high position, as mistress of the White House or wife of some English peer," said Nora, ironically.

"I certainly never saw Fred so much interested in any lady before," said Mrs. Morgan, without noticing her daughter's remarks, "and she certainly is very interesting, very lovely; but I never would receive her as my daughter-in-law, never!" And, shoving her chair back violently, she left the room.

Notwithstanding Mrs. Morgan's apparent incredulity when warned by her son of a secret love existing between Leonora and Signor Cavelli, yet she did experience a feeling of uneasiness which had amounted to positive anxiety, when she was inexpressibly relieved by Cavelli's sudden departure. But from an anxious state of mind on her daughter's account

she was thrown into a state of perturbation by her son's increasing devotion to Edith, and the announcement of his intention to spend Easter week at the Bluff, and, in consequence, a deferring of his European tour. She had become so thoroughly alarmed that she had concluded to speak to her brother-in-law on the subject, and request him not to encourage a visit from his nephew. By keeping Edith "in a corner," by making her a neglected wall-flower, Mrs. Morgan had believed that she would appear awkward and out of place; and, as her son had often declared that he never would marry a woman who appeared to a disadvantage in society, she had hoped that he would be thoroughly cured of his *penchant* for the governess. But now that Nora (to whose whims Mrs. Morgan always yielded) had signified her intention of bringing Edith "out," she was actually in despair; for, conscious that she would appear to the very best advantage, particularly at the piano, she expected that Fred would become a fixture at her side, which would naturally lead to inquiries from the company, and she had not the courage to brave the looks of haughty surprise which were sure to follow the *denouement* that the object of her son's devotion was her nieces' governess. In making their arrangements, Mrs. Morgan and her daughter had decided that Matty should stand with Nora at one end of the room, while Mary and her aunt, with Mr. Morgan, were to occupy a position near the door to receive the guests as they entered. It afterwards occurred to Mrs. Morgan that by this arrangement Edith would be left to Fred, who she did not doubt would form a committee of reception in another part of the apartment, a feature which she did not consider as at all desirable; and, to obviate this difficulty, she requested Fred to stand with his sister and cousin. She had just made the request, and was congratulating herself on her able generalship, when the door of the tea-room, where they were assembled, was thrown open, and Mr. Ellis entered. Matty and Mary, with a scream of delight, bounded to receive him; with difficulty he released himself from their embraces, and advanced to receive the welcome of the others. After shaking hands warmly with Mr. and Mrs. Morgan and his niece and nephew, he looked around the room, and a shadow settled on his face. Matty, who understood her father's countenance, hastened to explain.

"Miss Edith will be down in a moment, papa; she is fixing the trimming on my dress. Nora is going to have a party this evening, and

Mary and I are going to wear purple sashes and bows and white dresses. The dress-maker didn't fix them to Miss Edith's taste, and she has been the whole afternoon altering them. Here she comes, and I reckon she don't know that you are here—see what she'll say." And Matty looked with a pleased, eager face towards the door, which opened and admitted Edith, who, without noticing Mr. Ellis's presence, walked quietly to her seat, beside Mr. Morgan.

"Why, Miss Edith!" exclaimed Matty, in a tone of vexation and surprise.

Edith looked up quickly, and her face became perfectly radiant with astonished pleasure on beholding Mr. Ellis. His eye was fixed on her face, so sweet in its quiet repose as she walked to her seat, and the sudden, electrical change that passed over it on discovering his presence produced a flush in his own cheek, and rendered the meeting somewhat embarrassed on both sides. Edith apologized for not observing him when she entered the room, and, regaining her wonted composure, she inquired after his people at the bluff.

"Come, my son," said Mrs. Morgan to Fred, who, according to his usual custom when annoyed, had walked to the window, and was drumming on the glass, "come: we must have tea over, and adjourn to our dressing-rooms." He took his seat, and, with his usual lively manner, said:—

"Well, uncle, you have arrived just in time for the frolic."

"I don't know about that, Fred," returned Mr. Ellis; "I have important business to transact this evening, which may detain me down town until a late hour. You know I am very bashful (with a smile), and I could not summon courage to enter the room alone, after all the guests have assembled."

"I'll wait for you, papa!" exclaimed Mary.

"And miss your lesson in receiving company? No, that will not do," said Mrs. Morgan.

"Here is Miss Edith, Ellis," said Mr. Morgan. "I believe she is the only one who has not been pressed into the receiving service; she will come out and escort you into the room."

"Very well, Miss Edith," said Mr. Ellis, without waiting for a reply from her. "You can wait for me until ten o'clock, and if I am not here at that time, Fred must be your escort."

"With pleasure," returned Fred.

Mr. Ellis had discovered at once that Edith was on a sociable footing with the family, and, feeling relieved of some anxiety on that score, his spirits rose proportionately.

"I believe I have some letters for you, Miss

Edith," said he, as she was about to leave the room with the girls; and he handed her a package, saying, "You can read them while you wait for me in the library."

The blushes and embarrassment attending the meeting between her brother-in-law and his daughters' governess did not escape the observation of Mrs. Morgan. "She must not be put in Mary's place, either," she said to herself, while she poured out the tea; then, glancing at her son as he took his seat at the table,—"I must balk them both by making it apparent to each that the other will win."

(To be continued.)

THE NAME IN THE SAND.

BY MRS. CORDELIA H. TURNER.

By the side of the ocean on a pebbly seat,
Where the white-crested wave rolled up o'er his feet,
Sat a child in whose locks the cool zephyr play'd,
And on his pale cheek the hue of rose laid;
His red coral lips it greeted and kissed,
Enshrouding him quite in its silvery mist.
Thus playfully sitting, the venturesome child
In miniature islands the sea shells had piled,
And as the cool water came up on the beach,
To lay on its bosom some fair shell he'd reach;
But as the rude wave receded from shore,
The glistening toy to depths dark it bore.
Thus thoughtlessly tossing them off one by one,
Till all of his miniature islands were gone;
Then, rising, in sadness he cries to the main,
"Bring me, oh bring me those fair shells again!
And while I am waiting on this moistened strand,
I'll write with my finger my name in the sand,
And there it will linger till ages roll past,
And longer than islands of sea shells 'twill last."
So with his fair finger of soft marble hue
In the yet moistened sand he manfully drew
The name that a fond loving mother had given,
To her infant son ere she left him for heaven.

But as he sat gazing the tide swept along—
It trilled o'er the beach, and in its gay song
Seemed to jestingly, mockingly, heartlessly say,
"Thy name as thy shells I bear far away."
But nothing undaunted, "I'll try it again!"
And as he exclaims it he carves as with pen,
Still deeper and deeper in the sand on the shore,
His name; but the sea soon levels it o'er.
Thus seeing it fruitless his name to enshrine
On the beach of the sea that's washed by the brine,
He rises! A stone for his mallet he takes,
And for a rude chisel some fair shell he breaks;
He sings to the waves, "No longer you'll mock;
I'll carve in yon granite my name on the rock."
'Twas done, and it lingered till seasons rolled past,
It stood the rude waves and the wild tempest's blast;
And oft when in manhood he stood by a stream,
Reverting his thoughts to his boyhood's wild dream,
As over his brow the cool zephyr plays,
It brings to his thoughts those fond happy days
And miniature isles that were borne from the land
Along with the name that was writ in the sand.

THE ROMANCE OF A HIDDEN HEART.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

It was near sunset, the sunset of a rare day in June, and the amber drapery of the west threw a golden reflection over the dark front of Ireton Hall, the residence of Richard Steele.

On the wide, vine-wreathed piazza of the mansion sat the master, the proprietor of untold wealth, the uncontrolled possessor of a million, in lands, bank stocks, and railway shares.

Mr. Steele had never been married; he enjoyed his riches without companionship; he had not a relative in the wide world. A hard, selfish, grasping man, beloved by none, and respected only because of his great wealth. But spite of his power to do good, the world was none the better for Richard Steele's existence. No prayerful lips spoke his name with blessing; no lonely child of poverty and want was made happy through his bounty; no desolate orphan's heart sung for joy because of his ministrations. And he, this man who so misused his life, went to his couch of down at night, without prayer; he ignored God; and his Bible lay on the mahogany shelves of his library, with mould on its velvet cover.

No one in Milford remembered Mr. Steele as other than the miser he was to-day; for fifteen years he had been a citizen of the town, and no change, either for better or for worse, had come over him, in a moral point of view.

Speculators avoided him; they made no thriving bargains out of the keen-sighted financier; and men of business, when forced to deal with him, cut their interviews short. No one thought of offering him a subscription paper for any charitable purpose; he denounced all benevolent societies as humbugs, and those who canvassed for them he called swindlers.

The gardens of Ireton Hall were the finest for scores of miles; the yellow pears and luscious nectarines mellowed on its walls, the ungathered grapes purpled on the trellises, and no schoolboy's daring hands disturbed the ripe treasures. Mr. Steele's great dog, Pluto, was as selfish as his master, and his savage teeth were always ready to inflict summary punishment on each and all depredators.

This quiet afternoon, as Mr. Steele sat on the piazza gazing out on the broad acres of Ireton, his eye fell on two little children who were com-

ing down the road hand in hand. They arrived in front of the gardens, and cast wistful looks at the rich damask roses which hung over the quaintly carved gate. For a moment, they conversed together in subdued voices, and then they turned in at the lion-guarded gateway, and came slowly up the avenue.

An angry scowl contracted the brow of Mr. Steele at this unwarranted intrusion, and he half rose from his seat as if to drive out the unwelcome guests. They were the first children who had ever dared to trespass on the estate of Ireton Hall.

They came fearlessly up to the piazza, still holding each other's hands. The eldest was a boy of perhaps twelve years; a brave, noble little fellow, with brown eyes, and dark, glossy brown hair. The other was a girl; she could not have been more than nine summers old, and beauty like hers is seldom seen save in some rare old picture. The sight of her face struck a strange thrill to the heart of Richard Steele, and involuntarily he bent down to look at her. She was fair as a water lily save the crimson which tinged her lips, and leaped at intervals to the snow of her cheek. Her eyes were deeply blue, and her hair like ripples of molten gold touched by heavenly sunbeams. Both the children wore mourning garments, cheap and coarse, but neat as human hands could make them. The little girl spoke first.

"Please, sir, will you give brother and me some roses?"

The tone was musical and sweet as harp notes, but the rich man's countenance grew hard and cold. He pointed to the highway.

"Begone!" he exclaimed, "I do not raise flowers for beggars!"

Oh, how the dark eyes of the boy flashed, and he was about to make some sharp answer, but the pressure of the girl's fingers on his arm checked him.

"We are not beggars," she said, calmly, "but our mother is dead, and we are orphans. She loved the roses, and we love them, too. Please give us one apiece. It will seem so good to smell flowers once more."

The hard face did not relax, the long, thin finger still pointed to the gate, but the blue-eyed petitioner did not move. She was regard-

ing him with an expression strangely tender and pitying, and it annoyed him more than anything else to be pitied.

"Why do you look at me in that way?" he demanded, harshly.

"Because I am sorry for you," she said, sweetly; "you are old, and sad, and all alone. Where are your children?"

"I have none," he answered; and wondered, at the same time, why he did so.

"None? Have you no little girl to sit on your knee, and call you papa? I'm sure I pity you very much!"

"Humph!"

"But I do! Indeed I do! It must be dreadful not to love anybody! Did you never have anybody to love you?"

A spasm of pain shot athwart the rigid face of Richard Steele, and his tall frame quivered, it might be with agony, or anger, one could not decide from his words. He pushed the child away.

"Not another word! I will not listen! Good heaven! that lips like those should ask me that question!"

"Pardon me, I didn't mean to hurt your feelings. You loved somebody, and God took her away. Was it your sister?"

Ah, yes; and memory flew back to that gentle, fair-haired child who had clung with soft arms to his neck, and kissed with warm lips his bearded cheek. His little sister, May! How well he remembered her, as she looked the last time he had seen her face, lying cold and calm like marble, in the shadow of a coffin; with white rosebuds broken in twain, amid the ringlets of her hair, broken like herself, the sweet immortal rosebud! Yes, he remembered May, and his eye grew moist with something like a tear, but it was a strange visitant, and he dashed it away. Yet that tear was not given to angel May; she had been for years safe in the Paradise of God; it was given to another, whose blue eyes seemed to look at him out of the blue orbs of the little girl before him. He bent down over her, and scanned her features closely. Then he asked—

"My child, what is your name?"

"Violet Gray."

The man smothered a cry of surprise, and his face grew strangely pale, even in the red light of sunset. It must have been a strange emotion, indeed, which could thus stir the hard heart of Richard Steele. Presently he said:—

"And what was your mother's name before she married?"

"Violet Dale."

"And she is dead?" He spoke the words in a deep whisper, as though fearing to utter them aloud.

"She is with the angels."

A silence fell upon the group, broken only by the suppressed sobs of the girl and the heavy breathing of the man. When he again addressed her, his voice had taken a softness which none in Milford had ever heard in its measured cadence.

"And this boy is your brother?"

"Yes, my brother Richard."

"Richard! For whom was he christened thus?" Mr. Steele asked the question breathlessly, with an earnestness very strange and foreign to his stony nature.

"For a schoolmate of my mother's—"

"And this schoolmate's surname—do you remember it?"

"It was Richard Steele, sir."

O how the cold face lighted up! and the stern mouth grew almost tender as this proof of the power of the old love was given him.

"Did Violet—did your mother ever mention this Richard Steele to you?"

The boy came forward, and replied: "His name was the last on her lips when she died; and, two days before she left us, she gave me a letter which I was to put into his own hand; and we are searching for him, my sister and I, and when we have found him, we are going to live with a distant cousin of my father's, in Portland."

"You need look no further for Richard Steele, my boy; he is before you! Come into the house, and give me the letter."

The children followed him into the great parlor, and, calling his astonished housekeeper, he bade her prepare them some refreshments; then, receiving the packet from the boy, with reverent awe, he went up stairs to his chamber, closed and locked the door, and sat down in the arm-chair by the window. He held the letter some time in his hand, gazing intently on the superscription, which he could scarcely discern for the mist that dimmed his eyes. At length he kissed the writing and gently broke the seal which the fingers of the dead had fixed. The contents of the sheet were as follows:—

RICHARD STEELE: Now that I am dying, it will wrong no one to confess what has hitherto been kept a secret in my own bosom. You believed me false and fickle; you despised all women because of me, and I have suffered you to go on in ignorance, while all the time my heart has been slowly breaking for the want of your

love. When you left me to go out into the world in search of fortune, my love for you wronged my Creator! I was an idolater, and you, Richard, were my idol! But if my love was strong, my pride was stronger, and when your letters, after growing less frequent, ceased altogether, I sought no explanation of your silence. Georgia Dale, my stepmother, was my counsellor, and because I listened to her my whole life has been shipwrecked! She it was who first whispered in my ear the story of your devotedness to a fair Southern heiress; she it was who brought me the letter containing the tidings of your marriage. Oh, Richard! Richard! who shall picture to you the days of agony which succeeded? But for all my regnant pride, I should have lost my reason! Well, after that Charles Gray sought my favor; my stepmother approved of him, and I perjured myself at God's holy altar! Too late I learned the truth! It was all a vile plot of Georgia Dale's; I stood between you and her; but for me, she hoped to win your love! You know the result; her success was not a success, but a failure; you fled from the country, cursing me in your heart, and never guessing that the fair, smiling bride of Charles Gray cast out a thought after you. Seven years ago my husband died, and during these seven intervening years I have earned my own and my children's bread by the labor of my hands. Once only in all that weary time have I looked on your face, and then you thought me hundreds of miles away; but my love was potent, and I journeyed, on foot and alone, a hundred leagues to see you once more. You were walking in the garden, and the woman whom you turned away when she asked for a draught of water was Violet Dale. I would not reveal myself to you; it is better as it is. And now God bless you, Richard Steele! I have loved you long, and you only; and in the heaven whither I am going there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage; meet me there!

VIOLET GRAY.

He finished the manuscript, and, bowing his face upon the open sheet, the long pent sorrow of his heart burst forth in tears—tears such as only one like him can shed. The closed chamber was opened at last, the double granite doors were rolled back, and the angels of tender Memory flew in and took up their abode there.

Violet Dale! Violet! the soft-eyed girl whom he had loved with the freshness of his youth and the fervor of his manhood; Violet, who

had made his whole life a failure! And yet she had been pure and innocent; before the tribunal of his judgment she was blameless. Yet she was dead—what mattered this long-deferred discovery? it was now too late! Too late for her, but not too late for her children! They should be his, and he would be their father. And it was even so. Richard and Violet Gray went forth no more from Ireton Hall; henceforth their home was with the early friend of their mother.

Unbounded was the surprise in Milford when it was known that Mr. Steele had adopted two stranger children; but still greater was the astonishment when, on the following Sabbath, the rich man walked into church, leading the orphans, one on either side. The good work was begun, and it went on until Richard Steele's whole nature was revolutionized.

Years afterwards, while he lay on his death-bed, loving and grieving friends were around him, and at the very last he fancied he saw the face of his lost Violet hovering above the couch. And at his funeral there were few dry eyes, for the poor had learned to bless his bounty, and the sick and distressed offered up his name in their prayers; and all sorrowed alike, for they knew that the grave had closed over one whose hand was ever open to the calls of charity. And therefore say not, O cold cynic, that because men are harsh and cold there is no oasis in the desert, for in every human heart, however strong, there is a fountain of sweet waters, and happy is he who breaks the flinty barriers and allows the living stream to gush forth.

LOVE.

BY HARRIET FAY.

PERHAPS there are few words in the English language, or in the vocabulary of any other language so strangely miscomprehended as the much abused one of *love*. The poet sings of it, the novelist writes of it, the novel-reader weeps over it, the school-girl dreams of it, the world talks of it, yet few souls are blest with its knowledge, and its holy light illumines but few hearts.

We talk of true, unselfish love, as though love were ever untrue, or its sacred twilight might deepen into the darkness of jealousy or fade in the cold dawn of selfishness. The bright light of passion may dazzle for a time, and then flicker in the shadows of indifference and go out in the blackness of hate; but love grows brighter in the darkness, and sheds its

steady light over the cherished one, to guide and to cheer through the path of sorrow and, if need be, of sin, and over the sea of death. Indifference cannot weary nor ingratitude blight it. It beams brighter and purer in the spirit-land, and death's dark waters have no power to quench its light.

The belief in guardian angels is no idle superstition, but a beautiful truth realized by many a heart unbound by earthly passion, for as we love those that have gone before, so may the love of the angels shed its pure light over our souls when peaceful thoughts come over us and still all worldly strife as the quiet of a Sabbath evening. Love is no idle creation of a morbid fancy, no sickly sentimentalism or burning passion. All love is embodied in the one sentence: "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believed on him should not perish, but should have everlasting life."

The subtle essence of love is not human but heavenly, and Madame de Stael had learned it when she said: "How happy are those who consecrate to God alone this profound sentiment of love of which the inhabitants of the world are not worthy." This simple sentence contains more of truth than all the passion and sentiment of her Corinne.

Earthly love is seldom happy, rarely brings peace to the soul, because it is not love alone, but is mingled with pride or passion. Our books are full of this low, earth-born passionate sentiment that we call love. Each day we hear of a husband that abandoned his family, or of a desertion of home and friends, all for—love. Was it love that prompted the tempter to tear the wife from the husband that she has vowed to love, honor, and obey, to cast away the clinging arms of her children, and to plant the thorn of remorse deep in her heart, that, in the long years to come, she may reap the bitter harvest of wretchedness? Was it love that plead with her when, yielding, she brought dishonor on his name no less than on her own? Love should ennoble, not degrade its object.

Love! Divine love, emanating from the great source of light and love, brings joy and not sorrow to the heart that cherishes it. The buds of youth and the blossoms of hope may be blighted by the frost of selfishness, or scorched by the hot breath of passion, but the warm sun of love rises to bring life to the drooping flowers, as the ineffable love of the great Father shall raise us, when blighted by the breath of sin, to bestow upon us eternal life.

SABBATH EVENING.

BY REV. H. A. GUILD.

THE still Sabbath eve has come—
 Snow sinks the sun to rest;
 White purple clouds, all tinged with gold,
 Lie thick along the west
 The merry warblers cease their song,
 And seek their leafy beds,
 While gray night's mantling curtain falls,
 And soft the twilight spreads.

The silent dew steals o'er the mead,
 And gems the sleeping flowers;
 While hushed in stillness not a leaf
 Moves on the rosy bowers.
 The moon unveils her lovely face,
 And pours a mellow light
 Over the earth, and glimmering stars
 Bestad the vault of night.

Great God! we praise thee for this day
 Of glad and welcome rest—
 A respite from our weekly toils,
 From care and woe oppress.
 Oh, let us at the parting hour
 Of this, Thy hallowed day,
 Render the grateful tribute due,
 And heart-felt homage pay.

Let us with all creation join,
 To sing and praise Thy name;
 And may Thy spirit still our hearts
 To calm and peaceful frame.
 May this blest day our hearts revive,
 And cheer us on our way,
 Up to the Sabbath in the skies,
 That never-ending day.

THE MOONBEAMS.

BY EVA EVERGREEN.

ON the night, the night, the beautiful night!
 When the green earth is kissed with moonbeams bright,
 That light on the trees, and their silver wings
 Keep time to the song that the zephyr sings;
 They creep in each sweet flow'et's folded cup,
 And there on the sky-distilled dew they sup.
 Oh, a dainty race of fairies are they—
 Those moonbeams—what magical wands they sway!

They visit the streamlets that hide in the dell,
 And wherever they catch the water's swell,
 They kiss it in gladness and leave a smile
 On its bosom dark and linger awhile.
 Oh what halos of glory they cast round the head
 Of the children that sleep in the cotter's low bed!
 With their gossamer wings, and their silver-shod feet
 That have strayed far away from the heavenly street.

Many deeds of good have their bright eyes seen,
 And many a fond lover's kiss, I ween;
 Oh what visions of maidens made wondrously fair,
 As they knelt in the moonlight to whisper a prayer!
 Bright beams of love from the Father's throne
 Over earth's slumbering multitude thrown,
 Servants of heaven sent earthward to keep
 Their silent vigils while sweetly we sleep.

MR. AND MRS. RASHER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MISS SLIMMENS."



CHAPTER VIII.

A WAY TO GET MONEY.

SCOLDING? I am *not* scolding! I never scold, Mr. Rasher! If I express my mind about anything, you begin to talk about "curtain lectures," and all that kind of vulgar stuff. Men have fairly worn out their own tongues talking about women's tongues, yet I've got to live to see the day when a man admired a quiet woman. You always see them running after the silliest chatterboxes—the faster they can talk, and the more foolish things they can say, the better they like 'em—*always provided it ain't their own wife!*

It's only last night, at Mrs. Yellow Dock's, you was perfectly infatuated with that Mrs. Giggle, that we women despise. I had to laugh in my sleeve, to see how you stuck by her side the whole evening. Jealous? not a bit of it. Me and Grimace were watching you, and enjoying ourselves very much. Grimace told me it was surprising to see a man with such a wife as you had, interested in that silly little widow. You were charmed with her good nature? I presume so. You'd rather have somebody with an eternal smile on their face, than to hear the wittiest things said in a cutting way. The fact is, Rasher, you're not a judge of the female sex; they can pull the wool over your eyes without the least difficulty. You presume I am as well aware of that weakness as any one? Oh, now, don't be getting sharp, it ain't becoming to you! Give me the money I asked for, that's all I want of you. Of course it's all I ever want of you. Men were made to earn money, and women to spend it. If it wasn't

for your money-making faculty I don't know what you'd be, my dear. You're neither a politician, nor an office seeker, nor even a deacon in your own church, and you can't even drink a toast like some men; you ain't handsome, and never can have any manners; but people respect your money, and put up with all your deficiencies. I was telling Mrs. Allen Allair how much I admired her husband, and she said she'd "swap" any day, Mr. Rasher dressed me so beautifully. All of our set, that have to tease and tease when they get new things, are envious of me. They know I never ask twice when you've got it, and that you're usually reasonable about pin-money. I suppose it's because you know I'll have it by hook or crook, and you might as well give up at first as last. My gracious! I don't know what I should do, if I was obliged to submit to what some of my friends have to put up with. Begging for what they need, as humble as the crossing sweepers, with their—"Please give me a penny, sir!"

I want a couple of hundred dollars. I've been wanting it a week, and it's extremely inconvenient for me to wait any longer. "Snubbing you ain't just the way to put you in the humor for giving it to me." *Snubbing you!* What on earth were you made so little for, if it wasn't to be snubbed? I've always snubbed you, and always expect to. But I want two hundred dollars this morning, and if you refuse it to me, you'll be sorry for it. What will I do? Why a hundred thousand things to make you uncomfortable. What was a woman given her wits for, if it wasn't to defend herself? I'll do everything you don't want me to do; and you know what that means, from former experience. It does: it means too much sugar in your tea and not enough in your coffee, nothing that you like for dinner, and a poke in your ribs every time you get to snoring at night; it means the most chilling and killing politeness, Mr. Rasher—treating you, as it were, as we do friends in reduced circumstances. It means being nervous and having the headache when you make little advances towards being sorry; it means forgetfulness of your likes and dislikes, mislaying your paper, not allowing you to smoke in your room; it means very low spirits

when we are alone together, and very high spirits as soon as any one comes in. But there's no use telling you what it means; you have had chance to speak from experience. And now, if you want to provoke me, you can; but I shall go and run you in debt just twice that sum, and do lots of troublesome things besides. You'll warn the shops not to trust me! You dare not! you haven't the spunk! and if you had it, you've too much pride. You can't catch an old bird with chaff. You can't frighten me. You'd better go and tell Madame Folly not to trust me! I'm going to get my spring bonnet there. She let me make my selection yesterday, though she don't have her opening for a week yet. I've picked out a perfect love, the very finest real chip with a perfectly new kind of trimming—twenty-two dollars, and I owe her forty, now. She'd be very civil to you, I've do doubt, if you were to go there and warn her that you would "pay no debts of my contracting," and she'd be just as anxious to get me on her books for a dozen times that amount. Rasher, my love, you're not a match for the female sex, and you ought to be aware of it. You wish to goodness you never *had* been a *match* for one of 'em? There it comes again! what a heartless creature you are, Rasher! not only to tell the wife of your bosom and the mother of your children that you wish you never had married her, but to be guilty of conveying that information in a pun, jesting about what should wring tears from your eyes. You had better pun than swear? Well, if you weren't a brute you wouldn't do either, just because your wife wanted some spending money. *Don't* try to put your arm around me, I always did hate it, even when we were courting, and I know you never do it now, except to smooth over some of your outrageous conduct. Getting fatter every day? nonsense! I'm not doing any such thing! You think of having me exhibited at Barnum's as the Fat Woman, if I cause you to fail through my extravagance? Rasher! you've nothing but vulgar thoughts in your mind, from one day to another; and, in my opinion, it's all caused by your constant contact with pork. Perhaps it's the same thing that makes you so oleaginous? And what's that? something horribly low, I'm sure, or you wouldn't make use of it. Pretty morning-dress? I'm aware of that. You're just trying to change the subject, and slip out of this chamber without giving me what I asked for. I'd rather have the cash than any quantity of compliments. You haven't got it? That's always the story.

Very well. If you can't do me one favor, will you do me another? Just please to look in the closet, and reach me down my Zouave jacket from the top peg.

What am I doing? Why, I've locked you in, my love, and you don't come out till you fork over two hundred dollars. Hope I'll be generous enough to send you in some breakfast, and a lamp, with the morning papers to read? Ha! ha! do you, indeed? There's the breakfast-bell now, so you had better make up your mind. We had some splendid fresh eggs sent in from the country yesterday, and I ordered omelette for breakfast. It will spoil directly. Let you out, and you'll see about it—can't give it to me through the door? Slip it under the door, my darling, one or two bills at a time. I'll count them, and tell you when I've enough. You'll starve and smother before you'll do it? Very well. I'm going down. I can eat your omelette, and mine, too. I'm dreadfully hungry this morning, aren't you, my love? It won't do a particle of good for you to kick at the door; you've often recommended the solidity of the wood work, and besides you've got your slippers on, and haven't room to kick to advantage. Good-by, my precious. You'll be quite exhausted and ready to be reasonable by the time I've finished breakfast.

I declare, if he hasn't got over being mad, and gone to singing! It'll take two hours yet to bring him to terms. My love, can you give me those bills now?

(She's done full many a daring deed,
But never one much rasher;
If ever I got out again,
Good gracious, won't I thrash her!
I'd like to, but I can't, I know,
For she is much the stronger.
I'll smother in this horrid hole,
If kept here any longer.)

Mr. Rasher, I've finished my breakfast, and would like you to just slip that trifling amount under the door, if convenient.

(You cannot have a dime to-day—
I'll stick to that like tease;
You'd better let me out, my dear.
Pop goes the weazle!)

I guess you'll get tired of singing on an empty stomach, and you see you'll be obliged to give up sooner or later. You can die game? Yes, you can, but you don't want to; you're as fond of living as anybody.

(I'll live and die in Dixie!
Look away! far away!)

You can't look very far away, sweetest, un-

less you can look through a wooded door. Kicking again! Ho! ho! getting spunky! You're fatiguing yourself for nothing. You'd better be a good boy, mind your wife, and come out and eat your breakfast. What's that? You've got a penknife? Well, I'm not afraid of your committing suicide. Cutting my Zou-ave jacket into flinders, and are going to serve all my clothes the same way? Just as you please. It's rather expensive amusement, but of course I shall get new ones to take their place. You'll give your club an account of the whole proceedings? I don't care for that; they know I'm your better half.

(Marier, mother of my girls!

Pity this dreadful numb ache

That gnaws like mice within a cheese,

Not in my heart, but stomach.)

You can have a nice breakfast for two hundred dollars, and not a cent less. You sha'n't give as-sent to it? Perhaps you'll make up your mind by the time I return from the parlors. I'm going down to see about having the curtains dusted. What's that? You capitulate, resign, surrender, give up? Very well; give me the money. You'll be obliged to give me a check on the bank where you deposit, but you promise, on your word and honor, to do that? This morning? as soon as I let you out? before you leave this room? upon your sacred word and honor? Well, then, I'll unlock the door. I'm a perfect Bluebeard? I own up to it. Here's pen and ink; make out the amount, two hundred dollars. Thank you, my dear. And now you may have your breakfast; I'll wait on you myself; and the next time your wife wants a reasonable amount of spending money, don't lose so much time in giving it to her. The longer you live, my love, the more you'll find that you can't outwit a woman!

CHAPTER IX.

RASHER "AT HOME."

MRS. RASHER! I'm proud and happy to welcome you. To what propitious circumstance am I indebted for the honor of this visit? It is three years since you have delighted your husband by a visit to his place of business. Does the smell offend you? your nose is turned up a little. Will you sit down, my dear, upon this half barrel of mess? No? Will you sit down on this hog's-head? No? You've been to the bank with the check I gave you? Well, I trust they did not refuse to cash so trifling a sum. *Have your revenge?* What's the matter,

my dear? Isn't the check all right? I do not see any mistake about it. Oh-ho! drawn backwards! I declare, that was careless of me! You should have noticed it this morning, that I might have corrected it. Of course the clerk could not make you change for the two-hundredth part of a cent. Let's look at it—\$00 002; a bad mistake, really! On purpose, to mortify and disappoint you? Now, Marier, you couldn't suspect me of that, and besides "there's no outwitting a woman," you know—of course not, Marier! You see it sharpens a fellow's wits to shut him up in a dark closet without any breakfast. I'm *very* sorry for the mistake and the trouble it's put you to. Was your dear friend Fitz-Simmons along with you, as usual? She must have been disappointed, not to get her portion of the spoils. Don't look so cross, wife; sit down and make yourself comfortable. Will have to put a little grease on your temper, to make it run smoother. Haven't felt so well in a long time as I do to-day. Business looking up again. Sold a thousand barrels to-day. I've got five thousand dollars to deposit as I go home. I could let you have a little, as well as not; but if I should give it to you to-day, there wouldn't be any excuse for shutting me up in the closet again, and I rather like to be shut up by a woman! Quite a *sell*, wasn't it?—the thousand barrels, I mean. *Check-mated* you, my love! Ha! ha! You look warm—won't you have a *draft* of something cooling? I've got some bottled stont under the desk there, though I wouldn't recommend it, as it might make you stouter than you are. Will I or will I not give you money to finish your shopping? I guess I've punished you enough for that little trick you served me this morning. Just step into my private office, and let me get it for you. If you won't set down on a hog's-head, perhaps you will on this chair. What am I doing? Oh, nothing but locking you in, my love. I'll send Pat home with the carriage, and you can make yourself comfortable till five o'clock. Fitz is waiting for you at Taylor's? I only hope she hasn't money enough to pay for the lunch she's probably ordered. You haven't had yours, I suppose; but as you ate both your breakfast and mine, you won't need any. Faint away? I've got a watering-pot I can sprinkle you with through this little window, and then you'll have on a watered silk. You've heard of the wise advice, "keep your powder dry," and if you should faint, I'd be obliged to dampen yours, and you'd be a dough-face, no matter what party you belonged to. I'm going out now to

see a man in the next block, on business. I'll look in on you in about half an hour.

How are you enjoying yourself, Marier? hope you're comfortable. If you'll only say you're hungry, I'll get you a side of bacon out of the back room. I can't cook it for you, as I've no conveniences, except in one way—the style called the “domestic broil.” It's the way I had my breakfast cooked. As silence gives consent, I suppose I may get it for you, so here goes. Good land, my love, it's lodged right in your lap! Why didn't you catch it? You've greased your velvet cloak dreadfully. You ain't as spry as you used to be, wife. If you'd been in the dark, as I was this morning, you wouldn't have been to blame for the accident. You've made a pretty mess of it, catching it ker-souse in your lap. You're in a nice pickle, I must confess. Never mind; don't cry about it. Eat and be filled.

“You will come out!” Then why don't you come? You might squeeze through the window, but it's only twelve by fourteen inches, and you'd be likely to stick. Don't kick, my love, the door is extra thick, and your shoes are thin! you might hurt the door, and you're too tender-hearted to do that. If you want to be storing your mind with useful information, you can be reading that pamphlet on the “Raising of Hogs.” We raise ours, mostly, on an elevator, which is the quickest method known.

My love, you *must* be hungry, or you wouldn't be eating up the fingers of your gloves. Rather than have you bite your own ten nails, I'll give you some ten-penny ones to practise on. Bite 'em softly, Marier, for one of my clerks is coming this way. Mr. Baker, Mrs. Rasher has called upon me, and has not been to lunch yet. Please step round to our restaurant and order my waiter there to bring in something nice. What will you have, my love? (*speaks through window.*) Pork dumplings, sausage, ham-and-eggs, ham sandwich, pork-and-beans, roast pig, pig's feet, head-cheese, fried bacon? you can have one or all, according to your taste. The waiter has never heard about carrying coals to Newcastle, I presume. “Nothing at all!” Well, Baker, you can bring me a dish of pork dumplings; I've been so busy to day, I've not thought of lunch before.

Sorry you won't take anything, Marier; this porter is fine. I'm going to drink your health in a minute, as soon as I get this confounded bottle open. It's like the Paddy I hired to-day—the Cork sticks to it. Now then, Mrs. Rasher, here's to your success in putting on

the garments which belong to a smaller and less worthy person.

I do believe that woman has not spoken for three-quarters of an hour. I never knew her to keep silent so long when she was awake. It's most time to be shutting up shop. I must peep in, and see what's the matter with her. Whew! if I keep her in much longer, I shall be like the man with the lion—I sha'n't dare to let her out. She looks like a concentrated earthquake. Shocking! shocking! Marier, it's nearly time to be going. Have you had a pleasant afternoon? Speak to me, my dear, and quit looking at me. I have to dodge to keep from being hit. Marier, do you remember when we were courting, and I bought you that sweet little music-box that played six tunes? Marier, do you remember when you fell in the river that Fourth of July, and I jumped in and supported you till aid arrived? Crosser and crosser! I can't melt her icy silence by the most ardent appeals.

Well, Mrs. Rasher, it's five o'clock, and now if you'll say that you are sorry for locking me up in the closet this morning, and promise never to do so again, I'll let you out. No answer.

Marier, it's half past five. The clerks have gone, and the porter is waiting to close the store. Dinner will be ruined before we reach home. Say you're sorry, and will be a good girl, and I'll let you out.

My love, it's dark. If you won't say you're sorry, you'll have to stay here. I'm going home. If the store should burn up in the night, you'd be in a bad fix. Good-night, dearest.

Did you call me, Mrs. Rasher? Let you out? Well, say your sorry, that you repent, resign, capitulate, give up beat, cave, and will be a good girl. “I do say it all, Rasher, if you'll only not keep me in this horrid place all night.” Well, my dear, that's all I ask; come out and be happy. Pat is waiting for us, with the carriage, at the door, and if we drive fast we may yet “save our bacon!” Here's two hundred and fifty, I'll save out for you, before I put the rest in the safe. You can go shopping to-morrow to your heart's content.

And now that we're riding together for the first time in the new carriage, can you tell me why I am like Broadway? Because I am constantly being crossed. Excuse me, wife, I couldn't help it. I didn't mean to say anything disagreeable to-night. I wonder if Fitz is safe home. Here we are—in time for dinner—*Salve Lardum*—all right.

THE HUMAN HAND.

ISSUING from the wrist is that wonderful organ, the human hand. "In a French book, intended," says Sir Charles Bell, "to teach young people philosophy, the pupil asks why the fingers are not of equal length. The master makes the scholar grasp a ball of ivory, to show him that the points of the fingers are then equal. It would have been better had he closed the fingers upon the palm, and then have asked whether or not they corresponded. This difference in the length of the fingers serves a thousand purposes, as in holding a rod, a switch, a sword, a hammer, a pen, pencil, or engraving tool, in all which secure hold and freedom of action are admirably combined." On the length, strength, and perfectly free movements of the thumbs depends, moreover, the power of the human hand. To the thumb, indeed, has been given a special name (*Pollex*), from a Latin verb, meaning to be able, strong, mighty, because of its strength; a strength that is necessary to the power of the hand, being equal to that of all the fingers. Without the fleshy ball of the thumb, the power of the fingers would be of no avail, and accordingly the large ball formed by the muscles of the thumb is the special mark of the human hand, and particularly that of a clever workman. The loss of the thumb almost amounts to the loss of the hand. Conscripts, unwilling to serve in the army of France, have been known to disable themselves effectually by cutting off the thumb of the right hand. The loss of both thumbs would reduce a man to a miserable dependence. Nor should we overlook another peculiarity.—Were the tips of the fingers and the thumbs bony instead of being covered with flesh, many things we readily do would be absolutely impossible. We now can take up what is small, soft, and round, as a millet seed, or even a particle of human hair. So exquisitely prehensile are the human fingers. The nails are often of special service; perhaps always in works of art which require nicety of execution. Their substance is just what is needed; they are easily kept at the precise length which answers every purpose; had they been placed on the tips of the fingers there would have been a loss of power, but their position insures their highest efficiency. An interchange of power for velocity which takes place in the arm adapts the hand and fingers to a thousand arts requiring quick or lively motions. In setting up the type of this page, there have been movements on the part of the compositor of surprising rapidity to any ordinary observer,

and the execution of performers on the piano-forte, as well as on many wind instruments, is often astonishing; these are among many instances of the advantage gained by this sacrifice of force for velocity of movement.

WOMAN IN ADVERSITY.

WOMEN should be more trusted and confided in as wives, mothers, and sisters. They have a quick perception of right and wrong, and without always knowing why, read the present and future, read characters and acts, designs and probabilities, where man sees no letter or sign. What else do we mean by the adage "mother wit," save that woman has a quicker perception and readier invention than man? How often, when man abandons the helm in despair, woman seizes it, and carries the homeship through the storm! Man often flies from home and family to avoid impending poverty or ruin. Woman seldom, if ever, forsook home thus. Woman never evaded mere temporal calamity by suicide or desertion. The proud banker, rather than live to see his poverty gazetted, may blow out his brains and leave wife and children to want, protectorless. Loving woman would have counselled him to accept poverty, and live to cherish his family and retrieve his fortune. Woman should be counselled and confided in. It is the beauty and glory of her nature that it instinctively grasps at and clings to the truth and right. Reason, man's greatest faculty, takes time to hesitate before it decides; but woman's instinct never hesitates in its decision, and is scarcely ever wrong where it has even chances with reason. Woman feels where man thinks, acts where he deliberates, hopes where he despairs, and triumphs where he falls.

SUMMER.

BY LILLIAN.

LIFT high, lift high, your morning gates, O June!

To winsome fairies bringing summer charms,
Receive them as the year's celestial boon,
Its Eden dream made real in thine arms!

At their glad coming, fields of clover blush,
And rosy censers smoke with fragrant balm,
The very air maintains a holy hush,
As dew-born beauties woo its blessed calm!

A glory beams from every tuneful leaf,
And pastures glow with many a tempting plum,
The hillsides promise many a golden sheaf,
As morning earnest of a harvest come!

Hope calms the fury of the noontide heat,
And plenty sings in every falling shower,
Till queenly Summer, at our waiting feet,
Heaps high her treasures for home's sacred bowers.

NOVELTIES FOR JUNE.

Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.



Fig. 1.—Zouave jacket and vest for dotted muslin, trimmed with a ruche of the same, through which is passed a braid, or narrow

velvet ribbon of some bright color; bow of the same shade. This is an extremely simple and serviceable pattern, easily done up, as the

Fig. 3.



Fig. 5.



Fig. 4.



Fig. 6.



ribbon is only caught on; and as the jacket will be almost universal the present season (together with the white spencer and black velvet point), we consider the present design very serviceable.

Fig. 2.—New style of chemise for a young lady.

Fig. 3.—Morning slip for a child just walking. To be made of dimity, and trimmed with dimity ruffling and narrow linen braid.

Fig. 4.—Shirt for a little boy, with worked Marseilles collar and cuffs.

Fig. 5.—Cap of net and lace, suitable for a matronly lady.

Fig. 7.



Fig. 10.



Fig. 6.—Stylish cap of dotted black and white thulle. Coronet and bows of mauve-colored ribbon.

Fig. 7.—Fancy muslin cap, trimmed with a full ruche of pinked silk, with large bow on the top; the ends of the bow fall over the back of the cap.

Figs. 8 and 9.

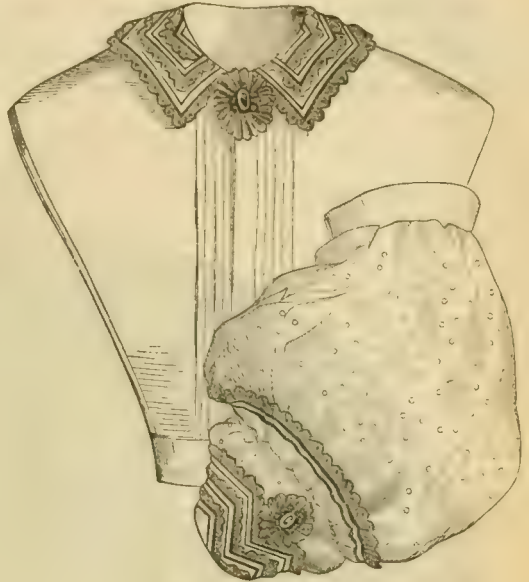
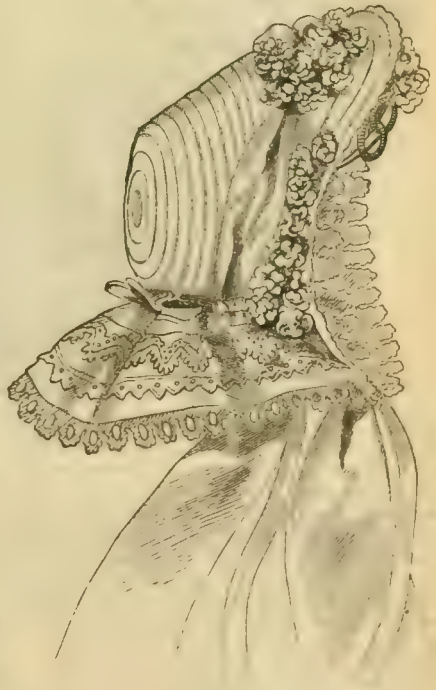


Fig. 11.



Figs. 8 and 9.—Collar and sleeve for half mourning, very stylish and effective.

Fig. 10.—Sleeve for evening dress, also suited for undersleeve with a very open dress sleeve,

in any summer material. Four puffs of Brussels net, separated by ribbon ruches, the two last terminating in bows on the forearm. Double fall of *point Duchesse*. This is a very suitable sleeve for the clear white muslin spencers

so desirable for those to whom the Zouave jacket is unbecoming.

Fig. 11.—White chip bonnet, trimmed with lilac ribbon and flowers.

SOFA PILLOW IN LONG-HOOK CROCHET.



Materials.—Two colors of 8 thread or double Berlin wool (these colors should be adapted to the tint of hangings of the room); one skein of shaded double wool, either scarlet or any other hue which will harmonize. The cushion from whence the engraving is taken is composed of stone-color and light emerald green (not grass green). The scroll work is scarlet; one skein of the darkest claret is necessary for dividing the pieces. A cushion of calico, the size of the crochet, cut in the same shaped pieces, then joined together, then well waxed by rubbing a lump of beeswax on the inside to prevent the feathers from coming through, and then filled with four pounds of feathers, will make a handsome cushion. A crochet-hook nine inches long, and, on measuring round with a piece of tape, it should measure half an inch and one-eighth over, or, in other words, five-eighths of an inch.

Explanation of Stitch, which it were well to

practise first on a foundation of ten stitches, and decrease every other row :—

Foundation row.—Make 21 chain as in ordinary crochet; miss the 1st chain or loop; place the hook through the next; catch hold of the wool at the back; pull it through as a loop on the hook, *still* keeping it on the hook. Repeat the same to the end of the chains, *still keeping all the loops on the hook, till there are 20 loops on the hook.*

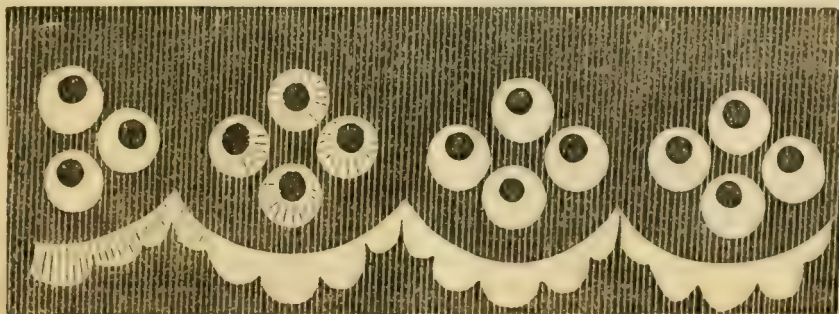
1st row.—Twist the wool over the hook; pull it through the two loops nearest the point of the hook, thus working it backwards. Twist the wool over again, pulling it through the next two, and continue working backwards till there is only one loop on the hook.

2d.—On examining the work, a row of untwisted loops will be found in *front*, not on the *edge*: miss the first long loop; place the hook through the next; draw the wool through as a loop on the hook, still keep it there, and continue till there are as many loops on the hook as was commenced with. Count this row every time to see there is no diminution of stitches till the decrease. Make 21 loops; * now work 10 rows on, till 5 long loops in front can be counted; then decrease at the end of next row on left-hand side, by taking the two last of the front loops together. Now work the row back, and take the last three loops together on the right-hand side; repeat from * until there are only four loops on the work. *But observe that, after the decrease on the right-hand side is the next row, the hook must be inserted in the third long stitch, or there will be no decrease; and be sure to take up the last loop on the left-hand side in every row that is not decreased.* Now, with 4 loops on the hook, twist the wool over the hook; draw it through two loops again; twist over; draw through 2; then again through 2; now

place the hook through 2d long in front; pull the wool through, then again through next long, and pull the wool through; now through 2 loops backwards; and again through 2; then 1 chain, and fasten off. Now there are 43 long loops on the surface, from the point to the commencement, reckoning from the centre. Now join on the wool to the broad end of the point, and at the right-hand side insert the hook in the 1st loop of the foundation; twist the wool over the hook, and pull it through; repeat this till there are 20 loops on the hook; then finish this point as the first. Now observe that on one side of the piece, at the edge, a perfect chain stitch appears, and on the other side only a slight loop. Now, with the darkest claret wool, work a row of single crochet all round the piece, taking up the two loops of the chain on one side, and only one on the side of the single edge. Now, with same wool, sew the pieces together, making one stitch in every loop. There must be sixteen of these divisions, which will make a handsome cushion.

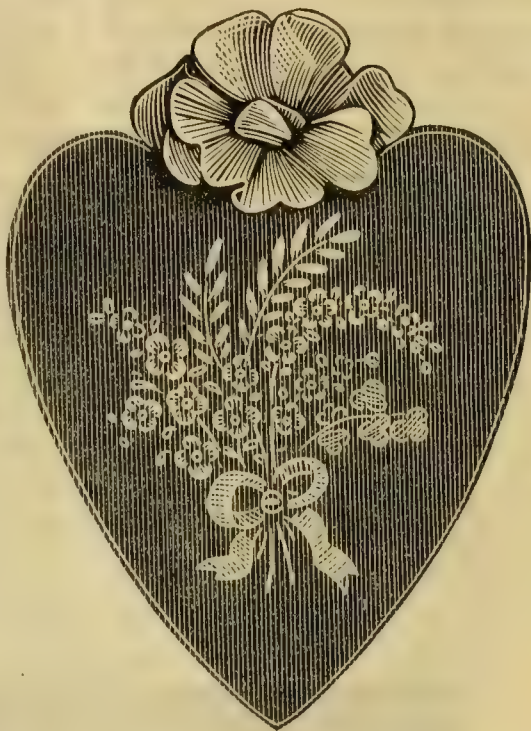
 INSERTION.


EMBROIDERY.



HEART-SHAPED SCENT SACHET.

THESE pretty little sachets should be made by every lady, to be scattered through her drawers, so as to impart a general fragrance to the various articles of her wardrobe. The trouble is very slight, and the material no more than any trifling remnant of silk of the size shown in our illustration, and three-quarters of a yard of ribbon to form the bow. The little group of flowers which we have given is to be embroidered on the sides as slightly as possible; the two parts are to be laid face to face and stitched together, with accuracy, to their shape, leaving an opening at the top; after this they are to be turned and filled with fine cotton wool, impregnated with any perfume most agreeable to taste; after which the aperture is to be closed, and the rosette of ribbon laid upon the place. Ladies who are not inclined to undertake the embroidery may take any piece of fancy silk, or even such as are quite plain, and make them up in the same way, without this decoration. These little sachets make pretty presents, and it has been with reference to this that the "Forget-me-not" has been selected for its embellishment.



CHILD'S BRAIDED GAITER BOOT.



The toe and heel are to be tipped with patent leather.

SCENT CASE FOR NOTE PAPER.

(See blue plate in front.)

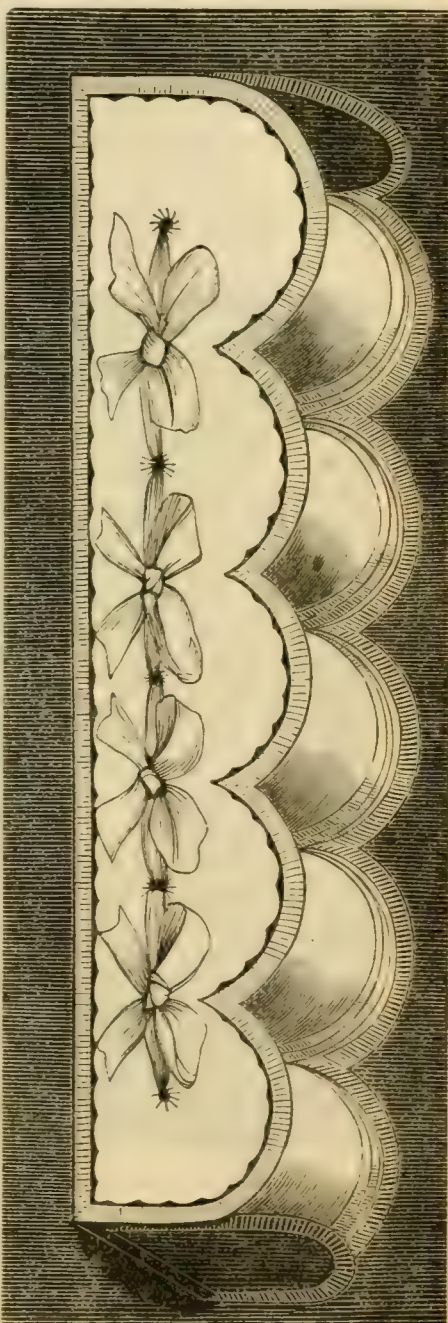
THE material on which the cover of the Scent Case is worked is satin, which may be of any rich color; royal blue, purple, ruby color, or, in short, any that may be preferred. The medallion in the centre is of white watered silk, but to avoid trouble this may also be left of the satin which has been chosen. The medallion is surrounded by a double row of gold beads, of which the interval between may be filled up with either clear white or black beads. When the medallion is in white silk, this margin effectually conceals the line of its insertion. The scalloped pattern is worked in chain-stitch, in double lines; of the first row, the inner one is in light maize-color, and the outer one of dark maize. The second row of scallops is in either two crimsons or two blues, according to the color of the satin. The two straight lines of the margin are in the two shades of maize, while the zigzag line between is simply a herring-bone of violet color. The group in the centre is worked in maize color.

When the ornamental needle-work part has thus been completed, it will of course be less trouble to send it to the repository to be made up; but as we think some ladies may feel inclined to finish it themselves, and as we think that with ordinary care it is one of those things which come within their own power, we will go on to offer them a few further instructions. A blotting-book of the required size must be taken; within each cover must be laid a piece of wadding exactly fitting its dimensions, and sufficiently impregnated with whatever perfume the lady worker may prefer. This being neatly squared round its edges, the satin cover must be laid on the outside, brought over, and carefully tacked down, having been so arranged as to leave a margin of about half an inch all round of the plain satin beyond the needle-work pattern. This being done, two pieces of perforated card-board are to be placed inside, just within the margin, which having been first bound with narrow ribbon, is then fastened down. Through the apertures of this perforated card-board exudes the scent which impregnates the note paper of which the scent case is the receptacle.

COTTON WAGON.

THIS useful and tidy little article for the work-table, capable of holding five different sized reels of cotton, is made of card-board,

bound with narrow satin ribbon, and sewn together in the form shown in our illustration. A small piece of card-board, three yards of ribbon,



and five reels of cotton, will be required to make it. Cut out of card-board five pieces the exact size of the diagrams above, one piece for

the bottom, one each for the two ends, and two scalloped pieces for the sides. Bind these pieces all round with narrow satin ribbon of any bright color, as mauve, scarlet, pink, or blue; then sew them together on the outside to the proper shape. Previously to putting the wagon together, the two scalloped pieces must have five holes pierced with a stiletto, for the ribbon to pass through to tie in the reels; these holes

should be slightly overcast with silk, to keep them from breaking out. Place the cotton in the wagon, the coarsest at the top, and tie it in by drawing the ribbon through the first reel and back again through the second, and tie it in a bow; then pass it through the second reel and back again through the third, and tie another bow; proceed in this manner until all the reels are tied in.

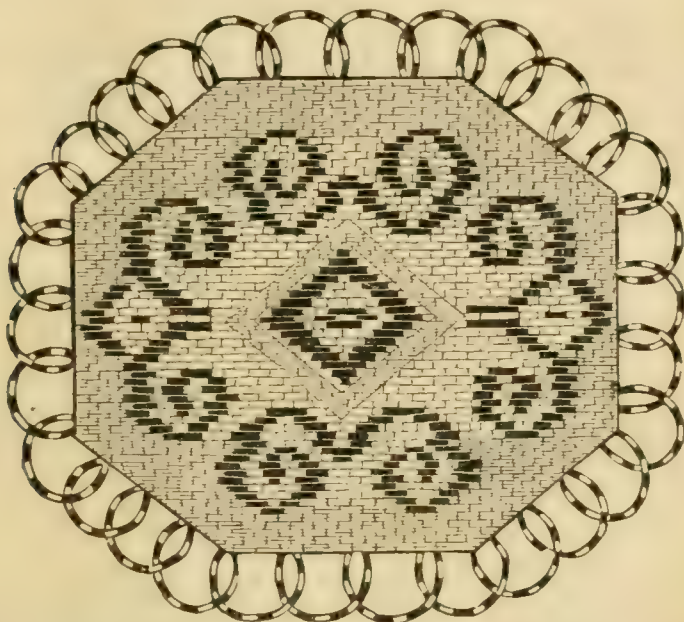
EMBROIDERY BORDER FOR THE DOUBLE SKIRT OF A LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS.



THE pattern we are now giving has a very rich effect worked on the edges of an upper and under skirt of a little girl's dress. It is formed of heart-shaped parts, which are linked within each other, and appear as interlacing; these are of two kinds, and alternate. The one has a row of open holes at each edge, the branching lines to which they are attached in the interior being sewn over. The other is filled in with

leaves in the cut-out work. The flowers in the centres of the hearts may be either in well raised satin-stitch or in the cut-out work. The scallop is in clear distinct button-hole stitch. This border should be worked over a tolerably wide hem, instead of being cut out to the scallop, as the effect is better, and firmness and durability are more secure.

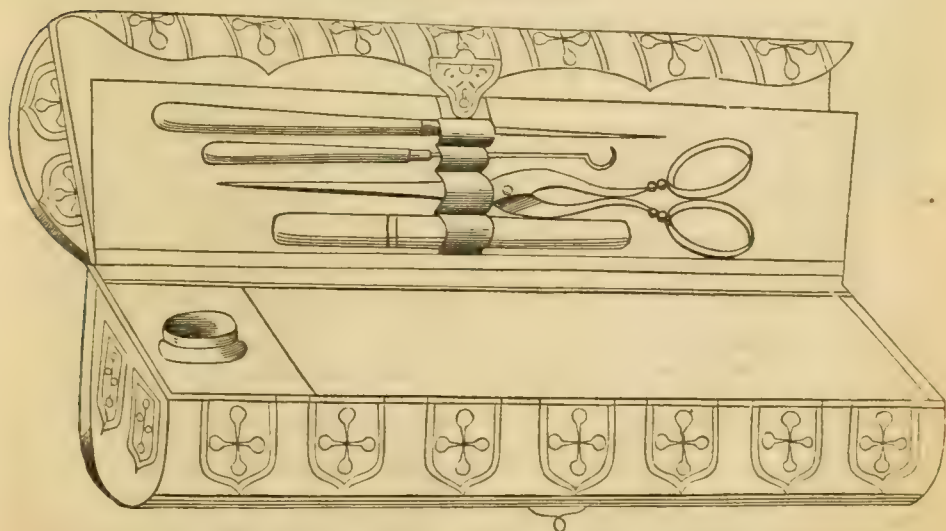
BEAD MAT.



It is quickly made, and very pretty. The beads are large, and of glass, white and red, strung on purse silk of a deep crimson. Make the pattern of the beads, the dark ones red, the light white, and fill up the canvas in black

tapestry stitch. Take a piece of card, the shape of pattern, and sew the canvas down to it; line with crimson silk. The fringe is made of the beads fastened down in loops crossing each other.

LADY'S COMPANION.



To be made of pasteboard, and covered with fancy velvet.

KNITTED ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS.

HEART'S-EASE.

This flower requires five petals to form it, two violet and three yellow; one of the latter must be larger than the rest, and of a deeper color. All the wool must be split.

For the violet petals, cast on ten stitches on two needles, five on each; fold the two needles so as to bring the last stitch behind the first, and *double knit* a piece of rather more than half an inch in length, taking one stitch from one needle, and one from the other throughout each row. When you take the needles out, run the wool through them with a rug needle, and pass a piece of double wire through the little bag which the knitting has formed, catch it at the top and sides to keep it in form, draw up the other end, and twist the wires together after having shaped the wire to the form of the petal. The yellow petals are knitted in the same way, the largest requires twelve stitches, and the last four or six rows must be done with violet wool, to form the dark spot at the top. The two smaller yellow petals only require eight stitches, with two or four rows of violet at the top; twist the wires of the five petals together, and cover the stem with green wool; a cross stitch, like herring-bone, should be made with green wool, where the petals join in the middle of the flower.

For the calyx, thread a needle with whole green wool, fasten this on the stem, at the back of the flower, and take a herring stitch at the back of each petal, making the stitch rather long, and leaving the wool loose. The bud is formed by making a little tuft of yellow, violet, and green wool, mixed together; fix it on a piece of wire by crossing the wool over, and twisting the wire very tight, turn the ends of the wool down the wire, and fasten them at about a quarter of an inch down, by twisting some green split wool round, with which the little stem must be also covered.

LEAVES.—Cast on three stitches.

Knit one row, purl one row, then

1st row.—Make one, knit one throughout the row.

2d.—Make one, purl the row.

3d.—Make one, knit three, make one, knit one, make one, knit two.

4th.—Make one, purl the row.

5th.—Make one, knit five, make one, knit one, make one, knit six.

6th.—Make one, purl the row.

7th.—Cast off, or fasten off, three stitches, knit three, make one, knit one.

8th.—Cast off three stitches, purl the row.

9th.—Make one, knit five, make one, knit one, make one, knit four.

10th.—Make one, purl the row.

11th.—Make one, knit seven, make one, knit one, make one, knit six.

12th.—Make one, purl the row.

13th.—Fasten off three stitches, knit the remainder.

14th.—Fasten off three stitches, purl the rest.

15th.—Knit six, make one, knit one, make one, knit six.

16th.—Purl the row.

17th.—Knit seven, make one, knit one, make one, knit six.

18th.—Purl the row.

19th.—Fasten off three stitches, knit four, make one, knit one, make one, knit seven.

20th.—Cast off three stitches, purl the row.

21st.—Knit six, make one, knit one, make one, knit five

22d.—Purl the row.

23d.—Knit seven, make one, knit one, make one, knit six.

24th.—Purl the row.

25th.—Cast off three stitches, knit remainder.

26th.—Cast off three stitches, purl remainder.

27th.—Knit row plain.

28th.—Purl the row plain.

29th.—Knit row plain.

30th.—Purl row plain.

31st.—Cast off two, knit remainder.

32d.—Cast off two, purl remainder.

33d.—Knit row plain.

34th.—Purl row.

35th.—Knit row plain.

36th.—Purl row plain.

37th.—Cast off two, knit remainder.

38th.—Cast off two, purl remainder.

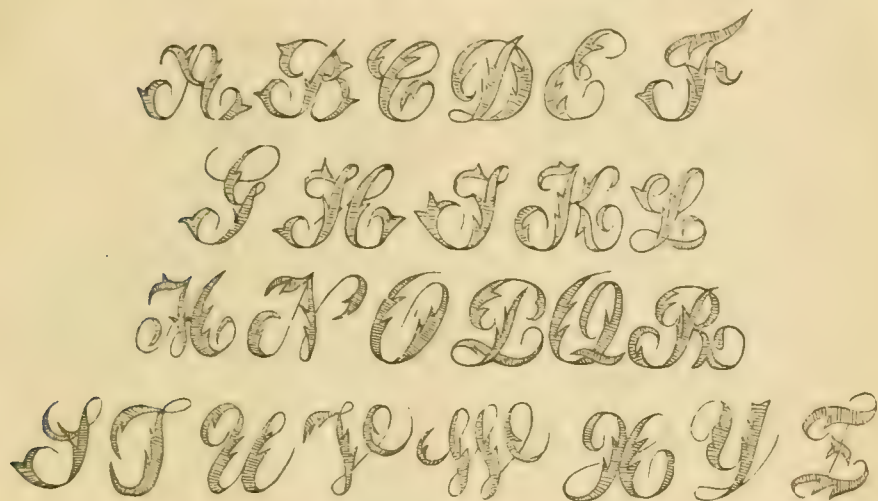
Fasten off the two last stitches.

It is on this principle that all kinds of indented leaves are made; by knitting more rows with increase between the castings off, they are made broader; by working more rows between the castings off, they are made longer; and by casting off more stitches at a time, the indentations are made deeper; so that the endless variety of natural leaves may be copied without difficulty.

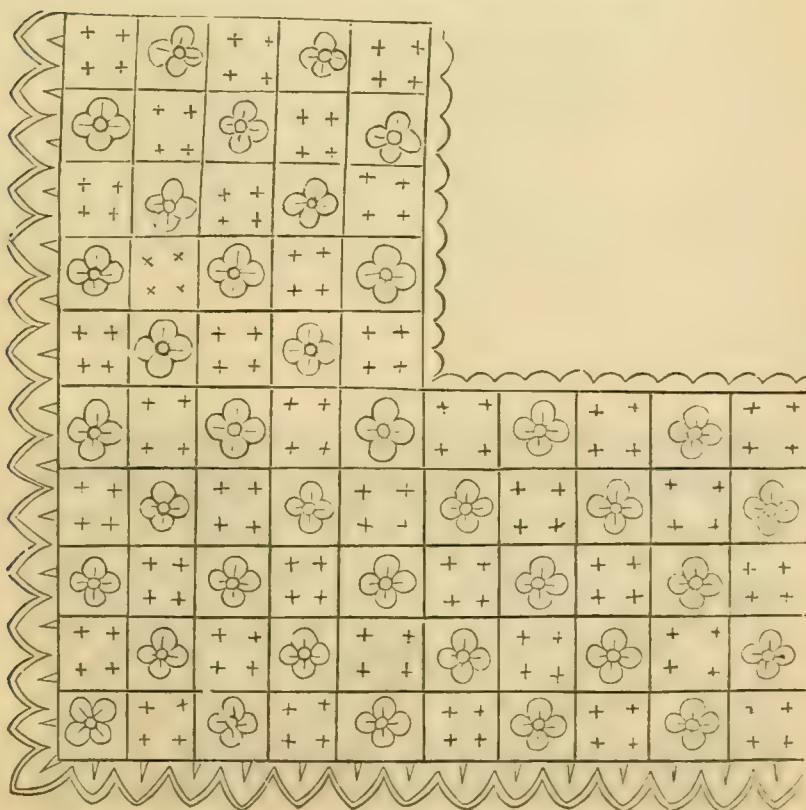
Having completed the leaves, some wire must be sewn neatly round, following the turnings of the leaf exactly; and for the larger ones, it will be better to sew a double wire in the centre of the leaf at the back, which will conceal the openings left by the increase of stitches.

One or two flowers, with a bud, and two or three leaves, are sufficient for a small branch.

ALPHABET OF FANCY LETTERS.

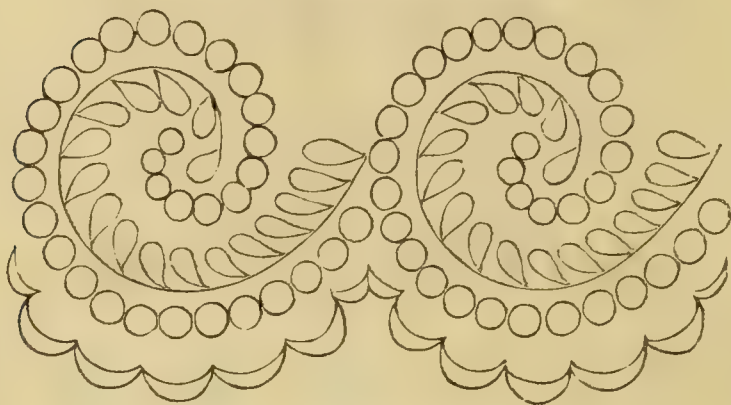


CORNER FOR A POCKET HANDKERCHIEF.

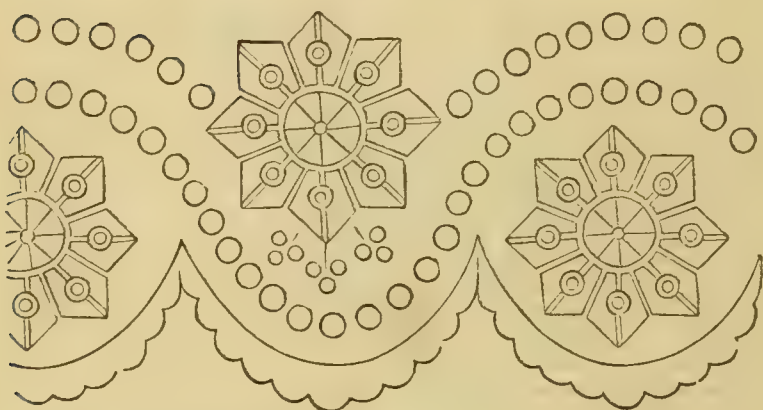


EMBROIDERY PATTERNS.

FOR PILLOW AND BOLSTER CASES.



FOR A DRESS OR CLOAK.



INSERTION.



Receipts, &c.

DIRECTIONS FOR PRESERVING FRUITS, ETC.

It has been our custom every year, during the months of June, July, and August, to publish a large number of useful receipts suited to the preserving season. Having many new subscribers this year, we republish the collection, with the addition of many new ones, which will be found very valuable.

OBSERVATIONS ON PRESERVING.

A very common discovery made by those who preserve fruits, etc., is, that the preserve either ferments, grows mouldy, or becomes candied.

These three effects arise from three separate causes. The first from insufficient boiling; the second from being kept in a damp place, assisted in some degree by the first cause; and the third from being too quick and too long boiling.

Preserves of all kinds should be kept entirely secluded from the air, and in a dry place. In ranging them on the shelves of a store-closet, they should not be suffered to come in contact with the wall. Moisture in winter and spring exudes from some of the driest walls, and preserves invariably imbibe it, both in dampness and taste. It is necessary occasionally to look at them, and if they have been attacked by mould, boil them up gently again. To prevent all risks, it is always as well to lay a brandy paper over the fruit before tying down. This may be renewed in the spring.

Fruit jellies are made in the ratio of a quart of fruit to two pounds of sugar. They must not be boiled quick, nor very long. Practice, and a general discretion, will be found the best guides to regulate the exact time, which necessarily must be affected, more or less, by local causes.

If you do not possess a drying-stove, the fruit may be dried in the sun, on flag-stones, taking care that insects are not suffered to approach it; a garden glass to cover the preserve will keep them off. If dried in an oven, it must be of gentle warmth, and they must be done slowly.

DIFFERENT DEGREES OF PREPARING SUGAR.

The various purposes to which sugar is applied require it to be in different states; these are called *degrees*. They extend to the number of thirteen.

First Degree.—Replace the clarified sugar in the preserving-pan, to boil gently, take a drop of it on the thumb and touch it with the forefinger; if, on opening them, it draws to a fine thread, and, in breaking, forms two drops on each finger, it is at the right point.

Second.—A little more boiling brings it to this point, when the thread will draw further before it breaks.

Third.—At this point the thread may be drawn as far as the span will open without breaking.

Fourth.—On still increasing the boiling, little raised balls are formed on the surface of the sugar.

Fifth.—Take up some of the sugar on a skimmer and drop it on the rest, when it should form a slanting streak on the surface.

Sixth.—Boil it yet a little longer; the streak or tail is now larger, and it has reached this point.

Seventh.—Take out a skimmerful of the sugar, blow through it, and small sparks of sugar will fly from it.

Eighth.—The same proof as above; the sparks should be larger and stronger.

Ninth.—Take the sugar in the skimmer as before, give it a shake, and if the sparks are large, and adhere together on rising, it is at the right point.

Tenth.—Dip your fingers in cold water, and then into the sugar instantly, and again into the water, when the sugar will roll into a ball which will be supple when cold.

Eleventh.—At this point the ball or bullet will be harder when cold than the last.

Twelfth.—Prove as above; the bullet should crumble between the fingers, and, on biting, will stick to the teeth.

Thirteenth.—At this point it should snap clean when bitten. This point is very difficult to attain, for in increasing the height, the sugar is apt to burn; it is better, therefore, to try the proof very frequently. Another process is much used by the confectioner, and produces a deep color; it is made by putting a little water to the sugar and boiling it without skimming, or otherwise touching the sugar till of the right color, then take it off and use immediately.

If, on preparing the sugar, you miss the right point, add a little cold water, and boil once more.

Observations.—The skimmer should never be left in the preserving-pan after the sugar is clarified, nor after the scum is removed.

Be very careful not to stir or disturb the sugar, as that would cause its diminution.

In boiling the sugar, particularly the two last degrees, the sugar is continuously rising and falling, and, on falling, leaves marks on the side of the pan, which the heat of the fire would soon burn, and thereby spoil the whole of the sugar. To avoid this, have by the side of you a pan of cold water and a sponge, upon which wipe the sides of the pan carefully the instant after the sugar has fallen.

To CLARIFY SUGAR.—Take the quantity of fine white loaf sugar you intend to clarify, add to it of very clean warm water half a pint for every pound; when dissolved, add to it the white of one or two eggs—as the quantity may require—well whipped, put it on the fire, and when it comes to a boil, pour into it an ordinary teacupful of cold water; on its rising again to a boil, remove it, and let it settle for twenty minutes; skim the scum from the top, pour off the syrup into a clean vessel with sufficient quickness to leave all the sediment at the bottom, and such steadiness as to prevent any of the latter rising and mixing with it.

To PRESERVE STRAWBERRIES.—To two pounds of fine large strawberries add two pounds of powdered sugar, and put them in a preserving kettle, over a slow fire, till the sugar is melted; then boil them precisely twenty minutes, as fast as possible; have ready a number of small jars, and put the fruit in boiling hot. Cork and seal the jars immediately, and keep them through the summer in a cold, dry cellar. The jars must be heated before the hot fruit is poured in, otherwise they will break.

To PRESERVE STRAWBERRIES OR RASPBERRIES, FOR CREAMS OR ICES, WITHOUT BOILING.—Let the fruit be gathered in the middle of a warm day, in very dry weather; strip it from the stalks directly, weigh it, turn it into a bowl or deep pan, and bruise it gently; mix with an equal weight of fine, dry sifted sugar, and put it immediately into small wide-necked bottles; cork

these firmly without delay, and tie bladders over the tops. Keep them in a cool place, or the fruit will ferment. The mixture should be stirred softly, and only just sufficiently to blend the sugar and the fruit. The bottles must be perfectly dry, and the bladders, after having been cleaned in the usual way, and allowed to become nearly so, should be moistened with a little spirit on the side which is to be next the cork.

STRAWBERRIES STEWED FOR TARTS.—Make a syrup of one pound of sugar and a teacup of water; add a little white of eggs; let it boil, and skim it until only a foam rises; then put in a quart of berries free from stems and hulls; let them boil till they look clear and the syrup is quite thick. Finish with fine puff paste.

TO PRESERVE STRAWBERRIES IN WINE.—Put a quantity of the finest large strawberries into a gooseberry-bottle, and strew over them three large spoonfuls of fine sugar; fill up with Madeira wine or sherry.

STRAWBERRY JELLY.—Express the juice from the fruit through a cloth, strain it clear, weigh, and stir to it an equal proportion of the finest sugar dried and reduced to powder; when this is dissolved, place the preserving-pan over a very clear fire, and stir the jelly often until it boils; clear it carefully from scum, and boil it quickly from fifteen to twenty-five minutes. This receipt is for a moderate quantity of the preserve; a very small portion will require much less time.

RASPBERRIES.—These may be preserved wet, bottled, or made jam or marmalade of, the same as strawberries. Raspberries are very good dried in the sun or in a warm oven. They are very delicious stewed for table or tarts.

RASPBERRY JAM.—Weigh the fruit, and add three-quarters of the weight of sugar; put the former into a preserving-pan, boil, and break it; stir constantly, and let it boil very quickly; when the juice has boiled an hour, add the sugar and simmer half an hour. In this way the jam is superior in color and flavor to that which is made by putting the sugar in at first.

RASPBERRY WINE.—Bruise the finest ripe raspberries with the back of a spoon; strain them through a flannel bag into a stone jar; allow one pound of fine powdered loaf-sugar to one quart of juice; stir these well together, and cover the jar closely; let it stand three days, stirring the mixture up every day; then pour off the clear liquid, and put two quarts of sherry to each quart of juice, or liquid. Bottle it off, and it will be fit for use in a fortnight. By adding Cognac brandy instead of sherry, the mixture will be raspberry brandy.

RASPBERRY CREAM.—Rub a quart of raspberries, or raspberry jam, through a hair sieve, to take out the seeds, and then mix it well with cream; sweeten with sugar to taste; put into a stone jug, and raise a froth with a chocolate mill; as your froth rises, take it off with a spoon, and lay it upon a hair sieve. When you have got as much froth as you want, put what cream remains into a deep china dish, or punch-bowl, and pour your frothed cream upon it, as high as it will lie on.

CURRENTS PRESERVED.—Take ripe currants free from stems; weigh them, and take the same weight of sugar; put a teacup of sugar to each pound of it; boil the syrup until it is hot and clear; then turn it over the fruit; let it remain one night; then set it over the fire, and boil gently until they are cooked and clear; take them into the jars or pots with a skimmer; boil the syrup until rich and thick, then pour it over the fruit. Currants may be preserved with ten pounds of fruit to seven of sugar. Take the stems from seven pounds of the cur-

rants, and crush and press the juice from the remaining three pounds; put them into the hot syrup, and boil until thick and rich; put it in pots or jars, and the next day secure as directed.

CURRENT JELLY.—Pick fine red, but long ripe, currants from the stems; bruise them, and strain the juice from a quart at a time through a thin muslin; wring it gently, to get all the liquid; put a pound of white sugar to each pound of juice; stir it until it is all dissolved; set it over a gentle fire; let it become hot, and boil for fifteen minutes; then try it by taking a spoonful into a saucer; when cold, if it is not quite firm enough, boil it for a few minutes longer.

CURRENT JAM OF ALL COLORS.—Strip your currants, and put them into your pan, with three-quarters of a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit; add your sugar after your fruit has boiled a few minutes; boil all together, mashing your fruit with a wooden spoon; boil all gently for half an hour, then fill your jars.

CURRENT WINE.—Dissolve eight pounds of honey in fifteen gallons of boiling water, to which, when clarified, add the juice of eight pounds of red or white currants; then ferment for twenty-four hours; to every two gallons add two pounds of sugar, and clarify with whites of eggs.

COMPOTE OF GREEN CURRANTS.—Half a pint of spring water, five ounces of sugar, boiled together ten minutes; one pint of green currants stripped from the stalks; simmer from three to five minutes.

BLACK CURRENT VINEGAR.—To four pounds of fruit, very ripe, put three pints of vinegar; let it stand three days; stir occasionally; squeeze and strain the fruit. After boiling ten minutes, to every pint of juice add one pound of lump sugar. Boil twenty minutes.

GOOSEBERRIES.—Put one quart of red currant juice to five pounds of loaf-sugar; set it on the fire, and when the sugar is dissolved put in eight pounds of red, rough, ripe gooseberries, let them boil half an hour, then put them into an earthen pan and leave them to stand for two days; then boil them again until they look clear; put them into pots and let them stand a week to dry a little at the top, then cover them with brandy papers.

COMPOTE OF GREEN GOOSEBERRIES.—This is an excellent compote, if made with fine sugar, and very good with any kind. Break five ounces into small lumps, and pour on them half a pint of water; boil these gently for ten minutes, and clear off all the scum; then add to them a pint of fresh gooseberries freed from the tops and stalks, washed and well drained; simmer them gently from eight to ten minutes, and serve them hot or cold. Increase the quantity for a large dish.

CHERRIES PRESERVED.—Take fine large cherries, not very ripe; take off the stems, and take out the stones; save whatever juice runs from them; take an equal weight of white sugar; make the syrup of a teacup of water for each pound, set it over the fire until it is dissolved and boiling hot, then put in the juice and cherries, boil them gently until clear throughout; take them from the syrup with a skimmer, and spread them on flat dishes to cool; let the syrup boil until it is rich and quite thick; set it to cool and settle; take the fruit into jars and pots, and pour the syrup carefully over; let them remain open till the next day; then cover as directed. Sweet cherries are improved by the addition of a pint of red currant-juice, and half a pound of sugar to it, for four or five pounds of cherries.

COMPOTE OF CHERRIES.—Simmer five ounces of sugar

with half a pint of water for ten minutes; throw into the syrup a pound of cherries weighed after they are stalked, and let them stew gently for twenty minutes. It is a great improvement to stone the fruit, but a larger quantity will then be required for a dish.

COMPOTE OF MORELLO CHERRIES.—Boil together, for fifteen minutes, five ounces of sugar with half a pint of water; add a pound and a quarter of ripe Morello cherries, and simmer them *very* softly from five to seven minutes. This is a delicious compote.

CHERRY JAM.—Stone four pounds of cherries, and put them in a preserving-pan, with two pounds of fine white sugar and a pint of red currant-juice; boil the whole together rather fast, until it stiffens, and then put it into pots for use.

TO DRY CHERRIES.—Take the stems and stones from ripe cherries; spread them on flat dishes, and dry them in the hot sun or warm oven; pour whatever juice may have run from them, a little at a time, over them; stir them about, that they may dry evenly. When they are perfectly dry, line boxes or jars with white paper, and pack them close in layers; strew a little brown sugar, and fold the paper over, and keep them in a dry place; or put them in muslin bags, and hang them in an airy place.

CHERRIES, TO CANDY.—The fruit must be gathered before it is ripe; pick and stone them, boil clarified sugar, and pour it over them.

TO PRESERVE RHUBARB.—To one and a quarter pound of rhubarb add one pound of sugar, half an ounce of bitter almonds blanched and chopped very fine, half the peel of a lemon also chopped very fine; boil all together rather longer than other fruit, or till it will set firm. If the fruit is not quite young, the sticks should be peeled, being first wiped quite dry.

RHUBARB JAM.—To seven pounds of rhubarb add four sweet oranges and five pounds of sugar. Peel and cut up the rhubarb. Put in the thin peel of the oranges and the pulp, after taking out the seeds and all the whites. Boil all together for one hour and a half.

TO PRESERVE ORANGES OR LEMONS IN JELLY.—Cut a hole at the stalk the size of a quarter dollar, and, with a small, blunt knife, scrape out the pulp quite clear, without cutting the rind, and lay them in spring water two days, changing it twice a day; in the last, boil them tender on a slow fire, keeping them covered; to every pound of fruit take two pounds of double-refined sugar and one pint of water; boil these with the juice of the orange to a syrup and clarify it; skim well, and let it stand to be cold; then boil the fruit in the syrup half an hour; if not clear, do this daily till they are done.

TO KEEP ORANGES OR LEMONS FOR PASTRY.—When you have squeezed the juice, throw the peels into salt and water; let them remain a fortnight; clean out the pulp; boil them till tender, strain them, and, when they are tolerably dry, boil a small quantity of syrup of common loaf-sugar and water, and put over them; in a week, boil them gently in it till they look clear.

TO PRESERVE APRICOTS.—Choose fine apricots, pare them thinly and cleanly, and when done, take their weight, cut them in halves and remove the kernels, lay them with the inside upwards, take the same weight of pounded loaf-sugar and strew over them; break the stones of the apricots, and blanch the kernels; let the fruit lie in the sugar for twelve hours, then put fruit, sugar, juice, and kernels into a preserving-pan, simmer

gently until clear; as the scum rises, remove it; remove the halves of the apricots; as they become cold, lay them in jars, and when the whole of the fruit has been potted, pour equally over them the syrup and the kernels. Cover the fruit with brandy paper, and tie tightly down.

CAKES, PUDDINGS, ETC.

BAKED CUSTARD.—Mix a quart of new milk with eight well-beaten eggs, strain the mixture through a fine sieve, and sweeten it with from five to eight ounces of sugar, according to taste; add a small pinch of salt, and pour the custard into a deep dish, with or without a lining or rim of paste, grate nutmeg or lemon rind over the top, and bake it in a very slow oven.

SODA CAKE.—Half a pound of loaf sugar, half a pound of flour, and half a pound of ground rice mixed altogether; add two eggs, a tencup of milk, and a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda; rub in half a pound of butter, and well work it with the hand, and bake immediately.

EGG CHEESECAKE.—Six eggs, boiled hard, which rub through a sieve with a quarter of a pound of butter; add a quarter of a pound of sugar, one lemon-juice and rind (grated), nutmeg and brandy to taste. A few currants are an improvement.

ORANGE CREAM.—Put into a stewpan one ounce of isinglass, with the juice of six large oranges and one lemon, add sugar to your taste, rub some of the lumps on the peel of the oranges, add as much water as will make it up to a pint and a half, boil, strain through a muslin bag; when cold, beat up with it half a pint of thick cream; put into a mould. In hot weather add more isinglass.

APPLE CREAM.—Put into a pan twelve tablespoonfuls of the pulp of baked apples, the whiter the better, the same proportion of cream, beat well together with a pint and a quarter of lemon jelly, made with one ounce and a quarter of gelatine. Lemon-juice, peel, and sugar to taste. Clear the jelly with white of egg.

PORTWINE CAKE.—Half a pound of butter, three eggs, leaving out one white, work it well with your hands for half an hour, till the eggs are smoothly mixed; add half a pound of sugar sifted, half a pound of flour dried, half a pound of currants; mix the above ingredients well together, butter the pans, which should be small, bake them in a quick oven.

HERODOTUS PUDDING.—Half a pound of bread crumbs, half a pound of best figs, six ounces of suet, six ounces of brown sugar; mince the figs and suet very nicely; a little salt, two eggs well beaten, nutmeg to your taste; boil in a mould four hours. Serve with wine sauce.

BAKED PUDDING.—Butter a suitable dish, then lay a slice of baker's bread, then shredded beef suet and a few currants, until you have sufficient. Then take three eggs, a pint of new milk, a little nutmeg, essence of lemon, and sugar, beat them well together, and an hour will bake it. Add a little pastry round the dish.

REFRIGERATORY PROCESS.

It is a common practice in the warm season of the year to cool fluids by immersing the bottles in which they are contained in a vessel of cold water. This is decidedly unphilosophical and bad in practice. That such is the case, may readily be shown by reference to direct experiment. If we immerse a thermometer in water, and afterwards remove it into the air, it will be

found to sink several degrees; but it will speedily rise, and take the temperature of the air. But if we place a piece of moist cloth on the bulb of the thermometer, it will retain its cool state till all the water is evaporated from the cloth. Now this very simple experiment at once points out the process by which we may best cool the contents of any vessel. It should be placed in a shallow dish of water, and a cloth thrown over it so that the edges of the cloth are immersed in the fluid, which will rise by the force of capillary attraction, and as readily be converted into vapor by the warm air around, continually diminishing the temperature of the vessel beneath. In this way we have seen wine cooled eleven degrees of Fahrenheit; and if a little spirit be employed as a substitute for the water, the temperature may be lowered about five degrees more. It is in this way that the body is cooled by the natural perspiration, which is perpetually oozing to the surface of the skin through the capillary tubes with which it is studded.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CORPULENCE.—With proper regard to diet and abundant exercise in the open air, the unpleasant consequences of an accumulation of fat may be avoided. Dr. Radcliffe recommends that the mouth should be kept shut, and the eyes open; or, in other words, that corpulent persons should eat little food, and that the quantity of sleep should be diminished. These precautions may be followed with discretion, but it may be dangerous to carry them too far.

FIRE AND WATERPROOF CEMENT.—To half a pint of milk put an equal quantity of vinegar, in order to curdle it; then separate the curd from the whey, and mix the whey with the whites of four or five eggs, beating the whole together. When it is well mixed, add a little quicklime through a sieve, until it has acquired the consistency of thick paste. With this cement, broken vessels and cracks of all kinds can be mended. It dries quickly, and resists the action of fire and water.

VARNISH FOR BRASS-WORK.—To a pint of spirits of wine, put one ounce of turmeric powder, two drachms of best annatto, and two drachms of saffron. Let it stand ten days, shaking the bottle often, and filter through coarse muslin into a clean bottle: add then three ounces of clean seed-lac, and shake the bottle often for fourteen days. The brass, if large, must be first warmed, so as to heat the hand, and the varnish then applied with a brush. The varnish gives the brass rails of desks, &c., a beautiful appearance.

AN EXCELLENT RECEIPT FOR BURNS AND SCALDS.—Take equal parts of olive oil and lime-water, which, when well mixed together, forms a beautiful white ointment, which may be spread with a feather upon the part affected, and a thin rag laid over it. Two or three dressings will generally take out all the fire, after which apply a little healing ointment. Families ought always to have this remedy by them, that it may be applied immediately after the accident, as it very soon gives ease.

TO POLISH SEA-SHELLS.—This requires much care and experience. The shells are first burned to get rid of the animal matter that remains in them. Their rough outside is next removed by mechanical means. They are then carefully treated—some with nitric, others with muriatic acid, according to their nature, until the proper surface is reached. This is then polished by friction, with leather and the hand.

DAMP WALLS.—The following method is recommended to prevent the effect of damp walls on paper in rooms: Line the damp part of the wall with sheet lead, rolled very thin, and fastened up with small copper nails. It may be immediately covered with paper. The lead is not to be thicker than that which lines tea-chests.

TO REMOVE GREASE FROM CLOTH.—Take soft soap and fuller's-earth, of each half a pound, beat them well together in a mortar, and form into cakes. The spot, first moistened with water, is rubbed with a cake and allowed to dry, when it is well rubbed with a little warm water, and afterwards rinsed or rubbed off clean.

TO EXTINGUISH A FIRE IN A CHIMNEY.—Throw some powdered brimstone on the fire in the grate, or ignite some on the hob, and then put a board or something in the front of the fire-place to prevent the fumes descending into the room. The vapor of the brimstone ascending the chimney will then effectually extinguish the soot on fire.

TURKISH MODE OF MAKING COFFEE.—The Turkish mode of making coffee produces a very different result from that to which we are accustomed. A small conical saucepan, with a long handle, and calculated to hold about two tablespoonfuls of water, is the instrument used. The fresh roasted berry is pounded, not ground, and about a dessert-spoonful is put into the minute boiler; it is then nearly filled with water, and thrust among the embers; a few seconds suffice to make it boil, and the decoction, grounds and all, is poured out into a small cup, which fits into a brass socket much like the cup of an acorn, and holding the china cup as that does the acorn itself. The Turks seem to drink this decoction boiling, and swallow the grounds with the liquid. We allow it to remain a minute, in order to leave the sediment at the bottom. It is always taken plain; sugar or cream would be thought to spoil it; and Europeans, after little practice, are said to prefer it to the clear infusion drunk in France. In every hut you will see these coffee-boilers suspended, and the means for pounding the roasted berry will be found at hand.

TO GIVE SHIRT COLLARS A GLASS-LIKE LOOK.—To one tablespoonful of starch put one of cold water; beat very smooth, and add another tablespoonful of water. Then pour on boiling water until it becomes the consistency required. Add a little melted white gum (about the size of a pea before melted), and a few shreds of white wax. This will give the articles a clear, glassy appearance.

THE BEST MEANS OF CLEARING COFFEE.—First, take the quantity of coffee required, and pour on boiling water; then strain it, and add the white and shell of one egg, well beaten up. Boil for a few minutes. If a strainer be not at hand, two tablespoonfuls of cold water poured in the coffee will clear it. It must be poured out very gently.

HOW TO BONE A TURKEY.—After the turkey has been properly dressed, cut off the first joint of the leg. Now make an incision down the back-bone from the head, and carefully separate the flesh from the bone on both sides, until you arrive at the wings and legs. Cut very carefully round the joints, and insert the knife between the flesh and the bone, when the bone will be found to leave the flesh quite easily. If a gravy is required, it will be greatly improved by the bones being well stewed and the liquor added thereto.

CALVES' RENNET is said to be a good remedy for the cure of felons.

Editors' Table.

BEAUTY GAINED.

Beautiful, yes! but the blush will fade,
The light grow dim which the blue eyes wear,
The gloss will vanish from curl and braid,
And the sunbeam die in the waving hair.
Turn from the mirror, and strive to win
Treasures of loveliness still to last;
Gather earth's glory and bloom within,
That the soul may be bright when youth is passed.
Mrs. Osgood.

Beauty gained! yes, gained, not given. It is the lot of very few women to be strikingly beautiful, endowed by nature with perfect regularity of features and perfect blending of colors. We will give five maxims to be heeded:—

Every woman, not absolutely deformed, may become graceful by giving due pains to herself.

Every woman may be good and amiable by proper care to cultivate generous feelings and noble sentiments, and *do* what she knows is right.

Every woman may be well informed, even accomplished by the industrious use of her time and opportunities.

Beauty of feature and complexion, unsupported by moral charms, scarcely lasts through the first years of youth.

A graceful, amiable, sensible, intelligent woman, dressed becomingly, as such a one would be, with her attributes of good taste and good sense, is always handsome to those who know her.

These maxims are well illustrated in the interesting sketch of the plain "Maiden of the Reveries," who made herself handsome. We arranged this series from the manuscript of our young friend, Miss Helen R. Cutter, to show our youthful readers an example of thought on this subject of self-improvement, deserving imitation and praise.

REVERIES OF A MAIDEN.

(Concluded from page 463.)

When I entered the room at Mrs. Doring's party last night, and heard a murmur—"How beautiful she is!" "How lovely! How graceful!" I looked around, involuntarily, to see who had caused these exclamations. I could not have believed five years ago (I am now twenty-two) that these epithets would ever be applied to me. *Yet it was I that called them forth.* I felt a thrill of exquisite pleasure as this became apparent to me. Not from gratified vanity, though I will not say that a love of admiration has no place in my heart, yet it has not the *highest seat*. I felt a sense of satisfaction at the thought that my improvement was the result of my own endeavors, assisted by the instructions of Aunt Eustace, and that what had elicited admiration were but *outward, visible signs of the inward harmony and purification* I had attained, that they flowed from my developed faculties and disciplined mind and passions.

I do not say this in a spirit of self-boasting, but in all humility and thankfulness. And how many girls I see who might attain as high or a higher degree of excellence than I have gained, if they would only begin

in earnest the work of self-improvement, before their natures have received so strong a bias in the wrong direction that it is impossible to bend them back to the right way!

All cannot attain the like excellence, to be sure, because we are variously endowed by nature, yet none are as beautiful, intelligent, good, or happy as they might become. Physical defects are everywhere apparent; the result of wrong habits and indulgences. How rare to see a form or complexion that has *not* been thus marred! How seldom do we see a well-developed bust! yet it is one of the greatest beauties. How few ladies carry their heads properly, or move gracefully, or have full, sweet voices—or even clear, distinct voices, for that matter, setting aside any pleasing moral element that adds charm to the tone? Yet all girls, and women, too, might improve in these respects. And how much more important would it be to improve thus than many things to which we do turn our attention, not only so far as rendering us *pleasing* is concerned, but happier and more useful!

Once I was blind to these things, but now I see that moral and mental states, the temper and the degree of intelligence, as well as physical conditions, influence the tones of the voice and the movements of the body, and also modify the features and expression of the face. Then, if we would be beautiful, move gracefully, and have sweet voices, we must look into the causes that hinder our wishes, and build on a sure foundation, for imitation, or any artificial mode of arriving at the results will not answer. The flimsy pretext is easily seen through, or felt to be unreal, shallow, false. Genuine grace, and melody of tone, and beauty of expression reach the heart *because they come from the heart.*

* * * * *

I can scarcely realize that Cousin Everard admired Jane Austen, yet some persons think so. Jane has a certain kind of beauty, but not of the highest order; she looks like a pretty doll, and she has not much intellect. I cannot believe that *she* could ever call forth the power of loving from such a noble nature as Everard's. He would require a higher soul. Her beauty does not awaken any vivid emotions; it has a sort of soothing influence, like her gentleness, and her movements, and the tones of her voice. There is harmony in her character, but no marked superiority of any kind.

It is said that sometimes high-souled men fancy such women most; a being of softness, delicacy, and sensibility seems to them the ideal of loveliness. They have strength enough in themselves, and seek in a wife only gentleness. The amiable virtues are indispensable, and yet it appears to me that a woman who does not, besides these, possess qualities that will serve her in any great emergency, a deep sense of duty, and energy to perform it, is a very imperfect woman; so is she who has the strong qualities without the gentle and softening ones. Gentleness and energy are entirely compatible, and she only is "a perfect woman, nobly planned," who possesses both these in the right proportions.

Where shall we look for such a lady? Not in the ranks of the strong-minded women, nor yet among the

giddy triflers of society; both of these depart, though in different ways, from the standard of a true woman.

Some writer has said that the ladies of Baltimore are endowed with (or have cultivated) an unusual share of amiability, modesty, and cheerfulness. That they are social and domestic in character, and have those qualities which make them excellent fireside companions; and furthermore that their affability is not caught from habits of fashionable society, but from home and friendly relations. They are neither flaunting belles, nor shrewd managers, nor strong-minded reformers. They are only good, intelligent, cheerful women, happy at home, and agreeable in society, and very warm-hearted and charitable. Now, *I believe this combination* of the best qualities of womanhood is the secret of the extraordinary personal beauty of the ladies of Baltimore. It is the reflection of these lovable qualities which makes them lovely.

It would be a curious matter of inquiry; perhaps the philosopher's stone of beauty lies thereabouts, who knows? At any rate, these moral cosmetics are worth trying.

* * * * *
Everard loves me! He has told me so, and—and I have promised. I feel now that I have long loved him, but our union would never have been happy, even could he have loved me, with all my imperfections, had I not in a good measure, I trust, reformed my faults of character.

O how grateful I am for this exceeding happiness! May I never mar it by any inharmonious action, any unworthy sentiment, any ungente word; but retain to the end of my life the love I have gained.

Everard! how pleasant the sound of *his* name! It is like the sweetest music. I never call him *cousin* now, and am so glad to remember he never was my cousin, only the step-son of dear Aunt Eustace. She would never have consented to his marriage with me, had he been her own son, as she has often told me she thought the intermarriage of first cousins should be prohibited by the laws of the land, as some statesmen, she said, have recommended.*

I have serious duties before me now; I have taken the happiness of another into my keeping, a sacred trust. Heaven grant that I may be ever faithful to it. I must strive to perfect my character more and more, and be in reality what Everard in his grave fondness called me, his "good angel." How sweet to my heart is the praise he has already given me for what he terms my "moral heroism!" He has been watching my progress; he appreciates my improvement. This is indeed happiness. It seems like a dream that we are to be married in six months, on my twenty-fifth birthday.

THE FAIRIES.

And oh, is there not some truth in these fictions of the unseen world!—BULWER.

Oh, are there not bright lingerers

By forest and by stream?

Where the shadows fall upon the brake

And the glowworms brighter gleam,

* MARRIAGE OF COUSINS.—Governor Magoffin, of Kentucky, recommends the Legislature of that State to prohibit by law, under severe penalties, the marriage of cousins. He says that the imbeciles, insane, deaf mutes, and blind in the different asylums of that State who are the offspring of cousins is from 16 to 20 per cent. of the whole number; and he claims that it is the right and duty of the State to protect herself against the evil and expense by forbidding such unions, which nature plainly forbids by the natural penalty she uniformly inflicts.

Where the moon sleeps with a richer light

Upon some favored glade,

And everything around gleams bright

'Gainst the deep and mystic shade?

Tell me! tell me—have the fairies flown

On the wings of the gentle west,

And left the lily to bloom alone

On the bright stream's silver breast?

Is there no truth in those olden tales

Of spirits by us unseen,

Who dwell 'mid the flowers of peaceful vales

Or dance on its emerald green?

I've sought in vain each beautiful dell

For the fairies' mimic home;

The daisy and the heather bell

They have equally left alone.

I know a legend, a legend bright,

That memory brings to mind,

To tell where these beings of purer light

Their chains of love have twined.

Their queen once fled to the vine-clad bank

Of the Rhine's dark, rolling tide,

And deep from the cup of love she drank,

And became a young fay's bride.

Then, fleeing together on joyful wings,

They sought some happier clime,

Where winter is never—'mid joyful springs

They mock at this land of time.

No more, then, we find one spot on earth,

Where these bright invisibles dwell;

And never again will their nightly mirth

Resound from the heather bell.

CHILDREN AND JUNE.

If we divide the year into periods, answering to the seven ages of mortal life, March and April would be its infancy, May and June its childhood. We are now in this sweet season, when all young things of nature are beautiful and seem joyous. Wayside weeds, even, lift their humble heads to the kisses of the sun as blithely as garden flowers laugh out in the gay parterre and blossoms on lofty trees throw up their light towards heaven. In sympathy with vegetable nature the animal feels the influence of this season. The young of all kinds have spring for their holiday; or rather the period of being young, at whatever time of the year it comes, is spring holiday to animals. Thus should childhood be made the season of happiness to all of woman born. No one circumstance in human life has so great influence on moral character as the manner in which the child is regarded and treated during the seven years, from three years old to ten.

We have in our heart a long, long dissertation on this subject; it must wait, as we have now only time to give our friends glimpses of what is doing for the *wayside children* of Philadelphia by two of the private associations in our benevolent city.

THE FOSTER HOME ASSOCIATION OF PHILADELPHIA.

This excellent institution, founded and managed by ladies of different Christian denominations, but all united in charity, has been in successful operation fifteen years, and now has about ninety children under its shelter. It is at present opened in the "Preston Retreat," a very commodious structure, generously and freely allowed the society by Mrs. Preston and the Trustees. This is a great boon to the society, and enables the managers to

devote their means entirely to the poor children. Very pleasant it is to look on the order, neatness, comfort and gentle training of these little ones, born to no inheritance save perishing poverty or squalid misery and wicked examples. We there see what the Bible does for humanity. Idolatry is always cruel to children. The Bible only by its holy influence on the soul of woman, has provided that "Foster Home" where the little wayside weeds of human society have found sustenance and culture, and spring joy and summer hope, which has changed them to useful plants.

The girls are put by turns to all kinds of household work; both boys and girls are taught to sew and knit, mend and make their own clothes. All are well instructed in the common branches of English education, while the culture of the heart, in its affections and principles, is the constant care of the society. Thus the children are fitted to become good servants and apprentices, and, when their probation is over, to become good members of society, good citizens of the State, and good Christians in their own homes.

The expenses for 1869 were \$6471, and more than half of this amount was paid for board of the children by their parents and friends, thus saving them from the degradation of pauperism. This is an excellent feature in the plan of the society, encouraging poor struggling mothers and fathers, also, to the greatest efforts at labor and economy, as by the payment of a small sum, weekly, their children can have all the comforts and advantages of this FOSTER HOME.

THE JEWISH FOSTER HOME SOCIETY OF PHILADELPHIA.

This institution, established six years ago, has now thirty-three children dependent on its fostering care. It is under the management of thirty ladies, lineal descendants of the grand old race of people who inherited the "Promises" and preserved the "Oracles" of the "Old Testament," equally sacred to Hebrew and Gentile Believer.

We were deeply impressed by the tone of reverential faith in God and tender benevolence towards children, breathed, as it were, into the report of these ladies showing how the true worship of the Creator draws the soul out in benevolence and good works. These two Foster Homes, similar in name and in object both sustained and cherished by noble-minded and warm-hearted women; do they not show how closely the religious faith drawn from the Bible can bring together, in good works, the Jew and the Christian? The God of the Bible only is the Friend and Saviour of little children. This holy bond of love to the little ones, uniting the hearts and souls of those who worship the Jehovah of both dispensations, will it not, ultimately, prove a sweet and lasting tie of sisterhood in faith and charity and thus draw all women to the feet of the Saviour?

SCRAPS FROM A NOTE-BOOK.

I WILL tell you a secret: The way to make yourself pleasing to others is to show that you care for them; the small, sweet courtesies in which there is no parade, whose voice is so still to tease, and which manifest themselves by tender and affectionate looks, and those little acts and offices of attention. The seed of love can never grow but under the warm and gentle influence of kind feelings and affectionate manners. It constitutes the sum total of all the witchcraft of woman.

"A lover's hope," says Sir Walter Scott, "resembles the bean in the nursery tale; let it once take root, and

it will grow so rapidly that in the course of a few hours the giant Imagination builds a castle on the top; and by and by comes Disappointment, and hews down both the plant and the superstructure."

There is nothing in life like a diversity of thought to cure a hurt. Wounds heal when we never think of them.

Definitions of a gentleman, alone distinguished by moral qualities: One who restrains his passions and subdues his selfishness; who considers the comfort of others before his own, and respects the personality of all; never takes an unfair advantage; scrupulous of his honor, and doubly scrupulous of that of others in his keeping. In a word, one whose manly traits are penetrated and modified by the gentleness of a woman's nature.

WOMEN'S UNION MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA, ETC.—Our readers know the plan of this noble association. It is fast gaining friends. Of the *one hundred collectors* required, *eighty-five* have offered. A few ladies have sent us subscriptions; many have given promises and good wishes. Thanks for all—but we best like donations that we can record.

Mrs. Richard E. Cochran, Little Rock, Ark., \$1.

Miss Emma C. Dorr, Boston, Mass., \$1.

Mrs. John F. James, Philadelphia, \$1.

Mrs. Thos. J. Cram, Philadelphia, \$1.

MISS S. J. HALE'S BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, 1826 Rittenhouse Square, Philadelphia.

This school is designed to give a thorough and liberal English education, to furnish the best facilities for acquiring the French language, and the best instruction in music and the other accomplishments. The moral training and the health and physical development of the scholars are carefully attended to.

References: Mrs. Emma Willard, Troy, N. Y.; Henry Vethake, LL.D., Wm. B. Stevens, D.D., Wm. H. Ashhurst, Esq., Louis A. Godey, Esq., Philadelphia; Charles Hodge, D.D., Princeton, N. J.; and others.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.—The following articles are accepted: "On a Picture"—"Worst Work"—"The Fairies"—"A word may waken bitter Thought"—"Ashes from the Pipe of an Old Smoker"—"The Blue Bird"—"Canst thou Weep for Me?"—"Genevieve"—"Mary's Homage"—"Florence"—"Out of the Fulness of the Heart"—"Lines, etc."—"Scraps from a Note-Book"—"Fireside Dreams"—"A Literary Star, and how it culminated"—"A Sonnet" (the other poem, declined for want of room, will be returned, if a stamp is sent).

The following articles are declined; some of these are really worth publishing; we feel loth to refuse, but we have no room to spare, and the authors would not be willing to wait, years, perhaps, before we could insert them: "Have faith in God"—"Sic Transit Gloria Mundi"—"Sunshine and Shade"—"Ode"—"The Rejection"—"Merry, Merry May"—"The Hand Organ"—"My Pets"—"North and South" (we do not accept political articles)—"A Rare Chance"—"Waiting"—"My Early Home"—"The Brother and Sister" (would do well for a newspaper. Will be returned, if four stamps are sent)—"Long Time Ago"—"Many Sorrows"—"A Wonderful Discovery"—"Time"—"Winter"—"Song"—"The Aurora"—"Thoughts on the Times" (very sad theme, but we cannot mend "the times")—"Blessings in Disguise"—"Society on Christian Principles"

(this essay deserves separate publication; it is too long for our Book)—"Summer"—and "Little Ann." From one poem, "Invitation to a May Walk," we select these stanzas, all we have room for. Their author, "Mari-anna," lives in a pleasant place where the June sun shines:—

"Come walk with me to the banks, my love,
And we'll list to the robin's song.
How blue are the skies! how green is the grove!
And the river flows sparkling along!

"Do you see that grass-covered isle, my love,
Like an emerald green and bright?
It is there that these waters, parted above,
The Merrimac and Concord unite.

"The 'wedded' waters pass our 'sweet home,'
And they pass no pleasanter place,
Nor a happier home, wherever they roam,
From their rise to the end of their race."

We have MSS. not examined on hand.

Notice to Authors.—All MSS. must have a name, address—town, county, and State—and date legibly written on the first page, with stamps for their return, if not accepted.

Literary Aspirants.—We are constantly annoyed by young beginners sending us poetry and asking us to remit our usual price. We may add that we do not either pay for or return poetry. One thing more while we are upon the subject. It is folly for writers who have made no name to think of receiving payment for their productions. An article may be fit to publish without being entitled to compensation. A young writer should have a little modesty, and be thankful that he has the opportunity of displaying his talents before some hundreds of thousands of readers, without asking more or less pay in addition. If he write with unusual ability, he will be sought out, and his contributions solicited, and then will be time to put a price upon the productions of his brain. A little plain speaking at this time, when we scarcely open a letter offering a prose contribution without a request to know "our terms," will probably prove a blessing to other publishers as well as to ourselves.

Health Department.

BY JNO. STAINBACK WILSON, M. D.

MEDICAL EDUCATION OF WOMAN—PROFESSIONAL PRIDE.

—The most formidable adversary to the recognition of the rights and privileges of woman, as a physician, is *professional pride*; for being more laudable than avarice, it may be made a kind of scapegoat for opposition arising from all kinds of impure and unworthy motives. This professional pride is more formidable, again, because it is strengthened and intensified by a *sexual* pride which is either hereditary, or which, from long established erroneous views as to the nature and duties of woman, has become a second nature, and which revolts at the idea of being placed on a level with "the weaker sex." Professional pride is exceedingly formidable, then, because it is to some extent laudable, because it is deep-rooted, closely entrenched in the strongholds of our very nature, and doubly fortified by a mighty breastwork of heary errors and prejudices.

Professional pride, within proper bounds, is commendable; it is the only real bond of union between physicians,

and as things now exist, is the greatest safeguard and protection to the profession. But it is only commendable when it prompts to noble deeds, and restrains from everything that is mean and derogatory to the character of a learned and liberal profession. Thus far it is legitimate, and worthy of all praise. But when this noble principle is perverted from noble ends, and degenerates into that pitiful self-conceit and supercilious scorn which would refuse a woman admission into the temple of Medicine when she is proved to be worthy of the honor, and when it is demonstrated that the welfare of the race demands it; it then becomes a great evil, and a disgrace to the profession. Ashamed to acknowledge fraternity with a woman, indeed!—Is this not supremely ridiculous, when we recognize as brothers, half educated, and wholly uneducated licentiates of one-man medical boards; newspaper puffers; cross-road posters; patent medicine venders, certifiers, and prescribers; and, in short, men who are destitute of every intellectual, moral and professional claim to respect! Some of us (we men doctors) may be disposed to deny the "soft impeachment," and disown our relationship to such a disreputable swarm as we have mentioned. Yet we are all placed on pretty much the same platform by the laws, and often by public opinion. Let others indulge their false pride, then, in excluding women from the profession; but as for us, give us well-educated, virtuous, honorable, orthodox female physicians, in preference to the legion of empirics with whom we now acknowledge fraternity.

SLEEPING ROOMS FOR CHILDREN.—The nursery room should be large, well aired, and elevated as far as possible above the ground floor. From this room plants and flowers should be excluded, as they tend to vitiate the air.

The beds of children should be considerably elevated, to guard against the impure air which naturally settles near the floor. Still, if the room is kept scrupulously clean (as it should be) and properly ventilated, impure air will find no place within it, but will be swept away by the free currents of air circulating through it. The beds of children should not be put under other beds during the day, but should be exposed to the air so that impure secretions with which the bedding may be impregnated may be dissipated. To guard more effectually against danger from this source, the beds and bed-clothing should be exposed as much as possible to the sun as well as to the air.

Curtains should never be placed around the beds of children, and their faces should not be covered while asleep, even with a veil. If any one has any doubts about the interruption of a free circulation of air, even by the thinnest veil, those doubts can soon be removed by placing one of these coverings over the face, and in contact with it. The warm stifling air will soon produce a very disagreeable and even painful feeling of oppression.

MANUAL EXERCISE FOR INFANTS.—By manual exercise we mean gentle rubbing with the hands of the mother or nurse. For the first few weeks of their existence infants should be allowed to indulge their natural inclination for repose to the fullest extent, and they should be handled as little as possible. But after the first month or two, they should be gently rubbed all over with the hand at least once a day. The best time for this is after the daily washing or bathing before recommended. Passive exercise or friction with the hand communicates a very pleasurable sensation which is evinced by the movements of the child; and those exercises promote a

free and equal circulation of the blood, and thus contribute to the full and regular development of every part of the body.

RED-GUM.—This is a skin disorder of early infancy; and, if we mistake not, it is what is commonly known among the people as "hives." It consists of little pimples of a vivid red color, appearing most commonly on the cheeks, arms, and backs of the hands, and interspersed with diffused red patches. It has some resemblance to the eruption of measles. Red-gum or "the hives" is generally connected with sour stomach and some derangement of the bowels, caused by improper and excessive feeding. In some cases, it is doubtless the result of irritation of the skin from too great an amount of bed covering and clothing.

It is a very common opinion that hives is caused, or greatly aggravated by cold, and hence children are often smothered up in a close room, and most unmercifully drugged, with the intention of driving out the hives, and to guard against imaginary dangers. Instead of close confinement and stimulating teas, a child with hives should have free air, avoiding cold currents directly on the body, however; and a warm bath should be used once or twice a day. An occasional dose of chalk or magnesia may be proper in some cases; but generally, bathing, pure air, and the right kind and quantity of food, will be sufficient without any drugging and dosing.

TOWIN-RASH.—This is connected with the irritation of teething—bears a very close resemblance to the disorder above, and is to be treated in the same way. After bathing, the irritation of the skin will be allayed by dusting with flour or starch. The gums, if swollen, should be lanced.

SORES BEHIND THE EARS.—This is another eruption which seems to be connected with teething. While no attempt should be made to dry up the sores by the use of ointments, salves, &c., they should not be neglected. They should be carefully washed every day with warm water, or milk and water; and then anointed with a little sweet oil or glycerine. A plaster made of glycerine and powdered chalk, mixed to a proper consistence, is very good. These sores are often made much worse by applying all kinds of stimulants, and by keeping the head too warm. Caps have much to do with these disorders, and should never be worn in any case. All attempts to dry up eruptions about the head should be studiously avoided, as convulsions, and the most serious affections of the brain have resulted from such ill-advised efforts.

COLUMBES, Ga.

Literary Notices.

BOOKS BY MAIL.—Now that the postage on printed matter is so low, we offer our services to procure for our subscribers or others any of the books that we notice. Information touching books will be cheerfully given by inclosing a stamp to pay return postage.

When ordering a book, please mention the name of the publisher.

From T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

THE CROSSED PATH; or, Basil: A Story of Modern Life. By Wilkie Collins, author of "The Woman in White," "Dead Secret," "After Dark," "Queen of Hearts," etc. When Wilkie Collins wrote "The Woman in White," he achieved for himself a reputation, to the

brightness of which it would be difficult to add new lustre. The volume before us, though we cannot consider it as surpassing all his former efforts, is yet worthy of the pen from which it emanates. He has been most successful in his attempt to illustrate the characteristic pride of the English aristocracy in birth and blood; and, taking this inherent pride for the woof of his romance, he has woven a most intricate web of misfortune and tragedy. Price, paper, \$1 00; cloth, \$1 25.

From HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, through PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND from the Accession of James II. By Lord Macaulay. Vol. V. Edited by his Sister, Lady Trevelyan. With a complete index to the entire work. This volume of the "History of England" is given to the world just as it was left by its celebrated author, "no connecting link has been added," says the preface, "no reference verified; no authority sought for or obtained." The period of time embraced in this volume of the history is from 1697 to 1702, including the death of King William III. Price 25 cents, 40 cents, \$1 50.

THE ORDEAL OF FREE LABOR IN THE BRITISH WEST INDIES. By Wm. G. Sewell. Mr. Sewell takes in turn the Windward Islands, Trinidad, the Leeward Islands, and Jamaica, and gives his impressions of their social and commercial condition. His work embraces many important facts and statistics in regard to free and slave labor, exports and imports, and the general and comparative prosperity of the islands. As far as we are capable of judging, he appears fair in his statements, and attempts no comparison between these islands and the United States. His readers can draw their own conclusions in any manner they see fit. Price \$1 00.

TRUMPS: A Novel. By Geo. Wm. Curtis, author of "Nile Notes of a Howdaj," "The Potiphar Papers," "Prue and I," etc. Splendidly illustrated by Augustus Hoppin. Novel readers have here something really worth reading to occupy their time, and, if they choose, their thoughts also; for there is more than one moral that may be deducted from its pages. It is a story of American life, which if it were not quite so true might be called a satire. It holds up to view the money-worshipping aristocracy of our country, and deals unsparingly with their foibles and vices. Politicians, too, those never-weary "servants of the people," are not forgotten, but occupy a prominent position in the story. It is a book that everybody will read and enjoy; everybody laugh over, and many, who stop to reflect, sigh over also. We ought not to omit mention of the superiority of the illustrations which so profusely ornament this volume, over those usually found in books of its class. They are lifelike and full of character. Price \$1 50.

PUBLI VERGILI MARONIS OPERA. Ex Recensione J. Conington, A. M. Lingue et Litterarum Latinarum apud Oxonienses Professoris. Price 40 cents.

THUCYDIDES. Recensuit Joannes Gulielmus Donaldson, S. T. P., Coll. ss. Trin. apud Cantabr. Quondam Socius. In two volumes. Price 40 cents.

All those who are availing themselves of the excellent opportunity offered them by the Messrs. Harper to obtain a classical library, will be pleased to learn of the publication of these works.

From CHARLES SCRIBNER, New York, through J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

THE POETICAL WORKS OF SAMUEL WOOD-

WORTH. Edited by his son. These poems are contained in two volumes, elegantly bound in blue and gold. There are many, who have heretofore seen only an occasional poem by the author of "The Old Oaken Bucket," that will gladly add to their poetic treasures these books containing his complete works.

From CROSBY, NICHOLS, LEE, & Co., Boston, through G. G. EVANS, Philadelphia:—

THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND, from the *Accession of James II.* By Lord Macaulay. Vol. V. Edited by his sister, Lady Trevelyan. This volume, the same as the one we have already noticed as published by Harper & Brother, of New York, contains, besides what is found in the latter's publication, additional notes to volumes I., II., III., and IV., a Sketch of Lord Macaulay's Life and Writings, by S. Austin Allibone, and a fac-simile of Lord Macaulay's memoranda for his History of England. Price 40 cents.

From TICKNOR & FIELDS, Boston, through S. HAZARD, Ja., Philadelphia:—

THE LIFE AND CAREER OF MAJOR JOHN ANDRE, *Adjutant-General of the British Army in America.* By Winthrop Sargent. Everything that pertains to the history of any of the leading characters in the American Revolution, whether tory or rebel, will find thousands of interested readers, for the facts and incidents of their separated lives, united, form the narrative of the primary event of our national history. The author of this volume has made extensive research for every fact and tradition that has a bearing upon the life of his hero, and has thus discovered and, by giving it a place in his work, preserved from loss much curious matter concerning the times in which André lived. The book contains a fine steel engraving of Major André, copied from a miniature by himself. Price \$1 50.

TWELVE SERMONS, *Delivered at Antioch College.* By Horace Mann. These sermons, which will find numerous readers among the admirers of the late President of Antioch College, the Hon. Horace Mann, are on the following subjects: God's Being, the Foundation of Human Duty; God's Character, the Law of Human Duty; God's Law, the Principle of Spiritual Liberty; Sin, the Transgression of the Law; Testimony against Evil, a Duty; The Prodigal Son; The Prodigal Son; Temptation; Retribution; The Kingdom of Heaven; Immortality; Miracles. Price \$1 00.

THE SABLE CLOUD: *A Southern Tale, with Northern comments.* By the author of "A South-side View of Slavery." The title of this book sufficiently indicates its subject and the view which it takes of this subject. It is argumentative in style and ably written. We do not feel called upon to pass sentence either for or against it, but leave each reader to judge for him or herself of its merits. Price 75 cents.

Godey's Arm-Chair.

THE exquisitely engraved steel plate in this number is in illustration of the old ballad, "Nobody axed you, sir!" she said. We give it in the old English and in modern words.

"NOBODIE AXED YOU, SIR!"

Where are you goinge, my prettie maide?
I'm goinge a milkinge, sir, she saide.

Who is your fader, my prettie maide?
My fader's the miller, sir, she saide.

Will you marrie me, my prettie maide?
You offer me freele, kinde sir, she saide.

What is your fortune, my prettie maide?
My face is my fortune, sir, she saide.

Then I can't marry you, my pretty maide.
Nobodie axed you, sir, she saide.

"NOBODY ASKED YOU, SIR!"

Where are you going, my pretty maid?
I'm going a milking, sir, she said.

Who is your father, my pretty maid?
My father's the miller, sir, she said.

Will you marry me, my pretty maid?
You offer me freely, kind sir, she said.

What is your fortune, my pretty maid?
My face is my fortune, sir, she said.

Then I can't marry you, my pretty maid!
Nobody asked you, sir! she said.

We have heard these lines very prettily sung, and with great archness, to a very simple air. We make no comments upon the engraving of the plate, as that speaks for itself.

WELL, we don't like to say anything more about our large fashion-plates, but if the one in this number is not pronounced prettier than any that have preceded it we shall lose all confidence in our own judgment. Thousands of commendatory notices from the press and from letters praise our fashions. Five figures against two of any other magazine

"SCENT Case for Note Paper" will be found a very useful article for ladies.

MORE IMPOSTORS.—A person writes from Buffalo, but does not say what State, that he paid Andrew Mulvany for the Lady's Book, and received the January and February numbers. We think he was fortunate in getting those two numbers. We never heard of Mr. Mulvany, and for the hundredth time repeat that we have no travelling agents. The writer does not say what he paid for the Book, but we will undertake to say that it was offered for less than what we charge. That is the way—it is the low price that induces persons to be duped.

Still another! A letter from Maine states that the writer paid \$2 (that's it, the low price) to a female, who was giving premiums even at that price. The writer received a breastpin which he supposes is worth about twenty-five cents. We think he puts rather a high value on it.

THE *Germantown Telegraph* was established thirty-two years ago, in the month of March. In the succeeding July of the same year, the Lady's Book made its bow to the public. Major Freas has been the sole editor and publisher all that time, and the Lady's Book during its career has had but one conductor; no chopping and changing in either of these publications. The *Telegraph* has always been a first-class paper, eagerly sought after for its agricultural intelligence, and most reliable for the same. Bold and independent, trucking to no man and no party, Major Freas is the personification of the fearless, independent, good-hearted, able, and, we can add, hospitable editor. Long life to him and continued prosperity.

We have received orders for the Book, and in considerable quantities, from Buenos Ayres and Bermuda, and we give a copy of a letter received from Rio de Janeiro:—

BRAZIL, SANTA CATARINA, Nov. 17, 1860.

I. A. GODEY: DEAR SIR—Having had the pleasure of reading the number of your Lady's Book, which, in my humble opinion, is unquestionably the best work of the kind now published, I have resolved to become a subscriber, for which purpose I beg you to inform me, when convenient, not only how much the subscription will be, including postages, but also whether you have any correspondent in Rio de Janeiro to whom the amount of said subscription can be paid. I desire also to know which is the most convenient way to forward the said work, whether by the English packet *via* Southampton, or direct from you to the care of some house here.

Your most obedient servant, * * *

A MOTHER'S LOVE.—Children, look in those eyes; listen to that dear voice; notice the feeling of even a single touch that is bestowed upon you by that gentle hand! Make much of it while yet you have that most precious of all good gifts—a loving mother. Read the unfathomable love of those eyes, the kind anxiety of that tone and look, however slight your pain. In after-life you may have friends—fond, dear, kind friends—but never will you have again the inexpressible love and gentleness lavished upon you, which none but a mother bestows. Often do I sigh, in my struggles with the hard, uncaring world, for the sweet, deep security I felt when of an evening, nestling to her bosom, I listened to some quiet tale, suitable to my age, read in her tender and untiring voice. Never can I forget her sweet glances, cast upon me when I appeared to sleep; never her kiss of peace at night! Years have passed away since we laid her beside my father in the old churchyard; yet still her voice whispers from the grave, and her eye watches over me as I visit spots long since hallowed to the memory of my mother.—*Maculay*.

That is what we have always said:—

"There is no lady's magazine published that equals Godey's, and those who have Godey's need no other. It is the ladies' magazine."

The *Sanitary American* agrees with us exactly.

The following we copied from a churchyard in this State:—

The Me-
mory of F-J
ONGEW
Ashin
gtond
Avis

The Memory of George Washington Davis.

SENSIBLE ADVICE:—

"Get a number of Godey's Lady's Book and look at it. Don't borrow it, but go, like a person of prudence and good judgment, and subscribe for it at once."

This sensible piece of advice is given by the *Journal and Statesman* of Wilmington, Delaware.

ALL letters relating to the Musical Department must be addressed to the editor thereof, J. Starr Holloway, Philadelphia.

PRaise FROM CANADA:—

Godey's fashion-plates no other magazine can come near, for in that particular branch it has never had an equal; in truth, it is the first of magazines, and need fear no competition. The Lady's Book is unquestionably the favorite.—*Spectator*, Hamilton, Canada.

What shall we say of Godey? save to reiterate what we have already said, that, as a reliable ladies' magazine, Godey's Lady's Book is far ahead of anything that has ever been attempted either in England or any other country. Why, we have no doubt that every lady who takes Godey would conscientiously declare the two page fashion-plates alone to be worth far more than the whole cost of the Book! What lady, then, would be without it?—*Herald*, Ingersoll, Canada.

How to TREAT A WIFE.—First, get a wife; secondly, be patient. You may have great trials and perplexities in your business with the world, but do not carry to your home a clouded or contracted brow. Your wife may have many trials, which, though of less magnitude, may have been as hard to bear. A kind, conciliating word, a tender look, will do wonders in chasing from her brow all clouds of gloom. You encounter your difficulties in the open air, fanned by heaven's cool breezes; but your wife is often shut in from these healthful influences, and her health fails, and her spirits lose their elasticity. But O bear with her; she has trials and sorrows to which you are a stranger, but which your tenderness can deprive of all their anguish. Notice kindly her little attentions and efforts to promote your comfort. Do not take them all as a matter of course, and pass them by, at the same time being very sure to observe any omission of what you may consider due to you. Do not treat her with indifference if you would not sear and palsy her heart, which, watered by kindness, would, to the latest day of your existence, throb with sincere and constant affection. Sometimes yield your wishes to hers. She has preferences as strong as you, and it may be just as trying to yield her choice as to you. Do you find it hard to yield sometimes? Think you it is not difficult for her to give up always? If you never yield to her wishes, there is danger that she will think you are selfish and care only for yourself, and with such feelings she cannot love as she might. Again, show yourself manly, so that your wife can look up at you and feel that you will act nobly and that she can confide in your judgment.

WHAT commends Godey's Lady's Book, however, to the favor of medical men and their families is the very excellent papers on health, nursing, diet, children, air, exercise, etc. etc., from the pen of Dr. Wilson, of Georgia. We have heretofore noticed this feature of Godey, and repeat it with commendation.—*Lancet and Observer*, Cincinnati, O.

"DOUGLASS, Ill!"—"Dear me!" said Mrs. Snooksby, as she was reading the Congressional news, "it was just so all last year. It is a wonder he don't die. He seems to be sick all the time."

Mrs. Snooksby did not seem to know that the Ill. was Illinois.

BLASPHEMOUS BART STORIES.—Is it not time these manufactured sayings that purport to come from the mouths of children should be stopped? They are simply blasphemous.

OUR MUSICAL COLUMN.

Music in the City.—There is a decidedly pleasant flutter in the musical world of this music-loving city, telling of a more brilliant finale to the season than we looked forward to in the musical column a month or two ago. What with opera, and soirée, and concert, we are almost overcome! The former is dawning in unexpected brilliancy at the Academy, the principal force comprising Colson, Brignoli, Susini, Stigelli, and others of the Associated Artists. Halevy's *La Juive*, Flotow's *Martha*, and Verdi's *Un Ballo in Maschera* are among the operas. The last is a new work. Overpraised in New York and Boston, we shall be surprised if it pass the severer ordeal of Philadelphia criticism.

After the usual concerts, soirées, and matinées, the chief feature of the past two months has been a sort of imitation of the monster Jullien Concerts of a few years back, christened by the name of the People's Concerts, and brought out at the old place, Concert Hall. Herr Engelke, who was *sous chef d'orchestre* under Jullien, was the musical director, and the orchestra, forty performers, comprised the best talent in the city. Though tried as an experiment, these concerts will doubtless become a fixed institution. Such is the intention; and, as the artists are all resident here, and have their hearts in their work, with crowded audiences to fill up the exchequer, we have no doubt of the result. The overture to *Zampa* and the *Trovatore* selections at the first concert, Engelke's solo on the violoncello at the second, and the exquisite *Notturmo* from the *Midsummer Night's Dream* at the third were admirably rendered, though the want of proper rehearsal in some other pieces was painfully apparent.

New Sheet Music.—In the list of Mr. J. H. Hidley, Albany, N. Y.: *Galop di Bravura*, by Bassford, 25 cents, and Governor Morgan's *Re-Election Quickstep*, by Underner, 30 cents, both easy and effective compositions. Also the following songs and ballads: *Lucy's Flittin'*, beautiful Scottish ballad, by the author of *Jessie*, the *Flower o' Dunblane*, 25 cents; *Shake Hands and be Friends*, by George Washburne Morgan, 30 cents; *One Story's Good till Another's Told*, same composer, 25 cents; *The Harpist's Death*, a touching song, 25 cents; *The Miller's Daughter*, poetry by Tennyson, 30 cents; and *Separation*, song, by And. Boyd, 25 cents.

Messrs. Russell & Tolman's new list includes the elegant songs and ballads of B. Augusto, highly praised in the *Musical World*: *Sweet Bride of Sleep*, with handsome lithographic title, 35 cents; *My Song Shall be of Thee*, 25 cents; *Far, Far Away*, 25 cents; *It Was the Early Winter*, 25 cents; *None Shall Breathe a Sigh for Me*, 25 cents; *The Quiet Eye*, 25 cents; and *Bless'd Land of Love and Liberty*, 25 cents. We cheerfully indorse the commendation of these songs. Also, *Thoughts of Thee*, by H. P. Danks, 25 cents; *Cottage Behind the Hill*, same composer, 25 cents; *A Home in the Hills for Me*, quartette, 25 cents; *Ella May*, song and chorus, by Charles Hess, 25 cents; *Where shall I Find Thee?* sung by Madame Fabri, 35 cents; *I am Contented*, by Flotow, 25 cents; and *I'm but the Withering Flower*, serenade, by Conant, 30 cents. Also for piano, without words: *Her Bright Smile Haunts me Still*, by Brinley Richards, 35 cents; *Annie o' the Banks o' Dee*, same composer, 35 cents; *Prayer in the Chapel*, Neustadt, 30 cents; *Nocturno*, by C. Galos, 25 cents; and *Mountain Echoes*, by F. Spindler, 30 cents.

These pieces are well worthy the attention of our friends. We can send any of them on receipt of price.

Music orders and musical communications to be sent to Philadelphia, addressed to J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

PLANT SYMPATHY AND ANTIPATHY.—Our readers may take the following, by a correspondent of the *American Farmer*, for what it is worth; we do not vouch for it:—

Sympathy.

The vine likes the nearness of cherry trees and elms. A white vine planted immediately beside a blue gets blue grapes.

Chestnut trees among mulberry trees get twice as large fruit.

Lemon, orange, myrtle, cypress, and laurel trees grow and succeed best among one another.

The asparagus increases much better near the *he-deoma pulegioides*, which gives the pennyroyal.

Will you reinforce the smell of the roses?—plant some garlic or onion among them.

If you plant some roses and white lilies together in one bed, both get much more sweet scent.

If you have a valuable flower, which commences to fade by an accident, put next to it a chamomile, with its roots in the same pot, and you will see revive the fading flower from day to day.

Will you produce extraordinarily big turnips, beet-roots, carrots, or red beets?—excavate a few of these, put the seed into the hole, and, after a few days, sow it.

Will you attain a considerable fertility of the vines?—strew some powdered tartar, mixed with a little ox blood, among their roots, and you attain an incredible success.

Antipathy.

The walnut tree is hostile and noxious to every other fruit tree in its near neighborhood.

Enemies against one another are the olive and the oak, the vine and the laurel tree.

Cucumbers planted among olive trees perish.

An oak tree beside a walnut tree dries up.

Colocynthis are noxious to every herb or flower in the same bottom.

Hemlock beside a vine dries up.

Rose and orange water loses its sweet scent during the time of blowing of those plants. (?)

The vine becomes unquiet, and ferments in the casks while the vine blooms.

TRUE.—"Nearly all the ladies of our town have discarded every other, and alone take Godey, declaring one number of it to be worth a year's issue of all the others."

The *Princeton Bulletin* confirms our own opinion.

THE publishers of "Art Recreations" (that valuable guide to all the beautiful arts and fancy works ladies delight in) supply all materials for wax work, and, in fact, for all the various arts taught in the book. For information, etc., address Messrs. J. E. Tilton & Co., Publishers, Boston.

A CITY OFFICER in Scotland was celebrated for his cunning and wit. His mother having died in Edinburgh, he hired a hearse and carried her to the family burying-place in the Highlands. He returned, it is said, with the hearse full of smuggled whiskey, and being teased about it by a friend, he said—"Wou, man, there's nae harm done. I only took awa the body and brought back the speerit."

THE MARCH OF MEDICAL SCIENCE!—When an article is required, either in housekeeping or trade, persons with any pretension to prudence apply to the individual who best understands its manufacture and the various uses to which it is to be applied; and if this be so as regards the ordinary matters with which we have to do, how much more necessary is it that in the derangements which perpetually occur in the wear and tear of life to the bodily frame, we should have recourse to the man of science, who has made our "wonderful construction" the subject of his study and the pursuit of his life! But thousands act otherwise, and while moving on with tolerable philosophy in other things, taking every precaution as regards their business affairs, yet in the matter of life and health throw themselves unreservedly into the hands of the quack. But some amount of discrimination is required to judge of what is orthodox and what is quackery—the latter may possibly be concealed even under a diploma; nor does a regular education always answer all the conditions. The man in whose hands one should fearlessly intrust one's life should be a man of intellect, enthusiastically devoted to his profession, and following it from a conviction that to promote the comfort or to assuage the sufferings of his fellow-creatures is the noblest and most exalted employment to which to dedicate his time and his science. Amongst medical men, as amongst other classes, there are of course now and then exceptions to be met with; and the following anecdote, translated from the French, is abundantly amusing, as affording an instance of that simulated profundity which too frequently passes current with the unthinking and unreflecting, but which, of course, serves the temporary purpose of the knave and the quack. We really think it a smart joke:—

It appears that a gentleman, a short time since, made a journey, by railroad or steamboat, we do not recollect exactly by which of these modes of travelling; at all events it is of little importance to the matter with which we have to occupy ourselves, as you will soon perceive. However, it occurred that at the moment of starting the boiler exploded, and the poor fellow was transfixd by a thin rod of iron belonging to some portion of the machinery, and which was about seven feet long. The iron penetrated his abdomen a little above the navel, and came out at an opposite point through the back in such a manner that three feet protruded in front and about the same length behind. He was with difficulty conveyed home, and his position was considered one which required the immediate aid of science. A doctor was therefore called in, who first began by feeling the patient's pulse; and, by way of gaining time, the scientific luminary wished to do two things together, and therefore asked his poor patient *where* he suffered.

"In my stomach, sir."

"Ah, very good," says the doctor. "How has this happened to you?"

The exhausted patient then relates, as well as he is able, the circumstances of the explosion. This account finished, the doctor thinks it his duty to follow up his questions.

"Are your family subject to this kind of accident, sir?"

"No," answers the patient, "for all I know, they are not. Both my father and mother are very old, and they have never been so unfortunate. My brother and sisters also enjoy the best of health, hardly ever having known a day's illness, and I can also say the same for my uncles and aunts."

"Very well, sir," answers the doctor. "It was of the first importance to gain that information for the purpose of forming a prognostic."

And now the doctor, in order to prove to his patient that he completely understands the complicated nature of his complaint, thus continues:—

"You must find it very difficult to lie upon your back?"

"O yes, sir, I find it impossible," is the answer, accompanied with a deep groan of anguish.

"I apprehend you must experience the same amount of difficulty to lie upon your stomach?"

"Indeed, sir, I have exactly the same difficulty with regard to that position."

"Scientifically speaking, it ought to be much easier for you to lie upon your side."

"Oh, indeed, sir, it is just so; that is the only position that I can bear."

"Very well, sir, this information is *quite sufficient for me*; it now only remains to decide upon the mode of treatment. In this case the indications are very precise, indeed—very! We have to select between these two things—we can either leave this rod of iron, which I am aware must feel painful and inconvenient, just where it is, or, if possible, pull it out. Now I beg of you to make up your mind for the one or the other, and I will call and see you in the morning."

THE editor of the *Spirit of the Age*, at Woodstock, after very kindly praising the Book, says: "We are not blessed with a better half." Then, why, may we ask, are you not?

SECRET OF COMFORT.—Though sometimes small evils, like invisible insects, inflict pain, and a single hair may stop a vast machine, yet the chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex one, and in prudently cultivating an undergrowth of small pleasures, since very few great ones, alas! are let on long leases.

MRSK IN RAIL-ROAD CARS AND CHURCHES.—We contend that no woman should be allowed to enter a car or church who is covered with this vile perfume. It is sickening to many, and to many ladies it causes the headache. In places where there is little ventilation, the smell is very offensive and heavy. The general supposition is, that those who use it have some very powerful motive for doing so—something upon the counter-irritation principle. The same reason that accompanies gout, a person having that does not heed a lesser pain. We do not like to be more explicit.

SECRET OR NO SECRET.—G. P. R. James, Esq., in his late historical novel, entitled "The Cavalier," page 145, says: "Like words inscribed in that sympathetic ink of which we read, it can only be deciphered by those who have the secret," etc. Now I have the secret, and I will send to any person, at any place, full instructions how to write a secret or invisible letter, which no one is able to read or decipher except the writer and his correspondent; and also how to render said letter *visible* at will. Inclose fifteen cents in post-stamps to W. S. GAFNEY, Box 100, Washington, Daviess County, Indiana.

A POET asked a gentleman what he thought of his last production, "An Ode to Sleep." The latter replied: "You have done so much justice to the subject that it is not possible to read it without feeling its whole weight."

DESCRIPTION OF DRESSES WORN AT THE LATE DRAWING-ROOM RECEPTION OF HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA:—

MRS. HENRY WILLIS.—Rich vert de pomme moire train, lined with white satin, trimmings of fine Brussels point lace, ondé, surmounted by wreaths of thulle and satin ribbon, corsage à drapé with same fine lace; petticoat of rich satin blanc thulle bouillon, en tablier, with wreaths of fern leaves and bouquets of lilac and white azeleas. Headdress, azeleas in lilac and white, feathers, and fine Brussels lace lappets; a tiara of diamonds.

MRS. KEKEWICH.—Train of rich white watered silk, lined with glacé, and trimmed with Honiton lace and bows of violet velvet ribbon; skirt of violet and white watered silk, trimmed with thulle and ribbon. Headdress, feathers, and Honiton lace lappets; ornaments, diamonds.

MRS. S. R. KREEFT.—Train of rich white broché moire antique, ornamented with band of rose du roi velvet, bordered on each side with a fine gold band corsage to correspond, with deep gold blond fall and sabots; dress of thulle illusion, with spotted gold veil, looped up at the side with gold cables and rosettes of rose du roi velvet. Headdress, plume, gold cables, and veil; ornaments, gold and diamonds.

MRS. WILMER WILMER.—Costume de cour composed of a train of gray velvet, lined with silk, and trimmed with guipure and silver lace; corsage to correspond; skirts of white glacé, with guipure lace flounces and silver trimmings. Coiffure of ostrich feathers, veil, and diamonds.

MRS. RICHARD TRENCH.—Train of gray moire antique, lined with glacé and trimmed with old point lace; petticoat of glacé, with flounces of lace over thulle, ornamented with satin ribbon. Headdress, feathers and lappets.

MRS. HODSON.—Train of black moire antique, lined with glacé and trimmed with velvet; skirt of black glacé, trimmed with thulle and velvet. Headdress, feathers and thulle veil.

MRS. HENRY SANDFORD.—Train and corsage of rich white moire antique, ornamented with plaitings of the same; dress of rich white poul de soie, with tunic of fine Brussels point lace and garniture of pink ribbon and margerites. Headdress, plume, lappets, fine flowers, &c.; ornaments, diamonds.

MRS. L. POWYS.—Train of rich pink moire antique, trimmed with Honiton lace, festooned over plaitings of crape, and trimmed with white azeleas. Headdress, feathers, lappets, and flowers; ornaments, diamonds.

MRS. S. CHRISTY wore a train of rich petunia poul de soie, with garniture of fine Honiton lace, and ruches of petunia and white silks; corsage to correspond; dress of white thulle illusion, with narrow flounces and tunic of fine Honiton lace. Headdress, plume, lappets, and flowers; ornaments, diamonds.

MISS VICTORIA RUSSELL.—Train and bodice of rich white poul de soie, richly trimmed with blue taffetas and silver braid, ornamented with bows of silver; petticoat composed of alternate flounces of blue and white thulle over white glacé; corsage drapé. Coiffure, plumes, lappets, and silver flowers.

MISS THYNNE.—Train of rich white glacé, trimmed with thulle, blond lace, and ruches of Solferino glacé silk; petticoat of white thulle, over silk, trimmed with ruches and bouquets of red and white camelias. Headdress, feathers and camelias; thulle veil.

CAN a man take fire in his bosom and yet not get burned?

We give a postscript to a letter we recently received. It is a hard case.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

P. S. I am boarding with several other ladies, and I am bothered nearly to death, because they all borrow my Lady's Book, and do it before I can get the leaves out. Now I do not like to refuse to lend, but I do like to have the reading of my books while they are fresh and new. What shall I do? Would you, if you were me, take two copies and give them one and keep the other, or, would you refuse to lend them your copy and say to them that they can buy them at Gray & Crawford's, Fourth Street?

Yours, truly,

***.

Undoubtedly tell them to go to Gray & Crawford's—and very nice people are G. & C.

SUMMER SOURS.—Physiological research has fully established the fact that acids promote the separation of the bile from the blood, which is then passed from the system, thus preventing fevers, the prevailing diseases of summer. All fevers are "bilious;" that is, the bile is in the blood. Whatever is antagonistic to fever is "cooling." It is a common saying that fruits are "cooling," and also berries of every description; it is because the acidity which they contain aids in separating the bile from the blood; that is, aids in purifying the blood. Hence the great yearning for greens and lettuce, and salads in the early spring, these being eaten with vinegar; hence also the taste for something sour, for lemonades, on an attack of fever. But, this being the case, it is easy to see that we nullify the good effects of fruits and berries in proportion as we eat them with sugar or even sweet milk or cream. If we eat them in their natural state, fresh, ripe, perfect, it is almost impossible to eat too many, to eat enough to hurt us, especially if we eat them alone, not taking any liquid with them whatever. Hence, also, is buttermilk or even common sour milk promotive of health in summer time. Sweet milk tends to biliousness in sedentary people, sour milk is antagonistic. The Greeks and Turks are passionately fond of sour milk. The shepherds use rennet, and the milk dealers alum to make it sour the sooner. Buttermilk acts like watermelons on the system.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

"GODEY always has one or more steel plates which are very attractive in a scrap book after the magazine is worn out."

But, friend *Democrat* of Freehold, the magazine should not be allowed to "wear out." It ought to be bound. It will be as valuable as a book of reference twenty years hence as it is now.

CIDER.—"That, sir, is the spirit of the press," said Mrs. Bigelow, as she handed a glass of cider to her neighbor, Mrs. Brown.

A WORD TO THE OVER SENSITIVE.—A. strikes me with a sword and inflicts a wound. Suppose, instead of binding up the wound, I am showing it to everybody; and after it has been bound up, I am taking off the bandage continually, and examining the depth of the wound, and making it fester till my limb becomes greatly inflamed, and my general system is materially affected—is there a person who would not call me a fool? Now such a fool is he who, by dwelling upon little injuries and insults, or provocations, causes them to agitate or inflame the mind. How much better were it to put a bandage over the wound, and never look at it again.

ONE evening a stranger drove past into a German city, and desired fresh horses, to proceed immediately. The horses were put to, and a tall, strong tallow mounted as postillion, and away they went. The road led them through a solitary wold of many miles in extent, and night came on, so that it was pitch dark. The horses, as if influenced by a peculiar uneasiness, went with great speed, so that the wheels seemed to fly. Suddenly, however, all was brought to a stand-still; three robbers assailed the carriage, and demanded from the traveller his money and treasure, advising him to give up all freely, or it would be taken from him at the cost of his life. He was not a man disposed to obey such a command readily, and called to the postillion for help. But the postillion took no notice, nay, even smoked his pipe with perfect composure, as if it were an affair that did not concern him in the least. What was the traveller to do? He alighted, and was compelled to look on whilst the robbers pillaged all he had, and prepared to carry off his money and his money's worth.

At length, when the work of spoliation appeared to be about completed, he said to the robbers: "Permit me to make one request; oblige me by one little service, for which I am willing to pay you. I have still in my carriage a concealed box containing a considerable sum of money; you shall have this, on condition that you unseat the postillion, and give him a sound thrashing."

The robbers did not need twice bidding for such service. They dragged the postillion from his saddle, and laid upon him lustily. By this time and by these means a little life was put into him; he turned upon his assailants, and dealt around him such blows that their hearts trembled within them, and first one and then another lay senseless on the ground, like flies in autumn. When the stranger saw this, he took courage, and, with the help of some other people who came up, the money and valuables were restored to the carriage, and the robbers bound and conveyed back to the city. In the mean time, the gentleman said to the postillion:—

"Tell me, in the name of common sense, why you have behaved so strangely? why you allowed me to be plundered, and my life threatened, and never moved a finger to help me, nay, even let yourself be attacked before you defended the right?"

"I always want warming up," replied the postillion. "As soon as my blood gets warm, I'm a match for any three of them!"

Many people look on perfectly unmoved when a neighbor is in difficulty; but let the trouble come to themselves, and they have strength enough for any three. How easy it would be to help our neighbors, if we had only the will for it, and did not need, like the postillion, to be warmed up first!

Will the *Evinda Democrat* present our compliments to Angelina, and request her to return to her allegiance, as there is a mortgage upon us.

KEROSENE.—We continue to hear that this oil is dangerous. Kerosene is not dangerous, if pure; but how is the purchaser to know that? Those who sell it will adulterate it with explosive material.

GODEY'S PREMIUM PLATES.—"Godey offering premiums!" we think we hear our subscribers say. We answer, yes. In every number our double fashion plate is worth more than any of the so-called premiums offered by any magazine.

HAIR ORNAMENTS.—Ladies wishing hair made into bracelets, pins (which are very beautiful), necklaces, or ear-rings, can be accommodated by our Fashion Editor. A very large number of orders have recently been filled, and the articles have given great satisfaction.



We give the prices at which we will send these beautiful articles:—

- Breastpins, from \$4 to \$12.
- Ear-rings, from \$1.50 to \$10.
- Bracelets, from \$3 to \$15.
- Rings, from \$1.50 to \$3.
- Necklaces, from \$6 to \$15.
- Fob-chains, from \$5 to \$12.
- The Charms of Faith, Hope, and Charity, \$4.50.
- Hair Studs from \$5.50 to \$11 the set.
- Sleeve Buttons from \$6.50 to \$11 the set.

HAIR is at once the most delicate and lasting of our materials, and survives us like love. It is so light, so gentle, so escaping from the idea of death, that, with a lock of hair belonging to a child or friend, we may almost look up to heaven and compare notes with the angelic nature—may almost say: "I have a piece of thee here, not unworthy of thy being now."

THAT IS IT—THAT IS THE TRUTH!—Hear the *Miltonian*, of Milton:—

"Were each of its readers a subscriber, it would keep all the paper manufactories and printing presses in the Union in a perpetual hurry for the demand of this popular monthly."

The only trouble about it is, we should get rich too soon. We should have about a million of subscribers a year, and it would even be a difficult matter to get them all printed. Perhaps it is best as it is, for with that number of subscribers, the receipt of one year would be enough for us.

A JUDGE in Indiana threatened to fine a lawyer for contempt of court. "I have expressed no contempt for the court," said the lawyer; "on the contrary, I have carefully concealed my feelings."

It has been thought that people are degenerating, because they don't live as long as in the days of Methuselah. But the fact is, provisions are so high that nobody can afford to live very long at the current prices.

"Boy, what's become of that hole I saw in your pants the other day?" (Young America, carefully examining his numentionables), "It's worn out, sir."

If a very rich old lady is dangerously ill, her dutiful relatives are sure to remember that age and disease entitle one to every possible attention.

The postage on the *Lady's Book*, if paid three months in advance at the office where it is received, is *four and a half cents* for three monthly numbers.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.



DANCING DOLL.

DRAW the face, hair, and shape of Fig. 2 on card-board, color it, and cut it out carefully; pierce with a pin the four holes, and cut *half* through the dotted lines on the face of the card, and bend the sides backwards. Cut out the two arms the shape of Fig. 3, piercing the holes as already described, and color them. Then cut out the two legs the shape of Fig. 4; again pierce the holes, paint the stockings pink in imitation of silk, and the boots blue or pink, according to the color of the dress. Take a piece of thread, make a knot at one end, and the other must be inserted through the hole at the shoulder, and the one at the top of the arm; make another knot at the back of this, to allow the arm to move, and do the same with the other arm, and also the legs. Cut out another piece of card-board of the shape of Fig. 5, for a support for the dress, etc.; put this round the waist of the doll, and fix it with gum. Procure a piece of white turlatran, and make a double skirt or flounces, and gather the top of it round the waist of the doll, but before

Fig. 2.



Fig. 3.

Fig. 4.



Fig. 5.

Fig. 6.



doing so put under this a pink or blue silk slip. Then cut out two of Fig. 6, and the same material; gum one back and front on the body of the doll; then fix over these a piece of turlatran the same shape. Next take four bristles, about an inch and a quarter in length, and gum one end of each on to the inside of the card, forming the skirt; place them at equal distances apart and allow them to dry. Making a few of these in the same manner, and placing them upon rather a thin piece of card-board, and by gently tapping this with a pencil or your

fingers they will dance about in a very amusing style to any favorite tune.

In connection with this department, we will give from time to time some amusing little games for our young friends, to fill up their hours of play, or pass away an evening. The first we give is—

PORCO, OR ITALIAN BLIND-MAN'S BUFF.

Several persons, male and female, join hands so as to form a circle, and one person, who is blindfolded, is placed in the centre, with a small stick in his or her hand. The players dance round the hoodwinked person, who tries to touch one of them with the wand, and if he succeeds, the ring of people stops. The player then grunts like a pig—hence the name of the game—crows, or imitates some animal, and the person touched must endeavor to imitate the noise as closely as possible, without discovering him or herself. If the party touched is discovered, then the hoodwinked player transfers the bandage and the stick to that player, and takes the vacant place in the ring of persons, who once more resume their dance, until another player is touched.

THE HOME BAZAAR.

This game requires some preparation, but is productive of much amusement. A stall is erected at one end of a large apartment, by means of a slight frame like a window; coarse print hangings and pink calico drapery over the table. It should be made to resemble, as much as possible, the booth of a fair, and the articles to be sold should also partake of that character. The larger ones, which have required considerable trouble in their fabrication, may be drawn for, and this adds not a little to the general amusement. Bonbons, toys which are ingenious, and droll pictures, caricatures, etc., are excellent subjects for the sale, which should be conducted by two or three young ladies, in some pretty or droll costume; and instead of actual money, each guest should be presented on their entrance with an equal number of caraway-comfits in a little bag, the articles being priced to correspond, and every one thus placed on an equal footing as to their means of expenditure. Various amusements may be contrived by an ingenious arrangement of articles; and the author can vouch for the screams of delight, and the prolonged fun, which this mode of passing an evening has occasioned.

ITALIAN SHADOWS.

This very laughable amusement requires nothing in the way of preparation, except a white sheet suspended between the audience and the performers, and a candle or lamp placed upon the floor, so as to illuminate the screen. The performers pass between the lamp and the screen, so as to throw their shadow upon it, and in this manner an infinite variety of grotesque scenes may be exhibited. The assumption of female attire by some of the performers will greatly increase the ludicrous effect of the shadows.

PEACE OF MIND.—Though peace of mind does not constitute happiness, happiness cannot exist without it, our serenity being the result of our own exertions, while our happiness is dependent on others; hence the reason why it is so rare; for, on how few can we count! Our wisdom, therefore, is best shown in cultivating all that leads to the preservation of the negative blessing, which, while we possess it, will prevent us from becoming wholly wretched.

A LAKE OR RIVER VILLA IN THE ITALIAN STYLE.

Designed expressly for Godey's Lady's Book by SAMUEL SLOAN, Architect, Philadelphia.



PERSPECTIVE VIEW.

An example, showing the adaptation of this style to the requirements of a refined mode of living, and to the peculiarities of surrounding scenery.



PRINCIPAL FLOOR.

Principal Floor.—A entrance; B vestibule; C dining-room, 20 by 27 feet; D drawing-room, 20 by 27 feet; E sitting-room, 20 by 15 feet; F library, 18 by 18 feet; G hall; H butler's pantry; I lower entrance; J kitchen, 24 by 16 feet; K back kitchen, 15 by 15 feet; L L L piazzas.

Second Floor.—O O O O chambers; M hall; N lobby; P bed-room; Q bed-room; R tower.



SECOND FLOOR.

A FELLOW of atrocious ugliness chanced to pick up a good looking-glass on the road; but when he looked at himself he flung it away in a rage, crying, "If you had been good for anything you would not have been thrown away by your owner."

SLEEP.—The amount of sleep requisite in a state of health has been stated by the best authority to be, according to age, the following: For an infant, from fifteen to twenty hours; from the age of five to twelve, twelve hours; from the age of twelve to sixteen, ten hours; from sixteen to twenty-four, nine hours; afterwards seven hours are sufficient.

MUSIC.—It is all original in the Lady's Book.

WHAT OUR FASHION EDITOR CAN SUPPLY. Address Fashion Editor, care L. A. Godey, Philadelphia. Mrs. Hale is not the fashion editress.

Hair-work, patterns for all kinds of garments, and for women and children, jewelry, caps, bonnets, cloaks, mantillas, talmas, mantles, headdresses, shawls, bead-work, materials for wax and paper flowers, embroidery, collars, capes, worsteds, Shetland wool, infants' wardrobes or patterns for the same, stamped collars, orné balls, canvas for working, etc. etc.

PHILADELPHIA AGENCY.

No order attended to unless the cash accompanies it.

All persons requiring answers by mail must send a post-office stamp; and for all articles that are to be sent by mail, stamps must be sent to pay return postage.

Be particular, when writing, to mention the town, county, and State you reside in. Nothing can be made out of post-marks.

- Mrs. M. H. W.—Sent plaid goods, &c. March 20th.
 Mrs. E. O. H.—Sent pattern double gown 22d.
 Mrs. J. H. D.—Sent pattern Zouave jacket 22d.
 Miss M. E. D.—Sent Shetland wool, zephyr, &c. 22d.
 Mrs. C. F. G.—Sent patterns 22d.
 H. E. G.—Sent patterns of infant's clothes 22d.
 Mrs. A. V. Du B.—Sent box by Harnden's express 22d.
 M. L. G.—Sent pattern Zouave jacket 22d.
 Mrs. J. J.—Sent pattern spring mantle 22d.
 L. A. W.—Sent patterns 23d.
 M. W.—Sent package by Harnden's express 23d.
 Mrs. F. J. S.—Sent flannel skirt, sack, tatting, &c. 25th.
 Mrs. J. C.—Sent dress buttons, pattern, &c. 26th.
 Mrs. T. S. C.—Sent pattern Zouave jacket and tassels 26th.
 L. B. H.—Sent hair bracelet and sewing silk 26th.
 Mrs. H. S. P.—Sent worsted 28th.
 Mrs. J. G. G.—Sent red marking cotton 28th.
 Mrs. C. H. F.—Sent patterns infant's clothes 28th.
 Mrs. M. H. M.—Sent nets for hair 29th.
 M. C.—Sent infant's clothes, &c. by Adams's express 29th.
 S. M. L.—Sent bonnet as directed 29th.
 Mrs. V. W.—Sent patterns, &c. 30th.
 Mrs. M. H. C.—Sent pattern Zouave jacket, &c. 30th.
 Mrs. R. B.—Sent pattern Garibaldi suit 30th.
 Mrs. M. B.—Sent pattern Zouave jacket 30th.
 Mrs. I. A. H.—Sent pattern boy's pants April 1st.
 Mrs. H. S.—Sent pattern infant's dress, &c. 1st.
 Mrs. M. Y. M.—Sent tatting shuttle, &c. 1st.
 T. M. R.—Sent hair sleeve button 1st.
 Mrs. J. M. M.—Sent summer mantle by Kinsley's express 1st.
 Miss A. C.—Sent clasps and needles 2d.
 Mrs. P. J. R.—Sent silk net for hair 2d.
 Mrs. L. L.—Sent patterns 2d.
 Miss M. A. G. F.—Sent pattern dress body, &c. 2d.
 Mrs. Y. B. J.—Sent sack pattern, &c. 2d.
 Mrs. J. J. L.—Sent apron pattern 2d.
 Mrs. J. M. J.—Sent spring mantle, &c. by Adams's express 3d.
 Miss M. J. C.—Sent spring hat 3d.
 Mrs. J. V. C.—Sent red working cotton 3d.
 Mrs. S. R. M.—Sent cloak pattern 3d.
 Mrs. A. B. J.—Sent sleeve pattern 4th.
 Mrs. T. L. A.—Sent pattern Garibaldi suit 4th.
 Mrs. F. G.—Sent pattern Garibaldi suit, &c. 4th.
 Miss D.—Sent gloves, as directed 4th.

- Mrs. A. V. Du B.—Sent package 5th.
 A. E. B.—Sent Brussels net 5th.
 Mrs. A. E. B.—Sent patterns 5th.
 Miss B. C. L.—Sent gold and silver beads 5th.
 Mrs. W. R. M.—Sent pattern Zouave jacket 5th.
 Mrs. R. K. J.—Sent pink working cotton and needles 6th.
 Mrs. D. H.—Sent infant's wardrobe by Adams's express 6th.
 Mrs. J. M. L.—Sent spring bonnet by Harnden's express 6th.
 Mrs. J. M. C.—Sent net for hair 6th.
 Mrs. A. D. L.—Sent apron patterns 8th.
 Mrs. G. S. J.—Sent hair ring and bracelet 8th.
 Mrs. C. V. C.—Sent cloak pattern 8th.
 Mrs. W. H. T.—Sent patterns infant's wardrobe 9th.
 W. J. M.—Sent lady's black kid slippers 9th.
 Miss S. E. V.—Sent sleeve pattern 9th.
 Mrs. E. J. J.—Sent pattern Zouave jacket 9th.
 Mrs. A. J. F.—Sent dress pattern 10th.
 Miss S. D.—Sent cloak and sleeve patterns 10th.
 Mrs. M. L. B.—Sent patterns boy's clothes 10th.
 Mrs. S. M. F.—Sent pattern Renfrew jacket, &c. 10th.
 Mrs. Y. M. C.—Sent net for hair 11th.
 Mrs. B. S.—Sent bonnet by Adams's express 11th.
 Mrs. O. T. H.—Sent apron pattern 12th.
 W. S. D.—Sent hair charm for chain 12th.
 Miss L. S.—Sent hair bracelet 12th.
 J. A.—Sent glass beads 12th.
 H. K. A.—Sent pattern Garibaldi suit and needles 12th.
 H. M. B.—Sent patterns for children's clothes 12th.
 Mrs. M. E. J.—Sent patterns for boy's summer clothes 12th.
 Mrs. G. R. B.—Sent dress and jacket pattern for girl 12th.
 Mrs. W. J. C.—Sent net for hair 13th.
 Mrs. P. McM.—Sent patterns 13th.
 H. M. B.—Sent pattern Andalusian cloak 13th.
 A. M. P.—Sent bonnet by Adams's express 15th.
 Miss B. A.—Sent dress pattern 15th.
 G. L. E.—Sent pattern Zouave jacket 16th.
 Mrs. W. F. M.—Sent pattern Renfrew jacket 16th.
 W. H. R.—Sent pattern Garibaldi suit 16th.
 Mrs. C.—Sent patterns 16th.
 Mrs. M. K.—Sent infant's clothes 16th.
 Mrs. J. R. S.—Sent patterns for boy's clothes 17th.
 Mrs. C. W. W.—Sent hoop skirts by American ex. 17th.

Chemistry for the Young.

LESSON XIX.

Carbon.

APPARATUS AND TESTS REQUIRED.

CHARCOAL; marble; litmus paper; Florence flask, bent glass tube, and cork; pneumatic trough, or a substitute for it; lime-water; hydrochloric acid.

404. Carbon is one amongst many substances which fails to impress us with its numerous beautiful qualities, because of its universal distribution. No element, however, is concerned in more beautiful natural operations, or is more strikingly adapted to perform its appointed functions. The most common form under which carbon presents itself to our notice is charcoal; but coke is almost pure carbon, so is plumbago, or black lead; and when crystallized in the form of the diamond it occurs in a state of the most complete isolation from every other

element. Charcoal is best prepared by exposing vegetable matters to intense heat in close vessels; the result of which is the driving away of every volatile element, and carbon alone remains. This operation sufficiently teaches us the unchangeableness of carbon under the influence of mere temperature, atmospheric air being excluded; but if heated in contact with the atmospheric, or generally in contact with any gas containing oxygen, then it is dissipated, as we all know, into invisible gas. Had this not been so, had carbon yielded by combustion a solid, as iron does (368), then it could no longer have been employed as fuel, for its ashes would have been so voluminous, so rapidly cumulative, that all our industry could not have cleared them away. Century after century they would have increased, until the whole world would have been encumbered with them, the atmosphere would have been exhausted of carbonic acid, and plants could not have grown. But had not the compounds of carbon with oxygen been volatile, animals could not have lived; for it will hereafter be demonstrated that the function of respiration is only a sort of slow combustion; that carbon is being ever consumed in our lungs and evolved in a gaseous form; hence, if the results of its combustion had not been volatile, our lungs would have become clogged with ashes!

405. The result of burning carbon in the oxygen is carbonic acid gas; the result of burning it in atmospheric air may be either carbonic oxide gas or carbonic acid gas, according to circumstances. The latter I alone shall notice. It has already been formed by burning charcoal in oxygen gas, and demonstrated to be carbonic acid by the whiteness occasioned when agitated with lime-water (371). A more practically convenient method of generating carbonic acid gas will now, however, be mentioned.

406. Take a Florence flask, with cork and bent tube attached (115), put into the flask some fragments of white marble, pour upon them some hydrochloric acid, replace the cork, allow the first portions of gas to escape, and collect the remainder in bottles over water in the usual manner. Remark that it has no color, but that it possesses a smell like that of the gas which escapes from soda-water or ginger beer.

Take a bottle full of the gas, and, lowering into it a burning taper attached to a hooked wire, observe that not only is the flame immediately extinguished, but even the incandescent wick, neither does the gas itself take fire, hence it is neither a combustible nor a supporter of combustion.

407. Take another bottle, equal in size to the last, but empty, as we should say in ordinary language, or, in other words, filled with atmospheric air. Lower the burning wire into this, and, bending the copper wire hook-like over the edge of the bottle's mouth, allow the taper to remain. Take now another bottle of carbonic acid, remove its stopper, and pour its contents as though you were pouring a liquid into the so-called empty bottle. The burning taper which it holds will be immediately extinguished, thus proving carbonic acid to be a heavy gas, and to have been transferred from one vessel to the other.

408. Into another bottle full of carbonic acid gas immerse a slip of moistened litmus paper, and observe the reddening which takes place, thus proving the gas operated upon to possess one leading quality of an acid.

409. Take now a glass tube, plunge one end of it through some lime-water, and blow through the tube several times in succession. The lime-water will pre-

sently grow milky, thus demonstrating carbonic acid to have passed away from the lungs. Thus lime-water, which is a clear, transparent liquid, is not only a test for, but a separator of carbonic acid. However, provided the latter function be alone required, that which is termed *cream of lime* is a better agent than lime-water, simply because of its containing more of the separating agent, lime. Cream of lime is merely quicklime agitated with sufficient water to make it into a thin paste. To demonstrate the power of cream of lime in separating carbonic acid, proceed as follows:—

410. Having taken a bottle full of carbonic acid—first demonstrate that it really contains this gas, by means of a burning taper (404); then pour in about two table-spoonfuls of cream of lime, supposing the bottle to be of about the capacity of half a pint. Press an oiled glass valve down upon the bottle's mouth, and agitate well for the space of a few minutes. On now reimmersing a lighted taper its flame will be extinguished.

411. But cream of lime is by no means the most convenient agent for removing carbonic acid. Chemists more frequently employ potash or liquor potassæ. Repeat, therefore, the experiment, employing some liquor potassæ, or, still better, a stronger solution of potash, prepared extemporaneously by throwing a stick of potassa fusa (pure potash) into a little water. All the carbonic acid will also in this manner become absorbed.

Centre-Table Gossip.

NEW PARLOR MUSIC.

For young students of the piano, we find in the *Juvenile Album*, a selection of favorite melodies arranged by E. F. Rembaumt. It includes galops, polkas, waltzes, etc.; among them we note "Overland Mail Galop" (D'Albert), "Robert toi que j'aime," "Batti Batti," "Carnival of Venice," "Traviata Polka Mazourka" (D'Albert), and many other good and popular airs. They are published separately, at one shilling (English) each. Among D'Albert's new music is the "Kathleen Mavourneen Waltz," the "Erin go Bragh Quadrille," "Florimelle Waltz," and "Prince of Wales Galop."

A dance book for the piano-forte is published by Chappell, London, containing fifty quadrilles, polkas, etc. etc., by D'Albert, Strauss, Lanner, and Labitzky.

Chappell also publishes a new and elegant library edition (music size) of the whole of Chopin's celebrated mazourkas, with a portrait of Chopin, life, and critical notice, by the editor, J. W. Davidson; a volume many of Chopin's admirers will be glad to get, and which may be ordered through Hall, New York, or any large musical house. Price in plain binding eight shillings (English).

Another volume less classical, but likely to be very popular, is a large volume, published by Boosey & Sons, London, 100 waltzes by Strauss, Lanner, and Labitzky, their best compositions. Price 3s 6d (English).

And still another, which should be placed side by side with Chopin's. A new edition of Beethoven's Sonatas, in two elegant volumes, complete for one guinea, with life and portrait. Published by Boosey & Sons.

Among the newest and most popular English songs and ballads, we notice: "Sad Brown Leaves," "Merrily Over the Snow," "The Queen of the Sea."

A new set of songs by the ever favorite Stephen Glover, suggested by the popularity of his "Songs of the Sea—

sons." "Songs of the Elements." No. 1, The Beautiful Earth for me. No. 2, I dreamt I was Queen of the Air. No. 3, I sing of a Wondrous Thing. No. 4, I'm a Roamer o'er the Mountain. These charming songs will be lasting favorites, being both sparkling and pleasing.

"Old Friends and Other Days," by W. V. Wallace. "Snow White Blossoms," "Down By the Sea," and Longton Williams's songs, a set of five.

None of the above are to be had without a special order, which we shall be glad to undertake for any of our musical friends, to Chappell, or Boosy & Sons, London.

MINIATURE EDENS.

So many tiny villas are springing up in the neighborhood of our large cities, that "miniature gardening," or the art of making two acres look as well as ten, will soon be reduced to a distinct branch of horticulture. A small place may have a style of its own, and not be a crowded copy of some large country seat. Who has not seen a cottage surpass a mansion in real taste, and the suburban villa grounds should abide by the one rule of cottage elegance—neatness and simplicity. We copy some admirable hints on this subject from an article entitled "Rural Taste in North America:—"

"To owners of very small places, who still wish them to look well, the safest counsel is, do not plant large trees—not one even; keep your grass continually shorn, your hedge evenly trimmed, your little flower bed in perpetual order. Set out such flowering shrubs as will from spring to autumn give you a constant renewal of blossoms. So continually are new varieties now introduced from all parts of the world by scientific botanists, that it is quite unnecessary to name a choice; and, when differences of climate and soil are to be considered, much better advice can be given on the spot by a practical seedsman, than by a review destined for all latitudes. Still, of hardy ornamental shrubs we may safely suggest the double Aithæas, the Deutzias, the Persian lilac, the Pyrus Japonica, and especially the Mountain peonies and the Weigelas, the last two introduced lately from China, by Mr. Robert Fortune. Evergreen shrubs, on the contrary, we cannot recommend; unless the cultivator has ample space and shade for them, they will not, in spite of all that has been said in their favor, stand our New England autumn and winter suns, but turn brown and dingy when we most want them bright. The flower-garden in its perfection is of course unattainable without great care and expense; but five dollars a year, judiciously laid out in seeds and bulbs, will, from one tiny plat, yield, from the first crocus to the last chrysanthemum, a perpetual joy."

As to hedges, we here find that the privet is very desirable where merely an ornamental growth is desired. Our author says:—

"For a northern climate we think an evergreen hedge is always preferable. The Norway spruce, for example, is perfectly hardy, a dense and rapid grower, forming an impenetrable guard when closely trimmed, and very beautiful covered with its young spring shoots. But of all hedges, commend us to the hemlock. Whether as a tree or a shrub, left to wave its delicate, graceful branches in full luxuriance, or closely clipped, we scarcely know of any plant, surely no evergreen, more to be prized. It takes any shape from the shears, becomes thicker and thicker by trimming, preserves its rich, cheerful hue through the longest winter, and in the spring presents a truly enchanting aspect, as its young tender leaflets

of brightest tint fringe every spray, seeming literally translucent and floating, like the foam on the deep sea-green wave."

"*Evergreens in groups.*—Long and severe northern winters make evergreens very desirable, and to those who cannot afford conservatories we suggest a winter garden, which is very simply constructed by planting a variety of the finer evergreens together, in such a manner as to afford a variety of foliage at one view. The trees should be set around three sides of a square, the fourth left open toward the house, and the space inclosed, if large enough, broken by two or three of the finest standing single trees. So planted, the winter garden has a bright and cheerful look, giving the occupants of the house a pleasing scene when every deciduous tree is bare, and the ground deep buried in snow. But even where the finer and rarer sorts do not readily grow, a very interesting and beautiful collection can be formed by the white pine, the hemlock, the Norway spruce, the Austrian pine, the black and white spruces, and the arbor vitæ—all of which are very cheap and abundant. Such a garden, even on a small and humble scale, may be made very successful and most consolatory in the winter."

NOTES AND QUERIES.

1. *The Handsomest Fan in the World* is probably the one given by the Jewish ladies of Algeria to the Empress Eugénie the past year. It is formed of white ostrich feathers of about fifteen inches in length. The feathers are fixed in a golden disk, which is ornamented round the outer edge with fine pearls, rubies, and emeralds; and in the centre with arabesques in enamels, on gold, of different colors, and with rubies, emeralds, and diamonds. In the centre is a Hebrew inscription, mentioning the conquest of 1830, a date not agreeable to the Moors, since it was that at which their domination in Algeria ceased. The handle is in coral, fluted with gold and ornamented with fine pearls. The upper part is divided into two branches, ornamented with arabesques, and having the imperial crown in gold; the other end terminates in a golden ball, studded with stars in diamonds, and bearing a ring ornamented with rubies and emeralds. On one side of the handle is a large emerald surrounded with a double triangle forming a star with six points, ornamented with arabesques, rubies, and brilliants. There are also two circles in fine pearls, relieved with arabesques, and bearing the following inscription: "Les dames Israélite d'Alger à S. M. l'Impératrice Eugénie, 1860." This magnificent fan is inclosed in a beautiful Arab case.

2. *A Tidy Household.*—A sensible writer upon the now universal sanitary movement declares that, so far as his experience has gone, tidiness and morality are always in direct proportion. You can see at once when you enter a poor man's cottage (always with your hat off, my friend) how his circumstances are, and generally how his character is. If the world is going against him, if hard work and constant pinching will hardly get food and clothing for the children, you see the fact in the untidy house; the poor mistress of it has no heart for that constant effort which is needful in the cottage to keep things right; she has no heart for the constant stitching which is needful to keep the poor little children's clothes on their backs. Many a time it has made my heart sore to see, in the relaxation of wonted tidiness, the first indication that things are going amiss, that hope is dying, and the poor struggling pair are feeling that their heads are getting under

water at last. Ah! there is often a sad significance in the hearth no longer so cleanly swept, in the chest of drawers wanting a handle, in little Jannet's torn jacket, which a few stitches would mend, but which I remember torn for these ten days past.

3. *A List of the Best Crocus.*—In selecting a stock of crocus forms for next season, we would recommend the following kinds. *La Nougé* (dangles now white), *La Puritaine* (cream, with purple tube), *Sulphureous* (pale yellow), *David Rizzo* (deep purple), *Pourpre superbe* (globe-formed purple), *Urania* (the richest of the purples), *Sir W. Scott* (the largest of all the species, white-striped lilac), the *Great Dutch Yellow* (rich gold color), and lastly the *Cloth of Gold* (yellow, striped rich brown).

4. *Bridal Wreaths* still affect the round form, slightly elongated before and behind. The last creations of Mme. Bonier-Cherre were, first, one of lilac and orange-flower, coming rather low at the sides; then one of narcissuses and orange-flower; and lastly, one of orange-flower and jessamine. We have seen a few entirely of some large white flower, like the narcissus, the pink, or the primrose, and having only a tuft of orange-flowers added on one side.

Fashions.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

HAVING had frequent applications for the purchase of jewelry, millinery, etc., by ladies living at a distance, the *Editor of the Fashion Department* will hereafter execute commissions for any who may desire it, with the charge of a small percentage for the time and research required. Spring and autumn bonnets, materials for dresses, jewelry, envelops, hair-work, worsteds, children's wardrobes, mantillas, and mantelets, will be chosen with a view to economy, as well as taste; and boxes or packages forwarded by express to any part of the country. For the last, distinct directions must be given.

Orders, accompanied by checks for the proposed expenditure, to be addressed to the care of L. A. Godey, Esq.

No order will be attended to unless the money is first received. Neither the Editor nor Publisher will be accountable for losses that may occur in remitting.

Instructions to be as minute as is possible, accompanied by a note of the height, complexion, and general style of the person, on which much depends in choice. Dress goods from Evans & Co.'s; cloaks, mantillas, or talmas, from Brodie's, 51 Canal Street, New York; bonnets from T. White & Co.'s; jewelry from Warden's or Caldwell's, Philadelphia.

When goods are ordered, the fashions that prevail here govern the purchase; therefore, no articles will be taken back. When the goods are sent, the transaction must be considered final.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL FASHION-PLATE FOR JUNE.

Fig. 1.—French muslin dress, with seven flounces graduated. Francis 1st waistband of ribbon, richly and artistically embroidered. Coiffure of Valenciennes lace and daisies. Parasol of light green silk lined with white.

Fig. 2.—White mull spencer, puffed lengthwise, and intersected by rows of black velvet sleeves to match the body, headed by two puffs, running crosswise, and an epaulette of velvet. Embroidered velvet waistband, d

la Louis XV. Light blue *crêpe* Maretz skirt, with three rows of goffered ribbon sewed in waves at the bottom of the skirt.

Fig. 3.—*Piqué* Zouave embroidered; very full muslin skirt falling over the dress. A fluted ruff is round the neck of the shirt, and the skirt is of pink silk.

Fig. 4.—Dress formed of alternate rows of purple and mineral gray silk; Tunic skirt of the gray, edged with a narrow quilted ribbon; body low, with bretelles of gray silk, with two flounces, one of purple and one of gray silk, crossing in front and ending at the side with two falling loops and long ends. The bretelles give the dress the appearance of being square. It is a becoming style. Kid gloves, fastened at the wrist with two buttons, and having scalloped tops. Point lace barbe, trimmed with pink roses.

Fig. 5.—Rich grenadine dress, with four flounces; the upper one sewed on the body. Embroidered sash to match the dress. Long flowing sleeves and body drawn with cords to form a yoke. Coiffure of flowers and lace.

CHITCHAT UPON NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS, FOR JUNE.

We have given the general character of goods and toilets for the present season; they will undergo little change. The new tissues are very substantial and rich; bright or lively colors share the general favor with black and white. Among the handsomest tissues we will especially notice one having black stripes on a white ground, and powdered all over with stars; the same pattern can be had also in organdy of various colors. We note among our importation of French dresses several as excellent. One dress was white organdy, with broad lilac Chevron stripes; another the same, with blue stripes. The skirts were, of course, plain, bodies made *à la vierge*, with a double shawl matching the dress, trimmed with a deep flounce. The sashes were wide white ribbons, with narrow lilac and white or blue and white ribbon quilted round them. We must not overlook one important particular, which is, that all dresses are now accompanied by a brooch bow to match the trimming of the dress.

Square muslin shawls are much worn; some of them are richly embroidered, and trimmed round with a deep frill, also embroidered; others are surrounded by a delicate wreath of embroidery, and only have bouquets in the corners. A very simple and elegant shawl may be made of muslin edged with two tucks about an inch wide and one inch apart, crossing each other at the corners and trimmed round with a frill about six inches deep, having on it a hem and one tuck to match the shawl.

Quilting dresses in all colors, with pardsus to match, are the most *distingué* walking-dress for the country or seaside this season.

Zouave jackets are worn both for morning and full dress; for the former they are made of the same material as the skirt, or else of white *piqué*, braided or embroidered. We have seen some very pretty ones with a narrow vine running all round them, and large bunches at each corner in front, smaller ones being placed at the neck where the jacket is fastened, also in the middle of the neck behind, and just above the hem or scallop at the back, directly in the centre. Colored braids are much used on the *piqué*, and the effect is good. Some of the shirts have a frill down the front plaited like a shirt frill and decorated with velvet. For children of both sexes, these Zouaves are all the rage; they are made of

all kinds of materials, thick and thin, but the white *pinqué* suit with broad, gay ribbon sash and the little turban hat with plume, makes a very pretty and stylish costume. The evening Zouaves are made of mull muslin, embroidered, with shirts to match, or figured blonde lace trimmed with ruching or narrow blonde edge; the skirt is also of lace. This last style of Zouave is quite new, particularly light and graceful, and at the same time stylish.

Surplice dresses with revers, or the dresses crossing in front and fastening at the side are much worn. Ribbons seem to be the favorite trimming. They are gathered and placed at the bottom of the skirt, either sloping or in lozenges, sometimes of two colors in alternate portions about a quarter of a yard in length. Some of the charming spring dresses are bordered by five rows of narrow satin ribbon, plaited, others are ornamented with a front trimming consisting of bows of ribbon of the same color as the dress, passing one above, another from the edge to the point in the centre of the corsage. A bow of the same ribbon is fixed at the top of the corsage in front. Sleeves are, of course, loose; the tight sleeve will not be resumed until fall. Puffs seem much in favor, either running the length of the sleeve or crossing it. Sleeves in the bell shape are pretty looped up in front by a strip of silk edged with lace, under which plaits are formed. Some of the sleeves are gathered at the top and drawn into puffings below. Bands piped with black and white, an inch and a quarter wide, are laid lengthwise on the full part of the sleeve between the puffs.

For young ladies, most of the dresses are made low in the neck, in order to wear the very becoming spencers now so much in vogue. These are of muslin, embroidered, or else puffed, the puffs running lengthwise or crosswise as taste may dictate, or else puffed only to form a yoke. The one in our plate is intersected lengthwise with velvet, which gives it more style; ribbons or black lace can be substituted, or the spencer can be sprinkled with small bows of ribbon or velvet. The sleeves can be long or short, but most of them are puffed to the wrist. Black and white lace spencers are also much worn, and are very pretty for evening, particularly so when worn with a Spanish corsage of black velvet or some bright-tinted silk.

The Antoinette fichu, with ends crossing either behind or before, is also very much worn with muslin, *barège*, or jaconet dresses. This fichu supplies the place of a high body, and makes, with spencers, a variety in the toilet. It is composed of white muslins, sometimes of either black or white lace. A very pretty one can be made of alternate rows of black and white lace, a broader row than those employed on the fichu being set on in fulness at the edge, and a *ruche* of blonde with a narrow row of black velvet in the centre passes round the throat and down the front.

Cloaks for watering-places are made of a material with a long ply on it, the ground being a bright, solid color and the raised part white, which makes the material changeable. They are circles, with large hood lined with silk and trimmed with heavy tassels. Another style much in request just now is mostly of white, blue, or fuchsia-colored cashmere, with a sleeve puffed in the fashion of Henry VIII., and trimmed with gold passementerie, which makes a very *distingué* wrap.

Indoor dresses for little girls are made with low corsage, open in front, confined by barrettes of quilled ribbon. Within the corsage is a chemisette of muslin.

Sleeves formed of bouillons of muslin separated by ribbons or velvet. Thin muslin spencers, with the little laced corsage either of black velvet or of material to match the skirt, will be one of the most *recherché* costumes of the season.

For hats the turban or Tudor style prevails, and with its soft and plummy feathers, that float downwards from the hat or else curl prettily round its circumference, adds greatly to its beauty, and makes it a really graceful and becoming headdress. The round hats are, this season, almost entirely confined to riding hats. For boys the Washington and tourist's hats share the general favor with the page's cap.

Bonnets continue to be made high in front and straight on the sides, admitting of a very full trimming over the forehead. Plain and soft crowns are about equally divided among the newest styles. Black and white hair and white straws dotted with black stars or beads are much in favor, also fine Neapolitan straws. Curtains or capes of white thulle or crape, covered with a rich black lace or *point appliqué*, are the favorites this season. Pink is recovering favor in bonnets; one of the prettiest bonnets we have seen consists of a fancy straw crown and centre, with a drawn front of rose sublime silk and crape, puffed over and fastened on the front, on each side, and on the curtain with black rosettes dotted with white; inside was a ruching of rose sublime silk.

The general form of headdresses partakes rather of the diadem and the *câche peigne*, connected by a very slender wreath on each side. The newest wreaths are composed of two sorts of flowers; we notice some very pretty ones for young ladies; one in which violets were bleuded with roses. In front was a round tuft of rose-buds, and behind a similar tuft in the middle of a double cordon of violets, made to part so as either to inclose the hair or to be placed underneath. Another wreath was of tea roses and pansies, and another of pinks mixed with grapes and geraniums with foliage.

Some of the summer mantles are quite straight, in the form of a scarf, others are more of the shawl shape, either pointed or square, and elaborately trimmed with borders, tassels, bows, pendants, and crochet and lace trimmings of every description. We see points, circles, and mantles in every variety of real and imitation black lace, and this season they come in a very fine quality of mohair, very stylish and light, and at the same time more durable than lace. But the most *recherché* article brought out this season is a bournous in imitation of old Honiton point, the pattern consisting of fuchsias, snow-balls, lilacs, and lilies of the valley, so naturally disposed that the pendulous stem appears almost to wave. In the midst of these groups a bird with outspread wings is darting on a butterfly half hidden among the flowers. *Barège* shawls and mantles will also be in favor, as they are a cool, pretty, and inexpensive wrap.

In parasols we notice both the canopy and plain shape, in the former the peaked part is covered with a crochet netting, terminating in points trimmed with tassels. The other styles are mostly black centres with a *blas* border of a rose sublime silk set up on the parasol, ornamented with fancy trimmings, and having the lower edge pinked. All the parasols are lined with white silk, some are trimmed with lace, a fringe of marabout feathers, or goffered ribbon.

The Josephine gloves, of a peculiar cut, and the Mathilde glove, bordered at the wrist with a row of dahlias, stamped out, are to be seen on the hands of all our belles.

FASHION.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

VOL. LXII.

A Black Silk Apron for a Child (<i>Illustrated</i>),	168
A Craped Neck-tie (<i>Illustrated</i>),	164
Acting Charade—Stratagem, by <i>S. Annie Frost (Ill.)</i> ,	222
A Day in a Pastor's Life, by <i>T. P. W.</i> ,	437
"After Many Days," by <i>Miss B. Haven</i> ,	132
"A Great Bargain," by <i>Mary W. Jaccin</i> ,	418
A Lake or River Villa in the Italian style (<i>Illustr'd</i>),	589
Alphabet of Fancy Letters (<i>Illustrated</i>),	16, 204, 300, 396,
	551
A Needle-book and Pincushion combined (<i>Illustrated</i>),	70
An Editor's Troubles,	512
A Netted Overlay (<i>Illustrated</i>),	260
A New Style of Bib (<i>Illustrated</i>),	165
Angel Love, by <i>Anne L. Muzzey</i> ,	408
A Nice Neighborhood, by <i>Miss B. Haven</i> ,	33
A Norwegian Morning or Bonnet Cap (<i>Illustrated</i>),	161
A Nursery Thought,	344
A Pouted Yoke Chemise, trimmed with Plaits and Brodie Anglaise (<i>Illustrated</i>),	72
A Simile, by <i>Z. Z.</i> ,	328
A Sprung Memory, by <i>Lizzie S. Crowell</i> ,	330
A Summer Scene (<i>Illustrated</i>),	481
Aunt Sophie's Visits, by <i>Lucy N. Godfrey</i> ,	329
A very simple Style of Short Night dress, easily made, and very comfortable (<i>Illustrated</i>),	457
A Whisper to a Newly-Married Pair,	27
But to be Braided on Velvet or Cashmere (<i>Illustrated</i>),	160
Real Mat (<i>Illustrated</i>),	549
Beautiful Things,	246
Bibs (<i>Illustrated</i>),	165, 334
Bonnets (<i>Illustrated</i>),	196, 197, 287, 292, 388, 447, 543
Border in Broderie Anglaise (<i>Illustrated</i>),	361
Boreas, the Maniac King, by <i>Myrtle</i> ,	41
Bourse Imperatrice (<i>Illustrated</i>),	65
Braided Slipper Patterns (<i>Illustrated</i>),	200, 261, 490
Braiding for an Infant's Cloak (<i>Illustrated</i>),	69
Braiding for a Boy's Blouse (<i>Illustrated</i>),	14
Braiding Patterns (<i>Illustrated</i>),	14, 69, 200, 489
Bridal Pincushion (<i>Illustrated</i>),	199, 260
Broad Line Drawing Lessons (<i>Illustrated</i>),	130, 343
Brussels Embroidery on Net (<i>Illustrated</i>),	10
Bury me in the Valley, by <i>Mrs. Cordelia H. Turner</i> ,	61
Butterfly Pen-wiper (<i>Illustrated</i>),	297, 357, 392
Butterfly Slipper (<i>Illustrated</i>),	393
Capes (<i>Illustrated</i>),	158, 255, 352, 446
Caps (<i>Illustrated</i>),	63, 157, 158, 161, 351, 446, 542, 543
Carriage Shoe (<i>Illustrated</i>),	63
Centre-Table Gossip, containing—	
A True Friend,	190
Bargains in "Diamonds, Pearl, and Gold,"	478
Children's Playthings,	189
Hanging Gardens,	89
Holiday Gales—from Japan,	89
Home Happy,	285
List of Garden Flowers,	381, 478
Miniature Edens,	572
Musical Items of General Interest,	285
New Parlor Music,	671
Notes and Queries,	80, 190, 286, 382, 479, 572
Parlor Pets,	381
Cheese D'Oyley in Crochet (<i>Illustrated</i>),	198
Chemise Patterns (<i>Illustrated</i>),	72, 162, 489, 542
Chemisettes (<i>Illustrated</i>),	447
Chemistry for the Young,	169, 264, 386, 477, 570
Chenille Net for the Hair (<i>Illustrated</i>),	63
Child's Braided Gaiter Boot (<i>Illustrated</i>),	546
Child's Gaiter (<i>Illustrated</i>),	264
Child's Legging (<i>Illustrated</i>),	264
Children's Fashions (<i>Illustrated</i>),	1, 91
Children's Department (<i>Illustrated</i>), containing—	
Bassinette,	187
Dancing Dolls,	281, 568
House,	377
Fate Lady,	474
Children's Joys and Sorrows,	411
Christening Robe (<i>Illustrated</i>),	105, 243
Cinderella Slipper (<i>Illustrated</i>),	108, 158

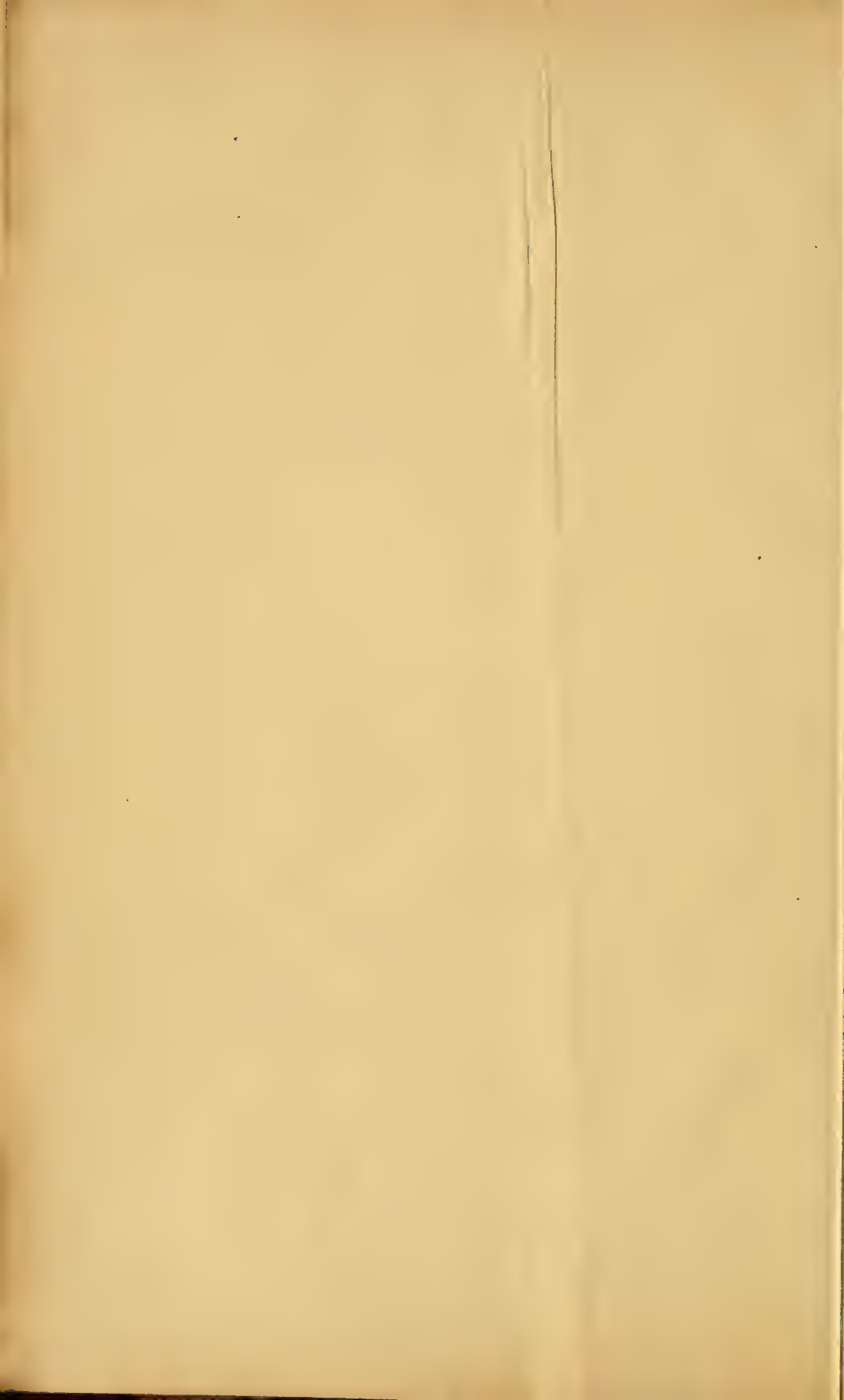
CLOAKS, DRESSES, MANTILLAS, TALMAS, &c.	
Child's Garibaldi (<i>Illustrated</i>),	264
Dress for a little Boy (<i>Illustrated</i>),	106
Dress for a little Girl (<i>Illustrated</i>),	107
Dress of French Merino (<i>Illustrated</i>),	104
Dress of striped Poplin (<i>Illustrated</i>),	104
Infant's Christening Robe (<i>Illustrated</i>),	105
Infant's Pique Cloak (<i>Illustrated</i>),	394
Infant's Short Dress (<i>Illustrated</i>),	107
Latest Fashions (<i>Illustrated</i>),	484, 485
Morning Robe (<i>Illustrated</i>),	55
Party Dress for a little Girl (<i>Illustrated</i>),	106
The Andalusian, from <i>Brodie</i> (<i>Illustrated</i>),	284
The Chevron Organdy Dress (<i>Illustrated</i>),	357
The Euphemia (<i>Illustrated</i>),	103
The Evelyn (<i>Illustrated</i>),	5
The Medora, The Garibaldi, The Imogen (<i>Illustr'd</i>),	101
The Monacoda, from <i>Brodie</i> (<i>Illustrated</i>),	193
The Promenade Dress (<i>Illustrated</i>),	102
The Saragossa, from <i>Brodie</i> (<i>Illustrated</i>),	389
The Valencian, from <i>Brodie</i> (<i>Illustrated</i>),	6
The Victor Coat (<i>Illustrated</i>),	358
The Vittoria, from <i>Brodie</i> (<i>Illustrated</i>),	483
The Zouave, from <i>Brodie</i> (<i>Illustrated</i>),	100, 191
Walking-dress for a Young Lady (<i>Illustrated</i>),	4
White Muslin Mantle (<i>Illustrated</i>),	388
Collar and Cuff in Imitation of Hoston Lace (<i>Illustr'd</i>),	11
Collar in Embroidery (<i>Illustrated</i>),	201
Collars (<i>Illustrated</i>),	11, 62, 201, 294, 351, 446, 542, 543
Coming and Going, by <i>Willie E. Pabor</i> ,	342
Corners for Pocket Handkerchiefs (<i>Illustrated</i>),	15, 551
Cottages (<i>Illustrated</i>),	87, 184, 282, 379, 475, 569
Cottage in the Bracketted Style (<i>Illustrated</i>),	2-2
Cotton Wagon (<i>Illustrated</i>),	547
Crochet Flowers,	64
Crochet Tidy (<i>Illustrated</i>),	454
Crochet Work, by <i>Enul</i> ,	111
Dawning of Genius (<i>Illustrated</i>),	385
Design in Berlin Wool-work for Mats, etc., (<i>Illustr'd</i>),	360
Designs for Patchwork (<i>Illustrated</i>),	448, 488
Dirge,	158
Doing her own Washing, by <i>A. B.</i> ,	516
Domestic Management,	313
Doubt no More, by <i>Harry Harewood Leech</i> ,	474
Do you Remember, by <i>G. T. C.</i> ,	26
Drawing Fragments, by <i>Mrs. A. M. Butterfield</i> ,	399
Editors' Table, containing—	
Art in America,	269
A Tribute to the Memory of Henry Vethake Totten, by <i>Francis G. Haas Jaccin</i> ,	174
Beauty, and How to Gain it,	367, 462
Beauty Gained,	557
Books for Family Reading. Cheap Literature,	271
Books worth Reading,	175
British Periodical Literature,	175
Children and June,	658
Conversation and Reading,	173
Example: what it Teaches,	463
Good Listeners,	464
Mission Crumbs,	464
Missionary (or Ministering) Women of England and America,	270
Missionary Women: The School at Tounghoo,	173
Missionary Women: Mrs. Ellen B. Mason,	78
Our Plates and their Lessons,	77
Our Subscriptions for Woman's Mission,	399
Places of Education for Young Ladies,	271
Scraps from a Note-Book,	559
Sewing Machines,	175
Swiss Hand-bands,	369
The Fairies,	658
The Piano in the Family,	79
To H. Vethake Totten, by <i>Lucy H. Hooper</i> ,	463
Women's Union Mission Bands, etc.,	368
Women's Union Mission Society of America, etc.,	569
Women's Union Society of America for Heavily Wo- men,	271

Women whose Names will live,	463	Novelties for the Month (<i>Illustrated</i>),	62, 157, 253, 351,
Work! what Work shall we do?	464		446, 541
Economical Plant Protectors (<i>Illustrated</i>),	451	Ocean,	411
Embroidered Overlapping Collar and Cuff (<i>Ill'd</i>),	294, 356	Opera Hood (<i>Illustrated</i>),	7, 91
Embroidered Watch-case (<i>Illustrated</i>),	492	Our Family Horse, by <i>Dorothea</i> ,	409
Embroidery Border (<i>Illustrated</i>),	14	Our Musical Column,	85, 183, 278, 373, 469, 544
Embroidery for a Skirt (<i>Illustrated</i>),	456	Patchwork (<i>Illustrated</i>),	448, 488
Embroidery for Pillow and Bolster cases (<i>Illustrated</i>),	562	Parnassus, by <i>Wm. Alexander</i> ,	139
Embroidery, Inserting, &c. (<i>Illustrated</i>),	4, 5, 7, 12, 14,	Pattern for a Lounging Cap (<i>Illustrated</i>),	361
15, 63, 71, 105, 108, 160, 160, 166,		Pattern for a Lady's Wrapper (<i>Illustrated</i>),	355
167, 203, 299, 339, 361, 393, 394,		Pattern for a Night-dress (<i>Illustrated</i>),	296, 356
453, 454, 456, 490, 545, 545, 552		Pattern in Braiding and Broderie Anglaise (<i>Illust'd</i>),	456
Esther Thorne, by <i>Mrs. Dunlap</i> ,	249	Patterns from Madame Demorest's Establishment	(<i>Illustrated</i>), 353
Fancy Baskets (<i>Illustrated</i>),	455	Plain Morning Slip for an Infant (<i>Illustrated</i>),	264
Fancy Belt (<i>Illustrated</i>),	354	Quilting Designs (<i>Illustrated</i>),	202, 362
Fancy Tidy (<i>Illustrated</i>),	362	Read Aloud,	154
Fashions,	90, 191, 236, 382, 479, 573	Receipts, &c.,	73, 169, 265, 363, 453, 558
Flowers, what may be learned from them, by <i>Har-</i>		Romance at Centre Harbor, by <i>Mary W. Janvrin</i> ,	301
land <i>Conliss</i> ,	605	Sabbath Evening, by <i>Rev. H. A. Guild</i> ,	535
Gentleman's Shirt (<i>Illustrated</i>),	395	Saint Valentine's Day, by <i>Mary Moore</i> ,	119
Getting up Clubs in the Far West,	460	Sampler Patterns (<i>Illustrated</i>),	70, 457
Godey's Arm-Chair,	83, 182, 277, 372, 466, 562	Saving Purse (<i>Illustrated</i>),	332
Grandmother's Garden, by <i>Celeste</i> ,	445	Scent Case for Note Paper (<i>Illustrated</i>),	547
Habit-shirts (<i>Illustrated</i>),	62, 446	Slipper Patterns (<i>Illustrated</i>),	108, 158, 200, 393, 490
Happy Women,	326	Shoes (<i>Illustrated</i>),	63, 296
Headaddresses (<i>Illustrated</i>),	63, 293, 351, 353, 447	Short Hair for Ladies,	283
Health Department,	80, 176, 272, 370, 465, 560	Small Reticule or Purse, in Application (<i>Illustrated</i>),	450
Heart-shaped Scent Sachet (<i>Illustrated</i>),	546	Sofa Pillow in Long-Hook Crochet (<i>Illustrated</i>),	544
Hoops and Farthingales (<i>Illustrated</i>),	109	Song,	350
Hope, by <i>J. Howard Smith</i> ,	122	Spectacle Case (<i>Illustrated</i>),	261
Hopes, by <i>E. Conwell Smith</i> ,	248	Spring Bonnets (<i>Illustrated</i>),	196, 197, 287, 292, 383, 388
How a Woman Loves, by <i>Mary Maitland</i> ,	210	Spring, by <i>Lillian</i> ,	408
How it Came About, by <i>Eleanor C. Donnelly</i> ,	378	Studio Pictures, by <i>Jessie Garland</i> ,	315
Husbands and Wives,	506	Summer, by <i>Lillian</i> ,	540
Imagination and Fancy among the Arabs, by <i>James de</i>		Sun-hue and Shade; or, The Governess, by <i>Fannie</i>	
<i>Mille</i> ,	425	<i>Warner</i> ,	17, 112, 215, 334, 426, 523
Imperial Basquine for a Lady (<i>Illustrated</i>),	278	Taper-stand (<i>Illustrated</i>),	357
Impromptu, by <i>J. L. S.</i> ,	313	Teapot luk-stand (<i>Illustrated</i>),	297, 356
Indian Canoe Work-Basket (<i>Illustrated</i>),	163	The Bereaved Mother, by <i>Mrs. Julia Mills Dunn</i> ,	221
Infant's Bib (<i>Illustrated</i>),	354	The Black Sheep, by <i>Marion Harland</i> ,	47, 145
Infant's Embroidered Shoe (<i>Illustrated</i>),	298	The Chintz Work Basket (<i>Illustrated</i>),	66
Instructions in Persian Painting and Painting on Wood		The Cities of Refuge, by <i>M. W. B.</i> ,	229, 319
(<i>Illustrated</i>),	397	The Dead Dove,	506
Intellect, the Twin Sister of Christian Character, by		The Emigrant's Farewell, by <i>Annie M. Beach</i> ,	417
<i>Winnie Wallace</i> ,	521	The Flower Garden,	279
Jessamine Pattern Embroidery on Tape-work		The Garibaldi Suit (<i>Illustrated</i>),	257
(<i>Illustrated</i>),	12, 67	The Human Hand,	540
Knitted Artificial Flowers,	262, 449, 550	The Knitted Winter Spenser (<i>Illustrated</i>),	161
Knitted Baby's Shoe and Sock (<i>Illustrated</i>),	71	The Little Hands,	439
Knitting Basket (<i>Illustrated</i>),	165	The Manufacture of Gunpowder,	493
Knitted Cuff in Brioche (<i>Illustrated</i>),	184	The Miss Dinah Pen-wiper (<i>Illustrated</i>),	451
Lady's Companion (<i>Illustrated</i>),	549	The Moonbeams, by <i>Eva Evergreen</i> ,	535
Lamp Mat in Crochet (<i>Illustrated</i>),	370	The Name in the Sand, by <i>Mrs. Cordelia H. Turner</i> ,	531
Large Country Residence in the Italian Style (<i>Ill'd</i>),	475	The Novelty (<i>Illustrated</i>),	168
Lessons in Moss Painting, by <i>C. B. (Illustrated)</i> ,	155,	The Old Home, by <i>E. N. H.</i> ,	228
247, 320		The Old Turnpike Road, by <i>Virginia F. Townsend</i> ,	123
Lines for an Album, by <i>S. A. Blakeley</i> ,	28	The Pennsylvania Central Railroad,	374
Literary Notices,	81, 177, 273, 371, 466, 561	The Picture on the Wall, by <i>Mrs. Anna H. Dorsey</i> ,	328
Lola Leigh, by <i>Edward Estang</i> ,	241	The Plough-Boy, by <i>Wm. F. Wood</i> ,	417
Lounger's Cushion or Pillow (<i>Illustrated</i>),	65	The Railway Stocking (<i>Illustrated</i>),	159
Love, by <i>Harriet Fyfe</i> ,	534	The Record of a Moment, by <i>Willie E. Pabor</i> ,	416
Lute Pincushion (<i>Illustrated</i>),	262	The Romance of a Hidden Heart, by <i>Clara Augusta</i> ,	512
Magnetized into Marriage, by <i>Metta Victoria Victor</i> ,	496	There is Something still to Cheer us, by <i>W. G. Mills</i> ,	214
Modern Music (<i>Illustrated</i>),	97	The Steam-Engine Familiarly Explained (<i>Illustrated</i>),	205
Mr. and Mrs. Rasher, by the author of "Miss Stim-		The Village Bell, by <i>R—</i> ,	436
<i>mens</i> ,"	42, 140, 236, 345, 440, 536	The Woodland Flower, by <i>Apple-blossom</i> ,	400
Mrs. Ward's Visit to the Prince, by <i>Mary W. Janvrin</i> ,	54	Tidies (<i>Illustrated</i>),	362, 454
Music—		Thoughts suggested by "Memoirs of Thomas Hood,"	
Ah! Do I love Thee? by <i>C. Everett</i> ,	390	by <i>Dorothea</i> ,	327
A Knight Clad in a Dark Disguise, by <i>J. Starr Hol-</i>		Toilet Mat (<i>Illustrated</i>),	358, 449
<i>tonary</i> ,	2	Toilet Sachet (<i>Illustrated</i>),	67
I am Dreaming of Thee, Dearest, by <i>Edward Amb-</i>		To my Better Spirit, by <i>Gny H. Naramore</i> ,	519
<i>uhl</i> ,	194	Top of Toilet or Pincushion in Embroidery, or Braid-	
La Pechense, by <i>Edward Ambuhl</i> ,	486	ing in fine Gold Thread (<i>Illustrated</i>),	491
My Heart no More in Rapture Swells, by <i>J. H.</i>		To Young Men,	424
<i>M'Naughton</i> ,	98	True Politeness,	356
The Little Cradle and the Little Grave, by <i>O. Brew-</i>		Turban Bag (<i>Illustrated</i>),	290
<i>ster</i> ,	240	Turkish Lounging-Cap (<i>Illustrated</i>),	64
My Birthday, by <i>Mrs. M. M. Hines</i> ,	156	Twelfth-Night, by <i>Franz Franco</i> ,	242
My Forte, by <i>S. Annie Frost</i> ,	412	Undersleeves (<i>Illustrated</i>),	62, 158, 351, 354, 440, 543
My Guardian, by <i>Mary W. Janvrin</i> ,	507	Under the Snow, by <i>M. W. Hackleton</i> ,	156
My Ward, by <i>Moria Duke</i> ,	29	Villa in the Bracketed Style (<i>Illustrated</i>),	379
Names for Marking (<i>Illustrated</i>),	263, 264, 358, 447, 452,	Villa in the Gothic Style (<i>Illustrated</i>),	184
	491	Villa in the Oriental Style (<i>Illustrated</i>),	87
Neck-ties (<i>Illustrated</i>),	164, 256, 257	Weaving, by <i>Isidore</i> ,	522
New Style of Drawers (<i>Illustrated</i>),	453	What-Nut.—Braided in a new style (<i>Illustrated</i>),	259
New Style of Pointed Yoke Chemise (<i>Illustrated</i>),	489	Winter Cuffs in Double Knitting (<i>Illustrated</i>),	161
New Styles of Aprons (<i>Illustrated</i>),	8, 9, 168, 255	Winter Winds, by <i>Nellie Lee Crandall</i> ,	150
Night-dresses (<i>Illustrated</i>),	13, 91, 166, 168, 296, 356, 437	Woman in Adversity,	540
Night-dress with Plaited Yoke (<i>Illustrated</i>),	165	Work and Play,	343
Not all a Waif, by <i>W. S. Gaffney</i> ,	251	Zouave Jacket for a little Girl (<i>Illustrated</i>),	337
Not Lust, by <i>Clara Augusta</i> ,	241		

















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LADY'S BOOK
AND
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TABLE OF CONTENTS.

VOL. LXIII.

A Christmas Story, by <i>Mary Forman</i> ,	457	Latest Fashions (Illustrated),	269
Acting Charade—Love-seek, by <i>S. Annie Frost</i> ,	229	Light Walking Cloak (Illustrated),	332
Acting Charade—Redemption, by <i>S. Annie Frost</i> ,	432	Little Girl's Sack (Illustrated),	434
A Day down the Harbor, by <i>Mary W. Janvin</i> ,	41	Morning Costume (Illustrated),	344
A Design for a Country Residence (Illustrated),	451	Summer Dress and Mantle (Illustrated),	70, 71
After Dinner in the Woods: or, Two Days in the Moon- tains, (Illustrated),	1, 13	The Aissa Cloak (Illustrated),	460
After the Storm, by <i>L. S. Goodwin</i> ,	486	The Albuera, from <i>Brodie</i> (Illustrated),	268
A Gem of Thought,	48	The Alexandria (Illustrated),	185
Alphabet of Fancy Letters (Illustrated),	106, 190, 248	The Alvante (Illustrated),	364
An Artist's Story, by <i>Paul Laurie</i> ,	117	The Andalusian, from <i>Brodie</i> (Illustrated),	462
A new Version of Paul and Virginia,	491	The Aragonese, from <i>Brodie</i> (Illustrated),	8
Aprons (Illustrated),	S. 186, 270, 521	The Barcelona, from <i>Brodie</i> (Illustrated),	102
Arts for our Homes, by <i>Mrs. E. S. Custard</i> ,	296	The Clotilde (Illustrated),	366
Ashes from the Pipe of an Old Smoker, by <i>J. Hal- Ellis</i> ,	490	The Cordovan, from <i>Brodie</i> (Illustrated),	184
A Simple Style of Chemise (Illustrated),	606	The Darro from <i>Brodie</i> (Illustrated),	366
Auntie's Merry Christmas, by <i>T. P. W.</i> ,	606	The Epernon Cloak (Illustrated),	461
Aunt Sophie's Visits, by <i>Lucy N. Gouffrey</i> ,	400	The Eugenia (Illustrated),	363
Autumn Song, by <i>Kilicoy</i> ,	259	The Nannette (Illustrated),	100
A Ventilating First-place Veil, for Bed-rooms (I'll'd),	103	The Natalie (Illustrated),	367
A Vespier, by <i>Kilicoy</i> ,	228	The Nina (Illustrated),	101
A Wife's Prayer,	315	The Princess Paletot (Illustrated),	244
Baby's Sock (Illustrated),	519	The Sicilian Mantle (Illustrated),	335
Bag, or Ponch, for Zouave Jackets (Illustrated),	244	Walking Dress and Jacket (Illustrated),	332
Basket Watch-hanger and Pincushion (Illustrated),	11, 72	Coeffure composed of Pieces of Bias Silk cut out and Box-plaited (Illustrated),	520
Bead Basket (Illustrated),	74, 75	Collars (Illustrated),	76, 157, 159, 189, 242, 333
Bellows Pincushion (Illustrated),	522	Compensation,	303
Bermud, by <i>Anne V. Darrell</i> ,	28	Coral Wreath, in Crochet (Illustrated),	104
Bibs (Illustrated),	165, 245	Cottages (Illustrated),	90, 177, 260, 355, 451, 642
Blind,	316	Cottage in the Rural Gothic Style (Illustrated),	90
Bob Cherry (Illustrated),	361	Crochet Bib (Illustrated),	165
Bonnets (Illustrated),	7, 95, 332, 370, 371, 464, 545	Crochet Hair-Net (Illustrated),	10, 72
Best Needle Book (Illustrated),	245	Crochet Inserting (Illustrated),	341
"Borrowed Plumes," by <i>Alice B. Haven</i> ,	124	Daguerreotypes. In three chapters, by <i>C. A. H.</i> ,	200, 292
Braiding Patterns (Illustrated),	16, 190, 339, 435	Description of a Turkish Wedding,	302
Breakfast Cups (Illustrated),	6	Diligence Rewarded,	399
Broad Lane Drawing: Lessons (Illustrated),	39, 215, 413	Drawers for Misses, New Designs (Illustrated),	338
Bury Me in the Morning, by <i>Mrs. Hale</i> ,	507	Drawing-room Work-bag (Illustrated),	272, 338
Butterfly Rosette (Illustrated),	433	East India Picture-Frames, by <i>Mrs. E. S. Custard</i> ,	505
Canaries,	393	Editors' Table, containing—	
Capes (Illustrated),	241	An Autobiography,	91
Caps (Illustrated),	6, 67, 157, 169, 242, 333, 369, 426, 516	A Noble Estate,	83
Case for holding Embroidery Cotton (Illustrated),	520	Books for Family Reading: Cheap Literature,	171
Centre-Table Gossip, containing—		Burnt to Death,	533
Bridal Finery,	543	Cheap Literature: the Good it has Effected,	83
Children's Pets,	94	Children,	348
Choosing Glass and China,	93	Conversation,	348
Chippings: at our Centre-table,	358, 454, 544	Elizabeth Barrett Browning,	532
"Dress for Out of Door Work,"	453	Good Taste,	255
How to be a First-hed Musician,	453	Have Faith in God, by <i>Nellie</i> ,	83
Invisible Hair-Nets,	544	Innocent Amusements,	172
Keeping a Diary,	93	Little Girls,	533
Meyerbeer,	357	Mind and Morals,	83
New Jewelry,	544	Niagara,	348
Notes and Queries,	94	About Marriage,	531
The Annunero,	358	Our American Sculptress,	443
The Star of India,	453	Places of Education for Young Ladies,	172
Venetian Glass,	357	Portrait Painters: The Philadelphia Artist,	171
Chemise Patterns (Illustrated),	158, 188, 436	School for Young Ladies,	255
Chemisettes (Illustrated),	68	Seed-Pearls,	443
Chemistry for the Young,	92, 178, 262, 356, 452	Sick Children—Can we Save them,	52
Chenille Net (Illustrated),	159	Sixty-three Volumes,	531
Children's Department (Illustrated), containing—		Slang Phrases, or Americanisms,	254
Spill Holder,	89	Thanksgiving Day,	441
How to Make a Watch-pocket,	354	The Fine Arts in Philadelphia,	81
Pincushions,	450	The Friends of Woman,	254
Child's Braided Slipper, in one piece (Illustrated),	105	Transparent Sentiments,	255
Child's Slipper (Illustrated),	75	Vassar Female College,	347
Child's Warm Shoe, in Crochet (Illustrated),	432	Wear,	171
Christmas Basket (Illustrated),	467, 522	Wedded Love,	170
Cigar-case in Application (Illustrated),	526	What British Women are Doing,	412
City Relations, by <i>Mary W. Janvin</i> ,	378, 474	Women in the Printing-Office,	412
CLOAKS, DRESSES, MANTILLAS, TALMAS, &c.		Women of the Last Century,	442
Basquino Coat for a little Girl (Illustrated),	524	Women's Union Mission Society of America, etc.,	83
Children's Fashions (Illustrated),	181, 263	Women's Mission to Women,	255, 443, 536
Coat for Girl or Boy (Illustrated),	435	Embroidered Collar (Illustrated),	74

Embroidered Scarf in Colors (<i>Illustrated</i>),	433	Old Maids, by <i>A New Contributor</i> ,	227
Embroidery for a Skirt or Top of Pincushion (<i>Illustrated</i>),	468	On the Unities of Dress and Contrasts of Color,	115
Embroidery, Inserting, &c. (<i>Illustrated</i>),	10, 11, 12, 68,	Ottoman, in Berlin Work (<i>Illustrated</i>),	430
74, 76, 103, 104, 160, 162, 164, 183, 188,		Our Musical Column,	87, 173, 259, 351, 448, 537
189, 190, 246, 247, 272, 341, 342, 428,		"Out of the Fulness of the Heart," by <i>Eleanor C. Donnelly</i> ,	40
434, 435, 436, 467, 468, 519, 521, 523		Owning a Saw-mill: or, Katie Peyton's Mistake, by <i>Lucy N. Godfrey</i> ,	63
Evening Parties,	34	Patchwork (<i>Illustrated</i>),	164, 187, 340, 518
Fancy Alphabet for a Sampler (<i>Illustrated</i>),	248	Patterns for Waistbands and Sashes (<i>Illustrated</i>),	9
Fancy Purse (<i>Illustrated</i>),	433, 518	Patterns from Madame Demorest's Establishment	
Farm or Suburban Residence (<i>Illustrated</i>),	542	(<i>Illustrated</i>),	69, 160, 243, 334, 426
Fashions,	95, 178, 263, 359, 455, 545	Patterns in Crochet (<i>Illustrated</i>),	434
Feminine Decorations in Different Countries,	406	"Peace, be Still," by <i>W. S. Gaffney</i> ,	514
Fire-stove Veil (<i>Illustrated</i>),	273, 338	Pebble Work, by <i>Mrs. E. S. Custard</i> ,	356
Florence, by <i>Julia Mills Dunn</i> ,	114	Petticoat Suspender (<i>Illustrated</i>),	526
Flouncing for a Child's Dress (<i>Illustrated</i>),	342	Poetry, by <i>Finley Johnson</i> ,	48
Glass Bead Mat (<i>Illustrated</i>),	336, 430	Portion of Embroidered Collar and Cuff (<i>Illustrated</i>),	189
Glengarry Cap in Crochet (<i>Illustrated</i>),	625	Pouches for Zouave Jackets (<i>Illustrated</i>),	337
Godley's Arm-Chair,	86, 172, 258, 350, 446, 536	Prayer-Book Marker (<i>Illustrated</i>),	623
Golden Grains from the Sands of Life, by <i>Mary P.</i> ,	304	Purses (<i>Illustrated</i>),	433, 518
Good Advice,	288	Receipts, &c.,	77, 166, 250, 343, 437, 527
Group of Four Cottages (<i>Illustrated</i>),	177	Rural Cottage (<i>Illustrated</i>),	355
Habit-shirts (<i>Illustrated</i>),	63, 242, 426, 427, 517	Sampler Pattern (<i>Illustrated</i>),	341
Handsome Petticoat Trimming, in Broderie Anglaise		Sash Bows (<i>Illustrated</i>),	9, 425
(<i>Illustrated</i>),	431	Shoe Rosettes (<i>Illustrated</i>),	432, 433, 521, 524
Headdresses (<i>Illustrated</i>),	242, 271, 333, 372, 425, 516, 520	Shoes (<i>Illustrated</i>),	105, 432
Health Department,	84, 173, 256, 349, 444, 534	Show Furniture,	331
Hanging Pincushion and Needle-Book (<i>Illustrated</i>),	423	Slide Pictures for Children (<i>Illustrated</i>),	329, 424, 515
Home! Sweet Home,	116	Slipper Patterns (<i>Illustrated</i>),	73, 105
Hood (<i>Illustrated</i>),	248	Socks with Holes,	165
How Aunt Ruth got rid of a Troublesome Acquaintance,		Sofa or Carriage Pillow, in Crochet (<i>Illustrated</i>),	163
by <i>C. T. H.</i> ,	422	Sonnet—Nilus, by <i>William Alexander</i> ,	296
How Cushion-Lace was Invented,	25	Sontag, or Woollen Habit-shirt (<i>Illustrated</i>),	427
How my Fate was Blighted, by <i>Emma</i> ,	212	Spices.—Nutmeg, Clove, Cinnamon (<i>Illustrated</i>),	275
How she Managed, by <i>Rena Lilla Hays</i> ,	415	Stolen Finery, by <i>Metta Victoria Victor</i> ,	297
How to Make a Cup of Coffee,	107	Suburban Villa (<i>Illustrated</i>),	260
Inconsistency of Man,	831	Suggestive Readings,	205, 498
Indian Summer in America, by <i>Charles Stewart</i> ,	823	Summer Bonnets (<i>Illustrated</i>),	7, 95
Infant's Christening Robe (<i>Illustrated</i>),	465	Summer, by <i>Clara Augusta</i> ,	139
Insertion (<i>Illustrated</i>),	11, 68	Sunshine and Shade; or, The Governess, by <i>Fannie Warner</i> ,	49, 140, 223
Insertion in Point de la Poste (<i>Illustrated</i>),	12, 74	The Beacon Light, by <i>Rose Clinton</i> ,	313
In the Distance, by <i>Celeste</i> ,	323	The Beauty (<i>Illustrated</i>),	187
Jackets (<i>Illustrated</i>),	517, 518	The Boy and the Man, by <i>S. A. K.</i> ,	239
Josephine Ashton's New Silk Dress, by <i>Edith Woodley</i> ,	279	The Christmas Tree (<i>Illustrated</i>),	457
Judge Not, by <i>S. Annie Frost</i> ,	388	The Claudia Chemise (<i>Illustrated</i>),	188
Knitted Artificial Flowers,	247, 523	The Contest, by <i>Thomas Henry Bacon</i> ,	156
Knitted Braces (<i>Illustrated</i>),	161	The Dream of the Persian Astrologer, by <i>P. B. F.</i> ,	394
Knitted Opera Hood (<i>Illustrated</i>),	428	The Farm-yard (<i>Illustrated</i>),	97
Lamp Shade of Green Tulle (<i>Illustrated</i>),	244	The Fashions—Pocket Handkerchiefs,	387
Laws and Ordinances, by <i>Augusta W. Worthen</i> ,	314	"The Heart of the Andes," by <i>Jennie D. Langdon</i> ,	289
Lays of the Ancient Chronicles,	240	The Heiress's Ruin, by <i>Mary W. Janvrin</i> ,	191
Legend of Melvin Castle, by <i>Monroe G. Carlton</i> ,	123	The Heliotrope, by <i>Hattie Heath</i> ,	211
Letter from a Parent,	139	The Landes, translated from the French,	237
Letters for Marking (<i>Illustrated</i>),	71	The Last Day, by <i>Clara Augusta</i> ,	505
Life and Toll, by <i>Rev. John B. Henry</i> ,	505	The Mother's Victory, by <i>Delia Dayton</i> ,	513
Literary Notices,	85, 173, 258, 348, 445, 535	The Night of Terror,	206
Lois Lee, by <i>Alice B. Haven</i> ,	217, 306	The Paris Skirt (<i>Illustrated</i>),	463
Long Night-dress for a Lady (<i>Illustrated</i>),	162	The Portrait, by <i>Parke Clifton</i> ,	330
Lord Ronald, by <i>Ella W. Pierce</i> ,	407	The Return, by <i>William F. Wood</i> ,	228
Lura, by <i>August Bell</i> ,	57	The Soldier's Sister, by <i>S. Annie Frost</i> ,	135
Method,	134	The Third Class Hotel, by <i>Alice B. Haven</i> ,	499
Moral and Intellectual Virtues,	231	The Vale of Eola, by <i>Anna L. Romaine</i> ,	170
Mr. and Mrs. Rasher, by the author of " <i>Miss Slimmens</i> ,"	59, 151, 232, 324, 417, 508	The Way to Convince,	240
Mrs. Mills' Repentance, by <i>Alice B. Haven</i> ,	408	The Wife,	134
Music—		Three Pictures, by <i>Julia Ross</i> ,	
Bonnie Jeannie Polka, by <i>Rosalie E. Smith</i> ,	182	To an Absent Wife, by <i>Rigel</i> ,	216
Elloween Waltz, by <i>J. Starr Holloway</i> ,	362	To C——, by <i>Martin V. Moore</i> ,	211
Harry O' Lane, by <i>James G. Clark</i> ,	4	True Friendship, by <i>W. S. Gaffney</i> ,	150
Passing Away, by <i>George Linley</i> ,	98	Undersleeves (<i>Illustrated</i>),	68, 158, 242, 333, 426, 517
Serenade, by <i>O. M. Brewster</i> ,	458	Value of Good Wives,	156
Softly Night, by <i>C. Eoerest</i> ,	266	Velvet Sachet (<i>Illustrated</i>),	274
Muslin Fichu (<i>Illustrated</i>),	463	Waiting for Rain, by <i>Furbush Flint</i> ,	211
My Childhood's Home, by <i>James Ristine</i> ,	414	Watch-pocket (<i>Illustrated</i>),	248
My Latin Teacher, Dwight Kennedy, by <i>Virginia F. Townsend</i> ,	18	We were Straying in a Valley, by <i>Mrs. S. P. Meserice Hayes</i> ,	27
Names for Marking (<i>Illustrated</i>),	71, 100, 101, 246, 274, 340, 428, 465, 522	What did he Leave? by <i>T. S. Arthur</i> ,	37
Neck-ties (<i>Illustrated</i>),	248, 337, 516	What Ladies have Done for Maritime Discovery	
Neck-tie of Scarlet Silk (<i>Illustrated</i>),	246	(<i>Illustrated</i>),	373, 469
Netted Tidy (<i>Illustrated</i>),	466	"Who'll Wink First?" (<i>Illustrated</i>),	265
New Style of Infant's Crochet Bib (<i>Illustrated</i>),	245	Winter, by <i>Lillian</i> ,	486
New Styles of Aprons (<i>Illustrated</i>),	521	Woman's Sceptre,	305
Night-dresses (<i>Illustrated</i>),	73, 162, 187, 249	Working and Winning, by <i>Mrs. B. Frank Enos</i> ,	395
Novelties for the Month (<i>Illustrated</i>),	67, 157, 241, 332, 425, 516	Work-basket (<i>Illustrated</i>),	340
Observe a Prudent Economy,	66	Zouave Suit for a Boy (<i>Illustrated</i>),	333
Ocean Splendors,	48	Zouave Shirt (<i>Illustrated</i>),	74



GODFREY'S FASHIONS FOR JULY 1861.

SUMMER TOILETTES FOR THE STREET AND WATERING-PLACES.



SKIRT of blue grenadine, made over silk, with box plaited trimming. White muslin spencer, puffed lengthwise, and three rows of very narrow velvet between the puffs. White muslin shawl, with flounce. Blue drawn crape bonnet, with flowers on the outside.



ORGANDY chevron dress, white ground, with violet chevron stripes and wreaths of flowers between the stripes. Corsage half low, with a puffed muslin chemisette. White straw hat, one of the new spring styles, trimmed with fruit and black velvet.

THE ZOUAVE NÉGLIGÉ.



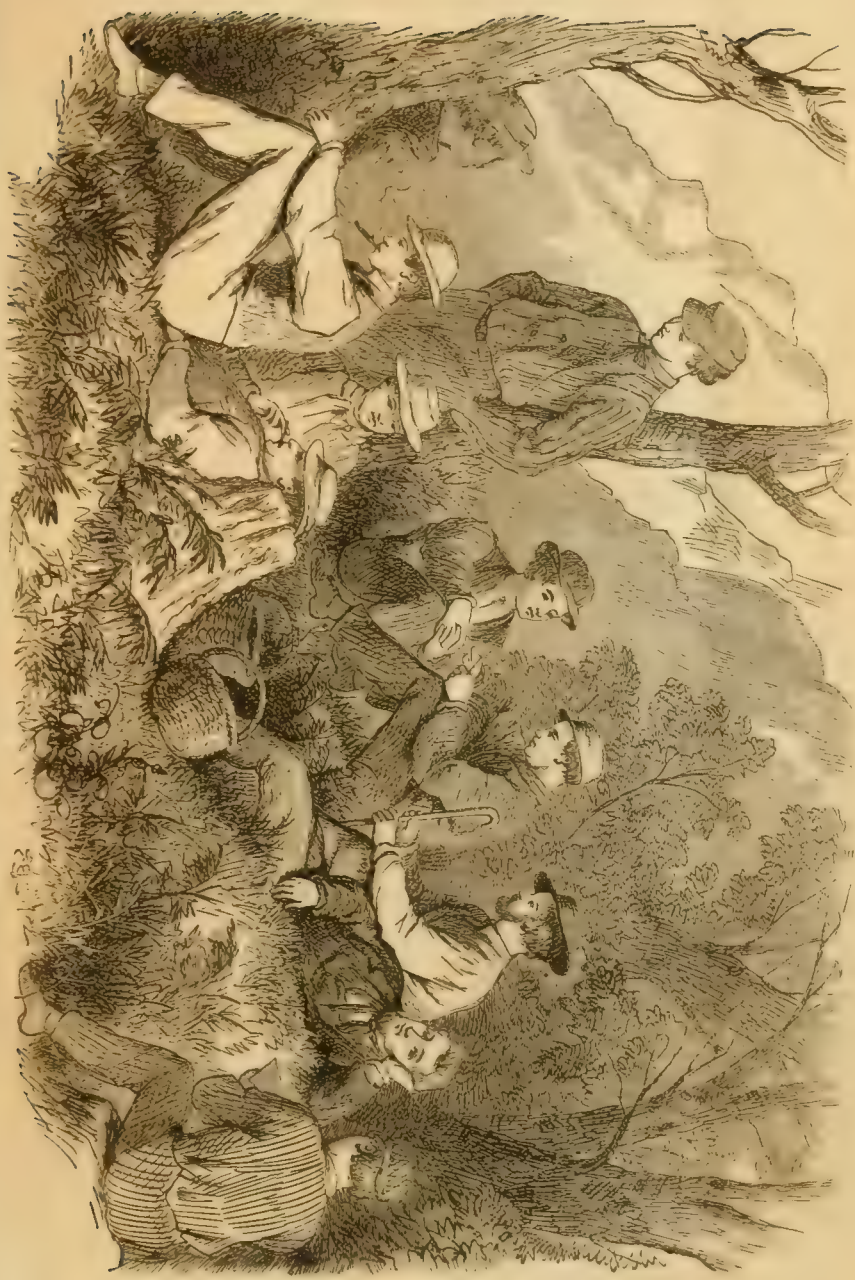
THE jacket and skirt are of white *piqué*, trimmed with two rows of very narrow colored braid. As the jacket is only intended for morning wear, it is much longer than the ordinary Zouave; with it is worn a shirt with plaited linen bosom, and fancy silk neck-tie. Tuscan braid hat, trimmed with black velvet and straw.

THE IMPERIAL.



THIS is a circle, made of light checked woollen material, bound with black silk, corded on each edge with a thick cord of purple silk. A large box plait laid underneath in the centre of the back, from the neck to the waist, causes it to fit the figure, and gives grace and fulness to the lower part of the mantle. The same style of plait is on the shoulder, which forms a very nice sleeve. Fancy bands bound with purple are on the plaits on the back and shoulder. Leghorn hat, bound with black velvet, and trimmed with velvet, wheat, and field flowers.

AFTER DINNER IN THE WOODS: OR, TWO DAYS IN THE MOUNTAINS.



THE ARAGONESE.

[From the establishment of G. BRODIE, 51 Canal Street, New York. Drawn by L. T. VOTER, from actual articles of costume.]



MADE of black taffeta. This garment is made without the stuff being more than an easy fulness at the back, but is arranged with the material being pinched in broad folds upon the shoulders. This presents an imposing effect. A passementerie, with a ruffled edge, ornaments the upper portion.

W A R Y O' L A M E.

BALLAD.

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED FOR THE PIANO-FORTE, FOR GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

BY JAMES G. CLARK.

(Copyright secured by the Author and Composer.)

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a time signature of 6/8. It begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking and contains a melodic line with various note values and rests. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment. A crescendo (*cres.*) marking is placed above the lower staff towards the end of the system.

This section contains the vocal melody and piano accompaniment for the ballad. The vocal line is written on a single treble staff and includes the lyrics: "The sunlight was streaming thro' woodbine and wil-low,— The clo-ver was bloom-ing o'er mea-dow and plain; And a bark float-ed off like a". The piano accompaniment is written on two staves (treble and bass clef) below the vocal line. It features a steady harmonic accompaniment with various chordal textures. The piano (*p*) dynamic marking is present at the beginning of the piano part.

1*

bird o'er the bill - low, The morn - ing I part - ed from Har - ry O' - Lane, Dear Har - ry O' - Lane, lost

5

Har - ry O' - Lane.

2.
The heavens grew dark, and I heard the wild warning
That tells of a storm coming down on the main,
And I knew, in my heart, that the fast golden morning
Had dawned on the world for my Harry O' Lane.
Dear Harry, etc.

3.
The wing of the bird o'er the ocean came sweeping,
I knelt to the God of the sailor in vain—
And I dream of a youth on the red coral sleeping,
Where foundered the bark of my Harry O' Lane.
Dear Harry, etc.

4.
The morning winds play thro' the bright waving willow
I hear the deep music of waters again,
But never will morning, nor breezes and billows
Bring back the glad voice of my Harry O' Lane.
Dear Harry, etc.

BREAKFAST CAPS.



Fig. 1.—Is one of the latest shaped breakfast caps; it is made of dotted mull. The ruffles are of lace. It is trimmed with black velvet, and is very pretty for light mourning.
 Fig. 2.—Breakfast cap made of mull muslin and worked insertion. The ruffles are edged with a narrow thread lace. It is trimmed with black velvet, and is very pretty for light mourning.

SUMMER BONNETS.—(*See description, Fashion department.*)

Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.



Fig. 3.



Fig. 4.



NEW STYLES OF APRONS.

THE POMPADOUR.



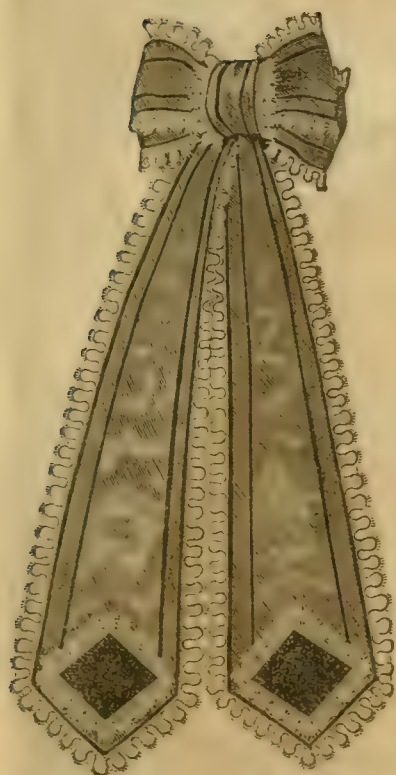
MADE of groseille silk, trimmed with pink ruffles and a quilting, with a row of velvet buttons down the front.

THE EUGENIE.



THIS novel apron is made of one breadth of bright plaid silk, trimmed with lace *patés* and quilled ribbon, and a half breadth of black moire antique on each side. The belt is pointed in front, both on the upper and lower edge.

PATTERNS FOR WAISTBANDS AND SASHES.

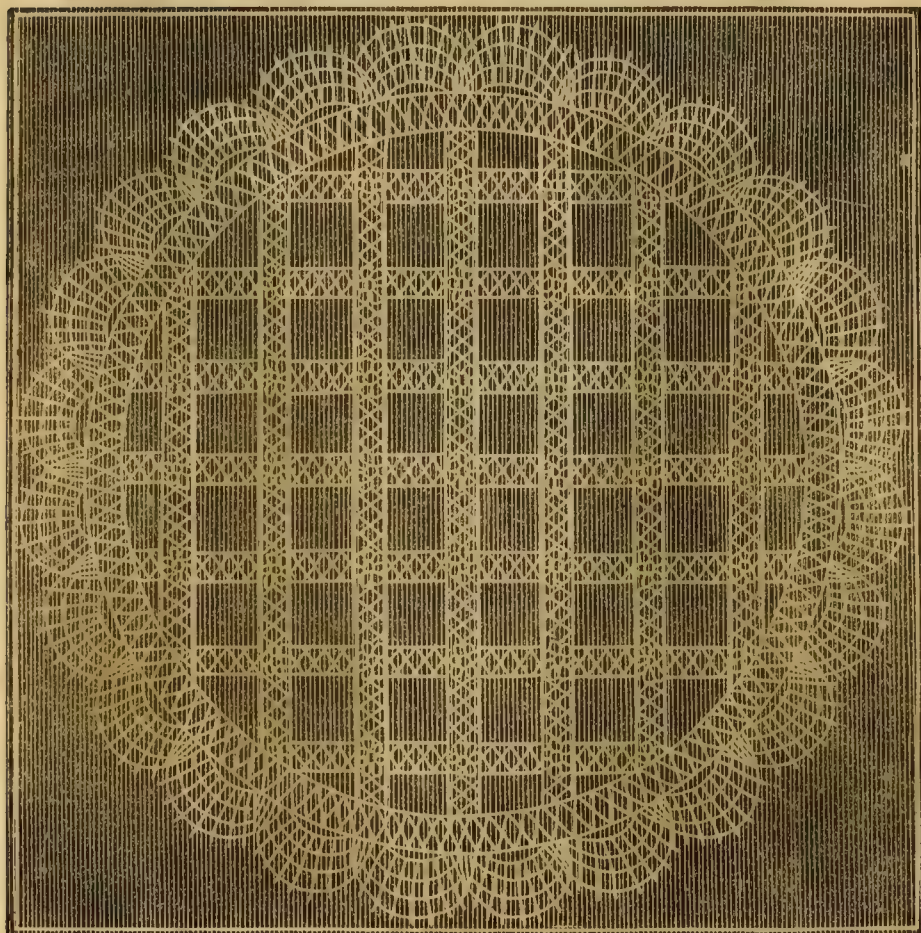


EMBROIDERY PATTERNS.



CROCHET HAIR-NET.

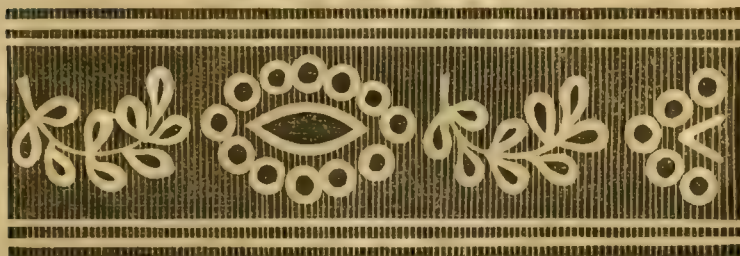
(See description, Work Department.)



EMBROIDERY.

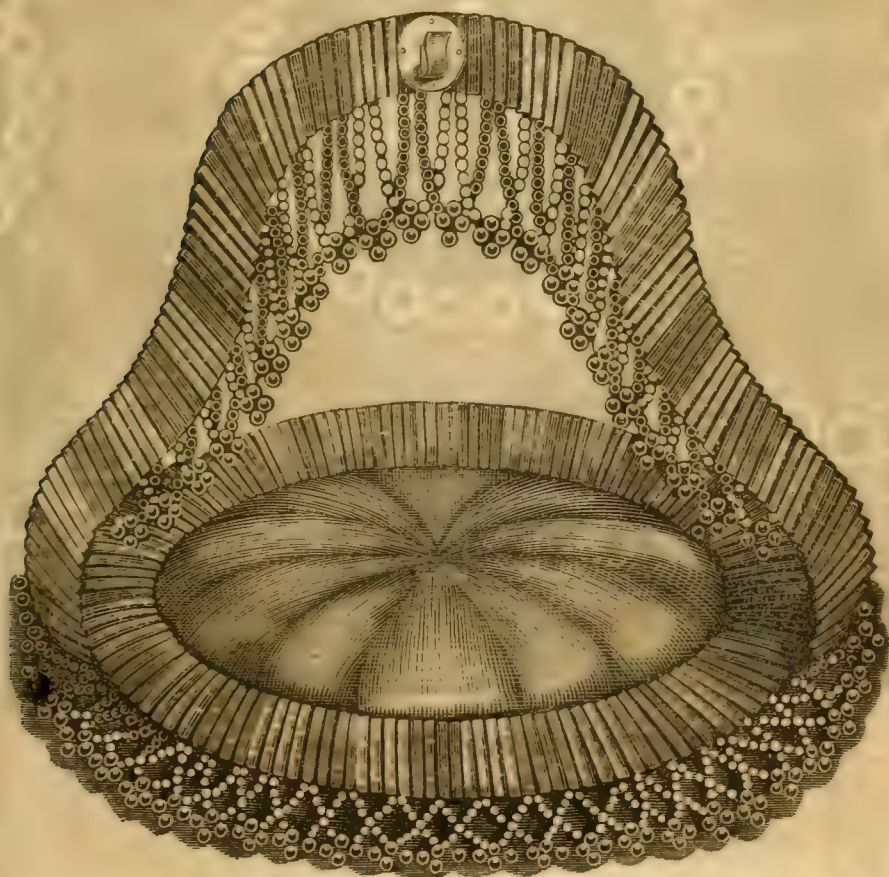


INSERTION.



BASKET WATCH-HANGER AND PINCUSHION.

(See description, Work Department.)





INSERTION IN POINT DE LA POSTE.

(See description, Work Department.)

GODEY'S

Lady's Book and Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY, 1861.

AFTER DINNER IN THE WOODS; OR, TWO DAYS IN THE MOUNTAINS.

(See plate)

PENNSYLVANIA has become widely celebrated for the grand and varied beauty of its scenery. Midway between the luxuriant champaign country of the south and the cold mountain regions of the north, it seems to possess the beautiful elements of each, and blend the two in a most attractive harmony of landscape. There is an intermingling of mountain and plain, of hill and valley, of labored, careful cultivation and wild, untamed rudeness which gives to our State—for we are proud of being a Pennsylvanian—that wonderful variety which forms the striking feature of its physical beauty.

Poetry, painting, and history has each done its share in celebrating our scenery or in adding to its interest. It has inspired more than one beautiful stanza and poetic description, which have been taken as mere imaginative sentiment; reflected its rich coloring on many a canvas destined to add new laurels to an artist's fame; and, as the legends which cling around old Westminster Abbey give additional charm to the architectural boldness and grace of that grand old building, so the traditions and historic associations of our State add to the pleasure one feels in viewing its different localities. What tourist has not felt his delight heightened in looking at the well cultivated fields, the neatly ordered farms, and happy dwellings of Wyoming Valley when he recalls the bloody stains which time is fast removing from that lovely picture? when he remembers how, years ago, when the settlements were just growing, what a cruel episode of American history took place on the scene which is now so happy and peaceful—the horrible Massacre

of Wyoming, which makes us shudder even now, with its details of Tory treachery and of Indian ferocity, and of gallant manly and womanly heroism matched unsuccessfully against overwhelming numbers and murderous violence? Our western regions have their recollections of hard-fought battles, Indian warfare, and the famous defeat of Braddock, which lost England an army and gave America her Washington, teaching the one great nation her first important lesson in American generalship, and showing the other that her powerful parent was not infallible. Does not the peaceful landscape of Southern Pennsylvania also draw an additional interest from the remembrances which are associated with it of its early settler, William Penn, himself the very type of peace?

But the glory of the State is in its rivers, the Juniata, the Susquehanna, the Delaware, and other noble streams, with their scenery as fresh and beautiful as in the past days, when canoes and war songs were in fashion, and steamboating and civilization never thought of by the natives, except when some imaginative Hiawatha took a dreamy peep into the future, and poetically prophesied the marvels of our day. On the Rhine, not long ago, one of our great American painters met a brother artist, of Germany, and as the conversation turned upon the scenery of our country, the German said: "There are two places in America which I wish most to see—Niagara and the Delaware Water Gap." Our artist opened his eyes a little, as doubtless you will, gentle reader, at this association. He had seen Niagara, of course, admired, worshipped, it may

be painted it; but of the other place he knew little, and that little doubtless only from the vague uncertainty of rumor. It was a good lesson, however, and since then he has been at the Water Gap with pencil and colors, getting the materials, perhaps, for a picture which shall give additional celebrity to that beautiful place. We Americans hardly do justice to our native scenery, or rather we are just awaking fairly to its charms as they are being written and pencilled into us. We visit a dozen beautiful places in as many days, gather information enough to answer an easy catechism on our travels, and then are anxious to hurry away to Europe, forgetting, in our anxiety to visit Swiss mountains and Italian seas, that there are scenes nearer our own homes which might even rival these in beauty.

The Delaware Water Gap, of which the German spoke, the great river scene of our State, if not quite worthy of being named in fellowship with that grand creation, Niagara, is certainly an exceedingly beautiful piece of scenery. The name suggests its peculiar feature. About twenty miles above the town of Easton, which, with all respect to that famous and flourishing city, seems just rubbing its eyes after a pretty long nap, there extends across the country a great spur of the Blue Ridge. A high, imposing wall of mountains, at the point where it touches the Delaware it opens—gaps, as it were—and, just leaving room for the river to flow between its divided parts, extends majestically far in the distance on either side. The mountains rise precipitously on either shore, and their rough, steep, jagged profiles give evidence of the force by which they were put asunder. The effect is very striking, and one cannot help feeling that the same Divine power which drew back the waters of the Red Sea, that the people of Israel might find a passage across, has been at work here, carving a way through the mountains by which the Delaware is suffered to keep on in its journey to the ocean. Different theories have been given to account for the phenomenon, and many a naturalist has puzzled his brain to explain the convulsion by which nature effected it. The hand of improvement and the spirit of advancement have been busy about the place of late years, and instead of the old stage-coach and lumbering wagons, railroad trains hurry through its jaws, and the hills send back duplicated echoes of the harsh locomotive's screams and turmoil which of old were only disturbed by the boatman's horn or the rifle of the hunter. The country in the vicinity of the Water Gap is a fit surrounding to it, a combina-

tion of roughness and culture which makes the perfection of landscape. The stately mountain ranges, grand in their rugged simplicity, inclose within their protecting folds valleys rich in all the wealth of cultivated fertility, while the little brooks which go chattering and gushing along in cascades so sweetly beautiful that even poetic inspiration would fail to describe them, add their quota to the unceasing flow of the Delaware, around which are gathered so many traditionary associations.

It is a very trite saying, that of the venerable Mrs. Glass, that one should "first catch his fish before he cooks it," and yet there's a good deal of homely philosophy about the adage; and as some one may be thinking of it as they read these lines, and having found the Water Gap on their maps or painted it in their imaginations, may yet be wondering by what means it is reached, perhaps it will be well to play guide, and give a few "preliminary directions" before introducing the reader to one of the pleasantest parties that ever spent two pleasant days together.

Suppose yourself, then, at Philadelphia or New York—at Philadelphia, if anxious to make the supposition particularly agreeable. It is the simplest thing in the world, having commenced so well, to accomplish the rest, for a single checking of your trunk, and a railroad ride of about five hours, pleasant enough as railroads go, and, indeed, not much surpassed by the dashing ride along the Hudson, and you hear the conductor cry out, melodiously, "Delaware Water Gap;" gathering up your boxes and umbrellas, cloaks, talmas, dusters, shawls, babies—if such there be—oranges, newspapers, and other little trimmings so necessary to railway happiness, and, hurrying out of the cars, there you are. Not much of a depot, you think, for so famous a place, and, as the eyes leave the depot and hurry around the country, not so much of a place, either, after all.

It must have been Solomon who advised us all not to judge by first impressions (although the advice may not appear in the authentic publication of his Wisdom), or, if not that astute old gentleman, certainly some very wise descendant of that very wise sire, for never were truer words said. In what condition, for instance, are you, as you stand on a hot summer day on the platform of the Water Gap depot, to judge of the merits of the place? The Gap itself, two miles distant, is obscured by intervening mountains, the country can hardly look inviting through the dust which has covered you over like a mist, nor are you heated

senses sufficiently equipoised to enjoy or appreciate the prospect. Wait until you are seated on the stage which is to carry you to your hotel. The coach winds along the mountain-side road, which gradually ascending higher and higher, your eye beholds the wide-extended range of hill and valley, your lungs drink in the pure, gladdening air, and dust and heat are forgotten in the enjoyment of scene and atmosphere. The ride from the depot to the Kittatinny House, just long enough to give you this glimpse, is soon completed, and you are at the hotel, ready to go through the agonies of room getting, in case the house be crowded, and to enjoy the practical delight of dinner-eating, which succeeds the first-mentioned trouble. Amuse yourself as best you may in the afternoon—riding, boating, anything, so you are happy; pass a merry evening, sleep a good sleep, and find yourself domesticated at the house on a bright summer morning of July, Anno Domini eighteen hundred and sixty.

It is after breakfast at the hotel; voracious males have eaten their incessant supply of food, and tender ladies their shadowy nourishment, (average shadowy, &c. of tender female: two slices of beefsteak, two cups of coffee, three eggs, five pieces of bread and butter, one piece—"a very small piece; if you please, sir"—of ham, and ten and a half buckwheat cakes). Sick people have sipped their melancholy tea, and gloomy dyspeptics groaned over their morning meal. Breakfast has been accomplished, and then follows that part of the watering-place day when people sit about or lounge about in lazy delight. The groups collected on the porches of the Kittatinny House on this morning are imbued with a pleasant, satisfied spirit, quite content to be away from the dry parched cities, and here in the cool refreshing shade. The ladies are gathered in pretty circles, their tongues undulating like graceful pendulums, and keeping in active motion the clockwork of their brains; their hands busied in knitting those mysterious fabrics of worsted, of which neither supply nor demand seems ever to cease, and which to male eyes have seldom either shape or sense, being generally in a sort of tadpole or chrysalis state between the raw worsted and the perfected hood, nubia, or other article of feminine ornament into which the mass of stitches eventually turns. The gentlemen at a respectful distance, just near enough to hear occasionally the reverberation of some little *morceau* of gossip, and yet far enough away to modify the odor of "the horrid cigar smoke," are engaged in pleasant experiments on Hava-

nas, or are making the great drops of dark perspiration stand out on the faces of their hard working meerschaum pipes. Tobacco and worsted, what solaces they are to the human mind! Of course there is one prevailing topic of conversation, there always is at this time at a summer holiday place like the Water Gap: every one is planning amusement for the day. This is never a very difficult matter for the ladies, who always have a hundred charming ways of passing time, finding an unfailing charm in the beauty of old walks and scenes, which gather new attraction from the beauty of their own thoughts; but what are the men, restless beings, to do for the day's amusement. The first cigar or pipe full of tobacco is fast fading away, and after another is disposed of, what enjoyment shall follow? The new comers have a good bill of fare to choose from, a long list of pleasant places to explore and of views to see, but there are some ten or a dozen of us who have been through two weeks of viewing and exploring, sight seeing, riding and walking, which, although it certainly has not exhausted, has pretty well discovered the most familiar attractions of the surrounding country. We have seen the Water Gap itself, in all the different phases of its beauty, looking up at it from the foot of the mountains as they rise towering over our heads, or from the distance when their outline is subdued by the mist; have seen it by moonlight when the hills are illumined with a sad sombre light, or in the brighter morning. Then we have been to Lover's Leap, with its romantic legend and stern precipitous reality, and Calden's Falls, and Mossy Grotto, which are worthy a place in fairy land, Venus's Bath, and the five and twenty other places which appreciative or adventurous travellers are advised to see. Somebody suggests gunning—that won't do. Riding or rowing—they too are not in favor, and as for billiards and tenpins, they are decidedly "played out." At last Tom Drawle makes a suggestion. Tom belongs to that race of mortals who say very little, but are supposed to think a great deal, and so when Tom speaks there is a respectful silence, and two words drag themselves lazily out of his lazy mouth, "Bushkill Falls." How agreeable it is when the brains are fretting over a perplexing question to have an answer come at a very vexing moment! Bushkill Falls: the very idea, the very place. Tom himself couldn't think of going, of course not, and is quite content with the honor of having set the party in motion; but there are a number of us, six, eight, yes, ten, ready and

anxious to start, and so the preliminaries can be easily arranged. The falls from all accounts are not very distant, and, as we have several days of leisure before us, we will make up a stag party, travel over there on foot, spend to-morrow and return the next day. A simple enough undertaking, surely, and yet when the plan is reported to our fellow boarders that day they look sceptical, and are yet more astonished when they see us all actually starting out that very afternoon, armed with good stout canes, and accoutred from head to foot in true pedestrian fashion. We have quite the air of men determined to accomplish some great undertaking, having magnified the little enterprise into one of much moment.

Bushkill Falls had always been looked upon as one of the pleasant impossibilities at the Kittatinny House. People there had heard dim, uncertain accounts of its beauty, which had been handed down by an adventurous explorer who visited the falls long ago, but as for an actual visitation by the present boarders, such a thing had not been thought of, the place being too distant for an ordinary drive, and it may be not considered worthy of further trouble. So the ten of us set out on this bright afternoon in July, determined to bring back a full account of the El Dorado, and determined at the start to leave all our cares and troubles folded away with the broadcloth and fine linen which have been rejected as equally unworthy companions of the jaunt. There is nothing particularly momentous about such a walk as this, and yet if you could only have actually been one of that little party, have joined in its merry-making sports and rambles, your heart would feel lighter and better at every recollection of those two days of happiness. Take a party of young hearty men and there are in it elements of enjoyment hardly to be found elsewhere. Youth, health, and honest hearts, ready to appreciate every pleasure and smooth over every ill.

Half a mile's walk from the hotel and its white sides are lost to view among the trees, and we are fairly started and tramping along through the village of Dutotsburg. Dutotsburg bears about it the marks of substantial settlement, with the beautiful church whose clear bell goes ringing across the hills, its summons to prayers and religious service; the neat houses and thriving stores, and the village smithy with heaving bellows, roaring fire, and the sturdy workman, who calls to mind Longfellow's Village Blacksmith and makes us almost wish we could change places with him, who, as we pass, is wielding his great hammer and singing so

cheerily that one can see how the labor gladdens his heart.

Old Dutot, who founded this settlement, came through the mountains, years ago, full of bright hopes and golden visions of mineral wealth which was to be found hidden within the hills. He was disappointed in his searches, but it must cheer his spirit to look down at the place now. They buried the old man, at his own request, in a secluded spot in the woods through which he had so often wandered, and for a long time his grave was an object of attraction to the curious. It was a sad sort of place, the sunlight seldom getting in through the heavy covering of foliage which surrounded it; a small inclosure, with its shabby board fence mouldering and rotten with age. No tombstone was there to tell the sad, eventful history of the grave, no flowers to cheer it, but only a dreary mound of earth to show where the bones were decaying. Once or twice, so the story goes, the spirit of the dead man has been seen hovering about the place where his body and his hopes were buried.

We have passed the village, now, and are out again in the open country, pushing ahead at a rate which shows that even if not much skilled in the science of pedestrianism, we are at all events determined to make the first lesson a good one. Every company, however small, must have its leader and name. A captain we have instinctively chosen, a man well fitted to lead, a gentleman—what more can be said? A name is not long wanting, for as we travel along, hair dishevelled, clothes awry, singing, shouting, and heathenish generally, we are mistaken for raftsmen on a homeward cruise, and are so addressed; as the "Jolly Raftsmen," then, the party shall be known. Afternoon has softened into evening and evening deepened into night before the heavy tramp of the Raftsmen echoes across Bushkill bridge, and they are shaking the dust from off their feet at the inn where the night is to be spent. Quite an unexpected pleasure, the sudden descent of ten hungry travellers, and, as no telegraphic message has, *à la mode*, announced our coming, and a good supper must be got ready, hunger will have to be patient, and feed on imaginative dainties until the much desired meal is ready. The Bushkill House is one of the good old-fashioned taverns where a right hearty welcome is given, and after a while we sit down to supper at a table loaded with good cheer, which disappears with amazing rapidity down greedy throats, and, being disposed of, we are ready for a council of war in the parlor.

It is a venerable room, brimful of comfort, with its sturdy chairs and sofas, and air of genial hospitality; the clock, which seems to say "God bless you" at every tick, its face beaming with delight, and its long hands invoking a silent benediction; the table piled with well chosen books and the pictures of absent friends; the "hearth with aspen boughs, and flowers, and fannel gay." The candles send out a bright light, shining on our forms stretched about the room. The adventures of the afternoon are talked over, jokes passed, jests bandied, songs sung, and many a call to order needed to keep in check the boisterous crew. No whiskey and water, no rum and sugar to keep the spirits up by pouring spirits down, and yet, verily, no lack of merriment. One important measure is passed: punning has become rampant, intolerable, and must be put down, and so some patriot suggests that every pun be taxed—moved, seconded, and carried; but not before short Alexander Magnus has declaimed eloquently against the measure from his full height of six feet—*inches*, and Pater Felix denounced the law which is to hinder his joking. Carried, however, and before bedtime a small fortune of fines collected, for it would be about as easy to suck out the Gulf of Mexico with a quill, as one of our western friends is about trying to do, as to check punning when once started. Was there ever a party of men without a punster, any more than a company of women minus a gossip? And then the disease is so contagious; first Tom ventures a feeble pun, then Dick, then Harry, and at last everybody is hard at work torturing the poor English language, and breaking the backs and twisting the necks of the suffering words. Bedtime comes; we march up stairs, where seven of us are to sleep in one room, after the manner of boarding-schools, and before long we are tucked in, and one by one, with snore after snore, the feather beds accomplish their mission, and translate us to the land of dreams.

The next morning the steaming coffee and smoking breakfast are dispatched, a walk of three or four miles accomplished, and we are on the outskirts of a wood which is said to contain the object of our search. The approach to the falls, then, is not very inviting, but, pushing our way in through the trees, we presently hear the soft, musical sound of distant waters; it increases as we advance, swelling into a rich volume of sound; we see the bright, flashing water sparkle through the foliage, hurry forward through bush and bramble, and stand at last on a great ledge of rock

looking down upon Bushkill Falls. What an imposing sight it is, as the water falls, first in a dark, heavy stream, and then, as it strikes a ledge of rock on its downward passage, suddenly transformed into a dashing, foaming torrent, throwing out myriads of diamond drops and creating clouds of spray, through which the rainbows shine in their beautiful coloring! We have not pen to describe the scene, and perhaps the weird beauty of the cataract, the wild character of the rocks which wall in the chasm into which it falls would defy a description from even the most eloquent.

Our party spent the morning rambling above and below the falls, searching out ravines and caves, some sketching, some climbing, others digging away among old fossils or bringing to light buried Indian relics with histories centuries old. And so, after a morning of exploits and discoveries, we are well satisfied to hold a meeting over the contents of our well filled baskets; and never, surely, did any of the Cæsars enjoy their luxurious Roman feasts better than did we those simple dainties; with the waterfall playing its merry music for us and the sunlight smiling in now and then through the trees. After the baskets have been emptied, we lounge about there on the mossy carpet as luxuriously as Eastern monarch on his downy cushions. Our artist friend, Philip, has caught the poetry of the scene, and when we look around his pencil is moving in rapid lines, and he has soon immortalized the group on paper.

And here, gentle reader, we will bid each other good-by, leaving your imagination to carry us back to tender embraces at the Kittatinny House, and us to hope that when you visit the Water Gap, as you intend doing, you will betake yourself to that gem of woodland scenery, that "dimple in the smile of Nature," Bushkill Falls; and when you sit down to eat a rustic dinner at the place, you will remember the pleasant party that scattered crumbs there last summer.

HABITS OF LIFE.—Rise early; retire early; keep your head clear by attention to all the laws of health. Take no stimulants, save the harmless ones of tea or coffee, and these not in excess, nor otherwise than at the usual meal times. Let not your mind wear out your body; observe a due balance between them. So shall your usefulness endure and increase, instead of ending prematurely with a short and feverish career.

MY LATIN TEACHER, DWIGHT KENNEDY.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER I.

OUR talk came and went in snatches that morning. I could not divine whether it was my fault or his that it did not run on in the same smooth, swift channel it usually did; broken here and there into bright jets of badinage and laughter, and then slipping into a deep, sudden gravity that was like a river overhung by the shadows of great trees.

Looking back now, I think the gravity was usually of his making; the jest and merriment were of mine; though each responded to and repeated the mood of the other with singular exactness and fidelity.

But, as I said, we did not get on well that morning, and I was glad when the servant brought in the tray of refreshments, for though I knew very well my Latin teacher, Mr. Dwight Kennedy, would by no means consent to go out to lunch every day, he would not be so discourteous as to refuse the cup and plate which always accompanied mine. This arrangement was very much pleasanter for me than lunching with Mrs. Pryor, our gossiping, good-natured, but tedious housekeeper.

"Oh, our grapes are ripe at last!" I said, for want of something better; and I lifted one of the great purple clusters from the vase, and held it a moment before Mr. Kennedy, and then laid it on his plate. "Just try them; they are the real Hamburg, and if it weren't for the shower we'd go down to the green-house this morning; I always like to pluck grapes and see them hanging over the roof in great purple goblets. Dear me! this rain has come just at the wrong time."

"Did you ever have a greater disappointment than a shower at the wrong time, Miss Adelaide?"

"O yes, I've had greater troubles than that. Why, what made you ask the question, Mr. Kennedy?"—for, looking into my companion's eyes, I saw them fastened on my face with a serious expression, which seemed to rest on something painful, and I knew enough of Dwight Kennedy to be certain that he never asked questions which had no meaning or suggestion in them.

He smiled, that grave, thoughtful smile which I think I liked best of all his smiles, and he had

a variety of these. "I was thinking, Miss Adelaide, what unfathomable words sorrow and trial, disappointment and discipline must be to you. I suppose that an hour's rain at the wrong time would represent their meaning to you as well as anything,

'Laid in the lilies and fed on the roses of life' as you've always been."

"Then you really think, Mr. Kennedy, that I don't know what trouble and sorrow are?" I said, plucking the great Hamburg grapes from the cluster which lay on my plate; but not eating them, for my teacher's words had started a new train of thought.

"Not in the least." And, looking up, I met the grave smile, which had somewhat changed its expression, and seemed to touch on pity in the deep-set shifting colored eyes.

"But I read the other day, Mr. Kennedy, that no one could attain a true or complete life who was not acquainted with suffering, who had not been softened and clarified by it, and that sooner or later this discipline must come to all lives."

"That was all true, Miss Adelaide."

"I don't like to think, though, it's coming to mine," I said, with a faint smile. "I shouldn't know how to bear it at all."

"Poor child!" he said; and it seemed as if the ejaculation came involuntarily and wrapped up in tones as tender as a mother's over some idolized child for whose future her heart leaped up in a sudden prophetic fear.

I looked up in his face, startled at the strange voice, and I felt a little color widening through my cheeks. "Why do you call me *that*, Mr. Kennedy?"

"It does seem most inappropriate in your case?"—and his glance swept the drawing-room and then returned to my face. "Of all the daughters of men, one would fancy you the last to need pity; one who judges from the world's stand-point, I mean."

"And from what stand-point do you see?" I interposed, with a laugh, which, however, did not dissipate or even touch on the gravity his words had superinduced.

"From one which is not of this world's, Miss Adelaide." I could not laugh now at the solemn, earnest tones.

"And, judging from that stand-point, you think I am to be pitied?" And here my face in its gravity answered his own.

"I am afraid you will not understand me now, but perhaps you will at some future day. I think anybody is to be pitied who, having the great and solemn work and endurance of life before them, has no idea of either; whose whole culture and education have unfitted them for what they must sooner or later meet."

When he stopped speaking the tears were in my eyes; and my future looked, stretched away in the distance, something vast, and incomprehensible, and terrible. Its palace gardens, with their palm trees and singing fountains, were all gone!

"Uncle says I'm a spoiled child," I said. "I never thought of it before; but if I should ever have any trouble, I don't suppose I should know how to meet it. What shall I do when it comes, as you say it must?"

No child ever asked these words with a sense of more utter helplessness than I did, looking up in the young man's face. A quick change swept over his. The look which went into my eyes and past them to my soul, only told me that he was stirred and moved out of his usual calmness.

"Miss Adelaide"—and his voice was shaken—"If I could answer your question, I would do it at any cost. There is only one who can, and that is God."

My heart reached dimly after his meaning. "You think, as God will send this trouble or discipline, whatever it may be, He will also send a way for me to do or bear it?"

"Yes, if you ask him; and maybe, Miss Adelaide, this is the way He will appoint for you to find him; and if it be, you will never regret the path, though it goes down into the valleys and through the darkness and thorns."

I did not answer him; I sat still, with my hands lying in my lap, and shivered at his words.

"Do they frighten you?" he said, with a smile whose sweetness made a light all through his question. "If you could see farther into my words, they would not."

"But you ought to help me, then, if I'm so blind as you think."

"I have been trying to, Miss Adelaide, in the best way that I know."

My face told him that I was in deep waters now.

"I have been trying to help you by praying our Father in Heaven that *He* would." And now there was no smile on my teacher's face,

only a tranquil seriousness, which the thought seemed to make there.

I was greatly moved. I had been petted, flattered, caressed all my life, but not one of all those who did it had ever prayed for me. It invested my teacher with a new sacredness, and I felt humbled before him, and I could not answer him.

"And I want you to feel, Miss Adelaide, that I shall always do this, even though we shall never look upon each other's face again."

"Why, you are not going away!" I said, startled and bewildered.

"There is no help for it. I have waited until the last moment, in hopes that a better situation would offer; but none has, and so I am going to take charge of a seminary in Michigan."

"Oh, Mr. Kennedy, what has induced you to do that?" I did not make the slightest effort to conceal my surprise and disappointment.

"I go for the very best reason in the world, but one which you will hardly be apt to understand—to earn my bread, and that of my brothers and sisters."

This time I did not answer; I was so utterly confounded.

"You did not think I was so poor as that, did you?" said my teacher, searching me with his steadfast eyes. "What will you say when I go farther, and tell you that I have not three hundred dollars in the world? that I spent all the money my father left me on my education, and that did not more than half carry me through college?"

I glanced down on the diamond bracelet which Uncle Harry had given me on my last birthday. I could scarcely believe that it was worth more than all Mr. Kennedy possessed in the world; then my gaze swept about the drawing-room, with its paintings and statues, its velvet carpet, whose snowy surface was scattered with mosses and vines, and at last my eyes came back to my teacher, and he sat there so strong, and calm, and grave that my soul involuntarily did him homage.

"You see now there is sufficient reason why I should go, don't you?"

"Yes," I faltered. "But can't you stay here and—and get some situation?"

"Not immediately—one that suits me; and I must get to work at once, so I can manage to give next year to finishing my professional studies."

"And how soon do you go?"

"Next week."

"And this is my last Latin lesson?"

Our eyes met again, and his seemed to gather the shadows which must have been in mine.

"I suppose it must be this, Miss Adelaide. I hope you will get a better teacher, but you will not get one who will have his pupil's interests more at heart."

At that moment Mrs. Pryor entered the room in considerable excitement, and informed me that two carriage-loads of my city friends had just arrived, and she must have the cook get up a second lunch. Our interview was abruptly terminated, but I succeeded in obtaining a promise from my teacher that he would make one more trip to Mosswood before he went West.

I, Adelaide Randolph, was an orphan, the ward and heiress of my uncle, Henry Marshall. I could not remember either of my parents; but every care which great wealth, great pride, and tenderness could devise had been lavished on me from my birth. Of course such a life, aimless, gay, luxurious, had not nourished or fostered whatsoever was best or strongest in my character. I was selfish, indolent, exacting, but nobody had the courage to tell me this, and I was the last one to suspect it. The mirror which my friends held up to my view was one that would not be likely to reflect my faults.

My life had counted its twentieth birthday the week before I first met Dwight Kennedy. I had always a passion for studying languages, and my uncle indulged me in that as in all other things, and a distinguished professor, an old classmate of his, had recommended Mr. Kennedy as a fine Latin scholar. My teacher was wholly unlike any man whom I had ever met. I was a little while in doubt whether to like him or not, but only a little while. The more I saw and comprehended him, the more his natural reserve, heightened by a scholar's secluded life, wore away, the more I respected the man, Dwight Kennedy. He was scarcely twenty-six, and looked younger, slight, and of medium height. His face was a strong, good face, with bold, delicate features, and had in it the secret of beauty, because of its great flexibility of expression.

We lived five miles from the city, and our country-seat was a small Paradise, so far as great wealth and taste could make it this. The grounds, with their graceful arbors, their groves and ponds, their fruit and shade trees, their winding walks, which were like shining silver embroideries winding through an emerald ground, were an appropriate setting for the house, which stood in their midst, with its gray

stone towers and green canopied veranda, like some old Austrian castle. And I used to recite my lessons wherever my fancy chanced to lead, in the arbors, under the shadows of the old sycamores, or beneath the cedars, for both my teacher and I were fond of being out of doors, and only stayed in the house on unpleasant days. Our acquaintance was of course more informal on this account, and my teacher interested me as none of the guests did who thronged the stately parlors of our house every evening.

I learned long afterward that he came to Mosswood, as we called our country-seat, expecting to dislike me, to find the niece and heiress of the proud old millionaire, Henry Marshall, a selfish, haughty girl, enervated by luxury, spoiled by admiration. But this I did not suspect then, and in less than a month after my first lesson I had reason to suppose my teacher liked me; I mean, was pleased with my society and interested in my welfare—nothing more than this.

Our conversation used to range over all subjects; it was always suggestive, always interesting, and when I compared the tone, and vigor, and earnestness of all that Dwight Kennedy said with that of the small-talk and honeyed flatteries of other men, I grew quite disgusted with the latter. My soul, dimly as it comprehended them, did homage to the true manliness, the calm and reserved force which always individualized my teacher. I felt the high aims and noble purposes which idealized his life without perceiving them; and he always left a clearer and brighter atmosphere about me, but I did not know that the sweet, subtle aroma which pervaded it was breathed from one lily in the heart of Dwight Kennedy, and that lily was the blossom of a true, earnest, Christian life.

CHAPTER II.

"UNCLE HAL, I've a great favor to ask of you."

"Well, what is it? another new party dress?"—laying his hand on my head, which I rested on his knee, for I had drawn an ottoman to his feet and thrown myself on it.

It was just after dinner, and we were quite alone, which did not usually happen. My uncle, a fine, portly old gentleman, sat in his velvet arm-chair by the window, and the late afternoon breeze shook his hair softly, his hair that had blossomed thick with the silver of sixty-six years.

"O no; something a great deal more important than a party dress."

"I see that means more expensive. You're a costly piece of fine porcelain, my little girl."

"It isn't presents that I want this time, Uncle Hal"—with the shadow of a pout; "it's all for somebody else."

"Well, put on that look again, my child, and you shall have anything your lips can ask for, for they wear the look that Annie's used to when she came bothering and coaxing about me in the old college vacations at Woodford."

"Annie" was my mother, my uncle's only and idolized sister, and because I had the face over which nineteen summers had sowed their coverlets of grass overshot with roses, I was doubly dear to the heart of my uncle, and as I was the only one that remained of his family, he lavished on me the love that wife or child had never claimed.

"I want you to promise that you'll exert all your influence to find some situation for my Latin teacher, Mr. Kennedy."

"What sort of a situation?"—opening his gray eyes wide with astonishment.

"A good situation, a *paying* one in some seminary."

"Oh, that's it, is it? Well, how in the world am I to know anything about such a matter? If it was a clerkship or a place in the bank, I might get it for him."

"Now, uncle, you know well enough you can do whatever you want to, and I *must* have this attended to at once."

"Whew! Seems to me you take a deep interest in this Latin teacher of yours."

The expression with which my uncle regarded me did not strike me forcibly then, but I vividly recall and interpret it now. I went on, intent upon my object, to relate my last interview with my teacher, to which my uncle listened with apparent interest.

"And so the fellow starts next week?"

"Uncle Harry, if you knew Mr. Kennedy better, you would never call him a 'fellow.' He is not at all like other men."

"In what respect, pray, does he differ from the rest of his sex?"

"I can't tell you, only he's a great deal nobler, better man."

"He seems to have enlisted your interest very warmly, my child."

"He never thought of such a thing. Uncle, he's above doing it," was my emphatic, scornful denial.

"Well, she's a generous little puss, anyhow, and I suppose we must let it go at that."

"Let what go?"

"Oh—her enthusiasm."

"Well, will you set about doing this, right off?"

"What a peremptory little girl. Shall I run round the city, trying to find situations for good young men?"

"Now, uncle, you're making fun of me," with a pout that was unmistakable this time.

"Well, I won't bother her any more, foolish child!" and the old man slipped the palm of his hand under my chin, lifted my face, and gazed at it with eyes which were fond as a dotting mother's. "But about this business, Ada, you see it's quite out of my line."

"Then, can't you get somebody else to do it for you?"

My uncle mused a moment, beating his slipper on the carpet and unfolding his newspaper, then he looked up, suddenly, "It's just occurred to me, Adelaide, that Doctor Wildman, my old classmate from Virginia, was in my office, this morning, and he said he'd drop in to-morrow again. He's president of a flourishing college in that State, and, on account of his relations with professors and students, would be just the man for this thing."

"And you'll certainly see to it."

"Certainly; I very much approve of Mr. Kennedy's plan, and he shall have my influence in his favor."

I jumped up and kissed my uncle, surprised and delighted at the alacrity which he evinced to assist my teacher, but I did not penetrate the motive which stimulated him, or suspect that the interest which I had manifested in Mr. Kennedy had awakened a desire that our acquaintance should be at once terminated.

"What can I do to pay you, Uncle Hal?"

"Get on her riding dress, and take a gallop over the hills with me. She won't mind if her cavalier's an old man, will she?"

"I'd rather go with you, Uncle Hal, than with anybody in the world," parting a silver lock which had strayed over his forehead.

"What—rather with me than with Lewis Dunham?"

"Yes, rather than with him."

"Well, scamper off, and come down in your new riding cap in fifteen minutes."

Lewis Dunham was the son of my uncle's oldest and dearest friend, and it had long been a pet scheme of both the old gentlemen, that Lewis and I should be united at some future time. But his father and my uncle were shrewd enough not to urge the matter. We were, however, thrown constantly together, and

a kind of tacit engagement had for ten years existed between us.

I believe Lewis was attached to me, and I certainly liked him. He was cultivated, graceful, remarkably fine looking, and with all those social qualities and adjuncts which make a man a favorite with our sex.

Many a girl envied me the fascinating son of the rich old banker, and I expected to be very proud and very happy with the husband of my uncle's choosing. He was two years my senior, and had just completed his collegiate course, and was about to pass three years in foreign travel. I learned afterward that the young gentleman was, with difficulty, persuaded to undertake his tour, as he wished our marriage previously consummated, and desired that I should accompany him.

But my uncle was inflexible in his refusal. The thought of giving me up so soon was one his heart recoiled from.

Three days after I had the conversation with Uncle Harry, respecting Mr. Kennedy, he informed me that Dr. Wildman had come north with the express purpose of procuring some competent gentleman to take his place in the college. He had had an interview with Mr. Kennedy, and though his youth was against him, still the Dr. had finally concluded to try him as his successor, having been much pleased with the young man.

"And what is the salary?" I asked.

"Two thousand a year."

The next day brought Mr. Kennedy, and I regarded it as especially unfortunate that we had a house full of company, and an opportunity for only five minutes' private conversation was afforded us.

"I know, Miss Adelaide," he said, "that it is to you alone that I owe the good fortune which has befallen me, and I shall never forget it—never," and his eyes indorsed his words.

We were standing by the window curtained by a climbing vine, which swung to and fro in the morning wind, and its long goblets of crimson overshot with gold made the air heavy with their fragrance. I was pulling the leaves unconsciously as I answered—

"You are very welcome, Mr. Kennedy, only I wish what I have done for you could have been more and better."

"Don't wish it, only remember if in anyway, at any time of my life, you shall need my services, call upon me. Will you promise me to do this?"

"Yes."

"And one thing more—won't you break off

one of those sprays of honeysuckle, and give it to me as a little keepsake, you know?"

I was used to all kinds of flattering requests from gentlemen, but none ever impressed me like this. I broke it off and gave it to my teacher, feeling very sad and wishing he was not going away. I think that he read the wish in my eyes.

"Miss Adelaide"—as I gave him the branch—"may God bless you with all good gifts, especially with that best one, the knowledge of himself!"

He gave me his hand and so we parted, but the shadows were deeper in the eyes of Dwight Kennedy than I had ever seen them before, and the shadows lay so heavy upon my heart, that I left my guests, went to my own room, and sobbed there for an hour; and yet, I had no suspicion that I loved Dwight Kennedy, and one week from the day that we parted, Lewis Dunham won from me the promise that I would be his wife when he should return from his tour of Europe.

CHAPTER III.

FIVE years had passed. The last two had been full of great changes, of sudden and terrible sorrows to me. I was no longer the young and courted mistress of Mosswood, the heiress of the old millionaire, Henry Marshall.

My uncle's health had failed slowly, and with it his vigor of mind had waned. He was no longer the keen business man he had been, and when others far less shrewd than he detected the approach of a great commercial crisis, he assumed vast responsibilities and entered into new speculations. Calamities followed rapidly. He was largely engaged in commerce, and two houses in the Indies failed simultaneously, and he was heavily involved in both. Stocks fell and banks broke, and the vast fortune of my uncle swiftly vanished away. One of his partners proved himself a knave, and all this bore heavily upon the old man, whose infirmities would not permit him to rally, and save himself as he would have done ten years before. A week after he was brought home in an apoplectic fit, my uncle joined the great company of his family, and left me without a relative nearer than distant cousins in the world.

I was still unmarried. Lewis Dunham had returned home a year before my uncle's death true to me, although he had mingled constantly with the fairest and most fascinating women

of every court in Europe. My uncle, however, still deferred our marriage, and I strongly indorsed his wishes, on account of my reluctance to leave him in his failing health.

It was nearly three months after his death that the old banker, Lewis's father, came over to Mosswood one evening to have a private interview with me, and I learned then, for the first time, something of the extent of my uncle's losses. I had been saved during my life from any knowledge of his affairs, and the shock was a very heavy one to me.

"And how much will you be able to save when matters are settled up, Mr. Dunham?" I asked at last.

"Well, not more than a couple of hundred thousand, and holding this back will fall the heaviest on the poorer portion of his creditors, but that's usually the case in such extensive and complicated losses. It is not wise that you, my dear child, should remain at Mosswood without a protector longer; and Lewis is doubly anxious to be this now. I advise that you give him the right to take you to Europe for a year. You need change of scene, and, as I have the settlement of your uncle's affairs, you know that I shall look out for the interests of my children."

"I do not doubt that, Mr. Dunham; but you spoke of my uncle's creditors. I desire every one of them should be paid to the smallest farthing, no matter what becomes of my fortune."

The old gentleman looked at me with a smile half of pity, half of contempt; very much as one would do at the vagaries of a little child.

"It would take your entire fortune to do this," he said.

"Then let it go. I will not receive a single dollar until justice has been done to my uncle's creditors."

"Adelaide, this is a romantic girl's notion, but we business men of the world understand these things better than you. Leave the matter with me."

"Mr. Dunham, truth and justice are not a romantic girl's notions. Oh, you were my uncle's oldest and dearest friend. You will advise his niece to do only that which is right!"

A little flush went over the old man's face, and he moved uneasily. "Adelaide," he said, taking my hand, "I must look out for the best interests of my old friend's niece—for the interests of my son and my daughter."

"But Lewis would certainly indorse my view of the matter?"

The old banker shook his gray head. "Lewis's

feelings would probably prompt him to do just as yours would. But he knows that his father is not half so rich a man as the world supposes, and that he cannot afford to take a dowerless wife."

"But, sir, neither of us can afford to sell our principles. I am sure we should both be wretched with any wealth which was not rightfully ours."

But there is no use in repeating this conversation. It was a prolonged one, and Mr. Dunham left me at last uneasy and irritated, and told me at parting that his son would see me the next day, evidently hoping that his arguments would be more effective than his father's had been.

But I had a day to revolve the matter in my own mind, and my resolution was only strengthened never to yield my sense of right, never under any circumstances to receive a dollar of my uncle's property which was not rightfully mine.

The next evening Lewis came. Such a night as it was—marvellous for beauty, the sky sprinkled with stars, the earth embossed with moonlight, and the silver beams flocked through the vines, fluted with the late May leaves, and flung their snowy bordering upon the carpet. And there Lewis Dunham and I held our last interview. It is not often that I unlock the door of the room where that night is hid away in my memory, and now it suits me best to write of it briefly.

Lewis Dunham was not so much to blame, after all, and I believe that he loved me with all the strength of his luxurious, indolent nature. But his whole life enervated the moral part of his character, and the cultivated æsthetic side of him shrank with horror at the thought of poverty or rugged contact with the bare realities of life. He used all kinds of sophistries, he tried arguments, and entreaties, and to move me through my affection for himself; and this was hardest to resist of all, but I was true to my own convictions of right.

"It would be no better than stealing, Lewis; I am as little fitted to brave poverty after my life of affluence as you are, but I have a brave heart, and I will set my face steadily against this sin. We have youth, and health, and strength in our favor."

"And twenty thousand dollars to go to house-keeping with. My father shocked me to-night by informing me this was all he could give me, and that he should cut me off without a dollar, if I married a woman without fortune."

The words stung me into a great heat. I

rose, and stood still and resolute before him. "Well, Lewis Dunham, if you would hesitate one instant between myself without a dollar and a crowned queen whose dower was millions, I pray you never take me to be your wife."

"Adelaide, Adelaide," he groaned, "you torture me! Have I not been true to you from my boyhood? have I ever loved any woman but you?"

And after midnight we parted. He promised to come to me the next day. I have no doubt he meant it then, but the worldly counsels of others prevailed. He did not come then, nor afterward, and if he had two weeks later, it would have done no good, for the love of my girlhood had died out of my heart forever, for the windows had been raised, and I had looked into the soul of Lewis Dunham, and seen how it lacked that real moral stamina and manliness which can alone enlist the true homage of a woman's heart.

CHAPTER IV.

"WHAT shall I do with myself?"

I asked this question some three weeks after my last interview with Lewis Dunham, pacing up and down the stately sitting-room of the home which was no longer mine, which had grown oppressive in its solitude and grandeur. It was a hard, hard question, for I knew very little of the rugged realities of life, but I saw that I must be thrown entirely upon my own resources for a livelihood, and now I had courage to look the truth in the face, for those three weeks had been a terrible ordeal to me; the love and trust which had become a habit with me did not die out of my heart in a moment, and though friends who were not all summer ones gathered about me and kept my faith in humanity from dying out wholly, still it had had a shock from which it could not easily recover. "What shall I do with myself?" I cannot tell how many times I asked this question, walking up and down the lonely parlors and playing with the rings on my fingers. At last there came an answer: "Get away from here as quick as possible; you need change of scene to save you from madness. Write to Mr. Dunham that you are gone, and that he can dispose of the furniture as he likes; it belongs to your uncle's creditors, and you must get a situation in some seminary." And then suddenly there came out of the past the memory of my Latin teacher, Dwight Kennedy. I had not heard from him for five years, but I was

certain that wherever he was, he would be true to the promise he had made me, and I sat down and wrote him, telling him somewhat of all the changes which had befallen my life, and asking him, for the sake of his promise when I last saw him, to find me a situation as teacher in some young ladies' seminary. It was of little consequence where I went, the farther from home the better, and not having Mr. Kennedy's address, I sent the letter to the care of Doctor Wildman. Then I waited a week for an answer, and—he came.

It was one afternoon, when I had thrown myself on the sofa by the window where we had parted, that I heard the old tones, breaking through the stillness, "Miss Adelaide, have you a welcome for me?" I sprang up, and gave him both my hands, but the welcome was not spoken, unless he read it in the great gush of tears in which all words were swallowed up.

Before night I had told Dwight Kennedy the whole history of these five years, ending in such darkness and desolation as a day sometimes does, whose morning is full of sunshine and blue skies, but whose hours go down singing fainter and fainter into a night of darkness and tempest.

"So I have closed all the east windows of my life—the windows which used to look out on love, and hope, and happiness."

"No," said my teacher, with the grave, sweet smile I so well remembered; "you will open the east windows again, but your life will look on another landscape, and your eyes will be opened to see that it is fair and true, not one of dreams and visions."

My teacher's words inspired me with new hope and courage, and, to speak truth, both of these were waning. I needed his counsel sadly enough, and it was this thought which made me say, "How good you were to come to me!"

"No, I was only good to myself." And I never doubted what Dwight Kennedy said. And then I asked him to tell me of his life. It took him only a few moments. He had resigned his situation at the college two years before, and was now devoting his whole energies to his profession, in a city in the heart of New York State. I saw that he had no doubt of his ultimate success—neither had I. And he was not married. Somehow my heart felt lighter after he had told me this.

"Have I changed any?"

"In manner, not in looks, only so far as the former affect the latter," searching my face with his steadfast, shining eyes.

"And you think you can procure me a situation as teacher somewhere?"

"There is no doubt of it. I shall be in the city more or less for the next two days, and at the end of that time we will talk definitely about that matter." And there was a look in my teacher's face which I could not interpret. I had not studied it then as I have since.

The evening had come again. We stood on the marble steps of my home, and looked over the broad grounds, as they lay wrapped up in the snowy moonlight, and, looking on it, I thought of a maiden in the white foam of her bridal laces. A sigh tore itself up from my heart. "Dear old Mosswood!" I said, "it is very hard to leave it. My childhood and youth are all bound up here, and looking back on them now, they seem like a fairy dream. Mr. Kennedy, you have not told me about that 'situation' yet. It is time I should take up my pilgrim's staff and be moving toward it."

He grew very close to me—he laid his hand on my shoulder, and, after a little silence he said—and his voice did not have quite its old steadfastness, but wavered along the words—"Miss Adelaide, you were my pupil once, I want to be yours now."

I did not understand him, until I looked in his eyes. Then my soul dilated with a quiet and sudden joy; but here, again, all words failed me. I placed my hands in his: they were swiftly gathered up and hidden away.

"Adelaide, you do not know how all these five years the memory of you has lingered a fine aroma around my heart. I thought it was sin to think of you, and I struggled against it. I have nothing to offer you now, petted, courted as you have been, but the true love of a manly heart. Isn't it better than gold or riches?"

"It is above all price." The last month had taught me this.

In one week from that night we were married. I could not otherwise give my teacher the whole charge of my affairs, and I believe the banker and his son still entertained a hope that I would relent.

The next day we left Mosswood. The vast wealth which I was to have inherited had all vanished. The world called us poor; but we did not count ourselves so, and I am richer the wife of Dwight Kennedy, my teacher, than I was the heiress of my uncle, the millionaire, Henry Marshall.

HOW CUSHION-LACE WAS INVENTED.

It was the winter of the year 1564, and the mines of Saxony, being no longer considered productive, were closed. Hundreds of men were, in consequence, thrown out of employment, and amongst them one Christopher Uttman. He had a wife and two infant children, and his heart was filled with despair on their account. With a heavy heart he returned to the lowly cottage, the interior of which the care and tastefulness of his wife had rendered comfortable, nay, even beautiful, and placing in her hand his last week's wages, he exclaimed bitterly, "Barbara, what shall we do! I am not to return to the mines any more. They will all be closed next week, and will never be reopened."

Barbara had heard before her husband had returned home that the pits were about to be closed for an indefinite period; she was, therefore, in some degree prepared for the tidings, and replied, cheerfully, "We shall, no doubt, do very well. We shall seek God's guidance; He will direct us. We are young and strong, and healthy, and need not despair of being able

to provide for our little ones, because the mines of Saxony are shut up."

Barbara had been in the habit of assisting in the maintenance of her little household by embroidering muslin veils. At first she worked only for the mine owner's wife and daughters; but so imaginative and delicate were her skill and taste in this art, that her fame had lately reached more than one of the German courts, and many a noble dame had availed herself of the graceful productions of Barbara's needle, and added to her heavy brocaded dresses the elaborately-embroidered, yet light and beautiful, muslin train and ruffles. The care of her infant twins, however, with many other domestic duties, had hitherto afforded her but little time for the exercise of her art; but now, though these cares and duties were rather increased than lessened, she determined, without neglecting or omitting one of them, that by the labor of her hands should her family be supplied with bread. "My husband toiled for us," she mentally exclaimed, "and now I will work hard for him."

The next day after the closing of the mines, Barbara arose with the dawn, and having put her house in order, and prepared the morning meal, she commenced her work. Steadily she wrought on hour after hour, never moving from her low seat near the window, except when obliged to do so for the fulfilment of some household duty. A little girl, the daughter of a neighbor, was sent for to look after the children; and Christopher contrived to find useful employment in the little garden which separated his cottage from the road, and which heretofore had been Barbara's care. In the evening he assisted in preparing the supper, and thus the first day passed away hopefully and happily. Three months thus rolled by, and Barbara looked with justifiable pride on the production of her artistic skill—a veil, which far excelled anything she had ever before attempted, in its singular beauty of design and elaborateness of embroidery. With a happy smile, eloquent of joy and hope, she left her home the next morning, carrying the veil in a curious basket covered with richly embroidered cloth.

Arrived at a certain castle at some leagues' distance about noon, she was at once admitted to the presence of its fair mistress, with whom Barbara was a favorite. Having replied to kind inquiries for her husband and children, she looked consciously at her little basket. Her heart beat almost audibly, and her cheek flushed to a deeper glow than even the unusually long walk would have caused, as she raised the lid, and shaking out the delicate veil threw it over her extended arm. Never before had she displayed such a specimen of her skill, and never before did so much depend on its being duly appreciated; both her purse and her little store were exhausted. The joyful hope, however, with which she had left her home and entered the lady's presence was fast leaving her heart, as the sudden exclamation of delight and approval which she had expected fell not on her anxious ear; and a strange, deep dread was finding its way in, and rolling heavily in the room of the departed guest. "It is very beautiful," said the dame at last, still without reaching her hand to touch it, "very beautiful, truly; but could your skill only accomplish something like this, Barbara, I would purchase it from you at any price, it is so lovely and so uncommon."

She had opened a drawer while speaking, and handed the sorrow-stricken Barbara a border of rich Brussels point-lace. Barbara let the veil fall into the basket, and, struggling hard

to subdue her emotions, took the border into her hands. She had never before seen Brussels point; and she now eagerly examined the fabric. "It is very lovely," she said, in a low, sad voice; "my work cannot indeed compare with that." For a minute she continued her careful examination, and then returning it with a low obeisance, took up her basket and departed.

She turned her steps homeward—it was too late then to seek another purchaser—and traversed slowly the same shady alleys which she had so lately trodden with an elastic step. After a while she suddenly stopped, and, sinking on the soft, green sward, exclaimed—"Let me think." She placed her little basket beside her, and, covering her face with her hands, once again muttered—"Let me think."

Mute and motionless—as we learn from Barbara's own narrative—she continued to think and pray; and more than an hour elapsed before she lifted her head, and once more started on her homeward path. It was late in the evening when she returned; her children were at rest in their little cot, and her husband was standing at the door watching for her return with a look of heedful and anxious love. She raised her eyes to his; her face was glowing with youthful though matronly beauty, and seemed illuminated by some powerful newborn hope.

"Husband," she said, as soon as the first greetings were over, "I shall want you to be very busy for me; I require a dozen of nice round sticks, not thicker or longer than your middle finger; and I shall want you to give them to me as soon as possible."

"With pleasure you shall have them, dear wife," he replied; and accordingly, as soon as they had partaken of a frugal supper, he set to work. Meanwhile, Barbara was occupied in making a small, hard, round cushion. The covering was of green stuff—we are told—and it was filled with hay. By midnight the task of each was completed.

Next day Barbara shut herself up in the little inner room of her cottage. She had the sticks and the cushion with her, and she only entered the outer room when her presence was absolutely necessary. The second day she again absented herself, and likewise for the three following; her husband, with rare tact and delicacy, neither asked her questions, nor suffered any officious neighbor to intrude upon her. On the evening of the fifth day she rushed from the closet, and throwing herself into her husband's arms, she exclaimed: "Christopher, be-

loved, thank God with me! See what he has enabled me to accomplish:" and she showed him a piece of lace which she had made on the cushion, and which resembled what we know under the name of "quilting." This she afterwards richly embroidered; and as she looked on her beautiful handiwork, she believed that she had, unaided by human intervention, discovered the method by which point-lace was manufactured. In reality, however, she had done much more; she had invented a new article of equal beauty and greater utility—the lace at present so well known as "cushion" or "bone lace."

Barbara Uttman's name soon obtained a world-wide reputation, and her invention was spoken of as the most wonderful of the age. Thousands of yards of her rich bordering laces were ordered, not by private individuals, but by merchants from every part of the globe; and in order to supply the demand she employed all the poor girls in her neighborhood. In a very short time she removed to a large and comfortable house in Dresden, and for many years after, both she and her husband devoted their earnings to mental improvement. How well they succeeded may be gathered from the fact that Christopher became a wholesale importer of the valuable fabric which his wife had invented, and that he managed, to the perfect satisfaction of all parties, the complicated details which his business involved. As for Barbara, "her children called her blessed, her husband also, and he praiseth her." Beloved and respected, she lived to a good old age, and on the evening of her death there were sixty-four children and grandchildren assembled in her home.

The simple principle on which Barbara's lace is made is thus described by Dodd: "The lace-maker sits on a stool or chair, and places a hard cushion on her lap. The desired pattern is sketched on a piece of parchment, which is then laid on the cushion, and she inserts a number of pins through the parchment into the cushion, in places determined by the pattern. She is also provided with a small number of bobbins, on which threads are wound; fine thread being used for making the meshes, or net, and a coarser kind called gimp, for working the device. The work is begun on the upper part of the cushion, by tying together the threads in pairs, and each pair is attached to one of the pins thrust into the cushion. The threads are then twisted one round another in various ways, according to the pattern, the bobbins serving for handles, as well as

for store of material, and the pins serving as knots or fixed points, or centres, round which the threads may be twisted. The pins inserted in the cushion at the commencement are merely to hold the threads; but as each little mesh is made in progress of the working, other pins are inserted to prevent the threads untwisting, and the device on the parchment shows where these insertions are to occur."

WE WERE STRAYING IN A VALLEY.

BY MRS. S. P. MESERVE HAYES.

We were straying in a valley

Where the mountains, dark and high,
On either side were rising

To meet the far-off sky;
The god of day was sinking
Adown the crimson west,
And its parting rays were gilding
The lakelet's glassy breast.

We had wandered, since the dawning,
In a forest dark and cool,
O'er hills and on through valleys,
By a calmly gliding pool
That had guided here our footsteps,
As on its banks we strayed,
Till we found the lakelet sleeping
In the bosom of the glade.

And now we watched the shadows
That were mirrored on its face,
While the shades of night came o'er us
In that calm, bewitching place;
And I wondered if the fairies,
That dwell within the hill,
Had cast their spell upon us,
That we were so very still.

But soon the charm was broken,
And our laugh rang loud and clear,
As we bounded up the hill-side
Like a herd of frightened deer,
Eager to reach the summit
Ere the sun's last rays had fled,
That had flung a golden halo
Round the mountain's rock-crowned head.

But we stayed our flying footsteps
When the glorious queen of night
Lit up the sombre shadows
Of the mountain's rugged height;
And our footsteps fell the lighter,
And our tones rang out less gay,
As we watched the last faint shadows
Of the daylight fade away.

The wild bird's notes were silent,
The flowers had gone to sleep,
And the bright-eyed stars were coming
Their silent watch to keep,
As in the peaceful valley
We sought our homes of rest,
While the moonbeams chased the shadows
From the lakelet's placid breast.

BERMUDA.

BY ANNE V. DARRELL.

CHAPTER I.

KATE LIVINGSTONE stood on the steps awaiting the carriage that was to convey her to a picnic at Walsingham. It was a bright day in May, and the landscape, as viewed from Mount Wyndham, one of the loftiest eminences of Bermuda, presented a scene of rarest loveliness. Harrington Sound glittering in the sunlight, save where the cedar-clad hills flung their shadows in darkest green across its surface, reflecting, also, on its calm bosom the little parish church, lay like a sheet of glass at the foot of the steep, overhanging it on one side where the bold, precipitous crags called Abbot's Cliffs, above whose summits the white sea-gulls swept in swift circles, awaking the echoes with their wild, discordant notes. Flatts Village, with its mouldering relics of former days, the waters of the Atlantic rolling with deafening roar through its rocky channel, the only outlet to the Sound, bridged over with the native cedar, was picturesquely situated at one end; the romantic shades of Paynter Vale frowned in solemn grandeur at the other. Spreading away to the westward were the smooth hill-sides of Devonshire, with its division walls and Lunatic Asylum in full view. Beyond these rose Somerset and Southampton, with the spiral lighthouse keeping sentinel on Gibbes Hill. Standing out against the horizon was Ireland Island, with its dockyard "glaring white" in the rays of the sun; while in the harbor, half circled by its stupendous breakwater, lay the convict hulks.

On the east extended the magnificent castle harbor, studded with green isles, and bordered by the beautiful grounds of Walsingham; its boisterous passage through the wide ferry overlooked by the Martello Tower. The pretty town of St. George rising at the extreme end of the island, lent a pleasing variety to the green hills and blue waters. Numberless little sailing boats dotted the sea with their white sails; a merchantman pursued her course steadily up the "North Side," her Majesty's line of battle ship, "Powerful," rode gracefully at "Murray's Anchorage," and these, with the three Signal Stations, and the man-of-war at Grassy Bay, were all decked in gayest flags, for it was an anniversary of the Queen's birthday. The blue waves danced in white foam over the circlet of breakers that lovingly clasped the islands, the

cheerful song of the birds blended with the melody of the ground swell, and in the "garden of the Atlantic" nature seemed all animation on this twenty-fourth of May.

Kate regarded the scene with admiration, for the love of the beautiful was strong in the girl's heart. As she stood there, her lovely countenance irradiated with happy intelligence, her light graceful figure of fifteen summers set off by the slightest possible intimation of crinoline, she presented a striking contrast to a short, chubby, ugly little brother of ten years, who had just run out and stood impatiently beside her on the steps. The generality of persons said that Harry was ugly, for his nose was large and decidedly turned up; his mouth wide, displaying a set of irregular teeth; and his ears, which were of an astonishing size, stood out like handles for a large head well stocked with bushy hair. People generally said he was ugly, but Kate never thought so, for a pair of dark lustrous eyes, beaming from beneath a broad smooth forehead, denoted intellect of no mean order, and Kate loved this ill-looking little brother of hers with all the ardor of an affectionate sister.

"So, Miss Kate, you're ready to go, are you?" he began; "but I reckon you'll have to wait an hour longer, for mamma has decided to go, and she's seeing about the dinner for Joe and Sue, so you may just as well come in and practise the polka with me, for, if they dance anywhere to-night, I s'pose the girls will expect me to take 'em up."

"Oh, Harry," laughed Kate aroused at the boy's comic seriousness, "I am sure the girls would excuse you if they knew you had such an excellent reason for not asking them. But come along, we'll try once more."

The "practise" consisted of a series of patient explanations and remonstrances on the part of Kate, and awkward jumps and springs on that of Harry, who persisted that one foot has as much right to go forward as the other, and, consequently, he stepped too often on Kate's toes, that she was heartily glad when they were summoned to get into the carriage. As they descended the hill, a turn in the road brought them in view of a boat which had just rounded the point of Church Bay, and held its course out into the Sound.

"That boat is filled with soldiers, papa!"

exclaimed Harry. "What are they doing up here? I wish there was a regiment quartered in the parish, and I'd go and join. I'd like to be a soldier."

"The soldiers are on the lookout for three convicts who made their escape last week," replied Mr. Livingstone; "they have been through the caves at Walsingham and Joyre's Dock, and are now probably going to search Abbot's Cliffs. A high price is offered for the capture of the runaways, for one of them is said to be a most dangerous character."

"I wish I could find 'em; I'd give 'em up, and then I'd claim the reward. I would like to have lots of money," remarked Harry, complacently.

"My son, if you could serve your country by delivering up to justice those who had offended against her laws, it would be right to do so; but I should hope you would not soil your hands with the money offered as a reward," replied Mr. Livingstone, loftily, for he was a magistrate of the parish, and felt that it became his calling thus to speak.

"Harry, I am ashamed of you!" said his mother, indignantly, for the weak, delicate lady was unusually moved.

"Harry, if I thought you could be guilty of so base, so cruel an act as to betray the poor convicts, I think—yes, I do think I could throw you into the sound," said Kate, vehemently.

Harry felt somewhat diminished, but, in no-wise daunted, he replied: "I should like to know what you are all at me so for, for if the convicts hadn't *ought* to be put up, they would never have been made convicts."

"Their punishment may have been just," replied Kate; "but have you no sympathy for the poor wretches, who know that they are to be prisoners for the rest of their lives, that it is of no use for them to try to be good men and to do right, for that they shall never have another hour of pleasure or comfort again on earth? Poor fellows! I wish I could help them off. But see, mamma, there are Fanny and Lizzie, and all the other girls standing there by the school-house, and, if you please, I would rather get out and walk the rest of the distance with them."

Leaving Kate with her young companions, the carriage rolled slowly onward. The road wound along the margin of the sound, and was skirted on either side by the evergreen, cedar, and oleander, intermixed with the pomegranate and garden-sagebush, here and there a palmetto waved its bristling branches in the

air, while from the beautiful foliage of the pride-of-India the scarlet "red birds" sent forth a joyous carol to the May-day sun. Through the trees came glimpses of yellow lemons and oranges, mingled with the delicate tints of the peach, and huge bunches of banana and plantain drooping ungracefully from the parent stem. Occasionally the wide-spreading branches of the tamarind might be seen overtopping the coffee and blackwood trees that grew in the marshy hollows.

CHAPTER II.

"How are you? You young folks are fortunate in having such a fine day for your picnic," said Mr. Livingstone, shaking hands with Mr. Mallory, a gentleman whose age it was difficult to determine from appearances, for, while clusters of yellow curls, growing on the side of his head, were brushed with economy over a smooth, bald crown, denoting that he had passed *boyhood's* days, his dress and manners proclaimed him to belong to the juvenile portion of the community.

"A very fine day, indeed, sir, a very fine day," replied Mr. Mallory, hurrying on to where a bevy of merry-hearted, mischief-loving girls were holding court beneath the branches of a large calabash tree. There sat Lizzie with the raven locks, and Ella with the berry-brown eyes, and Henrietta, casting mischievous glances over Kitty's shoulder, and Nelly, with her witching smiles, and scores of others, with Kate reigning queen over all, while at her feet reclined with negligent grace a youth of startling length, with white, curling whiskers, whom the saucy girls dubbed "Radiant." At various distances, seated on benches ranged under the shading cedars, were the graver heads of the party, among whom, however, was Aunt Leila, the gay young wife of old Justice Burchell. Aunt Leila was very fond of going out, and, like most young wives of old gentlemen, always had her own way. Aunt Leila was also very kind-hearted, and, if report spoke truly, many a sad spirit was gladdened by the seasonable presents that oftentimes found their way from her well-stocked larder.

Further on was an assembly of elderly gentlemen, discussing the farming operations of the country. This party was soon joined by Mr. Mallory, having failed in producing the effect intended on the hearts of the young ladies, and who, notwithstanding his pompous affectation, was an active agriculturist.

"How are your crops turning out?" inquired Mr. Livingstone.

"Splendidly, sir," replied Mallory; "never had better returns; the arrowroot yielded well, also—twenty-four pounds to the hundred."

"That ought to be encouraging to our young men to remain on the island," said Mr. Algate; "many of them now-a-days run off to the States to seek their fortunes, but are glad enough to come back to Bermuda, again."

"Give them but the advantages of education," said Mr. Livingstone, "and they will succeed in the States or in any other part of the world. Our young men are not wanting either in intelligence or perseverance, though 'tis true that many poor, ignorant fellows leave their crust of bread in Bermuda (for, with the best land in the hands of a few, and the enormous prices for hire, it is scarcely possible to obtain more) and go to America to try to better their fortunes, and are only too glad to return to that crust, again, for in Bermuda no one starves."

"Just so," said Mr. Burchell; "Bermuda feeds her population, and no more; making a fortune now-a-days is out of the question, but no one need starve with this prolific soil."

"And for miles around our shores," continued Mr. Livingstone, "the waters swarm with fish in the greatest variety. What a blessing to the poor man must that beautiful Harrington Sound prove, with its abundant supplies of shell-fish all the year round. No other sheet of water throughout the islands, that I am acquainted with, is possessed of one-half its value, except, indeed, the navigable waters, regarded in a mercantile point of view."

At this juncture the gentlemen received intimation that parties were forming to go into the caves; so, leaving them to shape their own course, we will join the group of which Kate formed one. The company had separated in various directions, some exploring one cave, some another, and some preferring to stroll about the grounds. Kate, with several of her young companions, descended for a short distance into a cave whose opening was shaded by luxuriant convolvulus vines and the countless slippery leaves of the life-tree. Clearing these away, sufficient light was admitted to disclose the beautiful stalactites that hung in gorgeous splendor from the roof.

"See there," said one of the party, pointing to where the gleam of deep waters was barely discernible through the gloom, "don't any of you go to slide into that water, for there would be no getting you out, again, and it would be a sad termination to the picnic."

"What capital hiding-places in this cave!" said another. "I wonder if the soldiers have searched through it for the convicts. I do not think they could have done so, for the branches were not turned aside at the opening, and there are no footprints."

"No, they have missed this one," said Mallory. "Two of the convicts were recaptured last night, but the other one is still at large; likely as not he may be concealed in this cave, for there are some excellent hiding-places in it. That mass of rock yonder shelters an aperture that would never be suspected by one unacquainted with the locality; I have been through it often."

"Suppose you take a peep, and see if the convict is there now, Mr. Mallory," said Aunt Leila, mischievously.

Before Mallory could comply, had he been so inclined, Kate stepped lightly in the narrow path, exclaiming: "It would be a bold man that would venture to look *there* for a fugitive, for it would take but a slight push from a man standing behind that rock to precipitate one into the water; and even if you knew the poor convict to be there, why hunt him out of his hiding-place? why should you wish to send him back to captivity?"

Mallory, involuntary bachelor, would rather have won a smile from pretty Kate than a frown, and, assuming an air of injured innocence, he replied: "I should hope you would not think for one moment, Miss Livingstone, that I could betray his place of concealment, supposing I were acquainted with it."

"Kate is standing forth as champion for the convicts," shouted a little urchin at the top of his lungs.

"Oh, Kate, wouldn't you be glad to hear he was taken?" asked timid little Carrie Bell; "I'm sure I should, for I am so dreadfully afraid now, at night, that I cannot venture to go from one room to another by myself."

"I do not see that they deserve so much sympathy, Kate," said another, "for if they had not been wicked men, they would not have been convicted."

"Of course they must have deserved *some* punishment," answered Kate; "but an offence that here in Bermuda would be punishable with perhaps three months' imprisonment in the jail, in England would be punished with transportation for twenty or thirty years, or perhaps for life. Only think of it! prisoners day after day, night after night, the same weary, cheerless prospect before them always, with no ray of hope to brighten it; no wonder they are

desperate. I believe a great many of them become worse after they are sent out than ever they were before."

"No doubt of that, Miss Kate," said an old gentleman who had but just entered when Kate commenced speaking; "you really seem very much interested in the convicts; shouldn't wonder if you were to help them off if you could."

"I hope I should not be wanting in kindly sympathy for the misfortunes of any fellow-creature, sir," replied Kate; "and for the poor convicts, I do feel great pity, for I think their fate is particularly sad, and I frankly confess that if I had an opportunity, I would not only treat them kindly, but also restore to them their liberty." Kate spoke quickly and audibly now, for her heart was nerved with strong excitement, as she felt that all eyes were turned on her as she stood alone in the narrow pathway, and glancing around she met a look in Harry's earnest gaze which told her that the boy's feeling responded to her own.

"Hark to the echoes," said amiable Lucy Kelly. "Mr. Clermont, give us a song, it will sound finely through these reverberating caverns."

A youth of graceful mien thus addressed, leaning against one of the numerous pillars that rose irregularly on every side, complied in a rich, melodious voice, and "McGregors' gathering" rolled grandly along the crystalline sides and arches of the subterranean recesses, shouted and prolonged by a thousand echoes. The song concluded amid enthusiastic acclamations of applause, and was succeeded by one from Mallory, after which the company decided to adjourn to "upper regions."

Kate lingered a moment in the vain endeavor to detach a glittering fossil that hung temptingly within reach of her hand, and almost shrieked with terror when the gaunt form of a man, with sunken eyes and sharp, attenuated features, stepped from behind the ledge of rock and grasped her arm as he said in a hollow voice: "I thank you for your kind words for the poor convicts, young lady; but oh, for the love of Heaven, give me food, for I am starving; do not tremble, lady; what have you to fear from a poor wretch who seeks but his liberty?"

"I will, indeed, bring you food," said Kate, "but it may not be for hours, or your retreat may be discovered. What chance of escape have you?"

"Alas! none; my unfortunate comrades, I learn, have been taken, and there is no chance for one to escape alone. We intended to take some boat from the shore and put to sea, but

no opportunity was afforded us, and we separated, agreeing to meet again and concert measures for our escape. I sought refuge last night in this cave, and would have been discovered but for your interposition, blessings on you for it; but they did wisely to forbear at your suggestion, for I would not have been captured easily."

"Back, back for your life," faltered Kate, as footsteps approached; "I will come again, but wait."

"Miss Kate, where are you?" was shouted by the ringing voice of Redmon Apowen, alias *Radiant*.

"Here, trying to break off this fossil; come do it for me, will you?" —

"Most certainly, my divinity; I would throw myself into that fathomless pool at your command."

"I'll test your devotion, then, at the very first chance I get," laughed Kate; "and now, as you have secured my treasure, you can lead the way out of this damp region."

For the remainder of that day Kate's manner was nervous and abstracted; her companions complained that she did not join merrily in their sports; her mother apprehended that she had taken cold from remaining too long in the cave, and Mallory bantered her on having seen the runaway convict. Kate laughed it all off, as well she might, while revolving in her mind every possible means by which to effect his escape. All that she had been able to secrete in her handkerchief was a small bunch of grapes and a piece of cake, and the impossibility of conveying even this to the cave without attracting observation caused her the most painful anxiety. At length Harry tapped her on the arm, and said: "Kate, come over to that big tree with me, for I've something to show you. I haven't anything to show you at all," continued he when they had reached the spot designated; "but this is a nice, dear place, and no one can come near without our seeing them, and I've something to tell you."

"What is your secret then, Harry?"

"Well, I think there really is some one in that cave, or was lately, if he isn't there now."

"Why, Harry?"

"Because I saw the print of a man's foot in a place where none of our party went, and I think the branches had been turned away, just a little, though they were smoothed over, again, and I saw a little sprig of sage bush on the ground when I went in. I was one of the first boys that went in; that may have stuck to his clothes, you know, Kate."

"And, Harry, if you knew that the convict was really there, would you betray him?"

"No, indeed," answered Harry, the color rising to his cheek; "I feel as you do about it now, Kate, and only wish I could help him to get away."

"Well, then, Harry, there really is a convict there; I stopped a little behind the others, and he came to me and asked for food; I had nothing to give him then, but promised he should have some, and now I do not know how to get it to him without any one seeing; and, indeed, what I have been able to hide in my handkerchief will not be sufficient to relieve the poor fellow's hunger, for he said he was starving."

"I can get into the cave, I dare say, without being missed, for there's lots of *we* boys; so I'll put that in my pocket, Kate, and I'll get some sandwiches too, for we boys can stow away a good many sandwiches without exciting any particular surprise. And, Kate, can't you think of some plan for us to get him out of the cave, into a place of safety, and perhaps one of these days he might be able to get away altogether."

"I have been thinking of it all day, Harry; and now that I have you to help me, perhaps such a thing may be possible."

"Is there anybody in particular here, Kate, that you think *would* tell if they knew?"

"Do you mean Mr. Mallory?"

"Yes, for all he as good as said he wouldn't, I do think he would."

"Why should you think him so cruel?"

"Oh, he wouldn't want to be cruel; only he's a man that likes to be seen shaking hands with the Governor and his people, and if he thought that he'd be taken more notice of, I do think he'd tell, only he wouldn't tell in such a way that they could say he did tell either."

Kate laughed involuntarily at the boy's intuitive appreciation of Mallory's character, which she herself could not have defined so easily. "And, Kate, continued he, 'I think Mr. Mallory suspects something, too, for, after we all came out of the cave, he walked all round and about it, seemed to be marking every bush and tree; he was twirling that gold-headed cane of his in a very natural sort of way, too, but I could see that he was looking very particularly at everything. He won't venture to go in there again to-day, but he may put the soldiers on the track to-morrow.'"

"Well, Harry," said Kate, after a pause, "if we *can* do anything we must do it to-night. You must try to carry him something to eat, if possible, and tell him we will try to get him

away to-night, and he must be on the *qui vive*. Now we will go back, or they will be calling us."

"High time," said Harry, "for you see Mr. Mallory is looking after us."

The company began to disperse at an early hour, and the young people were invited to the hospitable mansion of Aunt Leila to conclude the picnic (as picnics always *should* be concluded) with a dance. Kate preferred returning home, first promising to return afterwards. As she and Harry laid aside their hats and cloaks in the lobby, they concerted their plans for action. It was agreed that they should walk over to the cave at night, if no danger threatened; they would call in a low voice for the convict to come forth, attire him in a suit of Mr. Livingstone's clothes, and conduct him to their own house, to which there was a loft attached, in which (it being seldom looked into) they thought he might safely remain for several days. The darkness of the night would favor their plan.

"Shall we or shall we not tell papa and mamma?" asked Kate.

"We must not," answered Harry, "for papa is a magistrate, and it would injure him dreadfully if it should ever be found out that he knew there was a convict harbored about his house, and only the thought of such a thing would throw mamma into fits. There won't be any mistake about it either," continued he, "for when I went in to-day I told him that if I came back to-night and everything was arranged, I would say 'Yankee Doodle,' and if he was there and ready to come out he must say *Tom Bolin*."

Everything succeeded as was arranged, and two hours after the arrival of Aunt Leila's other guests, Kate and Harry joined the throng. Once, while seated in an alcove, with Redmon Apowen, with whom she had just been dancing, she sought an opportunity to discover his sentiments with regard to the escape of convicts, for Redmon was master of a small sloop, in which he occasionally made a trip to New York, and Kate knew that the vessel was now fitting to sail for that port in a day or two, and her hope lay in the endeavor to induce Redmon to concur in her plan to convey the fugitive to the American shores. She found him good-hearted, notwithstanding his absurdities, and at Kate's earnest solicitation he consented to use every means to get him safely away from the island.

"And now, Miss Kate," said Redmon, "as I have undertaken this hazardous service to please you, may I hope that, at no very distant period, you will reward me with your priceless hand?"

Kate paused, ere she replied, and then said, "I cannot promise that, Mr. Apowen, but this much I will say, that I have no preference for any one, and if, when we have both grown older, such should still be your wish, your chance will be as good as any one's else."

In two days, Redmon Apowen's trim little cedar-built vessel was ready for the voyage, and as all the parties acquainted were favorable to the plot, it was a comparatively easy matter to convey the convict on board; and Kate breathed freely once more when she saw the little yacht, with swelling sails, stand boldly out to sea. She stood at a south window, watching it for hours, as it passed around the island, until it became like a mere speck on the horizon, and thanked Heaven that all danger of detection was probably at an end.

Suspicion was, however, afloat, and the next day the government steamer, the *Kite*, was dispatched in pursuit, and Kate was tortured with the most anxious apprehensions until her return, after a three days' fruitless chase.

In somewhat less than three weeks, the little sloop again glided gracefully up the North Side, and Kate received the joyful intelligence that their conspiracy had succeeded admirably; and she afterwards learned that from his own hard earnings the generous Redmon had paid the fugitive's passage to his native land in a ship that had actually sailed for England before he shaped his own homeward course.

CHAPTER III.

THE scene was changed; it was an eve of bright and glowing mood, when all the elite of the colony, with a gay sprinkling of the naval and military forces, were assembled at Clarence Hill, the seat of the Admiralty. Five years had passed away, and Kate mingled with the throng in all the radiant beauty of womanhood. Those five years had brought sad changes to Kate. Good Mr. Livingstone and his delicate lady had passed to the better world, and Harry, her stout-hearted brother, adopted by a distant relative in England, was working his way nobly through college; and Kate herself had found a home in the family of a wealthy uncle, who resided in the town of Hamilton. But her place was no sinecure, for too right-thinking to lead a life of idle dependence, she had undertaken the education of three fretful little cousins. To-night, she stood amid the throng in all the glittering splendor which the pride of a wealthy uncle could suggest; but her

thoughts went back to the days when she roamed with the joyous companions of her youth over the green valleys and breezy heights of her own native village, and her heart grew sad.

She quitted the saloon, and stood on the colonnade, gazing on the ocean, whose waves were dancing in the moonlight. Voices fell on her ear, and the director approached and introduced the "lion" of the evening, Sir Conrad de Norville. As he did not immediately ask her to dance, she remained awhile in conversation on the beauty of the scenery, the climate, the defences of the colony, and, finally, the subject of the convicts was introduced, whose prison vessels lay in clear view before them. Kate answered carelessly, and her companion fell into deep reverie.

Suddenly he gazed earnestly on her face, and said, in a voice tremulous with emotion, "May I ask if I speak to Kate Livingstone?"

"You do, sir," replied Kate, with surprise.

"Were you one of a party, who, five years ago, visited a cave situated in a country part of this island?"

"I was, sir," was almost inaudibly answered.

"Did you know that a convict who had escaped from prison was seeking refuge at that time in the cave?"

Kate was silent, and her companion proceeded—

"Are you the young lady who sheltered him then, and subsequently effected his escape from the colony?"

"Yes," faltered Kate, grasping the railing to support her trembling frame.

"Then, noble girl," said the stranger, bending on his knees before her, "receive the gratitude of his son, for it was my father, banished by foul calumny from his native land, whom you restored to home and liberty. That father has passed into the grave, but not before the foul blot was swept from his name, and his country sought to crown with honor her son, whom she had cruelly wronged. Obeying his dying injunction, I have sought you in your island home to tell you of the happiness which you and your brave-hearted brother have bestowed on his sorrowing family; and I am charged to bear to you my mother's blessing, who prays that her eyes may be gladdened with the sight of the noble girl who has restored peace to her heart."

The sequel can soon be told. In a few weeks, Kate bade good-by to her relations, and departed for the shores of England. There she was joyfully greeted by her brother, and as

Lady de Norville received a daughter's welcome in the home of the convict. Redmon Apowen's generous services were not forgotten. He was pressingly invited to visit the De Norvilles in England, and at Kate's urgent entreaty con-

sented to pursue a professional education at Cambridge, where he graduated with honor, and subsequently married a distant branch of the De Norville family, by whom the bride was magnificently dowered.

EVENING PARTIES.

[From the "Ladies' Book of Etiquette," published by G. G. Evans, Philadelphia.]

ETIQUETTE FOR THE HOSTESS.

THE most fashionable as well as pleasant way in the present day to entertain guests is to invite them to evening parties, which vary in size from the "company," "sociable," "soi-ree," to the party, *par excellence*, which is but one step from the ball.

The entertainment upon such occasions may vary with the taste of the hostess or the caprice of her guests. Some prefer dancing, some music, some conversation. Small parties, called together for dramatic or poetical readings, are now fashionable, and very delightful.

In writing an invitation for a small party, it is kind, as well as polite, to specify the number of guests invited, that your friends may dress to suit the occasion. To be either too much or too little dressed at such times is embarrassing.

For large parties, the usual formula is:—

Miss S——'s compliments to Miss G——, and requests the pleasure of her company for Wednesday, March 8, at 8 o'clock.

Such an invitation, addressed either to an intimate friend or mere acquaintance, will signify full dress.

If your party is a musical soiree, or your friends meet for reading or conversation alone, say so in your invitation, as—

Miss S—— requests the pleasure of Miss G——'s company, on Thursday evening next, at 8 o'clock, to meet the members of the musical club to which Miss S—— belongs;

or,

Miss S—— expects a few friends on Monday evening next, at 8 o'clock, to take part in some dramatic readings, and would be happy to have Miss G—— join the party.

Always date your note of invitation, and put your address in one corner.

Having dispatched these notes, the next step is to prepare to receive your guests. If the number invited is large, and you hire waiters, give them notice several days beforehand, and engage them to come in the morning. Give them full directions for the supper, appoint one

to open the door, another to show the guests to the dressing-rooms, and a third to wait in the gentlemen's dressing-room, to attend to them if their services are required.

If you use your own plate, glass, and china, show the waiters where to find them, as well as the table-cloths, napkins, and other things they may require. If you hire the service from the confectioner's or restaurateur's where you order your supper, you have only to show your waiters where to spread supper, and tell them the hour.

You will have to place at least four rooms at the disposal of your guests—the supper-room and two dressing-rooms, beside the drawing-room.

In the morning see that the fires in your rooms are in good order, and in the drawing-room it is best to have it so arranged that the heat can be lessened towards evening, as the crowd and dancing will make it excessively uncomfortable if the rooms are too warm. See that the lights are in good order, and, if you propose to have music instead of dancing, or to use your piano for dancing music, have it put in good tune in the morning. If you intend to dance, and do not wish to take up the carpets, you will find it economical, as well as much pleasanter, to cover them with coarse white muslin or linen; be sure it is fastened down smoothly, firmly, and drawn tightly over the carpets.

Do not remove all the chairs from the parlor; or, if this is necessary, leave some in the hall for those who wish to rest after dancing.

In the dining-room, unless it will accommodate all your guests at once, have a silk cord so fastened that, when the room is full, it can be drawn across the doorway; those following the guests already in the room will then return to the parlor, and wait their turn. A still better way is to set the supper-table twice, inviting the married and elderly people to go in to the first table, and then, after it is ready for the second time, let the young folks go up.

Two dressing-rooms must be ready : one for the ladies and the other for the gentlemen. Have both these rooms comfortably heated and well lighted. Nothing can be more disagreeable than cold, ill-lighted rooms to dress in, particularly if your guests come in half frozen by the cold of a winter's night, or, still worse, damp from a stormy one.

Be sure that there is plenty of water, soap, and towels on the washstand, two or three brushes and combs on the bureau, two mirrors, one large and one small, and a pincushion well filled with large and small pins.

In the ladies' room have one, or, if your party is large, two women to wait upon your guests ; to remove their cloaks, overshoes, and hoods, and assist them in smoothing their dresses or hair. After each guest removes her shawl and hood, let one of the maids roll all the things she lays aside into a bundle, and put it where she can easily find it. It is an admirable plan, and prevents much confusion, to pin to each bundle a card or strip of paper (previously prepared) with the name of the person to whom it belongs written clearly and distinctly upon it.

Upon the bureau in the ladies' room have a supply of hairpins and a workbox furnished with everything requisite to repair any accident that may happen to the dress of a guest. It is well, also, to have eau de Cologne, hartshorn, and salts, in case of sudden faintness.

In the gentlemen's room place a clothes-brush and boot-jack.

It is best to send out your invitations by your own servant or one hired for that purpose especially. It is ill-bred to send invitations either by the dispatch or through the post-office ; and, besides being discourteous, you risk offending your friends, as these modes of delivery are proverbially uncertain.

Be dressed and ready to receive your guests in good season, as some, in their desire to be punctual, may come before the time appointed. It is better to be ready too soon than too late, as your guests will feel painfully embarrassed, if you are not ready to receive them.

For the early part of the evening take a position in your parlor near or opposite to the door, that each guest may find you easily. It is not necessary to remain all the evening nailed to this one spot, but stay near it until your guests have all or nearly all assembled. Late comers will of course expect to find you entertaining your guests.

As each guest or party enter the room, advance a few steps to meet them, speaking first to the lady, or, if there are several ladies, to

the eldest, then to the younger ones, and finally to the gentlemen. If the new-comers are acquainted with those already in the room, they will leave you, after a few words of greeting, to join their friends ; but if they are strangers to the city, or making their first visit to your house, introduce them to a friend who is well acquainted in your circle, who will entertain them till you can again join them and introduce them to others.

Do not leave the room during the evening. To see a hostess fidgeting, constantly going in and out, argues ill for her tact in arranging the house for company. With well-trained waiters, you need give yourself no uneasiness about the arrangements outside of the parlors.

The perfection of good breeding in a hostess is perfect ease of manner ; for the time, she should appear to have no thought or care beyond the pleasure of her guests.

Have a waiter in the hall to open the front door, and another at the head of the first flight of stairs, to point out to the ladies and gentlemen their respective dressing-rooms.

Never try to outshine your guests in dress ; it is vulgar in the extreme. A hostess should be dressed as simply as is consistent with the occasion, wearing, if she will, the richest fabrics, exquisitely made, but avoiding any display of jewels or gay colors, such as will be, probably, more conspicuous than those worn by her guests.

Remember, from the moment your first guest enters the parlor, you must forget yourself entirely, to make the evening pleasant for others. Your duties will call you from one group to another, and require constant watchfulness that no one guest is slighted. Be careful that none of the company are left to mope alone from being unacquainted with other guests. Introduce gentlemen to ladies, and gentlemen to gentlemen, ladies to ladies.

It requires much skill and tact to make a party for conversation only go off pleasantly. You must invite only such guests as will mutually please, and you must be careful about introductions. If you have a literary lion upon your list, it is well to invite other lions to meet him or her, that the attention may not be constantly concentrated upon one person. Where you see a couple conversing slowly and wearily, stir them up with a few sprightly words, and introduce a new person, either to make a trio or as a substitute in the duet, carrying off the other one of the couple to find a more congenial companion elsewhere. Never interrupt an earnest or apparently interested conversation :

neither party will thank you, even if you propose the most delightful substitute.

If your party meet for reading, have a table with the books in the centre of the apartment, that will divide the room; those reading being on one side, the listeners on the other. Be careful here not to endeavor to shine above your guests, leaving to them the most prominent places, and taking cheerfully a subordinate place. On the other hand, if you are urged to display any talent you may possess in this way, remember your only desire is to please your guests, and if they are really desirous to listen to you, comply gracefully and promptly with their wishes.

If you have dancing, and have not engaged a band, it is best to hire a pianist for the evening, to play dancing music. You will find it exceedingly wearisome to play yourself all the evening, and it is ill-bred to ask any guest to play for others to dance. This victimizing of some obliging guest is only too common, but no true lady will ever be guilty of such rudeness. If there are several members of the family able and willing to play, let them divide this duty amongst them, or, if you wish to play yourself, do so. If any guest, in this case, offers to relieve you, accept their kindness for one dance only. Young people, who enjoy dancing, but who also play well, will often stay on the piano-stool all the evening, because their own good-nature will not allow them to complain, and their hostess wilfully or through negligence permits the tax.

See that your guests are well provided with partners, introducing every gentleman and lady who dances to one who will dance well with them. Be careful that none sit still through your negligence in providing partners.

Do not dance yourself when by so doing you are preventing a guest from enjoying that pleasure. If a lady is wanted to make up a set, then dance, or if, late in the evening, you have but few lady dancers left, but do not interfere with the pleasure in others. If invited, say that you do not wish to take the place of a guest upon the floor, and introduce the gentleman who invites you to some lady friend who dances.

It is very pleasant in a dancing party to have ices *alone* handed round at about ten o'clock, having supper set two or three hours later. They are very refreshing, when it would be too early to have the more substantial supper announced.

It is very customary now, even in large parties, to have no refreshments but ice cream,

lemonade, and cake, or, in summer, fruit, cake, and ices. It is less troublesome, as well as less expensive than a hot supper, and the custom will be a good one to adopt permanently.

One word of warning to all hostesses. You can never know, when you place wine or brandy before your guests, whom you may be tempting to utter ruin. Better, far better, to have a reputation as strict or mean than by your example or the temptation you offer to have the sin upon your soul of having put poison before those who partook of your hospitality. It is not necessary; hospitality and generosity do not require it, and you will have the approval of all who truly love you for your good qualities, if you resolutely refuse to have either wine or any other intoxicating liquor upon your supper-table.

If the evening of your party is stormy, let a waiter stand in the vestibule with a *large* umbrella, to meet the ladies at the carriage door, and protect them whilst crossing the pavement and steps.

When your guests take leave of you, it will be in the drawing-room, and let that farewell be final. Do not accompany them to the dressing-room, and never stop them in the hall for a last word. Many ladies do not like to display their *sortie du soirée* before a crowded room, and you will be keeping their escort waiting. Say farewell in the parlor, and do not repeat it.

If your party is mixed, that is, conversation, dancing, and music are all mingled, remember it is your place to invite a guest to sing or play, and be careful not to offend any amateur performers by forgetting to invite them to favor the company. If they decline, never urge the matter. If the refusal proceeds from unwillingness or inability on that occasion it is rude to insist; and if they refuse for the sake of being urged, they will be justly punished by a disappointment. If you have guests who, performing badly, will expect an invitation to play, sacrifice their desire to the good of others, pass them by. It is torture to listen to bad music.

Do not ask a guest to sing or play more than once. This is her fair share, and you have no right to tax her too severely to entertain your other guests. If, however, the performance is so pleasing that others ask for a repetition, then you, too, may request it, thanking the performer for the pleasure given.

ABOUT two-thirds of all the fresh water on the surface of the earth is contained in the great American lakes.

WHAT DID HE LEAVE?

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"That's a large funeral. I counted thirty-two carriages."

"Yes, sir. It's the funeral of Mr. Ellis. He died very rich."

"How much did he leave?"

"A large amount of money, sir; I don't know how much. Some say half a million of dollars!"

"His death is considered a great loss to the community, I presume."

"Loss, sir?" The man to whom I was speaking looked up into my face with the air of one whose mind was not exactly clear as to my meaning.

"Yes. A man of his wealth must have been a very useful man."

"Useful? I don't know that he was particularly useful. He was rich, and didn't care much for anybody but himself."

"Still, with his ample means," said I, "even though caring only for himself, he must have been the promoter of large industrial enterprises, through which many were benefited."

The man shook his head, doubtfully.

"What did he do with his money?"

"I never heard of his doing anything with it, particularly," was the unsatisfactory answer.

"Money must be used in order to make it productive. Was he in no business?"

"No, sir."

"What, then, did he do with himself?"

"Oh, he was always about after bits of property that had to be sold. He was sharp for bargains in real estate."

"Ah, I see how it was. Then he did find use for his money?"

"In that way he did. But, when a piece of property came into his hands, there was an end to its improvement. He let other people improve all around him, and thus increase the value of what he owned; so that he grew richer and richer every day, without putting his hand to anything, or benefiting any body."

"This was your million man! And so, all he has left are these property accumulations?"

"All."

"Then his death is not regarded as a public calamity?"

"No, indeed, sir! It is considered a public benefit."

"How so?"

"He has a couple of sons, and a couple of sons-in-law, who will scatter much faster than he saved. The moment they come into possession of his estate, it will be divided, and lots of ground, which ought to have been improved years ago, will be sold and covered with handsome buildings, thus giving trade and industry a new impulse. Why, sir, he has been a dead weight on our town for years; growing richer and richer through other people's enterprise, and yet not adding a building himself, or in any way serving the common good."

"I thought," said I, "from the long array of carriages, that death had taken, in this instance, a valued, and now lamented citizen."

"Mere ostentation, sir. But nobody is deceived. There are plenty of idle people, who are pleased to ride in funeral carriages. Old Ellis will be put away with a grand flourish; but that will be the last of him. The black makes all the mourning, sir."

"But, surely," said I, "his children are not without natural affection? You do not mean to say that theirs is only the semblance of sorrow."

"It is my opinion, sir, that they are glad in their hearts. Why not? He stood, hard and unyielding as iron, between them and the wealth they desired to possess. He was cold, sour-tempered, and repulsive; crushing out, by his manner and conduct, all natural affection. They had too much policy to quarrel with him, of late; though the time was, when hot words were said to pass between them."

"There are no gleams of light in your picture," said I.

"I copy from nature, and can only give what I see," he answered. "There are deep valleys where the sunlight never comes, as well as golden-tinted landscapes."

"I see another funeral," said I, looking towards a distant part of the cemetery. "There are but two carriages; yet I see a long line of mourners on foot. Do you know who they are burying?"

"Yes."

"Not a rich man."

"No."

"There is no need of asking what he has left. It is the burial of a poor man."

"Yes, of a man poor in this world's goods;

but, so far as his means went, he was princely in his munificence. His death, sir, is a public loss." The man's face brightened as he spoke.

"You knew him?"

"Yes, sir; knew him well. He was a rope-maker, working his ten hours every day, and earning just nine dollars a week. But, those nine dollars seemed an inexhaustible fund for good. He had no wife and children of his own to love and care for. They went, years ago, to the blessed land where he is now following them. So, after supplying his own humble needs, the rope-maker had five dollars every week left over for investment. He did not put this in the Savings Bank; nor buy tumble-down houses for the poor to live in at a rent of fifty per cent. on their cost; nor take up barren lots to hold for an advance in price, consequent on neighboring improvements. No; his investments were made in a different spirit, as you shall see.

"First, he paid, regularly, every week, to a poor woman in his neighborhood, who had two children to support, and who could not leave them to go out to work in families, the sum of three dollars, as teacher of little boys and girls, whose parents were unable to send them to school. Two hours in the morning, and two in the afternoon, these poor children received instruction. He was their benefactor, and hers also; for it was one of his sayings, that we must make the right hand help the left hand. His means of doing good were small, and so he made them go as far as possible."

"He was a noble fellow!" said I, in admiration of this poor rope-maker.

"Tom Peters—yes; there was fine stuff in his composition, if his hands were dark and bony, and if his clothes did smell of pitch and rosin."

"He has left tender and fragrant memories."

"He has, sir. That long line of funeral attendants are all true mourners. There is no sham there!"

"And what else did he do with his money?" I asked, growing interested in the rope-maker. "He had two dollars a week, still, for dispensation."

"Yes. Let me see! For one thing, he paid a boy half a dollar a week to read two hours every evening to a poor blind woman; and in order that this reading might not be given to a single pair of ears alone, he took care to have the fact known, that as many as chose might come and listen. The consequence was, that more than a dozen persons met, every evening, in the blind woman's room, to hear what was

read. This suggested to Tom the way in which another half dollar might be usefully invested. The men in the rope-walk were mostly in the habit of spending their evenings in taverns. Tom found another lad who was a tolerably good reader, and paid him half a dollar weekly to read aloud two hours, each evening, for such of his fellow-workmen as he could induce to assemble for the purpose. He began with three; soon increased to ten; and when I last heard of the matter, over twenty men met nightly to hear the boy read."

"Admirable!" said I, with enthusiasm. "Admirable! I never heard of a wiser investment. And he had one dollar left?"

"Yes."

"How was that disposed of?"

"In ways innumerable. I cannot recount them. The good Tom Peters managed to do with that dollar is almost fabulous; not, of course, as to magnitude, but as to variety. It seemed to duplicate itself, like the widow's oil and meal, whenever drawn upon. You were always hearing of some good acts in which a dispensation of money was involved. Of a poor woman helped in making up her rent; of a dainty sent to a sick neighbor; of a pair of shoes to a barefoot boy in winter; or of a book to a child. Why, sir, Tom Peters has left behind him enough good deeds to endow a whole calendar of saints!"

"So I should think, after what you have said of him."

"And yet, sir, remember, he only earned nine dollars a week!"

"I remember that, very distinctly," I answered. "Yes, sir, his death is indeed a public calamity. It is no figure of speech to say that his grave will be watered by tears."

"None, sir, none. He will be sorrowed for by hundreds, and his memory will be greener and more fragrant as the years pass by. He built his own monument before he left us—of good deeds."

I parted from the stranger; and as I walked from the cemetery, I said to another man who stood by my side while I looked at a fine piece of emblematic statuary.

"They have been burying a rich man?"

"Yes," coldly responded.

"What did he leave?"

"Nothing but money."

"They have been burying a poor man, also."

"Tom Peters." A light broke over the man's face.

"But he had not even money to leave," said I.

"But something far better," answered the man, in a tone of rebuke.

"What?"

"Good acts, which, like good seed, will reproduce themselves a thousand-fold. Tom Peters earned just nine dollars a week; Edward Ellis, Esq."—there was cutting contempt in his tones—"was worth, it is said, a million of dollars; yet the humble rope-maker did, while living, a hundred times the most good with his money, and leaves an estate that shall go on increasing in value through countless years. But the estate of old Ellis will not pass to the third generation. Tom Peters had the true riches, sir, that are imperishable. People ask, when a man like Ellis dies, 'What property has he left behind him?' But when one, like our good rope-maker, passes away, the

angels ask, 'What good deeds has he sent before him?' That is the difference, sir! the immeasurable difference between the two men. One, in giving, made himself rich; the other, in withholding, became miserably poor; so poor, that his memory is green in no man's heart."

I turned from the cemetery with some new impressions stirring in my mind, and the question, "What kind of a legacy will you leave?" pressing itself home to my thoughts.

"Let it be good deeds rather than money!" I said, half aloud, in the glow of earnest feeling, and went back again into the living, busy, stirring world, to take up the laboring oar which I had laid down, in weariness, for a brief season, and bend to my work with a serener spirit and, I trust, a nobler life-purpose.

BROAD LINE DRAWING LESSONS.

Fig. 111.



We now give our young pupils a very rich treat of figure pieces.

Fig. 111 is a pleasing scene of rural life, and will not be found difficult to imitate tolerably.

Fig. 112.



The pupil will do well to copy that and 112 several times, and be very accurate in position.

We have several more figure pieces which we will give in our next lesson.

"OUT OF THE FULNESS OF THE HEART."

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

They ask'd me for a song to-night ;
The lamps were lit, the doors set wide,
Fair girls and women, in the light,
Swept past me like a perfumed tide ;
An arm was thrust from out the throng,
A hand laid lightly on my shoulder :
And some one whispered : "Sing thy song
Before the night and feast are older!"

I did not turn to meet the face
(It was not one I cared to see),
And so sat, pulseless, in my place,
Constrain'd to listen silently ;
And while through casements, open hurl'd,
The night-wind could not choose but enter,
They did not dream, that mimic world,
That one was dying in their centre!

They did not know the weary hours,
That went and came before she nerved
Her soul to meet that feast of flowers,
Whose thorns, at least, were undeserved ;
The weary pain of hope deferred,
Of all our pains the most beumbing,
When anchors shift and deeps are stirr'd,
And none are to the rescue coming!

They did not know how hearts can throb,
Though faces show both brave and calm ;
Nor how some lips have learn'd to sob
Their rugged version of life's psalm ;
But, knowing naught, they did no wrong
(This merry circle, happy—living),
To ask, with careless lips, the song
The singer's heart would burst in giving!

A DAY DOWN THE HARBOR.

A STORY FOR THE SUMMER MONTHS.

BY MARY W. JANVRIN.

READER, have you ever sailed "down the harbor" on a warm August day when the lazy summer calm sleeps on the land and the faintest, delicious breath floats over the sea—and, by "the harbor," I mean the blue, island-studded, crescent port of "the hub of creation" (*vide* Doctor Holmes), to wit: the good old Trimountain City that sits upon her hills, and among her "notions," by the Atlantic Sea?

If you answer me "nay;" if you have never steamed, rowed, or *yachted* from the city shores out among those glorious emerald isles that make an archipelago fully as pleasant, if not as classic, as the olden Grecian, of our noble Massachusetts Bay; if you have never passed Deer Island, or Fort, or Governor's, or the Glades, or Minot Ledge, or Cohasset, or Hingham, or Nahant, or world-renowned, State-controlling Hull—threading your way along the watery paths dividing the islands, or skirting the green, villa-dotted shores with the blue summer sky overhead and the lazy curl of the wave below, and the salt air impregnated with ocean life and health fanning your pale cheek and lifting the hair from your heated forehead. If you have never left the jar and jangle of trade, the editor's easy chair which grows anything but deserving of its adjective during the heated term, the scholar's sanctum, the lawyer's office, the artist's studio, the close parlor, or wherever Dame Fortune may have located you *in statu quo*, then, my word for it, you have missed one of the pleasantest summer excursions incident to life in the city where yachting is as much an institution as the Common, the Frog-pond, the Old South, Faneuil Hall, or the dome of the State House.

But there are harbors everywhere along our Atlantic indented coast, besides harbors the world over; and there are plenty of excursionists who love the salt sea smell, and who will, once annually, at least, go down to the sea in ships big or little, and who thenceforth relate wondrous tales of the sea serpent, or concerning that more prodigious monster within whose jaws they became engulfed, and obtained free ingress into the horrors of the vasty deep, yclept sea-sickness, a recollection of whom prompts the story *apropos* to our text which we chronicle here—for the day was August, the

city was stifling and muggy, and before the mirror in her chamber, tying her hat-strings, stood Mrs. Harry Winthrop, preparatory to a day's excursion down the harbor.

"There, I've fastened a veil on my hat, for the sea air tans one so badly; I know I shall enjoy the excursion, Harry!" and the pretty bride of a year turned half round before the mirror.

"And you do not dread sea-sickness in the least, Nelly?" mischievously queried the Harry before mentioned; proprietor of said pretty bride, besides joint partner in a thriving firm on Milk Street, and owner of the handsome stone front facing the large, airy Common, to which he had transferred his young wife little upwards of a year previous; himself one of the manliest, finest looking specimens of manhood in this good Puritan city wherein (will my sex pardon me?) the men are said to be so much handsomer than the women.

"No, not a bit! I never was sea-sick in my life. Would you take a parasol, Harry?"

"I think not, my dear. It will only inconvenience you. That broad hat brim will shade your face. But your water excursions have never been very extensive, you know, Nelly."

"I know that," persisted pretty Mrs. Winthrop; "but Mrs. Gregory goes to Nahant very often, you know, and then she went over to the 'Shoals' from Rye Beach, and she is never sea-sick in the least; and I'm sure if she, with her delicate health, escapes, there is no fear for me."

"Ah, but you know the saying—'what is one man's meat is another's poison,' Nelly," replied Mr. Winthrop with a smile. "This *bête noire* of yachters is usually more impartial in his visitations than in his slights; so don't be too confident of escaping him. But get your shawl, my dear! you'll need it on the water."

"Oh, Harry, not my thick shawl, of an August day! surely I sha'n't need it—this waterproof is sufficient."

"No, Nelly; your shawl must go along with us. I will take it over my arm. You'll approve of your wise, careful husband before the day is out, perhaps;" and a pull of the bell rope brought Margaret, who forthwith produced the warm, heavy blanket shawl, which

Mr. Winthrop folded, adding: "You see, little wife, I've been fishing before to-day, and am prepared for all contingencies. But where's Gregory with his party? It's quite time they were here to call us, as appointed. Ah, there they are now," as a quick peal of the door-bell echoed through the house. "Come, my dear, let us go down."

Nelly Winthrop caught up her satchel and tripped down the stairs into the cool, darkened parlor, wherein stood a party of some half dozen intimate friends, among whom was Harry's partner, Gregory, with his wife, a lively, pleasant, but slender little lady, some years Nelly's senior, and possessing as inexhaustible a flow of spirits as the youngest girl of the group.

"Ah, all ready, then, Mrs. Winthrop?" she exclaimed. "And what a lovely day it's going to be on the water! John and I have made a bet that he catches the first fish and wins the highest prize—a splendid silver pitcher. You know that the Association, whose annual excursion this is, always have something of the kind to add zest to the enjoyment; and they have purchased some dozen pieces of silver, to be awarded to the successful anglers."

"Well, you have my best wishes, Mrs. Gregory," replied Nelly, "but, would you believe it, Mr. Winthrop has been prophesying that I shall be terribly sea-sick, and of course oblivious to everything that will be going on about me? But, bear witness *all*, I intend to disappoint him, and take the trip like a veritable sailor." And she shook her finger at her husband, while every young lady of the party, equally inexperienced with Mrs. Winthrop, protested a similar faith in their escape from the usual dreaded attendant of sea excursions.

"Ah, we shall see what we shall see!" retorted Mr. Winthrop, as he marshalled the company to the door; and, shortly after, they were on the pavement, in the close, heated air of the yet early morning.

A few minutes' walk brought them to the line of thoroughfare travel, and they took a horse car running direct to Long Wharf, where lay the little fleet chartered for the day's pleasure excursion by the members of the large and prosperous association, who, from years immemorial, had thus signalized its anniversary by a pleasant salt-water trip.

The circulars sent to members of the association had set forth that "the two fine pleasure yachts, 'Camilla' and 'Young America,' each of sixty tons, and neat, commodious, and handsomely appointed, towed by the fine steamer, 'Acorn,' would leave Long Wharf at nine and

a half o'clock precisely, etc. etc." Therefore Nelly Winthrop began to grow slightly nervous at the slowness of the crowded car, when, drawing forth her watch, she noted the hand already pointing twenty minutes past nine.

"We shall be late; I know we never shall arrive in season, Harry," she whispered.

But Mr. Winthrop failed to share her anxiety, and replied: "Oh, they never get off at the time appointed; it will be nearer eleven than any hour when we leave the wharf, especially if the tide's down. Don't worry, Nelly; we shall see plenty of salt water before night, and I only hope you won't desire to reach land again as strongly as you do now to leave it."

Every yachter knows the consequence of "low tide:" viz., delays innumerable; and Mr. Winthrop's prophesy proved correct, for it was a good hour and half before the whole complement of passengers were transferred from the wharf to the vessels below, and the brace of yachts, led by the little steamer, left their docks.

As they moved from the wharf, the Brigade Band, on board the "Acorn," struck up the old, inspiring air born of salt-water trips, "A Life on the Ocean Wave," and the retreating excursionists waved back the fluttering of handkerchiefs and signals of the groups lingering on shore to witness their departure.

"Now, I call this *splendid*!" exclaimed Nelly Winthrop, as, seated in the stern of the "Young America," the larger yacht, she watched the city, from whose crowded haunts they were swiftly receding, with a track of creamy white foam in the vessel's wake, while the sea-breeze laid its light fingers with a caressing touch on her cheek, and lifted the rings of brown hair from her pure, childish forehead. "And how deliciously the band plays! I never thought 'A Life on the Ocean Wave' endurable before, and only fit for sailors, but now it expresses everybody's thoughts so nicely! What *are* you smiling at, Harry? I should admire to know"—for a quizzical expression gathered about her husband's well-cut lips.

"Only thinking, Nelly, that when we get down about off Cohasset you'll be wishing all nautical airs were merged into 'Home Again,'" was his rejoinder.

Nelly was about to retort, but Mr. Gregory interposed. "Oh, don't put a damper on the ladies' enthusiasm, Winthrop. 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.' We'll allow them all the opportunity in the world of escaping sea-sickness, without frightening them into it. Fanny declares she never was sea-sick in her

life, and she is quite an old sailor. For myself, I fortified my stomach with a good breakfast of lobster, and have no idea of returning it to its native element. But there goes the 'Nelly Baker,' bound for Nahant; and see! her passengers are giving us a salute, and our band will return the compliment."

The noble steamer, with colors flying from her masthead and decks crowded with pleasure-seekers, slowly crossed their bows, and the waving of white handkerchiefs telegraphed kind feeling and friendly greetings from each vessel; a burst of music swelled over the water, and every face was alit with the excitement of the animated scene: then their paths diverged, the "Nelly Baker" steaming away toward the high headlands of Nahant, and the little fleet, leaving a white track of creamy foam on the green billows, standing out to sea.

And so the hours passed pleasantly and merrily, and the vessels sped down the harbor; and the ocean air, blowing up stronger from the billowy expanse, brought strength and renovated life to all on board. Little groups clustered together on deck under the awnings, and, foremost among them, our party, each and all intent upon securing to themselves their share of the day's enjoyment.

At noon, when wit and conversation was at its height, and every sense was sharpened to keenness in the bracing air, a bountiful lunch was served on deck, and all gathered about the tables.

"Oh, I have such an appetite, Harry!" exclaimed Nelly Winthrop. "I am sure this sea air has already done me a deal of good."

"Well, ample opportunity is offered for satisfying its demands, for I perceive that the steward has catered most liberally for the wants of the inner man. Come, let me help you, Nelly."

Rapidly disappeared the edibles before the whetted appetites of the yachters; and a hiatus of hot coffee, cold ham, sandwiches, etc., was speedily observed, while sundry jokes and witticisms shot thick and fast around.

"I will thank you for another sardine, Harry. I never *could* eat sardines before, but now they positively relish. Why, what a voracious little monster I am getting to be! And another slice of bread, if you please, Harry!" exclaimed Mrs. Winthrop, laughing.

"Certainly, my dear! Mrs. Gregory, is your husband providing for your wants? Nelly, here, is doing wonders, in the gastronomic line."

"Yes, indeed; I need to wonder much at the

voracity of the whale who took our common ancestor, Jonah, at a single mouthful, but never again will I question the demands of an appetite born of the sea air," retorted Mrs. Winthrop. "What do you think *now* of my chance for sea-sickness, Harry?"

"I never form conclusions hastily, Mrs. Winthrop. Let us wait a few hours later, and the problem will solve itself," was the reply, accompanied by a look of prescient wisdom.

"But the question *now* seems to be about fishing," said Mr. Gregory, as they left the wrecked lunch table and sauntered back to their seats about the sides of the yacht. "I suppose, ladies, that you each intend taking a line and trying your fortunes? Fanny and I have a bet pending, you are aware."

"Yes, indeed!" "Oh, certainly, we all mean to fish!" was echoed by the ladies of the party; and presently the gentlemen were engaged in preparing bait and arranging the lines for the fair anglers and themselves, while the prizes already alluded to, various articles of silver ware, were set out upon the cabin table, awaiting the contest, and considerable badinage and speculation were rife concerning the probable winners.

"Now, if I *should* chance to be the fortunate taker of the first fish, and thus intercept Mr. and Mrs. Gregory's luck, I suppose you would feel quite proud of it—wouldn't you, Harry?" queried Mrs. Winthrop.

"Proud of what—*you* or the *fish*? It is rather inexpressive and neutral, Nelly," mischievously replied that lady's husband, with cuffs turned back, and deep in the scientific operation of "hooking bait" over a pailful of the latter article just placed on deck, while a pile of lines lay beside him awaiting their turn of preparation.

"Nonsense! you know what I mean—proud of the remarkable and ever-to-be-remembered exploit of your remarkable and ever-to-be-adored wife. How you always take me up, Harry! But what immense clams those are you use for bait! Do you imagine the fish will ever bite at such a mouthful?"

"Yes, indeed; and, like *Oliver Twist*, be clamorous for 'more.'"

"Don't pun, Winthrop, it's altogether too much work for such warm weather!" exclaimed Gregory, looking up from his own similar occupation at a little distance, his round, genial face perspiring freely in the hot sun rays beating down directly overhead.

"Or, should I persist, you fear I'll be punished by a *coup de soleil*, eh?" laughed Win-

throp. "There, Nelly, there's your line ready for you!" laying down the baited apparatus on deck. "Now I expect you to perform, under tuition of your husband, such feats as good old Izaak Walton never dreamed of."

"But when is the fishing to commence, Harry? It's past noon, now," she queried.

"I believe the captain thinks we'll run down to the fishing ground in about a half hour more. Two o'clock!"—looking at his watch. "Well, by three, at farthest, I think we'll all be right busy at it—all those, I mean, who are not busier, about that time, with Old Neptune on their *own* account!"—and a merry twinkle of the eye accompanied this rejoinder.

"Oh, no hints, if you please, Mr. Winthrop!" exclaimed Mrs. Gregory. "There isn't a person on board the least sick, thus far; and no one intends to be, as I can ascertain. Come, Mrs. Winthrop, let's go down into the cabin awhile, out of this burning sun!"—and the two ladies disappeared in the direction of the companion-way.

A quarter of an hour had elapsed, when a friend, passing through the cabin and espying the twain sitting there in conversation, proffered the warning: "Ladies, let me advise you not to remain longer below than needful, for the air of this cabin is close and stifling!"

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Wallis; we are just coming on deck!" replied Mrs. Gregory; and they ascended, quite oblivious of the fact that, during the period they had been below, they had come into rougher water on their approach to the fishing ground, and that the motion of the yacht towed in the wake of the steamer was quite unpleasant.

Mrs. Gregory's clearer head and steadier nerves were not sensibly affected by the rolling of the vessel; but the moment Nelly Winthrop set foot on deck, a slight staggering in her gait and a sudden giddiness of her head caused her to catch at her friend's arm, and sink upon the first seat that offered.

"What is it, Nelly? You're not going to be sea-sick, I hope? I wish I had some salts!" exclaimed Mrs. Gregory. "But I forgot to take mine."

"O no! it's nothing but a slight giddiness—it will pass off presently. The air of the cabin was close, I suppose. Don't say a word to Harry! There, they are going to fish now!"—as the order from the captain, "Cast out your lines!" fell on their ears. "Don't lose a moment for me! I will come presently, as soon as this passes. I feel better already. Go and take your place!"

Reassured by Nelly's protestations, Mrs. Gregory hastened to her husband's side across the deck, and was soon immersed in casting out her line, while Mr. Winthrop sought his wife.

"Come, my dear, it is time to fish; but bless me, Nelly, you are sea-sick!" he exclaimed, bending over her solicitously.

"No, I remained down in the cabin too long. I am coming in a moment. Can't you put your line over here, Harry? I will join you presently."

Without venturing a contradiction, but deducing his own conclusion from his wife's pale cheeks and the gathering whiteness about her lips, Mr. Winthrop brought his line and cast it over the side of the yacht near by where Nelly was sitting, and divided his attention between her and the amusement in which all were intently engaged; while Nelly secretly began searching the depths of her satchel for a *vinaigrette*, which she was so unfortunate as not to be able to find, since she just remembered the last glimpse of it at home lying on her dressing-table where she had left it. And so minutes went by; and that sudden giddiness increased, and a deathly nausea was added, and a dreadful feeling took possession of her; but still she resolved not to give in, but, by the exercise of a strong will, rise above it all.

"How do you feel *now*, Nelly?" inquired her husband, pausing, and scanning her pale face.

"Oh, I shall be better shortly. Don't mind me at all, Harry. Who's taking fish, I wonder?" was her reply, as she persistently raised her head and looked around.

"Do you feel as if you could take your line now?" gravely asked Harry, while just then one or two ladies close by turned to observe her paleness, and came forward with proffers of *vinaigrette* and smelling-salts, which, with forethought, they had provided themselves with.

Nelly was never accounted unamiable, but she vouchsafed no answer save a half doleful, half petulant glance to her husband, and suddenly returned a proffered flask of "aromatic vinegar," that increased rather than relieved her dreadful nausea and faintness.

"O dear, Harry!" she at length sighed forth, faintly.

"Oh, I've got a bite!" suddenly cried Mrs. Gregory; upon which all eyes were momentarily diverted in her direction, while she triumphantly drew in her line, whose first "bite," upon inspection, proved to be nothing more or less than an entanglement of her lead with her neighbor's!

A merry laugh greeted this revelation, which for a moment lifted Nelly's spirits; then, while all fell to fishing again with renewed ardor, that sickening faintness and nausea returned with doubled force, and she leaned her head upon the vessel's railing, and moaned in her misery.

"You must go below, Nelly!" exclaimed Mr. Winthrop, drawing in his line. "You are suffering very much."

"*A bite!*" sang out a portly elderly gentleman, mopping the perspiration from his forehead with an ample handkerchief, while poor Nelly shivered violently under the August sun in the thick shawl her husband had wrapped about her shoulders. For a moment thirty pairs of eyes were diverted from their own lines, and bent down the side of the vessel to the water, from whence the portly fisher had scarce lifted his line ere he dropped it back, again, exclaiming, gravely, "Oh, *I* must have been mistaken, too!" then fell to fishing, again, with wondrous sheepishness of mien.

But a sly smile passed among those nearest him; and his next hand neighbor whispered, with a queer expression, "*A sculpin!*"

In a moment more another "*bite*" was signalled on the other side of the yacht; and this time the line was lifted clear from the water; there was no opportunity for retreat, and Mr. Gregory himself, who had boasted so largely of his intention to "*take the first fish*," landed a veritable sculpin on deck, which was received with loud greetings of laughter.

"Never mind, Fauny," said the angler, looking up ruefully from his successful feat to catch a gleam of mischievous mirth in his wife's sparkling eyes; "if not the silver pitcher, another prize, you know, for this wins the celebrated Kohinoor diamond, as you are aware. Shade of Izaak Walton! but isn't he a handsome fellow, anyhow?"—as fresh peals of laughter greeted the hideous creature floundering on deck. "But I wonder how Winthrop's getting along?"—glancing over opposite. "Why, Fanny, do look at Mrs. Winthrop, sitting there pale as a ghost! She's *sea-sick!*"

"What! hasn't Nelly got over it yet? I supposed she was fishing with the rest of us by this time. Just please take my line, John, and I'll go see if I can do anything for her; it's too bad, if the pleasure of the excursion is to be spoiled for her!" And Mrs. Gregory hastened toward her friend with expressions of sympathy.

"Is there any brandy on board? It's an excellent remedy for sea-sickness," suggested

some one; and straightway a request for the desideratum was dispatched to the steward, who shortly brought a glass, from which the white lips sipped a portion of its contents.

"Every disagreeability has its attendant consolation," said a gentleman, seating himself beside poor Nelly, who, for a moment, experienced a little relief. "You will enjoy better health for a year to come, after a good fit of sea-sickness. For myself, I am an old sailor—have been round the Horn three times—but could never get sea-sick, much as I desired it; and I'd greatly prefer your experience of to-day than to take the first fish, and consequently win the first prize."

Nelly smiled faintly, and replied something about "the remedy's being worse than the disease;" but her smile died away in an increased pallor of her lips, and she said, feebly, "Can't I be put on shore *somewhere*, Harry?"

"I am sorry, my dear; but we are in the midst of the fishing grounds off Cohasset, and an hour's sail from any land whatever," was the reply.

"Then let me go below—for I believe I am a *little sea-sick!*" she said, faintly, giving in at last to the realities of her condition; and, attended by her husband and Mrs. Gregory, she staggered to the companion-way.

"Now, what can I bring you, my dear? Some more brandy—or a glass of water?" asked Mr. Winthrop, settling her on a seat in the cabin and wrapping her shivering form in the folds of her shawl.

"Oh, nothing—nothing! I feel so deathly sick!" she moaned in reply.

"Here, try this smelling-salts, Mrs. Winthrop!" urged Mrs. Gregory.

"Horrid stuff! how faint it makes me!" groaned out Nelly, as the bottle was hastily returned. "Please, Harry, *do* go up and fish now! I shall give myself up into Fanny's hands; she'll take care of me. O dear! how I wish I hadn't come on this excursion!" and her face got whiter every moment.

"But it seems as though I might procure *something* to relieve you, Nelly! Perhaps you'd relish a sardine now?" said Mr. Winthrop, with mingled anxiety and mischief in his voice.

"O Harry! how can you?"

Nelly Winthrop said no more, though the imploring look she flung upon her husband spoke a volume of ludicrous reproach. But, merciless as the sardine suggestion seemed, it had the effect Harry desired it should; and in another moment the victim found relief as all sea-sick persons do, or should, sooner or later,

and Harry left her to the friendly care of her companion.

Relief came, I said, but this was by intervals. In the mean time, poor Nelly succumbed, without further struggle, to the merciless gripe which the gnome who haunts old Neptune's broad domains laid upon her as upon all his victims. The same train of desires—the same “Oh, if I were at home a-tive-ness”—the same “I-wish-you'd-throw-me-over-board-a-tive-ness” ran riot through her mind; and while she lay dolefully in her berth, the more fortunate yachters above laughed, and jested, and drew in their finny prizes from the vasty deep.

Thus three or four hours passed; and, the fishing ended, and the vessels getting back into calmer water on their return, Nelly brightened up a little, and made her appearance on deck, still pale and weak, but wonderfully better than when she had disappeared below. The yachts were now merrily ploughing the blue sea fields; the sun was far down his western slope; and the merry voyagers were promenading the decks, with the cool ocean breeze bringing refreshment to heated cheeks and brows. All had given themselves up to the spell of the place and hour. Worn business men leaned idly against the bulwarks, as comfortable and care-free, for the nonce, as though ledger and day-book, note and invoice, had never brought anxious wrinkles to their foreheads; wearied editors, with feet at a right angle, a fragrant Havana between their lips, and eyes lazily following the fleecy smoke-wreaths curling aloft, were lapsing into an elysium dreamland within whose charmed precincts no “devil” intrudes for “copy,” no “leaders” are demanded, no “forms” are set up, and no telegraphs bring “latest dispatches,” but brain and pen are taking a long, indolent *siesta* together; artists, in linen blouses and chip hats, ceased to talk of “coloring,” or “tone,” or “perspective,” but took in with an appreciative eye the long, slant, sunset rays shimmering the western sea, and the gold and crimson of the western clouds, the emerald banks of the islands rising steeply from the water, and the soft fleecy clouds drifting like white boats through the dark blue upper sea; pale-cheeked, fashion-serving women forgot, for awhile, their cares and anxieties in the pure inspiration of the hour and scene; and a bevy of rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed young girls hushed the tones of chat and laughter on their scarlet lips, and fell into the hush of the summer sunset on the wave.

And Nelly Winthrop rapidly rallied in the

bracing evening air and the smooth-gliding motion of the vessel; and, well wrapped in her shawl, resigned herself, with a delicious sense of relief from the gripe of the sea-fiend, to the support of her husband's strong arm, and received the congratulations of the group of friends around her.

“Would you believe it, Nelly? Mr. Gregory was so fortunate as to take the first fish!” exclaimed lively Mrs. Gregory, with mischievous mirth. “And the presentations of the prizes are to take place immediately after dinner, and he will receive the celebrated ‘Kohinoor.’ I hope he will wear his honors meekly!”—and a glance of sparkling malice was flung upon her husband. “He lost the silver pitcher, but I presume that the diamond *more* than compensates.”

“Mortal calculations fail sometimes, as this little lady can testify,” said Mr. Winthrop, gravely, bestowing a look upon Nelly, whose pale cheek rested languidly against his broad, manly shoulder.

In a short time, dinner—the feature of the day—was served on deck, and one course after another—hot chowder, cold fowl, and meats of every description, disappeared under the whetted appetites of the yachters; lean dyspeptics forgot their physicians' orders; vegetarians luxuriated on canvass-back and cold chicken; and everybody ate the more for “the feast of reason and the flow of soul,” the chat and laughter that circled round.

In the interim that succeeded the removal of the dishes before dessert came up, the presentation of the prizes took place. The fortunate taker of the first fish was awarded the elegant silver pitcher, accompanied with a suitable speech, and he received it with a happy acknowledgment; other presentations followed in order of merit; and then to Mr. Gregory was awarded, with much flourish of rhetoric and witty allusion, the ‘Great Kohinoor Diamond,’ an immense pin, composed of tin foil and glass—whose dazzling proportion he displayed in his shirt bosom in stunning magnitude of show, eliciting merriest congratulations wherever he went among the groups to air his prize.

At this juncture, some conscientious individual proclaimed that a *previous sculpin* had been taken, but surreptitiously shirked back into its native watery depths, by a member of the party on board; and the portly elderly gentleman of the big kerchief and the beaming countenance was pushed forward and announced as the culprit. Upon this expose, the portly gentleman turned very red, which sign the

more confirmed his guilt ; protestations availed nothing in his favor ; he was court-martialled, and placed in the hands of a jury of ladies to be sentenced, foremost among whom was the lively Mrs. Gregory, who, after a short conference, rendered verdict that "the accused, being found guilty of taking a sculpin, and caught in the act of evading the same, is hereby condemned to eat two ice creams instead of one!"

And so merriment was at its height ; and stewards and waiters brought up dessert, and pyramids of cakes, and jellies, and confections, vanished with the same celerity as had characterized the exodus of dinner ; and the portly gentleman paid the penalty of the law with smiling grace ; and jokes and almonds were cracked together ; and wit and badinage and social converse held sway ; and in and out the groups now here, now there, flashed the rays of the "Great Kohinoor" displayed in the shirt front of its lucky winner.

Later, when the tables were removed, and the sunset light struck level over the waves and then faded slowly, slowly, into the sweet summer twilight, the little fleet had come up into the Channel and threaded their way among the green islands that lay nearest the mainland ; while the evening breeze blew cooler, and every sea-bird that had been abroad on its long wheeling flight now furlled its wing and sank to rest wherever its home might be. And later still, while the yachts danced along merrily, and the long line of foam left in each wake showed out white and distinct on the face of the darkening waters, the full orb'd August moon rose blood red from the long stretch of eastern ocean, and climbed the heavens till her crimson rays softened to yellow gold and shimmered white sails and spars, and each group on the decks, and all the sea.

Then the band grouped themselves together, and, in the silence of the evening hour, familiar airs swelled out over the waters ; and with "Auld Lang Syne," "The Dearest Spot on Earth to me," and "Home, Sweet Home," the little fleet came up the harbor—the sweet, plaintive music floating over the waves, and up into the hushed town from whose streets the din of the long day had died out. Up, up, they came—the golden moon mounting higher overhead, the sky "deeply, darkly, beautifully blue"—till the islands, with their outlined shores, the white walled Fort, the buildings of the Farm School, and the revolving Light-house were left behind ; up still they came, the regular beats of the engine of the "Acorn" and the plaintive, melodious strains of the Brigade

Band floating far and wide on the calm of the summer night.

And soon, with a few heavier puffs of the black-throated engines, the "Acorn" rounded to at India Wharf, and the "Camilla" and "Young America" lay alongside, among great dark hulls of anchored steamships and merchant vessels looming hugely above ; and then ladders were flung down, and commenced the hurry and confusion of disembarkation.

After a quarter of an hour's waiting, the rush of the crowd over, Mr. Winthrop, with his wife and party, ascended the ladder and set foot on terra firma again. The quays were almost deserted ; no carriages were in waiting ; and so a short walk brought them to the car station, and they were soon being borne away up town on their homeward route. When they left the car, the pavement was comparatively clear ; and the gas-light seemed superfluous in the brilliant flood of moonbeams flung down between the high buildings that lit the crooked cow paths of the old city with almost the brilliancy of day. A short cut from Washington Street, across West into Tremont, brought Harry Winthrop and his wife to their home in the vicinage of the noble and beautiful Common, athwart whose green sward and gravelled walks the shadows of the magnificent elms were flung in giant lengths ; and soon they had crossed their own threshold.

"Well, Nelly, and how do you feel after the fatigues of the day?" asked Mr. Winthrop, seating her in a comfortable lounging chair, and ringing the bell. "Let Margaret bring up a glass of soda water, and then the night's rest will restore you ; for the siege of sea-sickness leaves one none the stronger."

"But, Harry, the splendid moonlight sail more than compensated for the disagreeable experience of those hours in rough water. What a charming trip it is up the harbor among the islands ! and how we all enjoyed it !"

"Yes ; I don't know of a finer trip for a summer's day anywhere on our coast. Ha, ha ! what do you suppose Gregory will do with his 'Kohinoor' ? Send it to Kimball's Museum for safe keeping ? the original is kept, I believe, in the queen's tower in London !"—and Winthrop laughed heartily at the recollection of the immense mock jewel his partner had won.

"Well, I have learned two things from to-day's excursion, Harry," said Mrs. Winthrop, presently, looking up from the depths of her lounging chair—"one is, that whenever I go yachting again I will provide myself with all sorts of preventives against sea-sickness, and

the other, that, in spite of this dreadful attendant of the trip, I never enjoyed an excursion better than this day's down the harbor!"

POETRY.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

It has been said that the present age, in its progress towards perfection, has, in its onward march, crushed poetry out of existence; and by the many elegies which have been chanted o'er it, one would naturally infer that such is the case. But poetry is not dead; the very elegies which have been chanted o'er it proved its existence.

The bird that sings, even a plaintive lay, in the dim old woods, is yet a living poet. Even our tears of sorrow, as they fall from our eyes, breathe music, and we breathe poetry. Every tear that glistens like brilliant gems upon the trembling eyelashes, is in itself a poem, even as the one "Melodious tear" which fell on the grave of Lycidas, was a poem of Milton.

No, gentle reader; poetry is not dead, neither is it sleeping. It is abroad in the night watches, it comes to us in the spirit land, and hovers above us on the golden wings of dreams, it is awake when the twinkling stars of heaven are hung as "lamps of light" upon its walls, when the breath of the wind sweeps the leaves from the grim dark trees, when the sleepless mother thinks upon her absent son, and when Nature and Nature's God are holding sweet communion in the secret chambers of the hidden rocks.

Poetry can never die. That which is an attribute of an immortal spirit, must in itself partake of its immortality; God is *poetry*, and every true believer is a poet. God and poetry are one—above ourselves and immortal. The things of earth may pass away, but the lofty aspirations of a true poetic soul, never.

The world has yet to learn the distinction between poetry and rhyme. To be a poet, and to write verse, are two very different things. We cannot confine poetry to metre, for rhyme but adds to verse a certain harmony. A stanza is only a musical box, competent to play a certain number of tones. Rhymes are but bells, whose peals are confined to their number. However musical the poetry of rhyme, real poetry appears plain metre, and disregarding all measure, she often steps in the field of verse, while buds and blossoms spring up beneath her feet.

The true poet is unselfish, he does not put the sun in his pocket for his own use, but rather gives its radiance to all. And the poet

lover, though many miles away, his soul is still with his beloved; though seas may roll between them, she is ever present to him; the moon, of whose beauty he sings, shines over her home; the river upon whose banks he reposes, flows only for her; the gentle zephyrs, upon their light wings bear to him her sighs and moans; and nature has no charms, imagination nor fancies, but with which she is connected.

Then say not that poetry is dead, for it is immortal, and though for a time its brilliancy may be dimmed by "hosts of insects" who flitter in its glare, yet soon shall they be ranked "among the things that were;" and poetry, true, noble, Godlike poetry, shine in refulgent glory, and unfading splendor.

OCEAN SPLENDORS.—When the sea is perfectly clear and transparent it allows the eye to distinguish objects at a very great depth. Near Mindora, in the Indian Ocean, the spotted corals are plainly visible under twenty-five fathoms of water. The crystalline clearness of the Caribbean sea excited the admiration of Columbus, who, in the pursuit of his great discoveries, ever retained an open eye for the beauties of nature. "In passing over these splendidly-adorned grounds," says Schopf, "where marine life shows itself in an endless variety of forms, the boat, suspended over the purest crystal, seems to float in the air, so that a person unaccustomed to the scene easily becomes giddy. On the clear sandy bottom appear thousands of sea stars, sea urchins, molluscs, and fishes of a brilliancy of color unknown in our temperate seas. Burning red, intense blue, lively green, and golden yellow perpetually vary; the spectator floats over groves of sea plants, gorgonias, corals, alcyoniums, flabellums, and sponges, that afford no less delight to the eye, and are no less gently agitated by the heaving waters, than the most beautiful garden in earth when a gentle breeze passes through the waving boughs."

A GEM OF THOUGHT.—Religion is the final centre of repose; the goal to which all things tend; apart from which, man is a shadow, his very existence a riddle, and the stupendous scenes of nature which surround him as unmeaning as the leaves which the Sibyl scattered in the wind.

BE ALONE SOMETIMES.—Solitude is a powerful aid to reflection and imagination. The higher faculties necessarily dwindle in a perpetual bustle.

SUNSHINE AND SHADE; OR, THE GOVERNESS.

BY FANNIE WARNER.

[Entered, according to act of Congress, in the year 1861, by LOUIS A. GODEY, in the clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

(Continued from page 536.)

CHAPTER XI.

AN UNEXPECTED ARRIVAL—AN UNWELCOME GUEST.

"Ah, ha!

There's mischief in this man."

"And he, repulsed (a short tale to make),
Fell into silence, then into a fast;
Thence to a watch; thence into a weakness;
Thence to a lightness; and by this declension
Into the madness wherein now he raves."

"There are a thousand such elsewhere
As worthy of your wonder."

AFTER assisting the girls to dress, and bestowing a reasonable amount of praise on their dresses and appearance, Edith took up her light to proceed over to her own apartment.

"How do you like my dress, Miss Stanford?" asked Nora, issuing from her room, dressed in the most elaborate evening toilet. It was a style of dress that Edith never would have selected for herself under any circumstances; but she could not but admire it on Leonora Morgan, to whom a combination of rich colors seemed as natural and appropriate as to her own southern flowers. The flash of her diamonds added materially to the brilliancy of her appearance, and, as she turned herself around and viewed her dress in the mirror, a look of satisfied vanity settled over her countenance, and, with a movement peculiar to herself, she threw back her shoulders and turned to leave the room without bestowing even a glance on her cousins.

"And don't we look nice, too?" asked Martha, turning herself around exactly as her cousin had done. It was a rule of Nora's *ethics* never to increase a person's self-esteem or excite vanity by compliment or praise; but, on the contrary, to diminish it as much as possible by bestowing a very moderate allowance of approbation, accompanied by a tone and manner indicative of unwillingness to condemn, leading the person to infer that she did not approve, but was reluctant to express her real opinion. In accordance with this rule which she had adopted, and by which she designed, not only to make her companions dissatisfied with themselves, but to increase their admira-

tion of her by leading them to draw comparisons to their own disadvantage, she deliberately surveyed her cousins from head to foot, and then, in a drawing tone, hesitating between the words, she replied:—

"Ve-ry—well, I reckon—you'll *do*." And, with a stereotyped smile which she always assumed when going into company, she went down stairs.

Poor artless Emily had frequently been made to suffer the greatest uneasiness, and for whole evenings to fidget in a state of uncertainty regarding her appearance by her friend Nora's non-committal way of answering the question "How do I look, Nora?" which was sure to be followed by the pettish exclamation, "I *do* wish, Nora Morgan, that I could dress myself with as much taste as you do!" But Matty, who did not lack in penetration, understood her cousin perfectly, and merely smiled, and, when the door closed, said:—

"Well, I'm not dressed out like a rainbow, but I reckon papa'll be satisfied, and that's sufficient."

Mary, however, began to fidget like Emily, and examined the bottom of her dress as if she suspected something wrong. "Isn't my dress too short, Miss Edith?" she said, after a series of evolutions before the glass.

"No, my dear. Does it look too short in the glass?"

"No, ma'am, but I thought it must be, because Nora looked at it so queer."

"You little goose!" exclaimed Matty, "don't you know that she does that on purpose to make you think you don't look well? Humph! if you are going to mind her looks, you'll make yourself miserable, as Emily used to do"—and, opening the door and imitating as she did so her cousin's somewhat affected manner, she looked back at Edith, and laughed, saying, "Is that the style?"

Edith shook her head gravely, and followed them to the stairs, where she watched them descend to the brilliantly lighted apartments below.

"What! not dressed yet!" exclaimed Fred, looking up from the foot of the stairs.

"Plenty of time; you know I am to wait for your uncle."

"I am going on duty now, but I shall go over to the library at precisely ten," he returned, laughing, and disappeared to join his sister.

Edith's wardrobe did not display a great variety of dresses, but those she possessed were rich, and suitably trimmed. She had no fancy for the *brown* uniform in which governesses are generally habited; but, on the contrary, she selected those colors which harmonized best with her complexion and those patterns best suited to her tall, slight figure, and therefore she always appeared dressed in the perfection of good taste.

Having arranged her hair in heavy drooping plaits, she put on a dress of rich lavender-colored silk, and over her neck a cape of soft lace. "What an affectation of simplicity!" she thought, looking into the glass; and, taking a bouquet which Fred had that morning given her, she separated the flowers, and, taking the roses, placed some of them in her hair and the rest on the bosom of her dress; glancing into the glass, she gave no farther thought to her toilet, but took her fan, gloves, and letters, and descended to the library, wholly unconscious how exquisitely beautiful she looked. Drawing a chair to the table, on which was a large Argand lamp, she proceeded to read the long pages from home. She had glanced over them before dressing, to satisfy herself that all were well, but now she read them leisurely, and after she had finished sat with her head resting on her hand. She had remained in this position some time, when the door opened cautiously, and a figure entered the room; it was that of a man whose garments looked stained and travel-worn, and whose face wore a wild, anxious expression. He hesitated on seeing Edith; then advanced a few paces in a stealthy manner, peering around as if trying to get a view of her face, for she was sitting with her back to the door; then he stopped a moment, clasped his hands, and, as she suddenly turned around, prostrated himself at her feet. She started up, exclaiming, "Who is this?"

"Your royal highness's most humble servant!" he answered, in a very low tone.

She looked at him in astonishment, but not in affright, and as he assumed a kneeling position and looked up into her face, she moved from him, and, in a tone of extreme indignation, said, "Mr. Morgan, if you are in trouble, and I can assist you, state to me in what way I can

be of assistance, but do not assume that position."

"I have come to escort your majesty to the banqueting-halls," he said, in a loud tone, rising to his feet.

Edith's face became deathly pale, for the voice was not that of Frederick Morgan, whom, in the uncertain light, she supposed her visitor to be. But, with a wonderful effort, she controlled herself, and, instead of making an outcry, said, in a stern voice: "Not in that garb. Leave the room!"

He bent his head in servile obedience, and, bowing and cringing, walked to the door without turning his face from Edith and without raising his eyes from the floor; when he reached the door, he threw it wide open, and with another low bow darted up the stairs, and disappeared in the little entry leading to Edith's room.

She sprang to the door, closed and locked it, and, looking around as if she expected to see an apparition in every corner, she dropped into a chair, exclaiming, "Oh, it's CLARENCE, the maniac brother!" Then she started up, trembling in every limb, her eyes fairly dilating with terror when the door at the other end of the apartment opened, and Mr. Ellis entered.

"Oh, I am so glad you've come! I thought it was *he*," she exclaimed, sinking again into her chair.

He looked at her white face a moment, then said, in surprise—

"Miss Edith, what's the matter?"

"Clarence has been here."

"CLARENCE! Good heavens! But where is he now?"

"Gone over to the green room."

"I must call Frederick! Will you wait here?"

She nodded, and he proceeded towards the door, when some one outside attempted to enter.

"There he is again! that's he!" Edith almost screamed, holding on to Mr. Ellis's hand to prevent his opening the door.

"Who's there?" he asked, in a loud tone.

"That's cool!" answered Fred, and Mr. Ellis immediately unlocked the door.

"Oh, I beg your pardon! I do not wish to intrude," he said, stiffly turning to go down stairs again.

"Come in, Fred; this is no time for nonsense. Miss Edith has had a rather dangerous visitor," he said, closing the door.

"A dangerous visitor?" his eyes fixed on Edith.

"Your brother Clarence!"

"Good heavens! What's brought him? how did he escape?"

"God knows! But, Fred, you must go over to him immediately."

"Where is he?" asked Fred, looking at Edith, with a face as white as her own.

"He went into the entry leading to my room," she answered.

"Your room? where's your room?"

"The green room!"

"Who put you into the green room?" he asked in an excited tone, while an angry flush passed over his face.

"Your mother, of course. Don't become so excited, but go over to your brother and prevent his appearing below," answered Mr. Ellis, taking hold of his nephew's arm.

"Yes, I'll go; for I am the only person here who possesses any influence over him. But, uncle, you go down; and Miss Edith, I beg of you to make an effort and go, too; and do not lead mother to suspect that anything is wrong!" And he hurried from the room.

"Clarence will be safe in Fred's hands," said Mr. Ellis, opening a small closet and producing a decanter of wine. "Drink this, Miss Edith; it will revive you," said he, handing her a wine-glass.

She took it without hesitation, and drank the contents of the glass; not being accustomed to anything of the kind, its effect soon became apparent in the returning color of her cheek and the brightness of her eye; and in a few moments she left the library, chatting in the most animated manner. Mr. Ellis knew that her gayety was not natural, but he had never seen her look so lovely, or appear so charming, and he was not surprised at the buzz of admiration that greeted them as they walked through the long parlor and stood by Nora, after speaking a few words to Mr. and Mrs. Morgan.

"I am so glad that you have brought Miss Stanford, uncle! for it's quite eleven, and we have had nothing but dance music yet; and Miss Edith, you'll break the ice for some of the others, will you not?"

"Not just yet, Nora," answered Mr. Ellis; "you must wait until we have recovered ourselves, after walking up this long room. I felt excessively abashed at being the cynosure of so many eyes, and Miss Edith did not bear the ordeal with equanimity, I am certain," he said, looking with a smile at Edith and Matty, who were laughing at the idea of his being abashed.

Mr. Ellis was well known and highly esteemed in Augusta, and as many of his friends

were present, he was soon surrounded, and finally carried off into the tea-room to join a *coterie* of gentlemen there. Nora, with the most graceful politeness, introduced Edith to her friends, and her expectations were not disappointed, for being entirely *au fait* of all the amenities of society, Edith soon became the centre of a circle, who seemed charmed by her easy unaffected conversation and sprightly manners.

"Mr. Elton, will you lead Miss Stanford to the piano?" said Nora to a gentleman who was standing near Edith.

"Shall I have that pleasure, Miss Stanford?" said he.

"Now, positively no refusal, Miss Edith. You remember that you promised," said Nora, with the most engaging smile, as Edith hesitated.

Mr. Ellis had returned to the parlor, and, as they passed him on their way to the instrument, he said to Edith in a low voice—

"If you do not feel like singing, play a short piece."

The encouraging glance of his eye did much towards giving her courage, and stimulated her to an unusual effort; and she was conscious of singing better than she had ever done before. When the music had ceased, Mr. Ellis, who was standing near his niece, overheard the following remarks, which rather mystified him at first:—

"She *looks* quite robust; has a splendid color, and not a sickly eye by any means; on the contrary, very brilliant, very brilliant!"

"Yes," answered another gentleman, "but it's hectic, my friend, hectic, and that is an unnatural brilliancy, depend upon it."

"Ah, do you think so! Pity such a lovely flower should—should!"—and he blew his nose, unable to finish the sentence.

"Should be kept at home, my dear! home is the place for invalids; such exciting scenes are too much for one so delicate. I think she looks exhausted; but I declare if young Elton is not insisting on her singing again! Really, Mr. Ellis ought not to allow it. Here he is, now. Good-evening, Mr. Ellis! I am glad to see you—"

"Uncle Ellis, where is Fred?" interrupted Nora, as the lady, who was mother to a nest of singing-birds, who had been pluming their feathers, and warbling in young Elton's ear in vain, after a look of despair towards the corner where her daughters were huddled together, turned to Mr. Ellis and was about to express her solicitude for his young friend's health.

Nora's manner was slightly confused, as she repeated the question—"Where is Fred?"

"He has retired, Nora."

"Retired! why, is he sick?"

At that moment Edith commenced another song, and as soon as the attention of the company was concentrated on her, Mr. Ellis drew Mr. Morgan into the hall, and up into the library, then communicated to him the startling intelligence of his son's sudden appearance.

"My God!" exclaimed the father, starting to the door. Mr. Ellis gently forced him into a seat, then related the scene in the library.

"But, Ellis, where is he now?"

"In Fred's hands."

"Then, thank God, he's safe! Fred can cow him in a moment." And he drew a long breath, as he wiped the perspiration from his face. "But, Ellis, what a miracle that Miss Edith escaped unharmed!"

"Yes; it was owing entirely to her presence of mind."

"Come," said Mr. Morgan, after a pause, "let us go up and see how they are getting along"—and they proceeded to the green room. The door was closed, and after listening a moment and hearing no sound, Mr. Morgan opened it softly and entered the room. Fred was seated by the side of the bed on which his brother lay asleep, and motioning to his father to leave the room, he cautiously arose and followed him into the entry.

"Well, my son, you have rather an unpleasant job," said Mr. Morgan.

"He is not troublesome at all," answered Fred. "When I came over here I found him arranging his dress to go down to the parlor; he had thrown Miss Edith's clothes out of the window; and for a moment was furious at finding that his room had been occupied; then he apologized for arriving so late, and continued to dress in the greatest haste."

"But how did you get him to lie down?"

"By telling him that the queen, who he said was waiting for him in the library, would not allow him to go into company until he had refreshed himself after his journey by a nap, and he immediately threw himself on the bed. I was fearful that his anxiety to get asleep would keep him awake, but he fell into a heavy slumber, and as he is exhausted from travel and hunger he will probably not awake until morning."

"It is fortunate that this room is in a remote part of the house," observed Mr. Ellis.

"Yes, the sound of the music and voices cannot reach us, and there's nothing to disturb

him. The doctor will undoubtedly arrive before morning, and will think it advisable to return with him in his present weak state; he will have less difficulty with him."

"Do you not wish one of us to remain with you?" asked Mr. Ellis.

"No, I can manage him best alone, if he should awake. You can send one of the boys to lie down outside of the door here, to be at hand in case of need."

"I will send Christopher," said Mr. Morgan; and, after being reminded by his son that Edith's clothes were still in the yard, he and Mr. Ellis returned to the library, leaving Fred to his lonely vigil. Some one had taken Edith's place at the piano, and when Mr. Ellis entered the parlor she was standing near the door in conversation with a gentleman; the exhilarating effects of the wine had disappeared, leaving her pale and with a wearied expression of countenance. Mr. Ellis looked at her for a moment, then approached and asked if she would not like a seat.

"I would like to leave this warm room for a few moments," she replied, and excusing herself to the gentleman with whom she had been conversing, she took Mr. Ellis's arm and went into the dining-hall. He procured an ice, and while she was partaking of it informed her of his intention to return to the Bluff the following morning.

"Anthony will come for you this day two weeks."

"Two weeks?" echoed Edith in surprise.

"Yes; Nora pleaded for a longer visit, and I have consented to another week. Shall you be sorry to return to the quiet of Beech Bluff?"

"O no; I shall be glad to be at home again," she answered, handing him her saucer.

He smiled and said, laying a stress on the word home—

"And I shall be rejoiced to have you all at home again, for I found it very lonely after you left, surrounded by none but black faces."

"Aunt Martha says that you are keeping Miss Edith out here too long; she has been inquired for already," said Mary to her father, coming into the room and taking Edith's hand.

A quadrille was forming in the tea-room when Edith entered the parlor, and her hand was immediately solicited for the dance. She declined, and leaving Mr. Ellis's side, took Matty's arm and drew her to a sofa.

"I am so glad to sit down, Miss Edith!" said Matty, who looked excited, and commenced running over on her fingers the number of introductions she had received. "But I've had

a splendid time, and so many invitations to dance! Aunt Martha says that we must positively learn next winter."

"Cousin Nora wants you, Matty," said Mary, and she threw herself into the seat her sister vacated, echoing her words: "'Oh, I am so glad to sit down!'" But she did not remain long, for she was interested in the dancing, and went to a seat near the door where she could watch the dancers. Mr. Morgan approached and, sitting down by Edith, expressed his regret at seeing her looking so pale. She knew that he had been apprised of his son's arrival, and was not, therefore, surprised when he suddenly remarked in a low voice—

"The evening seems interminable!"—then looking up, "I am sorry, Miss Edith, that your enjoyment has been so much interfered with."

"I have enjoyed the evening very much; the wine I drank has produced a slight headache, but that's of no consequence," she replied.

"You must not give yourself any uneasiness to-night, Frederick has perfect control over his brother, and will not allow him to leave the green room," he said, after looking around to ascertain that there were no listeners in their neighborhood.

"I do not feel at all nervous through any fear," she replied, with a smile. "Have you learned how he entered the house without the knowledge of the servants?"

"He climbed upon the arbor and entered at an upper window near the library. We are under great obligations to you, Miss Edith, for being spared a scene of terror here; for had you screamed, or attempted to rush down stairs, he would have become infuriated and followed you, and spread consternation and dismay among our guests."

"Do not give me more credit than I deserve; I supposed at first that he was Frederick, and believing for the moment that it was a practical joke, I was indignant, and, forgetting that I was in his father's house, was about to order him from the room when I discovered my mistake, and became aware that it was his brother. Understanding at once that he had conceived the idea that he was in the presence of Royalty, I humored the fancy, and assuming as much state as my terror would allow, I ordered him to leave the apartment."

"The most sensible thing you could have done," said Mr. Morgan, quietly.

"But I think if Mr. Ellis had been one moment later I should have gone down to the servant's hall," she continued.

"Which would have been quite right. But Mrs. Morgan is approaching; she knows nothing of the matter yet, I shall inform her after the guests have departed; and it's my wish that Nora and her cousins be kept in ignorance of it if possible," he said, hurriedly.

"What is all this confidential conversation about?" asked his wife, "the North or South?" she added, with a laugh. Observing her husband's unusually quiet manner, she continued: "Mr. Morgan, I think we have changed characters this evening; I am enjoying everything with almost girlish delight, and here you, who are usually so full of life, are sitting in this corner as quiet as possible. Mr. Elton has been looking over here with envious eyes, and thinks you are a perfect monopoly. Miss Edith, he has sent me over to ask if you will not sing."

"No, Martha; I positively forbid it; she has given us three songs, and we must not impose upon good-nature." And, rising from his seat, Mr. Morgan beckoned to the young gentleman his wife had named.

"There, Elton! You say I am a monopoly! You are a Turk to wish Miss Stanford to sing after she has already favored us beyond our expectations."

"I would not insist upon it if disagreeable to Miss Stanford, certainly," said Mr. Elton.

"Well, take my seat, and make yourself as agreeable as possible; but no exciting topics, remember," said Mr. Morgan, shaking his finger; "Miss Stanford is suffering from headache." And he walked away with his wife, who bestowed a very patronizing smile on the couple as she left them.

It grew late, and to Edith's unspeakable relief, Mr. Elton finally took his leave and the guests gradually departed until the rooms were entirely deserted by all save the family. Nora dropped on the sofa, exclaiming: "Oh, I am glad it's over! But it went off splendidly—a perfect success!"

Mrs. Morgan was called into the dining-hall, and, knowing the nature of the communication she was to receive, Edith awaited with considerable anxiety her reappearance. She was surprised to see her return after a short absence from the parlor, very composed in her manner, though a trifle paler, which might have been attributed to fatigue. She approached the sofa, and said—

"Miss Edith, my dear, you had better occupy the room next to your pupils, as you are not feeling very well; I have ordered your clothes to be carried over there. And, girls, you must

lock your doors to-night, for you know all the silver was brought from the bank to-day, and though it is not probable, yet it is *possible* that thieves might be about."

"I am not going to my room until Tink looks under the bed!" exclaimed Nora.

"Nor I!" "Nor I!" echoed her cousins; and accordingly Tink was dispatched up stairs to search for lurking thieves. Edith could not help smiling, and Mrs. Morgan, satisfied that her daughter and nieces did not suspect the presence of the madman in the house, advised them to retire immediately, and bade Edith good-night in a much more familiar tone and manner than she had hitherto assumed.

Mr. Ellis and Mrs. Morgan were left alone in the parlor, and, after discussing the events of the evening, Mrs. Morgan heaved a deep sigh, and said—

"Fred's infatuation troubles me quite as much as Clarence's insanity."

Her brother-in-law stopped short in his walk, and looked at her in surprise.

"How long is Miss Edith going to remain at the Bluff?" she asked, without appearing to notice his astonishment.

"Two years," he replied, resuming his promenade before the piano, the question having given him a clue to her meaning.

"Two years; let me see!" she said, thoughtfully; and after a moment's pause continued: "Yes, Fred will be in Europe two years, and she will have gone home when he returns, but I am extremely sorry that he has postponed his trip."

"Why has he done so?" asked Mr. Ellis, with an effort to appear unconcerned.

"He has assigned no reason, but I suspect that Miss Edith is the magnet that is keeping him."

"Ah," said Mr. Ellis, quietly.

"Yes, undoubtedly, and she does not seem wholly indifferent to him; I noticed that she wore his flowers to-night, which was certainly a very direct way of showing that she valued them."

Mr. Ellis was quite wide awake, though he made no reply.

After a few moments' silence, Mrs. Morgan spoke again, and with more animation: "You know, Jacob, that I never could tolerate *governesses*, and was always so averse to having one in the house that we never employed one for Leonora, so you may judge how revolting it would be to me to have my son marry one of the detested class."

Mr. Ellis's face flushed, and the vein in his

forehead grew larger; but he turned in his walk, and made no reply.

Mrs. Morgan seemed irritated by his silence, and asked, in a quick tone, "What do you think about the matter, Jacob?"

"I think that the family would not be *disgraced* by an alliance with Miss Edith," he answered, in the most deliberate manner.

"Certainly not, for it would raise her to our level; not bring us down at all, which would apply to any person beneath us; but nevertheless I do not wish my son to *stoop* when he marries."

"Martha, did you observe anything either in Miss Edith's manner or appearance that would indicate that she occupied a position inferior to that of *any* person present this evening?"

"But *we* know that she does."

"That's not the question. Can you point out a single objectionable feature that would cause her husband or his family to blush for her?"

"No, not in society."

"*Anywhere*, then? Have you once seen her throw out attractions to gentlemen, or seem at all anxious to win their attention or admiration, to lead you to suppose that she is, as the phrase goes, looking out for a husband?"

"Apparently not; but Miss Edith is one of those quiet, unassuming sort of people, who feel their way gradually, and she makes many a point in her modest, *unconscious* way, that a more turbulent but less experienced player loses. 'Still waters run deep.'"

"I am convinced that you are mistaken in your opinion of her character; she is anything but *artful*."

"Time will show! But, as a particular favor, I wish you to discourage Fred's visit to the Bluff; he has signified his intention of spending Easter week with you."

"If he proposes it, how can I, with any degree of politeness, discourage it, particularly as he is going away so soon?"

"Then you can prevent his being thrown much into Miss Edith's society while there."

"Not easily, if he feels inclined to seek it; but I can suggest a way by which she can be led to repulse Fred's advances, if his union with her would indeed be so distasteful to you."

"How is that, Jacob?"

"By making her acquainted with the family infirmity!"

Mrs. Morgan's haughty face for a moment flushed, then a pained expression passed over it, making her brother-in-law almost regret having cauterized the tender spot which Cla-

rence's arrival had already inflamed. But the flush and the distressed look passed off, and with her usual composure she replied—

"It would not have the least effect. A young girl in love is not apt to take into consideration an hereditary evil by which her lover may possibly be attacked in the future."

"But she is not in love yet, and the knowledge may possibly guard her against such a calamity."

"I am not so sure of that; she seemed very much depressed this evening."

"Which arose from the shock her nerves had previously received," returned Mr. Ellis, surprised that it could be attributed to any other cause, even by a person so inventive as Mrs. Morgan.

"I think not; the depression was produced by anxiety for Fred's safety, and would have disappeared had he returned to the parlor. Allow me to be the best judge of her sentiments towards him; I have watched her closely for the past few days."

Mr. Ellis threw back his hair by a nervous movement, and, after looking at his watch, said—

"Well, I think I will retire, as I have a long ride before me in the morning, and it is not far from daylight now."

The words were scarcely spoken before the door-bell rang furiously, and Dr. — was admitted. Mr. Morgan came down from the library, and questions and explanations ensued on both sides.

Clarence had been missed the evening previous, and the night had been spent in searching for him in the neighborhood of the asylum, and after spending the morning in looking through Savannah, in the suburbs of which the asylum was situated, the doctor concluded that his patient had travelled homeward, and he followed immediately. The distance, one hundred and twenty-three miles, ought to have been passed over in a few hours, but delays occurred on the road, and when the doctor arrived he was in quite a state of excitement for a man usually so calm, and expecting to be ushered into a scene of confusion, looked in astonishment at Mrs. Morgan sitting so quietly at the centre-table in her evening-dress.

Clarence was still asleep when the doctor and Mr. Morgan entered the green room, and Fred was keeping his lonely vigil by the bed-side.

"Go to bed, my boy; I'll take your place now," said the doctor, and Fred gladly obeyed. Meeting his uncle on the stairs his first question was—

"How is Miss Edith? Has she retired?"

"Yes, some time ago, and with a severe headache," replied Mr. Ellis, with a slight twitching of his nostrils; and entering the library he closed the door. The light was still burning, and on the table were a few faded flowers and Edith's letters. For some time Mr. Ellis stood looking at them, his features working convulsively, and his hands clasped and resting on the table; then suddenly grasping the flowers and pressing them passionately to his lips, he exclaimed—

"Oh, Edith! Edith! dear, precious sunbeam! brightening my home for a brief season, and then—no, no! I cannot give her up! I cannot lose her forever! She must, she *does* love me! or else what meant that beaming look of surprised delight when she discovered my presence in the tea-room? One more such look, and—O heavens! the thought of her loving another!" And he dashed the flowers to the floor, then, stooping, picked them up, and smoothed their withered leaves caressingly, and again pressed them to his lips.

Soon after daylight, the doctor and his patient were on their way back to Savannah, accompanied by Mr. Morgan. When the family assembled at a late breakfast, and Nora inquired for her father, Mrs. Morgan explained his absence by saying that he had been called away by business. Fred was the last to enter the breakfast-room.

"I hope your headache is entirely dissipated, Miss Edith," said he, taking his father's seat by her side.

"I feel perfectly well, thank you," she replied.

"And how is *your* head, Cousin Fred?" asked Matty.

"Never felt better in my life," he replied, though his pale face and unusually serious countenance belied the assertion.

"Parties don't agree with you and Miss Edith. We'll shut you two up in the library, next time, and you can enjoy a quiet evening together," said Matty, laughing.

At the mention of the library, Edith became slightly nervous, and observing Mrs. Morgan's eye fixed upon her, she colored, and dropped her own.

"I hope the 'next time' will come soon; that is, if Miss Edith does not object to the *tête-à-tête*," said Fred, with the most perfect *sang froid*, handing Edith a glass of water.

"This is all very pleasant, but indeed I must leave you," said Mr. Ellis, looking at his watch,

and rising suddenly. "You'll excuse me, Martha?"

"Certainly; but, Jacob, you've not eaten anything. Won't you have time to finish your breakfast?" asked Mrs. Morgan.

"I must be at the bank by eleven, and it's nearly that now. I'll return to bid you good-by," he said to his daughters, and left the room.

Although Mrs. Morgan had been in the breakfast-room alone with Edith previous to the entrance of the others, yet she did not allude to the unpleasant occurrence of the previous evening; but asked kindly after her health, how she rested, etc.; and then, much in her usual manner, talked about the party, criticized the dresses, and eulogized Mr. Elton. Edith did not know that Clarence had been taken away, but supposed that he was still in the green room, attended by his father. At the earliest opportunity after breakfast, when Edith had gone into the parlor, and was gathering up her gloves and fan, which, together with the flowers she had worn in her bosom, were lying on the sofa, Fred followed her, and communicated in a low voice the not unpleasant intelligence that his brother had returned to the asylum. She felt much relieved, though she did not express her feelings in words, and, remembering her letters she had left in the library, after a few commonplace remarks to Nora, who entered while her brother was speaking, Edith left the room and went up stairs. Fred followed her to the library, and, laughing as she opened the door, she pointed to her letters, and said—

"See! I do not deserve all the credit you have given me for being so calm; the manner in which my things are thrown about indicates considerable excitement."

"Uncle Ellis is a luxurious being! his head was pillowed on these flowers last night," said Fred, taking a small bunch from the sofa pillow. "I wonder if there were any thorns in them!" he said, smiling, and examining them closely. I must have three of those in your hand; I have only four here."

"What can you possibly want with these worthless things?" asked Edith, in surprise.

"Their *perfume* has not departed," he answered, taking those she had brought from the parlor. "I have a strange fancy for faded flowers; in fact, I have a passion for flowers in any state, faded or fresh, and I regret that one branch of my education was so sadly neglected—botany. But," he continued, arranging the flowers and pulling a ribbon from a book to tie

them with, "in my ignorance of botanical terms, I substitute grammatical points, and then I have a language of flowers that I understand. For instance, this flower (it was lovely in the bouquet; I was struck with its beauty there), this rose I call 'exclamation point;' it denotes wonder, astonishment, admiration, etc. To your eye it is nothing but a withered flower, but to me it represents a day of the past week, it is typical of Christmas Eve. By the way, do you remember what Prior says?—

"Thy emblem, gracious queen, the British rose,
Type of sweet rule and gentle majesty."

In all ages flowers have been used as emblems, representing one thing to the eye and another to the understanding. But, to proceed: this—do you see those leaves? they form two distinct curves—I do not know the name of it, but I call it 'parenthesis,' and it indicates a new feature inserted in the programme for Christmas day—*prayers*, to be uttered in a lower tone of voice. And these are all sentential marks—comma, semicolon, colon, period, all of which, in grammar, represent pauses, but to me moments lost. By the by, where were you yesterday afternoon, that you only appeared at tea-time?"

"Altering the girls' dresses," answered Edith, laughing.

"And unconsciously cultivating a flower for my bouquet, a period—full stop—terminating the sentence or week."

Edith picked up her letters, and made a movement as if to go.

"Wait one moment. Here are two more—the dash and note of interrogation—last evening and to-day; the first denotes a train of thought suddenly broken off, and the subject changed, and an unexpected turn in the *sentiment* of the evening; the last denotes a question—to be asked." He tied the stems together, and, holding them up, said, with a light laugh, "A choice bouquet of grammatical and rhetorical points!"

Fred's manner was not at all flippant, but so earnest and serious that, when Edith began to understand his ambiguous language, she felt something like alarm, and, echoing his laugh to hide her embarrassment, she stammered something about walking out with the girls, and turned to leave the room.

"Here they are, Jacob!" said Mrs. Morgan, throwing open the door almost in Edith's face, and causing her to start suddenly and color violently as she observed Mrs. Morgan direct a look of intelligence at her son, then a glance full of meaning at her brother-in-law.

"Miss Edith, Mr. Ellis is about to leave," Mrs. Morgan said, with a return of her old, haughty manner, which for a few days she had been gradually throwing off.

"It seems nonsense for friends to bid good-by at every brief separation! I am sorry to have disturbed you," said Mr. Ellis, looking full into Edith's face; extending his hand, he took hers for a moment, then relinquished it without the usual gentle pressure; his brown eyes had not their wonted soft, warm light, but looked coldly upon her, and with a shade of suspicion in their clear depths.

"Good-by, Uncle Ellis," said Fred. "I'll see you again at Easter."

"Fred, I thought you were going to Europe next month."

"Not until May, and if agreeable to you I'll spend Easter week at the Bluff."

"I shall be very happy to see you there, but I think you are making a mistake in postponing your trip," Mr. Ellis said, buttoning up his coat.

Fred gave his uncle a penetrating glance, then dropped his eyes, and with a confident smile, replied—"Oh, there's no danger; I do not apprehend any icebergs."

Edith did not follow the others down stairs, but for a moment leaned against the banister, then went over to her own room. Mrs. Morgan's offended, haughty manner, and Mr. Ellis's cold, searching look had discovered to her that

her position with Frederick was misunderstood. She saw at once, as if suddenly endowed with the gift of *clairvoyance*, that by his mother she was suspected of using artifice to keep him so constantly by her side, and of having matrimonial designs upon him; and by his uncle, of possessing a spirit of coquetry, and of treating his nephew with an appearance of regard, but with a view to deceive and disappoint. Since Christmas morning, Edith had enjoyed Frederick Morgan's society as she would have done that of any agreeable person, and without a thought of inspiring a warmer sentiment than that of a mere present friendship; even the remembrance of which she had no idea would last beyond her brief visit. But, in the retrospect of the past few days, she remembered many incidents which at the time had made no impression on her mind, but which, now that she could look back upon them, she wondered had not made her more reserved and guarded. With considerable vexation at herself and Fred, and a slight degree of regret at the sudden termination of their pleasant intercourse, she resolved to keep aloof from him entirely, and, if possible, to avoid being left alone with him for a single moment. She trusted to the future to correct Mr. Ellis's opinion, and hoped that her reserve and indifference would cause Fred to abandon the idea of the Easter visit, which she now fully understood was to be made to her.

(To be continued.)

LURA!

BY AUGUST BELL.

Down to the haunted forest
 Gaeth a singing maid:
 How dares she sing so blithe and gay,
 Nearing its fearful shade?
 For somewhere doth a spirit sad,
 Write what sad angels say:
 "For many a day, for many a night,
 She hath forgot to pray;
 And down within that sinful wood
 Pure spirits may not stay!"

What seeks the erring maiden?
 Oh, she hath heard it said
 That in the forest's gloomiest depths,
 When night's black wings are spread,
 There lies a lake unseen by day,
 And she who by the moon's pale ray
 Alone, dares look therein,
 Will see her love—what he may do
 At that same hour, or think, or feel,
 And if his vows be true.

But 'tis kept by a spirit of sin,
 And never a maiden guarded by prayer
 Will seek the dreadful secret there.

Why singeth so the maiden?
 And doth she feel no fear
 To tread that lonely evil place
 And read its wonders drear?
 O no; for her lover said one morn,
 As together they stood by the growing corn,
 "When this corn is bound in sheaves,
 We will be wed—nor shall I see
 One happy hour away from thee
 For whom my lone heart grieves!
 O Lura, darling! O my sweet!
 I lay my whole life at thy feet,
 None ever loved like me!"

And Lura knows none love like her,
 Believes none love like him,
 And well hath she read what legends say,
 About the forest dim:

"If the lover be true,
The maiden shall come
Unharm'd, unalarm'd
To her happy home!"

Of those who find their lovers false, more doth the legend
say,

But she with never a thought of that goes singing on
her way.

But why, for many a day and night,
Did not the maiden pray?

Oh, his eye was so black, his smile so bright,
They chased her prayers away!

And mournfully, oh mournfully
Now doth the angel good,
That watched o'er Lura's budding life,
Shrink from her in this wood!

And now the green grass withereth,
The birds forget to sing,

And fearful shapes look out to greet
The maiden entering;

A low triumphant laugh she hears,
That makes her cheek grow wan,
Her heart beats loud—her heart beats fast,
But still her lips smile on.

"He dreams of me this very night,
My love is true," said she,

"And naught hath power to harm or fright,
Because he loveth me!"

II.

Oh, sullenly the chill wind moved
The black waves of the lake,
The only sound, when sound there was
The silence drear to break,
Was the dismal croaking of the frog,
The hissing of the snake.

But something evil seemed to be
Lurking in every sobbing tree;
Some shape of sin to lie in wait:
O Lura, woful is thy state!
She cometh on, she cometh near,
The moon shines down with fitful gleam—
As pale as death, as brave as love,
She gazes on the fatal stream.
Oh, what to see?

To see her lover bending low
Before a lady, fair as snow,
'Neath sunset's rosy ray!
To see him smile as erst on *her*,
His love to urge, his suit prefer,
And sweetest praises say;
To hear him swear her raven hair,
Her midnight eyes, her houri face
Had filled his heart with love's despair—
His heart that never till that day
Gave lady's thought a place!
Her life-throbs ceased, she looked again,
His suit he presses not in vain!

She strove to shriek, but swooned and fell:
The black waves surged, the evil snake
Changed to a demon in the brake,

And from each lonely dell
Came thronging gaunt and ghostly forms
Reaching to her their direful arms.

Oh, Lura, wake or die!
She roused, and saw the terror near,
She called on God in deathly fear—
Him, whom she had forgot:

And when the spectres heard that name,
Their hollow eyes shot fearful flame,

But yet they harmed her not.
Still praying Him she had forgot,
She turned to leave the sinful spot,

But hours and hours it took,
With those pale terrors haunting round,
Ere she could leave the haunted ground—

And then the morning broke.
The demons faded in the air,
The sunshine glimmered on her hair,
As at uncertain pace

She tottered through the haunted pass,
Then fell upon the flowers and grass
Upturning her white face.

"Oh I have sinned, have sinned this night!

Father, deal with me as is right!
Oh, can I be forgiven?"

As thus she plead in her despair,
The holy Christ received her prayer—
An angel came from heaven—
Sweet pardon on her spirit shed,

Whitened her soul from every sin,
Made stainless purity within—
Then hushed to rest her drooping head.

That morning on the flow' and grass
Lay the fair maiden dead!

III.

A rider came on a panting steed,
Came from the rosy west—
A lofty purpose on his brow,
A sweet hope in his breast.

For never in thought, or by whispered breath,
Had he sullied the pledges of loving faith,

And ever his heart would sing:
"Oh sweetest of sweets is my Lura fair!
The wavy wealth of her golden hair

The brightest sunshine to me!
Oh dearest of dears is my darling, my own!
Her love-laden smile—her words' tender tone
A world of wild rapture will be!"

But ever on slow-drooping wing,
—white bird flew near him singing a strain
So sweet, yet so sad that his young heart felt pain,
And he trembled to hear it—

But rallied again—"Lura's singing will be
Just as sweet with no sadness at seeing of me,
So can grief reach *my* spirit!"

Oh how sad and how sweet the hovering bird her strange
lay did repeat!

Then he left his tired steed 'neath a green willow tree;
"For down by the cornfields perhaps I shall see
Lura, watching and trusting and praying for me!"

Still the snowy white bird,
Again and again

Kept singing her strain,
The saddest, the sweetest he ever had heard!

Yet over the hedge how gayly sprang he,
Oh, pity his young heart for what he shall see!

Is that the sun shining on lilies so bright?

No, but long golden hair floating damp o'er their
bloom!

Oh, is that a lily so still and so white?

No, a fair face that never shall blush though *he* come!
Closed blue eyes with their light all returned unto
heaven,

Little hands folded meekly on penitent breast,

And the look of wild anguish for sins now forgiven
 Faded off from the brow pure and peaceful in rest!
 Kiss the pale lips, young lover, last parted by prayer,
 Fold back from her forehead your sunshine of hair,
 Take the chill to your heart of the iciness there,
 While the white bird keeps singing!
 'Mid his hope's cruel slaying how mutely stands he!
 Oh pity him, pity his stern agony!
 And his young heart all chilled with the sad life to be,
 That such joyance was bringing!
 Now wildly he falls on the ground by her side,
 And madly he claspeth his lily-white bride!
 And passionate kisses
 He showereth adown on her sweet pallid mouth,
 On her brow, on her cheek, fondly hoping, poor youth,
 To give life by embraces!
 Oh how sad and how sweet the hovering bird her strange
 lay did repeat!
 Oh the change in his face, the deep woe on his brow!

Oh bright dreamings all hushed in his bleeding heart
 now!
 But no word doth he say,
 For such grief hath but prayer and his heart cannot
 pray.
 Hark, his own name he heard!
 He looked wildly upon her, her lips had not stirred.
 Did she call him from heaven?
 "My angel, I come! O Christ! plead for me now,
 That my sins be forgiven!"
 Then gently he pillowed his head by her side,
 Drew closer his darling, his lily-white bride,
 Prayed once more—kissed her lips—breathed out life
 there and died!
 Oh, how pallid they lay!
 But a beautiful sight saw the mourners that day,
 Two white birds soaring upward and singing a strain,
 So wondrously sweet they forgot life had pain
 Till they vanished away!

MR. AND MRS. RASHER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MISS SLIMMENS."



CHAPTER X.

SURREPTITIOUS BLISS.

Don't restrict yourselves, gentlemen; this is bachelors' hall, to-night, and we'll have as much fun as we please. This is the first evening that I've really enjoyed myself since we moved into this confounded new-fangled house. To see my old friends all about me, and to realize that my better half isn't up stairs waiting to give me a curtain-lecture, make me feel like a pig in clover. Our curtains are rose-colored silk, but they don't make the lectures any the rosier! ha! ha! In fact, I've sometimes, in my reflective moments, wondered if they didn't rather deepen the hue. It's singular that though the curtains are red, they almost always make me blue. I've sometimes thought it must be owing to the *refractory* character of my amiable spouse. Bless her!

let's drink to her health, standing and silent. Of course I shouldn't drink to the health of my-deary in Madeira, and I should be chary of drinking it in sherry in a promiscuous assemblage, but we're all friends, old and tried (excuse the tried, gentlemen; it's a term of the trade); there isn't one present but knew us in the days of our small beginnings, before the first *leaf* was turned in that business the fat profits of which have surrounded us with our present effulgence. You remember the little sign, Jones, for you painted it for me yourself—"T. Rasher. Fishmonger"—that used to shine over the shop in B street; you remember it, but Mrs. Rasher don't. She couldn't call it to mind, if she set a little dog to bring it back to her. The very shad-oh of it has vanished from her mind. It was retail, you know, and we're wholesale now, and retailing fish is rather a scaly business for Fifth Avenue to look back upon.

Don't be surprised at any feats you may see me perform, not even if I dance on my table. I've been genteel so long I hardly know myself, now that I've got my old cronies around me. It's a terrible thing to be genteel; you can't imagine what I've suffered since Mrs. Rasher took to gentility. I mustn't laugh, I mustn't joke, I mustn't put my feet up, nor tip my chair back, nor wear loose shoes over my corns, nor carry my favorite red silk bandana, nor open my mouth in company, for fear of mistakes. You know it's as natural for me to pun as it is for a champagne cork to pop, and

yet I mustn't pun. I can't even snore in the seclusion of my own bedroom, for Mrs. Rasher says it's not genteel. When we were young married people, she used to say she rather liked to hear me snore; it soothed her; was as good as a pianny to put her to sleep. Pianny! alas, she don't compare me to a pianny any longer. I wouldn't like to tell what she does compare me to. Enough to hint that, it's to a certain animal to which we are largely indebted for benefits received. There's a large per cent. of gentility in Mrs. R., though I didn't suspect it when I invested my domestic happiness in the bonds of wedlock. Marriage is a speculation, my friends, full as hazardous as the most, the stock may increase while the interest runs down to nothing, and the only dividend to be made after a number of years may be separate establishments. I shouldn't wonder if it come to that yet. Melancholy but inevitable. John, open another half dozen.

If I ever should be obliged to apply for a divorce, the only plea I shall put in will be—barbarous and cruel gentility. She's killing me with it—I'm dying by inches. Don't you see I'm smaller than ever, and look kind of shrunk-up and frightened? You see, I dar'n't say, "Marier," nor come near her, nor seem to be acquainted with her, when she's in company, which is always, because why?—why, because she's my wife—and it's a shocking offence to be intimate with your own wife. You can be as intimate as you like with somebody else's. I tell you, I can't get used to it; it don't come natural. The worst thing I ever did, was to give her a little squeeze, at a party, and ask her if she wouldn't dance with me. You wouldn't wonder I've looked smaller ever since, if you could have seen how she withered me up then. Now, whenever I wish to speak to her in company, I always get some stranger to introduce us. She lectures me when we get home, but I must play her a little trick once and a while, just to keep off the blues.

By the way, boys, have you noticed our coat-of-arms? Mrs. R. couldn't live a month in the new house without a coat-of-arms, and so I picked out one that I thought suitable. Poor dear! she can't read Latin, and she don't know that that odious favorite expression of mine—"save your bacon," winks at her from every spoon, fork, knife, and piece of plate on the table. Won't she be crest-fallen when she finds it out! It's curious she's escaped so long. I expect I'll have to take to my heels to save my bacon, when she makes the discovery. It was a rash trick to play, but I've played a Rasher.—Old?

you don't call that old do you? I defy one of you to prove that you ever heard me breathe that pun before; and if it's old, why it's like cheese and wine, all the better for it. If I didn't get that off on an average once a day, in some shape, you might begin to think me sick, like the old lady who had lost all appetite for her murders. But, as I was saying, you can't make pork out of pig-iron, and you can't make a fashionable man out of your old crony. It's dreadful, I know. Mrs. Rasher is in despair.

She says if I'd been born in France, I'd have talked plain English from a baby, because I can't say "Oui" "Oui," like a week old piglet. But, O dear! I don't mean to cast reflections upon my partner: she's a good woman, if she wasn't so ambitious, and she's gone into the country to stay a week, and give us a chance to have a reg'lar old-fashioned supper, with plenty to eat and drink, the whole night to set up in, and not caring a dime whether we know how to call the chicken-fixin's by their French rignaroles or not.

I'll tell you what drove her into the country—'twasn't because she had a natural liking for seeing the dandelions come up in the spring—'twasn't even to get fresh eggs and young onions, though they'll reconcile her to the change as much as anything can. She's gone home with old Uncle and Aunt Rasher—you remember 'em, Tom? You see, they came to make us a visit, and she got in a hurry to see 'em off, and told 'em she'd go home with 'em and finish the visit out there. I enjoyed myself while the old folks were here. Never enjoyed myself better in the same space of time. You see, I invited 'em—on the sly. Mrs. Rasher wasn't expecting 'em; in fact, she was right in the midst of one of her fashionable sworrys. She was setting on the sofa, young Flummery one side of her and that Fitz Simmons on the other, and a dozen of our most super-elegant guests around her. I knew what was coming, and was kind of walking around, waiting. I knew they'd be in on the eight o'clock train, and I'd sent John down with the carriage to bring 'em up. I had one ear open, and heard 'em in the hall; but Mrs. Rasher didn't, or thought they were more of her friends, till Patrick threw the door open, and the blaze of gaslight fell resplendently upon the curious pair, for they are curious, no mistake, and as good as they are queer. Aunt Rasher nursed me through the measles, when I was fourteen, and I never shall forget the pie and gingerbread she put in my way, when my appetite began to come round all right. No, sir! if I should rise in life as

high as the shot-tower, I'd never forget the benevolent countenance with which she used to see me devour those prodigal sweets. I asked 'em here because I wanted to see 'em, and treat 'em to the best, as well as to plague Marier, but I'd no idea she'd get the best of me in doing it. That woman is too much for me *generally*! But I'll die game! She's afraid of my tricks, if she does deny it. My advice to you, my friends, is—When you're dealing with your wives to be like owls—appear wiser than you are; if a woman once gets it into her head that she's the smartest, she'll tyrannize over you like a cat over a captive mouse. Mrs. Rasher is big and I am little; and I'm naturally mild and forgiving, which is very much against me; and I don't mind owning that I *have* given up to her more than I ought, for instance—cutting some of my best friends, which I don't intend doing any longer. But where did I leave my good old uncle and aunt?—standing in the door, winking under the sudden glare, and evidently unprepared for company. When Marier saw who they were, she started towards them to hurry them up stairs, but Aunt Rasher met her half way, and got hold of her hand, which she shook like an ague fit, crying out in that sharp, high voice of hers—“How de do, niece? how de do? I'd no idea you'd make company for us the first night, or we'd a come more fixed up, though 'twas drefful dusty riding. I'm sorry we disappointed your company, for it's nigh about bed-time, and I s'pose they're almost ready to go home agin.” While old uncle he just kept peering around through his spectacles and saying—“Hoity, toity! hoity, toity! mighty fine! mighty fine!” When I hurried forward to make them welcome, I cast a kind of a squint towards Mrs. R., and I saw she understood that I was at the bottom of this visit. She was white she was so mad, but I kissed old auntie and told her she was like an old maid, she was growing younger every day, and she laughed and said I was the same boy I used to be, when I lived to their house and did chores for my board. La! la! O ho! you should have seen Mrs. Rasher then! Mrs. Fitz Simmons tittered slightly in her usual disagreeable way. Marier pounced on the old lady like a hawk on a chicken, and flew out of the parlor with her, while uncle followed, shaking his head as if finding fault with things. The old couple were turned over to the tender mercies of the butler and chambermaid, and in ten minutes my wife was back again, smiling as sweet as syrup, and talking to Easelby about Church's Icebergs as cool as ice cream. I went

down to the dining-room and talked with 'em while they eat their supper, which didn't take long, as auntie said she was too tired to eat, and she guessed, if Marier would excuse her, she'd go up to bed, if the company wouldn't think hard; and uncle said he'd go too. I went back to the parlors, after they'd said good-night, to see how matters were progressing in that quarter. Mrs. Rasher wouldn't look towards me, but kept making herself agreeable to the young men. The room was quite still, when all of a sudden the door was opened a little crack, and auntie's voice came through it like wind through a keyhole—she tried to whisper, and was heard all the plainer—“Marier, Marier, can't you lend me a good thick nightcap? I forgot to put any up, and I shall have the neuralogy terrible, if I sleep without.”

I felt kind of sorry for Mrs. Rasher, she looked so red in the face; so I got one of the ladies to rattling at the pianny before she came back, but when I heard her telling somebody that—“I wouldn't have asked 'em, if I didn't expect to get forty or fifty thousand dollars when they died.” I was mad, and answered out before 'em all, that Uncle Rasher hadn't more 'n seven thousand to his name, and that was going to his son—that I asked 'em to my house because I liked 'em, and respected 'em too. She didn't dare to answer, for fear I'd tell the story about the gingerbread and measles, which she has a mortal terror of; and I kept tormenting her by distant allusions to it until she was glad enough to bid her fashionable friends good-night. O Lud! but didn't she want to blow me up, when we got shut up in our own room?—Have some of the salad, Smith?—The way she flounced things around was a caution to a small man, but I slid into bed gently, and went to snoring softly, while she was twitching at the string of her gaiter, which she had pulled into a knot in the height of her ill-temper.

“You needn't snore, husband, for you ain't asleep any more 'n a weasel,” says she, breaking the string; “how long are they going to stay!”

“I asked 'em to stay a month,” says I, half opening one eye, to see the effect.

Crack went the string, and whiz came the gaiter straight in my face. She did not speak again that night, and when a woman is silent, beware of her! she's as dangerous as a biler that's just ready to burst. I felt a little uneasy next morning, for fear she'd do something to hurt her visitors' feelings, but I was surprised to find her as amiable as a lamb. She was as

sociable as old auntie herself, talked to Uncle Rasher about his farm, and stock, and ordered out the carriage to take them a ride, after breakfast, to show them the city. When I come home from my warehouse I found the old folks in the best of humor; they 'd had a nice day, and seen a great deal. But no callers happened in, much to my chagrin. Well, the long and short of it, boys, is—that she got the start of me. She took 'em out every day, somewhere; once to Barnum's Museum, once to see some wonderful panorama, and to all kinds of places that tickled 'em amazingly; but I saw that they never went anywhere where there was danger of meeting any of her acquaintances, and not a soul called for a whole week, that is, they called, but they were not admitted; the footmen had orders not to be at home to anybody; and at the end of a week they had visited so hard they were ready to go home and take Marier with 'em; so she went, and I've taken advantage of circumstances to have a bachelor's party. We'll have a good time to-night, if we never do again. Fill up, boys, and drink to the toast, "We won't go home till morning." No, we won't—"Yes, you will!"—Who spoke then, boys? I declare it sounded precisely like Mrs. Rasher's voice! but she's in the country, you know. Did any of the rest of you hear it? You *did*? then I wasn't mistaken. John, open the door softly and see if any of the servants are playing tricks! No! then it must have been spirits—ardent spirits, of course; though we've taken nothing stronger than champagne.

John, bring in that basket of bottled cider Mrs. Rasher sent by express to-day. It must be good, for uncle bottled it himself. Bless her heart, she couldn't have felt so very spiteful, or she wouldn't have thought of my partiality for Jersey cider. Now, then, cork, you needn't stand guard any longer. It sparkles like Catawba—try it!—"Beware of poison!" Great goodness! it can't be that the pardner of my own bosom has attempted—has carried her resentment so far—Gentlemen! don't touch it. I don't want to kill my friends, whatever my own fate may be. My wife's voice again. If I catch the scoundrel that's playing off this silly trick, be it he or she, I'll box their ears and discharge 'em without their wages. John, look in the dumb-waiter, and all about. It's somebody playing a joke, gentlemen, I'm convinced; but to be on the safe side, we'd better not touch the cider.

"Consomme of chicken;" very good, John, we'll soon consume your consomme, that is, if

we like it. Say, Jones, why ought a good dinner to satisfy the partaker?—well, there's a good many reasons, but the finishing one is—that he's sure to get his deserts at the last. Poor? You'd make poor conundrums yourself, Smith, if you were as afraid of ghosts as I am, and had one at your supper as unexpectedly. I expect every moment to hear a rapping under the table as well as on it. I'm as uneasy as Macbeth, though my conscience is clear enough. I assure you I haven't murdered Mrs. Rasher to get her out of the way. "Yes you have!" My conscience!

Gentlemen, I beg of you not to be influenced by invisible evidence; go on with your suppers, and let the mischief talk, if it wants to; you've known me too long to suppose that I would—"strangle your own innocent Marier!" Monstrous! It is *her* voice, and in this very room; yet I pledge you my word of honor, boys, she's out in the country, alive and well, at Uncle Rasher's, and if any of you are affected by this unaccountable accusation, I trust you will go out with me in the morning, and pay your compliments to her. John, what's the matter with you? you're shaking like a poplar! I do believe you are afraid. Spirits can't hurt you, unless you like too much of 'em. I ain't afraid to tell this one boldly that it's an outrageous liar, and ask it to prove what it says. Give us a song, Tom. Oh, anything, I don't care what; you know my favorites, but I'm a little confused just now; I guess it's the wine.

Don't be thinking of going. If you leave so early, I shall think you've been impressed by this little joke that somebody's been playing on me. Really I shall be offended. It's only half past twelve, and my advice to you all is to—"arrest Timothy Rasher for the murder of his wife!"

That fool, John, has fainted dead away. *He* ain't in the plot, whoever is. These servants are so superstitious. Here, Patrick, drag out this fool, and throw cold water on him.

A pretty good trick, isn't it, gentlemen? Ha! ha! ha! Very well carried out; very well, indeed; but if anybody thinks I'm frightened, they're counting their chickens before they're hatched. My own wife! Quite a joke, ha! ha! ha! Why, everybody knows how attached we are to each other. We have our little spats, to be sure, like all married people, and I'm rather fond of a practical joke, as you all know; but strangling my dear Marier is a serious kind of a joke—a choke instead of a joke; that I'd hardly be guilty of. If I've said anything this evening among my old cronies that wasn't just

right, I didn't mean it as anything but fun. Come, boys, let's make a night of it. Here's to the ghost; may it learn to tell the truth, or forever hold its peace. What! going? I didn't think seven men would get scared at a harmless trick. Ain't scared? I see you're not; not at all; but some of you are a little shaky. I suppose you'll look in the morning papers to see if your friend Tim is in the Tombs yet. Ha! ha! Good-night.

They've gone two hours before they meant to, and though they tried to laugh it off, I could see they were every one of 'em suspicious of me. Hang it! if that's all friendship's worth, I might as well drop my old friends. I shouldn't wonder if they'd be willing to help drop me. It's confounded queer about that thing; I feel uneasy myself. I won't go back to the dining-room to-night, but I'll have every spot examined in the morning. I hope the ghost will keep itself out of my chamber. I'll leave the gas burning all night.

Gracious! there's something sitting up in the bed! It's her ghost! Oh, Marier! Marier! if you're really strangled and dead, it wasn't me that did it, whatever you may have reason to think. I didn't do it! I didn't do it!

[*Mrs. Rasher.*] Get up off your knees, you goose, and come to bed. I'm tired and sleepy. If I hadn't have scattered that interesting party of yours, I'd have been broken of my rest all night. "Won't go home till morning!" Ha! ha! But they *did* go, my sweetest, some time before. The next time you entertain a set of your stupid old cronies be sure that your wife ain't hid in the lower part of the dresser listen-

ing to your stories at her expense. I'm cramped dreadfully, stuffed away in that hole so long, but I've had fun enough to pay me for my pains. So you really thought I'd stay a week out at that horrid old farm, did you? Not quite. I got in on the evening train, and it happened to be Betty who let me in, and I found out about the expected supper, so I told her not to let a soul know I had got back, but to bring some tea to my room, and I took an opportunity, and slipped into the dining-room, and hid in the dresser. I heard all of your affectionate remarks about your own Marier, my love. I'm glad to hear that we really are attached to each other, spite of our little spats.

You may ask your cronies to supper as often as you've a mind after this. You'll have a new story to tell—a *ghost* story, my dear, that will be very interesting. Hark! there's some one ringing the bell. I'll bet you a hat against a new bonnet that some of your friends have been after a police officer. Just raise that window and see. Who's there? It's Smith—I can see by the street lamp—with an officer. I always did hate that little coward. I'll speak to 'em myself, Rasher. What do you want? If you're after my husband, you can't have him, as I'm just home from the country, and don't want to be disturbed. I guess that will settle their hash. And now, my dearest, just own up that that little account at the warehouse is settled. What's that? I'm a smart woman? I know that. But is it settled? are our accounts squared? Yes? Very well. You can go to sleep now as sound as you please, my love.

OWNING A SAW-MILL: OR, KATIE PEYTON'S MISTAKE.

BY LUCY N. GODFREY.

"Ah, Charlie, you are just the man I wanted to see!" exclaimed Edward Ware, as he met his friend, one summer's day.

"Well, my lad, I am at your service. Is there anything new in the wind?"

"Yes, I am off for Newport in the morning, and want your company for the excursion. What say you?"

"Most decidedly, *no*. Are you not yet informed that I have become a man of business? Junior partner in the highly respectable firm of Morse, Craighenthorpe & Co., eh?"—and the young man folded his arms with an assumption of mock dignity, which was certainly becoming

to his fine form and noble, intelligent looking face.

"I doff my hat to you," replied Edward; "Madame Rumor did whisper such a report in my ear, but I discredited it. Pray give me the particulars of your sudden conversion from a mere pleasure seeker."

"I shall be happy to do so when you have explained the equally sudden change in your intentions. Only last week, you assured me that you were tired of watering-places, and should devote your summer holidays to angling in the brooks of the quiet little town of P——."

"So I did; but then I thought that there, at

my Uncle William's, I should meet not only my charming cousin, Nellie, but her inimitable friend, Katie Peyton. I have since learned that they are spending the gay season at Newport, therefore I follow them."

"So you were thinking of fishing for a heart instead of trout?"

"Yes, I confess it; and could you see Miss Peyton, you would not wonder at my ardent admiration for her. Had circumstances favored me, I certainly should have offered myself to her in New York last winter; but now, I shall be even more earnest in my suit, for reason sanctions what I then feared were mere emotional impulses. Sister Emma's marriage makes my parents anxious to have me bring a wife to our home, and I am sure they would be very proud to receive Katie as a daughter."

"And you would choose me for a companion on a wooing excursion. An equivocal compliment, I take it. Do you wish me as a set-off to your superior charms of person and manner?"

"Indeed I do not; you know better. When I thought I might go to P——, and enjoy quiet intercourse with the girls, I did not ask or, to say the truth, desire your company; but, among the crowd of silly coxcombs one is sure to meet at Newport, I shall wish your presence very much. Come, say you will go; I know your business will not prevent."

"You are mistaken, my business *will* prevent, for I am very much engaged in it, just now. My partners have hitherto been cramped in their endeavors to enlarge their arrangements by want of capital; but I intend to invest largely, and it cannot fail to pay. We have the very finest water privilege in the State, and there is no earthly reason why it should not furnish power for twice the machinery we now have in operation. I propose to see what improvements money can make in every branch of the concern, from the saw-mill up; and I shall enjoy seeing my shrewd, practical partners fully employed."

"Fortunate for you, with your Quixotic enthusiasm, that you are connected with shrewd, calculating, and honorable men. However, things cannot go far wrong, with worthy Captain Craighenthorpe at the helm. Better hear to him."

"Thank you, I intend to; but there he goes. I must join him. Good luck to you."

The two young men introduced above had been friends from boyhood. Charles Newell was the greater favorite in general society, for the hearty cordiality with which he always expressed himself, and his frank, cheerful face

prepossessed even strangers in his favor, while his friends and acquaintances very frequently received proofs of his disinterested generosity. He was as ready with a kindly remark for the negro boy who sawed his mother's wood, or the groom who curried his horse, as for the wealthy man who looked upon him as an equal; yet he never lowered himself to the level of those beneath him by slang expressions. His father died when he was in early childhood, leaving a fortune of a hundred thousand dollars to his widow and son. Mrs. Newell was a woman in whom strong moral principles were united to rare good sense. She strove very earnestly to assist her son in forming such a noble character as should be of far greater value to him than his large inheritance. Her frequent and interesting letters, requiring frank and punctual answers, were the talismans which stood between him and many temptations during his school and college life. After graduating, he travelled, with his mother, over a large portion of our country, thus affording her many opportunities for exerting a gentle, powerful influence for good. When he was twenty-two, they returned to his native village, where he immediately entered the office of Judge Ware, Edward's father, as a law student. Here he remained more than a year, very unwilling to acknowledge that he had mistaken his vocation, yet with an ever-increasing distaste for the dry formalities which required his attention. Edward, meanwhile, was fast improving as a lawyer. He had, from earliest boyhood, looked forward, with most eager anticipations, to the time when he should be able to join in his father's business. He graduated at the same time as Charles, and when the latter commenced his travels he entered his father's office and applied himself most diligently to Coke, Blackstone, etc. Most likely the fact that Edward was thus in advance of him, contributed to the dislike of his friend for the profession, for Charles Newell had never been accustomed to following a companion. However that may have been, he became convinced that Judge Ware's office was not the place where he could best develop his capabilities. After serious consideration of the subject, he left his studies and became apparently, as his friend termed him, a mere pleasure seeker. This change gave his mother much uneasiness. She could not urge him to continue to devote his attention to the law, since he had so evident a distaste for it; but she hardly dared assure herself that the wish for change did not proceed from a love of novelty, which would prevent his success in

any path. She feared the effects of living without a definite purpose upon one of his active temperament; for she knew very well that his wealth and fine social qualities only increased the danger of his allowing bad habits to fasten themselves upon him. Mrs. Newell's anxiety led her to consult Captain Craighenthorpe, who had been a valued friend of her husband's. That gentleman offered to take the young man into partnership, and thus test his abilities for active business. Charles gladly accepted the proposal, and we have seen with what earnestness he commenced planning improvements in the already extensive business arrangements of his partners. They were much pleased to have him connected with them, for, besides the advantages which his capital gave them, they were sure that he wanted but opportunity for observation to gain superior tact, in overseeing a large number of workmen. He had never acquired that polish of manner which distinguished his friend Edward, but he was equally destitute of the spice of haughtiness in his bearing, which sometimes made the latter disagreeable.

Edward went, as he had purposed, to Newport. He found Kate quite as fascinating as ever, but far more unapproachable amid the gay circle she drew about her, than he had expected to see her. He was sure she had encouraged his suit the previous winter, but now, she scarcely allowed him an opportunity to show her the most common attentions. He had a high ideal of woman, and when away from Kate he reflected upon her evident disposition to coquetry with displeasure. In her presence, her brilliant, showy appearance, and lively, entertaining conversation, enabled her to preserve the power over him which would very soon have led to an offer of himself, and, a larger thing in her opinion, his advantages of position and fortune, had not an unforeseen event showed him that he loved an ideal, which it were folly to seek to realize in Katie Peyton.

It was evening, and the brilliantly lighted saloons of the Ocean House were thronged by beautiful fashionable ladies and gallant gentlemen. In the hall for the dancers we recognize Edward Ware, who appears moody and abstracted as he stands by the side of his fair cousin Nellie, waiting for the music to commence. He has just seen Katie Peyton led to a neighboring set by the bewhiskered, *soi disant* French count who has monopolized her attention during the last hour. Suddenly the low, full, hearty tones of Charlie Newell roused him from his reverie. A cordial handshaking, a

few exclamations, an introduction to Miss Maitland, and the dancing commenced. When the last "change" had been called, the two friends met in a neighboring room. After explaining that he had been so busy during the past fortnight, that even staid Mr. Morse thought that he deserved a holiday, which his mother was anxious he should take at Newport with her, as she was expecting to meet her brother, Governor S——, as well as several more distant relatives here, Charlie complimented his friend upon the beauty of his lady love. In surprise, Edward asked if he had seen her.

"Why," Charlie replied, "did you not introduce me to her?—the sweet, intelligent looking girl with whom you were dancing?"

"Oh no, you misunderstood; that was my cousin Nellie. I would almost as soon think of marrying a sister. Katie Peyton moves a very queen by the side of my fair, spirituelle cousin."

"I suppose you will allow me to judge for myself; but I warn you that I never take a fancy to these superb, queenly beauties, and I have taken one for your blue-eyed Nellie. Introduce me to Miss Peyton, however, during the evening. I will rest now and watch the dancers."

When Edward again joined the company, he sought and obtained the hand of Katie for a contradance. When they had danced through the set, they seated themselves for a brief interval, during which the young lady noticed the tall, well-proportioned figure of Charlie near the doorway, and inquired who that stranger might be. The spirit of mischief seemed to dictate Edward's replies as he answered—

"Oh, he is a fine fellow, named Newell, a man from our town."

"Ah, you know him, then? He is fine looking; what is his profession?"

"Profession?" queried Edward, scarcely taking her meaning.

"Yes, what does he do for a living?"

"I guess he does not do much of anything. He owns a saw-mill, I believe."

The pretty lips pouted, as she said—"O pshaw! I thought he was somebody!"—but her companion did not notice the expression as they were about resuming their places upon the floor. When, later in the evening, he introduced his friend, and saw the scornful greeting of the proud beauty who rudely declined to dance with Mr. Newell, he was quite as much surprised as Charlie, and more perplexed, because the latter regarded the slight as a mere

freak of caprice in which he was a little interested. Mr. Newell immediately turned to Nellie, whose fresh, natural conversation charmed him quite as much as her child-like beauty had done. He remained near her for a time, and then joined a group of relatives and acquaintances. Soon after, Katie, noticing his free and easy air with his companions, said to Nellie—

"Did you ever see such impudence? I thought it bad enough, when I saw him dancing with you, but there he is conversing with Governor S—— as if he were My Lord Mayor, at least; and do see, he is leading away Senator L.'s daughter for a dance!"

"Why should he not?" quietly asked Nellie.

"Why? Did not your cousin tell you that he is a mere saw-mill tender?"

"No, Edward did not tell me that; but, whatever his business may be, he is the most interesting gentleman with whom I have had the pleasure of conversing since I came to Newport, and I hope that I shall have another opportunity to hear him."

"I hope you will, if you wish it; but, as for me, if a man has neither money nor good standing in fashionable society, I care not how noble or intelligent he may be, I will not waste my words on him."

It so happened that the girls stood near a curtained window, opening upon a piazza, upon which Edward Ware was walking. He heard every word, and Katie Peyton's power over him was gone. Most likely she would gladly marry him for his wealth and influence in fashionable circles, but he wished to be loved for himself. He sought his own room, and there, in silence and darkness, he reflected dispassionately upon the character of Katie, as the past fortnight had revealed it to him.

Reader, he did not lose his faith in womanly disinterestedness. He had known too many of the noble and true hearted for that; but he learned how fully he scorned the folly and weakness of mind of the bright enchantress his fancy had invested with so many charms. The following morning he told his friend the cause of his invitations having been so unceremoniously declined the previous evening. Charlie fully appreciated the fun of the thing; but requested that Nellie should not be undeceived just then. He had several very pleasant conversations with her before she learned that he was not poor, and in each her simplicity and sweetness but strengthened his first impressions. He introduced her to his mother, and was glad to see them mutually pleased with each other.

Edward, meanwhile, found the sentiments of the lively Lizzie Leland, a young relative of the Newells, accorded much better with his ideal of true womanliness than Katie's had done. She was not so beautiful as Miss Peyton; but a higher intellectual and moral character shone through her expressive features, fully atoning for their want of regularity.

Very pleasant was the intercourse of these friends during their somewhat protracted stay at Newport. Mr. Newell had come, intending to remain a few days only, but he delayed his departure from day to day, and when he left, Nellie Maitland had promised to correspond with him. It is scarcely necessary to add that this correspondence was followed by a wedding, which gave to Mrs. Newell a daughter.

Lizzie Leland went to their home with the Newells, and before her long visit there was terminated she was the affianced bride of Edward Ware.

A few words of Katie Peyton and I will close. I will not attempt to describe her endeavors to lure Edward back to her side, nor her vexation when she found that she had not only treated scornfully a gentleman so wealthy and highly connected as Mr. Newell, but had thereby lost one of the best matches in New England. This mortification exerted a most salutary influence upon her character. For a time, she cherished a distaste for society, and, in consequence, spent the remainder of that season with an excellent maiden aunt, whose influence, combined with her self-communings amid the beauties of nature, gave her new ideas of life.

As a proof that she was not so wholly frivolous as she seemed to Edward, let me cite the fact that she never lost the friendship of Nellie, who ever saw amid the faults of the motherless, ill-trained beauty, much that was excellent. A year after the visit at Newport which we have recorded, Katie was married to one well qualified to assist her in the work of self-improvement she had commenced.

OBSERVE A PRUDENT ECONOMY.—Precarious and uncertain gains are usually as speedily dissipated. Try, if possible, to save a portion of whatever you receive, to lay by. The improvidence of literary individuals has often been made a subject of reproach to the profession, and not without reason.

PASSIONS.—A man can always conquer his passions if he *pleases*; but he cannot always *please* to conquer his passions.

NOVELTIES FOR JULY.

THE use of breakfast caps having become much more universal of late, particularly at any public place of resort, we give several different styles.

Fig. 1.—The fanchette; has a thulle crown, crossed by bands of Garibaldi satin ribbon, and

Fig. 1.



surrounded by a row of black French lace. This is again inclosed in a fall of white blonde, forming the real border of the cap, and supported by another row of black lace. The brides are of black lace and Garibaldi satin ribbon.

Fig. 2.—Intended for an older person; also

Fig. 2.



of combined black and white lace, the ends barbe crossing the front, forming the lappets.

Many ladies prefer muslin and cambric as the material for breakfast caps, and in fact either is more suitable than lace for that purpose, as breakfast is a meal that presupposes *negligée* and a simple toilet.

Figs. 3 and 4 are two very pretty styles of cap.

Fig. 3.



Fig. 4.



Fig. 3 is an elaborate example of a French cambric cap, the frills and *frondes*, or ornaments, being lightly embroidered.

Fig. 4 is a more simple fanchon of dotted muslin, with a Marie Stuart point on the forehead; the embroidered bands that finish it are headed by a light ruche of satin ribbon, which is but caught on, and may be removed when the cap is sent to the laundress.

Fig. 5.—*Francé* undersleeve, caught up by

Fig. 5.



narrow ribbons in groups of three. (See Fashion article.)

Fig. 6.—Habit-shirt, with collar for morning; the collar is of white crape, muslin, or tarleton, made with loops, through which a violet ribbon is passed. Bow of the same.

Fig. 6.

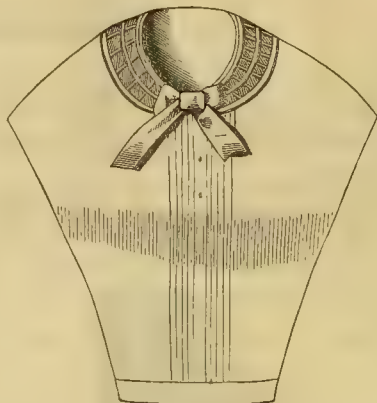
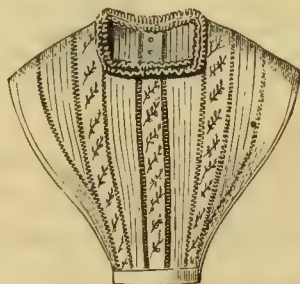


Fig. 7.—Spencer chemisette, for a rolling dress body, composed of alternate narrow plaits

Fig. 7.



and widths of inserting; drawn muslin ruche round the neck, which is cut square.

INSERTION.



PATTERNS FROM MADAME DEMOREST'S ESTABLISHMENT.

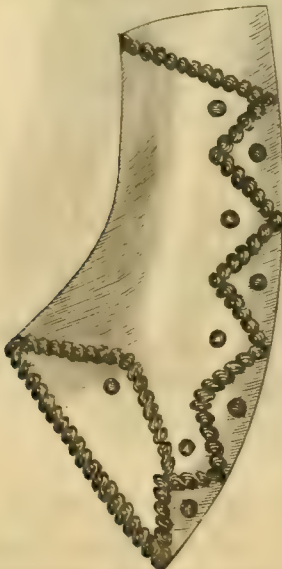
THE following patterns are from the celebrated establishment of Madame Demorest, No. 473 Broadway, New York:—

Alfred Coat.—Cut sack style, with a slight fulness, and gored in front, and laid over in scallops, which, when bound, forms a trimming; open sleeve, cut to match the body,



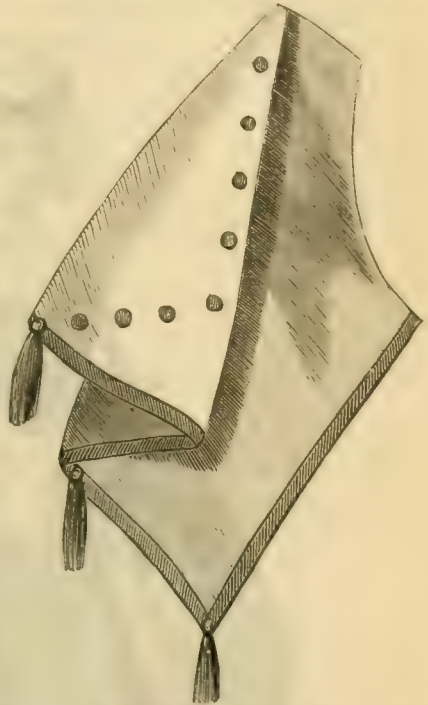
which is confined with a belt. Designed for a child from four to seven years. Requires about two and a half yards, single width material.

The Celeste.—Flowing sleeve, the back laid



over the front in points, and trimmed with braid and buttons.

Zuleika Sleeve.—An elegant sleeve, in the



style of the Arab hood. Decorations, tassels and buttons.

Lolie Sleeve.—Flowing sleeve, with revers



and straps, bound with velvet, and ornamented with buttons.

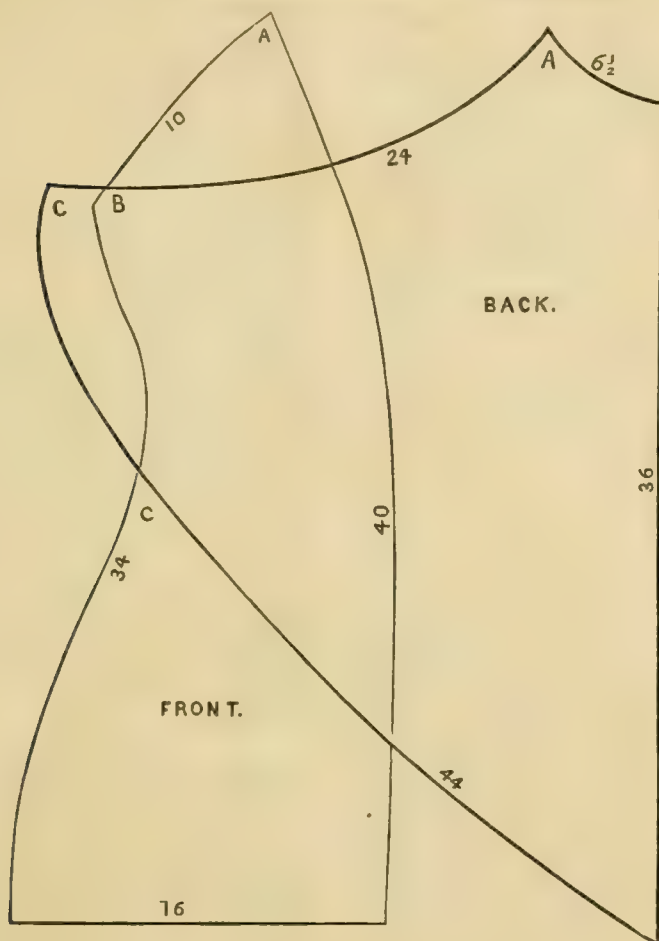
SUMMER DRESS AND MANTLE.

(See Diagram, opposite page.)

PEARL color spring silk, the body low, with high worked chemisette finished at the throat with a fluted ruffle. The skirt is trimmed with bands of ribbon sewed on to the waist, and

terminating near the bottom of the skirt in bows and ends. The mantle is of black silk, trimmed with a plaiting of ribbon and bands of velvet. Turban hat, with white plume.

DIAGRAM OF MANTLE.



LETTERS FOR MARKING.



CROCHET HAIR-NET.

(See engraving, page 10.)

Materials.—Scarlet, blue, or crimson crochet silk, medium size; gold or cut black beads.

This net, which has a very beautiful effect on the head (because the hair is shown to much greater advantage through the large square holes than in the ordinary style of net, whether done in crochet or netting), is made of bands of diamond open-hem, crossing each other, and edged on each side with a border of beads. At every crossing a small crochet flower is placed. A line of diamond open-hem is carried all round; and in it an elastic may be run. It is finished with a shell-edging, which may have beads, or not, according to taste.

As the size of the net must vary according to the quantity of hair of the wearer, it is well to cut out a perfect round, in paper, of the size desired; and to work on it. Make a chain of the diameter, and work back on it in diamond open-hem. Then a line of sc on each side, dropping a bead on each of twelve stitches, and working eight without. Be careful that the beaded parts correspond at each edge. Do another piece the same length, for the centre-line in the opposite direction. Work four somewhat shorter lines, two to go on each side of these centres, measuring the length on the paper, so that they may just cross at the plain parts, between the beads; then four more, to go in pairs on the outside of these in each direction, and so on till sufficient are done for the net: seven each way will probably suffice. Tack those to go in one direction on the paper, fastening them at the ends only; and then weave in those which cross there, carrying them over one, and under the following, bar. Take a sewing-needle, and some of the same silk, and sew them together whenever they cross. Carry a line of chain-stitch all round, catching up the ends of all the bars. Then a line with a bead on every stitch. Follow this with a line of diamond open-hem; then a bead line, then one of plain crochet.

THE SHELL BORDER.—* 9 sc, 13 ch, miss 12 * repeat all round. Should there not be stitches sufficient to make perfect patterns, 21 being required for each, they must be increased by working two in one as often as necessary: or, if there be only a few over, instead of increasing diminish by missing one more each time, to bring it to the requisite number.

2d.—* 7 sc on centre 7 of 9, 2 ch, 1 dc, on first chain stitch of 13, and on every alternate one, with 2 chain between; end with 2 chain * repeat all round.

3d.—5 sc on centre of 5 of 7. 1 dc on every dc of last round, with 3 chain between.

4th.—3 sc on centre 3 of 5. 1 dc and a picot on every dc of last round, with 4 chain between.

THE ROSETTES.—8 ch, close into a round. Work one round without increase, dropping a bead on every stitch. Then a round without beads, doing 2 stitches in one.

3d round.—* 3 ch, miss 1, sc under next, * 8 times.

4th.—Under each chain of 3 do 1 sc, 3 dc, 1 sc; dropping one bead on the last part of every stitch. Sew one of these rosettes at every place where two bars cross each other.

DIAMOND OPEN-HEM has already been explained several times; but we repeat the directions for the benefit of new subscribers. Begin as for a long tc stitch, with the thread three times round the hook. Do *half* the stitch, put the thread twice more round, insert the hook in the third stitch from that on which you have been working; draw it through, and work as usual, only at the third movement draw through *three* loops. When finished it looks *forked*. Do 2 ch, and work a dc stitch on the side of the last, putting the hook in where you slipped off three together. It then has the form of an X.

A PICOT.—3 ch, insert the hook in the last stitch, and draw the thread through to form a new loop.

BASKET WATCH-HANGER AND PIN-CUSHION.

(See engraving, page 11.)

THIS is a really elegant article for the boudoir and dressing-room, being a tasteful novelty intended to answer the double purpose which its title intimates. In commencing to make it, an oval must be cut in card-board of the size required, which may be larger or smaller, according to the choice of the worker. This being arranged, a smaller oval is to be cut of a size that will leave the first with a rim projecting half an inch all round. In this smaller oval is to be laid a wadded and quilted cushion of ruby-color satin, the edges of the satin being carried over the card-board shape and tacked down, after which the cushion is to be fastened on in the centre of the larger oval, and the under part lined, bringing the edge of the silk over, or it may be bound with ribbon, if preferred. In this state of progress, the bead fringe is to be attached to the edge of the oval shape, as will be seen in the illustration. We must now speak of the sort of border or boundary wall surrounding the basket. This is formed of

simple knitting, enriched with beads. Take a ruby-color Berlin wool, and thread upon it a number of the white O. P. beads; then cast on eighteen stitches; knit a row, leaving a bead on every alternate stitch; purl back again; knit a row, leaving a bead on every alternate stitch, but taking care that they do not form lines with the last bead row, but alternate in the way of diamonds. To do this, it will be simply necessary to remember that on one line the bead is to be introduced on to the second loop, and on the other to the third; but this will at once show itself in the working. Having knitted ten rows in the ruby color, take a bright blue and do the same, thus giving stripes of the two colors. When a length sufficient for the handle has been done, cast it off; and, having taken a double, or even treble thickness of wire, cover it with as much cotton wool as will make it

be joined up, inclosing the wire thus covered; and this forms the handle of the basket when fastened down at each end upon the card-board shape. It is necessary that this handle should be firm and well-fixed, as in its centre is to be placed the hook from which the watch is to be suspended. After this a length of the same bead knitting, in the same alternate colors of ruby and blue, is to be prepared, just long enough to go round the basket, and the ends being joined together, a roll of wool must be inclosed, and the edges of the knitting sewn together; after which it must be laid on in its place surrounding the cushion, and be properly fastened down. The fringe of beads must then be attached to the under line of the handle, and the article will then be completed. The beads for the fringe should be ruby and blue, relieved with white.

NIGHT-DRESS.



THIS is a long night-dress; the front laid in plaits, with the edges scalloped. The cuffs and collar are trimmed with dimity ruffling.

INSERTION IN POINTE DE LA POSTE.

(See engraving, page 12.)

THIS extremely neat and pretty style of embroidery may be executed with great rapidity by those who have acquired facility in this particular sort of embroidery. A description of the manner in which it is worked may be some assistance to those who are not familiar with it, but it is necessary that it should be practised a little before commencing on the pattern intended to be worked. It will be seen that each leaf in the illustration is double; this gives a richer effect to the work than when the pattern is composed of single leaves. The size of the needle used must not be smaller than a six, and the embroidery cotton about No. 12. The needle is inserted in the muslin, and brought out at the length of the solid part of the leaf; the thread is then twisted round and round the needle ten or eleven times, pushing it up towards the eye of the needle and keeping the thumb of the left hand on it while drawing the needle through, so that the thread should not draw up and the stitch be spoilt; the needle is then put through the muslin at the top of the leaf which secures it, and is brought out at the

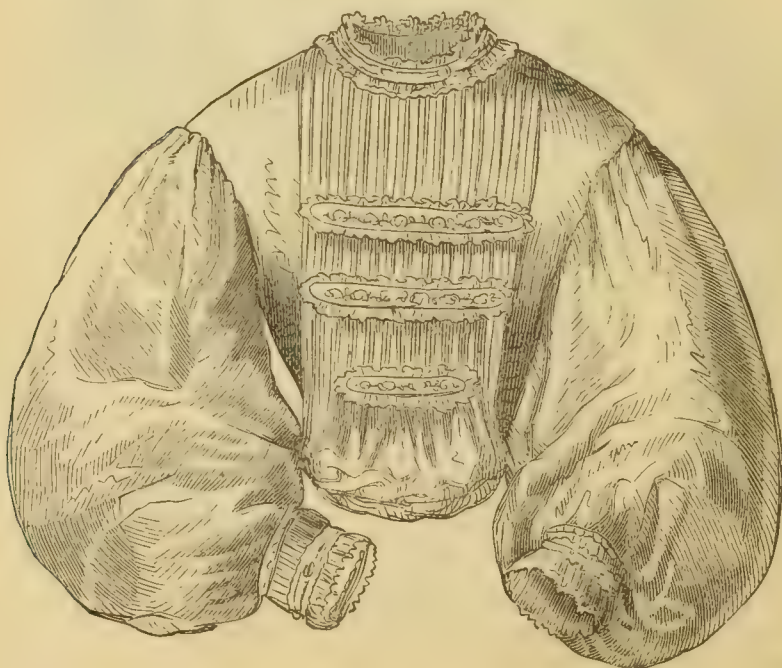
bottom part of the leaf and another is worked in the same manner close to it, the two forming the two halves of a double leaf of beautiful regularity. The little stalk which unites the leaves are sewn over with a finer cotton. The holes in this pattern are in cut-out work, which enlivens the effect; the whole is strong, and when neatly executed produces a pattern of great richness. It is necessary for this particular kind of embroidery that the pattern should be designed expressly to suit the stitch, as those only can be worked which are arranged for it, and this is one of the reasons why this very pretty style of work is not more general.

BEAD BASKET.

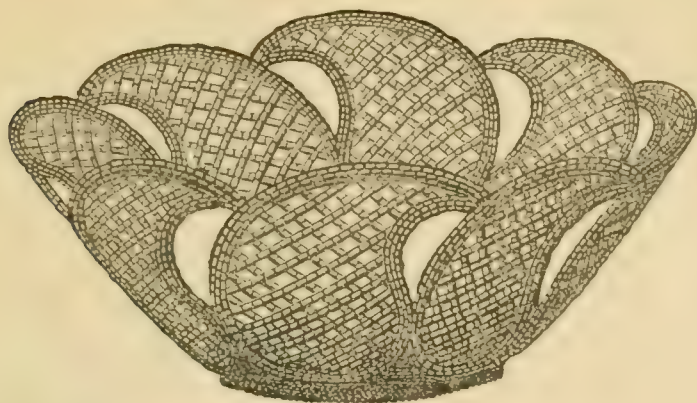
(See engraving, page 75.)

THIS basket is formed by stringing O. P. beads on wire covered with sewing-silk, closely wound around it. The inside of the palm leaves are of white beads over wire covered with white; the outside of transparent beads, over wire covered with rose-color. The bottom is of card, covered with rose-colored satin.

ZOUAVE SHIRT.



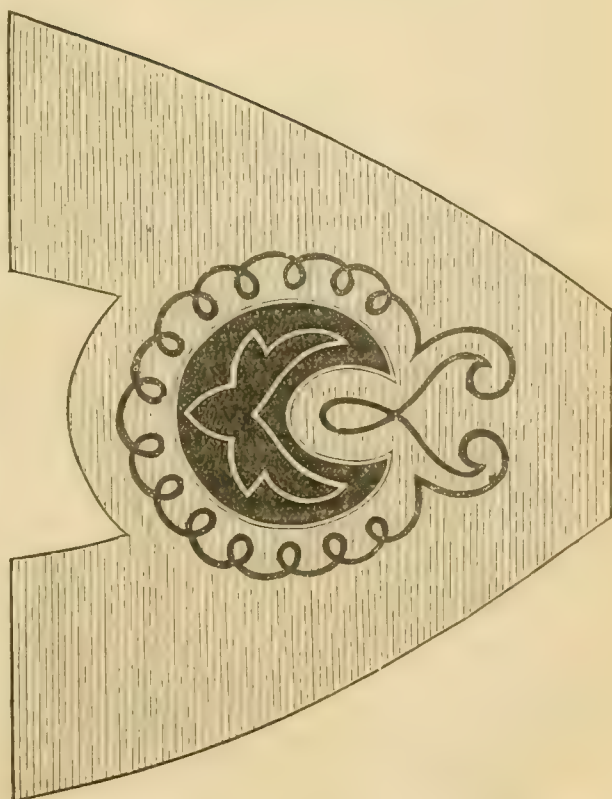
BEAD BASKET.



CHILD'S SLIPPER.



SIDE OF SLIPPER.

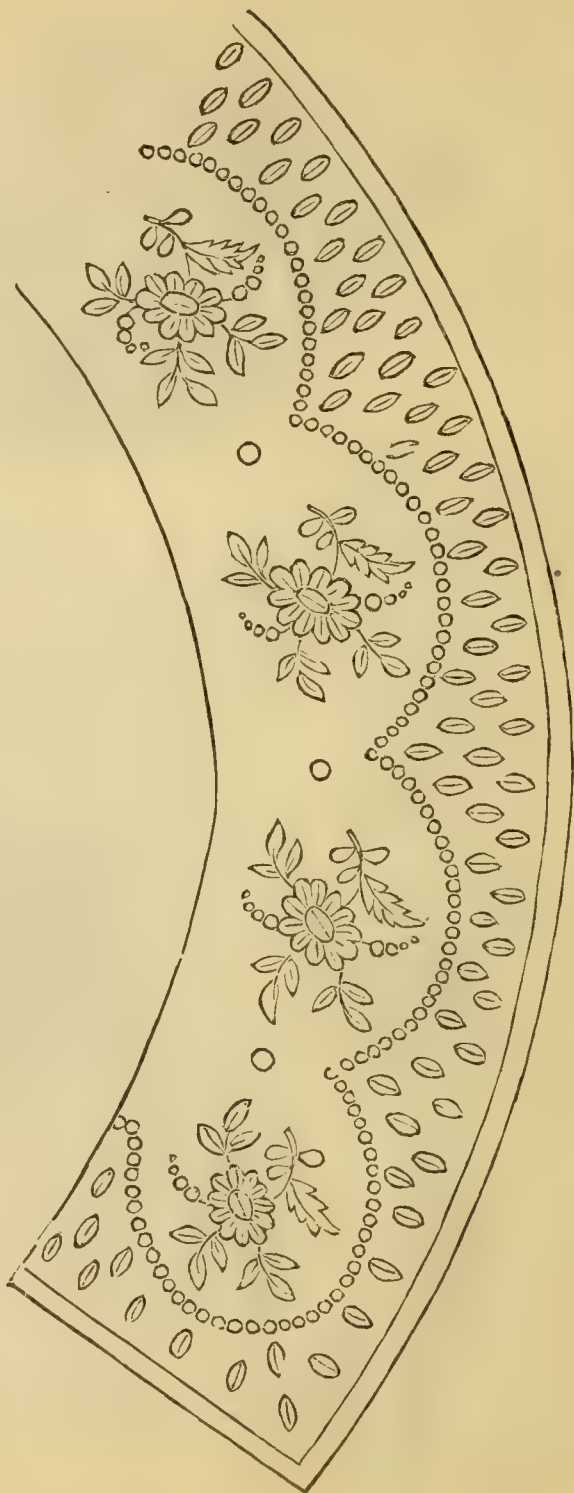


THE material is scarlet cloth ; the centre figure black velvet, the braid in the centre figure and round it is gold-color, and the other is black.

EMBROIDERY.



EMBROIDERED COLLAR.



Receipts, &c.

DIRECTIONS FOR PRESERVING FRUITS, ETC.

GOOSEBERRY JAM—Stalk and crop as many as you require of ripe, red, rough gooseberries; put them into the preserving pan, and as they warm, stir and bruise them to bring out the juice. Let them boil for ten minutes, then add sugar in the proportion of three-quarters of a pound to every pound of fruit, and place it on the fire again; let it boil slowly, and continue boiling, for two hours longer, stirring it all the time to prevent its burning. When it thickens, and is jelly-like on a plate when cold, it is done enough. Put it into pots, and allow it to remain a day before it is covered.

PLUMS.—There are several varieties of plums. The richest purple plum for preserving is the damson. There are of these large and small; the large are called sweet damsons; the small ones are very rich flavored. The great difficulty in preserving plums is that the skins crack and the fruit comes to pieces. The rule here laid down for preserving them obviates that difficulty. Purple gages, unless properly preserved, will turn to juice and skins; and the large horse-plum (as it is generally known) comes completely to pieces in ordinary modes of preserving. The one recommended herein will keep them whole, full, and rich.

TO PRESERVE PURPLE PLUMS.—Make a syrup of clean brown sugar; clarify it; when perfectly clear and boiling hot, pour it over the plums, having picked out all unsound ones and stems; let them remain in the syrup two days, then drain it off, make it boiling hot, skim it, and pour it over again; let them remain another day or two, then put them in a preserving-kettle over the fire, and simmer gently until the syrup is reduced, and thick or rich. One pound of sugar for each pound of plums.

TO PRESERVE PLUMS WITHOUT THE SKINS.—Pour boiling water over large egg or magnum bonum plums; cover them until it is cold, then pull off the skins. Make a syrup of a pound of sugar and a teacup of water for each pound of fruit; make it boiling hot, and pour it over; let them remain for a day or two, then drain it off, and boil again; skim it clear, and pour it hot over the plums; let them remain until the next day, then put them over the fire in the syrup; boil them very gently until clear; take them from the syrup, with a skimmer, into the pots or jars; boil the syrup until rich and thick; take off any scum which may arise, then let it cool and settle, and pour it over the plums. If brown sugar is used, which is quite as good, except for green gages, clarify it as directed.

TO DRY PLUMS.—Split ripe plums, take the stones from them, and lay them on plates or sieves to dry in a warm oven or hot sun; take them in at sunset, and do not put them out again until the sun will be upon them; turn them, that they may be done evenly; when perfectly dry, pack them in jars or boxes lined with paper, or keep them in bags; hang them in an airy place.

TO PRESERVE WILD PLUMS.—Take nearly ripe wild plums, perfectly sound ones, take off the stems, pour them into a kettle of boiling water and let them remain over the fire about a minute, or until they begin to crack open; then put them in a keg or jar, with enough of the liquor they were boiled in to cover them, and set them away. When you wish to use them, stew them the

same as if green; if used for sauce, add a little sugar; or you can make preserves out of them better than when first gathered. They are much better than dried plums, and are always handy.

TO PRESERVE GREEN GAGES.—The following receipt appears to be a good one: Pick and prick all the plums, put them into a preserving-pan, with cold water enough to cover them; let them remain on the fire until the water simmers well; then take off, and allow them to stand until half cold, putting the plums to drain. To every pound of plums allow one pound of sugar, which must be boiled in the water from which the plums have been taken; let it boil very fast until the syrup drops short from the spoon, skimming carefully all the time. When the sugar is sufficiently boiled, put in the plums and allow them to boil until the sugar covers the pan with large bubbles; then pour the whole into a pan, and let them remain until the following day; drain the syrup from the plums as dry as possible, boil it up quickly, and pour it over the plums; then set them by; do this a third and a fourth time. On the fifth day, when the syrup is boiled, put the plums into it, and let them boil for a few minutes; then put them into jars. Should the green gages be over-ripe, it will be better to make jam of them, using three-fourths of a pound of sugar to one pound of fruit. Warm the jars before putting the sweetmeats in, and be careful not to boil the sugar to a candy.

JAM OF GREEN GAGES.—Put ripe green gages into a kettle, with very little water, and let them stew until soft; then rub them through a sieve or colander, and to every pint of pulp put a pound of white sugar powdered fine; then put it in a preserving-kettle over the fire, stir it until the whole is of the consistence of a jelly, then take it off; put the marmalade in small jars or tumblers, and cover as directed for jelly.

TO KEEP DAMSONS.—Put them in small stone jars, or wide-mouthed glass bottles, and set them up to their necks in a kettle of cold water; set it over the fire to become boiling hot; then take it off, and let the bottles remain until the water is cold; the next day fill the bottles with cold water, and cork and seal them. These may be used the same as fresh fruit. Green gages may be done in this way.

TO PRESERVE PIPPINS IN SLICES.—Take the fairest pippins, pare them, and cut them in slices a quarter of an inch thick, without taking out the cores; boil two or three lemons, and slice them with the apples; take the same weight of white sugar (or clarified brown sugar), put half a gill of water for each pound of sugar, dissolve it, and set it over the fire; when it is boiling hot, put in the slices; let them boil very gently until they are clear, then take them with a skimmer, and spread them out on flat dishes to cool; boil the syrup until it is quite thick, and pour it over them. These may be done a day before they are wanted; two hours will be sufficient to make a fine dish for dessert or supper.

TO PRESERVE CRAB-APPLES.—Take off the stem and core them with a penknife, without cutting them open; weigh a pound of white sugar for each pound of prepared fruit; put a teacup of water to each pound of sugar; put it over a moderate fire. When the sugar is all dissolved and hot, put the apples in; let them boil gently until they are clear, then skim them out, and spread them on flat dishes. Boil the syrup until it is thick; put the fruit in whatever it is to be kept, and, when the syrup is cooled and settled, pour it carefully over the fruit. Slices of lemon boiled with the fruit may be con-

sidered an improvement; one lemon is enough for several pounds of fruit. Crab-apples may be preserved whole, with only half an inch of the stem on; three-quarters of a pound of sugar for each pound of fruit.

TO PRESERVE PEARS.—Take small, rich, fair fruit, as soon as the pips are black; set them over the fire in a kettle, with water to cover them; let them simmer until they will yield to the pressure of the finger, then, with a skimmer, take them into cold water; pare them neatly, leaving on a little of the stem and the blossom end; pierce them at the blossom end to the core; then make a syrup of a pound of sugar for each pound of fruit; when it is boiling hot, pour it over the pears, and let it stand until the next day, when drain it off, make it boiling hot, and again pour it over; after a day or two, put the fruit in the syrup over the fire, and boil gently until it is clear; then take it into the jars or spread it on dishes; boil the syrup thick, then put it and the fruit in jars.

PEAR MARMALADE.—To six pounds of small pears, take four pounds of sugar; put the pears into a saucepan with a little cold water; cover it, and set it over the fire until the fruit is soft; then put them into cold water; pare, quarter, and core them; put to them three teacups of water; set them over the fire; roll the sugar fine, mash the fruit fine and smooth, put the sugar to it, stir it well together until it is thick, like jelly, then put it in tumblers or jars, and when cold secure it as jelly.

PINE-APPLE PRESERVE.—Twist off the top and bottom, and pare off the rough outside of pine-apples; then weigh them, and cut them in slices, chips, or quarters, or cut them in four or six, and shape each piece like a whole pine-apple; to each pound of fruit put a teacup of water; put it in a preserving-kettle; cover it, and set it over the fire, and let them boil gently until they are tender and clear; then take them from the water, by sticking a fork in the centre of each slice, or with a skimmer, into a dish. Put to the water white sugar, a pound for each pound of fruit; stir it until it is all dissolved; then put in the pine-apple; cover the kettle, and let them boil gently until transparent throughout; when it is so, take it out, let it cool, and put it in glass jars; as soon as the syrup is a little cooled, pour it over them; let them remain in a cool place until the next day, then secure the jars as directed previously. Pine-apple done in this way is a delicious preserve. The usual manner of preserving it, by putting it into the syrup without first boiling it, makes it little better than sweetened leather.

PINE-APPLE JELLY.—Take a perfectly ripe and sound pine-apple, cut off the outside, cut in small pieces; bruise them, and to each pound put a teacup of water; put it in a preserving-kettle over the fire; cover the kettle, and let them boil for twenty minutes; then strain it, and squeeze it through a bit of muslin. For each pound of fruit take a pound of sugar; put a teacup of water to each pound; set it over the fire until it is dissolved; then add the pine-apple juice. For each quart of the syrup clarify an ounce of the best isinglass, and stir it in, let it boil until, by taking some on a plate to cool, you find it a stiff jelly. Secure it as directed.

QUINCE MARMALADE.—Gather the fruit when quite ripe; pare, quarter, and core it; boil the skins in the water, measuring a teacupful to a pound of fruit; when they are soft, mash and strain them, and put back the water into the preserving-kettle; add the quinces, and boil them until they are soft enough to mash fine; rub through a sieve, and put three-quarters of a pound of

sugar to a pound of fruit; stir them well together, and boil them over a slow fire until it will fall like jelly from a spoon. Put it in pots or tumblers, and secure it, when cold, with paper sealed to the edge of the jar with the white of an egg.

CANDIED ORANGE OR LEMON-PEEL.—Take the fruit, cut it lengthwise, remove all the pulp and interior skin, then put the peel into strong salt and water for six days; then boil them in spring water until they are soft, and place them in a sieve to drain; make a thin syrup with a pound of sugar candy to a quart of water; boil them in it for half an hour, or till they look clear; make a thick syrup, with sugar and as much water as will melt it; put in the peel, and boil them over a slow fire until the syrup candies in the pan; then take them out, powder pounded sugar over them, and dry them before the fire in a cool oven.

FRUIT WAFERS FOR DESSERT.—Take currants, cherries, apricots, or any other fruit; put them into an earthen jar in a kettle of water, and when scalded strain them through a sieve; to every pint of juice add the same weight of finely sifted sugar and the white of a small egg; beat all together until it becomes quite thick; then put it upon buttered paper in a slow oven; let them remain until they will quit the paper, then turn them, and leave them in the oven until quite dry; cut them into shapes, and keep them between paper in a box near the fire.

TOMATOES.

THIS delicious, wholesome vegetable is spoiled by the manner it is served upon the table. It is not one time in a hundred more than half cooked; it is simply scalded, and served as a sour porridge. It should be cooked three hours—it cannot be cooked in one. The fruit should be cut in halves and the seeds scraped out. The mucilage of the pulp may be saved, if desired, by straining out the seeds, and adding it to the fruit, which should boil rapidly for an hour and simmer three hours more until the water is dissolved and the contents of the saucepan a pulp of mucilaginous matter, which is much improved by putting in the pan, either before putting in the fruit or while it is cooking, an ounce of butter and half a pound of fat bacon cut fine, to half a peck of tomatoes, and a small pepper-pod, with salt to suit the taste. The fat adds a pleasant flavor, and makes the dish actual food, instead of a mere relish. The pan must be carefully watched, and but little fire used, and the mass stirred often to prevent burning, towards the last, when the water is nearly all evaporated. The dish may be rendered still more attractive and rich as food by breaking in two or three eggs and stirring vigorously just enough to allow the eggs to become well cooked.

Tomatoes, thoroughly cooked, may be put in tight cans, and kept any length of time; or the pulp may be spread upon plates and dried in the sun or a slow oven, and kept as well as dried pumpkin, dried apples, peaches, or pears, and will be found equally excellent in winter.

For every-day use, a quantity sufficient for the use of a family a week may be cooked at once, and afterwards eaten cold or warmed over. We beg of those who use this excellent fruit to try what cooking will do for it. It has been eaten half-cooked long enough. It never should be dished until dry enough to be taken from the dish to the plates with a fork instead of a spoon.

TOMATO SAUCE.—Take one dozen of ripe tomatoes, put them into a stone jar, stand them in a cool oven until

quite tender. When cold, take the skins and stalks from them, mix the pulp in the liquor which you will find in the jar, but do not strain it, add two teaspoonfuls of the best powdered ginger, a dessertspoonful of salt, a head of garlic chopped fine, two table-spoonfuls of vinegar, a dessertspoonful of Chili vinegar or a little Cayenne pepper. Put into small-mouthed sauce bottles, sealed. Kept in a cool place, it will keep good for years. It is ready for use as soon as made, but the flavor is better after a week or two. Should it not appear to keep, turn it out, add more ginger; it may require more salt and Cayenne pepper. It is a long-tried receipt, a great improvement to curry. The skins should be put into a wide-mouthed bottle, with a little of the different ingredients, as they are useful for hashes or stews.

STEWED TOMATOES.—Slice the tomatoes into a tinned saucepan; season with pepper and salt, and place bits of butter over the top; put on the lid close, and stew twenty minutes. After this, stir them frequently, letting them stew till well done; a spoonful or two of vinegar is an improvement. This is excellent with roast beef or mutton.

TOMATO PRESERVES.—Take the round yellow variety as soon as ripe, scald and peel; then to seven pounds of tomatoes add seven pounds of white sugar, and let them stand overnight; take the tomatoes out of the sugar, and boil the syrup, removing the scum; put in the tomatoes, and boil gently fifteen or twenty minutes; remove the fruit again, and boil until the syrup thickens. On cooling, put the fruit into jars, and pour the syrup over it, and add a few slices of lemon to each jar, and you will have something to please the taste of the most fastidious.

TO PICKLE TOMATOES.—Always use those which are thoroughly ripe. The small round ones are decidedly the best. Do not prick them, as most receipt-books direct. Let them lie in strong brine three or four days, then put them down in layers in your jars, mixing with them small onions and pieces of horseradish; then pour on the vinegar (cold), which should be first spiced as for peppers; let there be a spice-bag to throw into every pot. Cover them carefully, and set them by in the cellar for a full month before using.

TOMATO CATSUP.—Take ripe tomatoes, and scald them just sufficient to allow you to take off the skin; then let them stand for a day, covered with salt, strain them thoroughly to remove the seeds; then to every two quarts, three ounces of cloves, two of black pepper, two nutmegs, and a very little Cayenne pepper, with a little salt; boil the liquor for half an hour, and then let it cool and settle; add a pint of the best cider vinegar, after which bottle it, corking and sealing it tightly. Keep it always in a cool place.

Another way.—Take one bushel of tomatoes, and boil them until they are soft; squeeze them through a fine wire sieve, and add half a gallon of vinegar, one pint and a half of salt, two ounces of cloves, quarter of a pound of allspice, two ounces of Cayenne pepper, three teaspoonfuls of black pepper, five heads of garlic skinned and separated, mix together, and boil about three hours; or until reduced to about one-half; then bottle, without straining.

SUMMER BEVERAGES.

WATER is the best beverage to quench thirst and preserve the system in perfect health. But this requires pure, sweet, wholesome water, and such a beverage is not often found; therefore, substitutes or antidotes are

sought out. People who decline entirely the use of these, must be very particular to clarify the water they use; and it would be well if this were done by all.

CHEAP SMALL BEER.—To twelve quarts of cold water, add a pint and a half of strong hop tea, and a pint and a half of molasses. Mix it well together, and bottle it immediately. It will be fit for use the next day, if the weather is warm.

SPRICE BEER.—Allow an ounce of hops and a spoonful of ginger to a gallon of water. When well boiled, strain it, and put in a pint of molasses, and half an ounce or less of the essence of spruce; when cool, add a teacup of yeast, and put into a clean tight cask and let it ferment for a day or two, then bottle it for use. You can boil the sprigs of spruce-fir in room of the essence.

GINGER BEER QUICKLY MADE.—A gallon of boiling water is poured over three quarters of a pound of loaf-sugar, one ounce of ginger, and the peel of one lemon; when milk-warm, the juice of the lemon and a spoonful of yeast are added. It should be made in the evening, and bottled next morning in stone bottles, and the cork tied down with twine.

Good brown sugar will answer, and the lemon may be omitted, if cheapness is required.

EAT SUCRE.—Sweeten boiling water with sugar to your taste. This beverage is much used by French ladies. It is considered soporific, and good for fatigued or weak nerves.

MEAD.—To each gallon of water put four pounds of honey; boil it one hour; when the scum has done rising, pour the liquor into a tub, and when cool put a toast with yeast spread over it into the tub; allow it to stand until the next day; then pour it into the cask and put the bung lightly over it; let it stand one year in the barrel.

NECTAR.—Take two pounds of raisins, chopped, and four pounds of loaf-sugar, and put them into a spigot-pot; pour two gallons of boiling water upon them. The next day, when it is cold, slice two lemons into it. Let it stand five days, stirring it twice a day. Then let it stand five days more to clear; bottle it, put it into a cold cellar for ten days, and it will be fit to drink.

SYRUP OF CURRANTS.—Pick ripe currants, and put them into a stew-pan over the fire, so that they get hot and burst; press them through a sieve, and set the liquor in a cool cellar for thirty-six hours; then strain it through cloths, sweeten with loaf-sugar, and bottle for use. The juice of cherries and raspberries may be prepared as above. This syrup, mixed with spring water, makes a refreshing summer drink.

LEMONADE.—Three lemons to a pint of water makes strong lemonade; sweeten to your taste.

This is the best beverage for social parties; cool, refreshing, pleasant, and salubrious.

ORANGEADE.—Roll and press the juice from the oranges in the same way as from lemons. It requires less sugar than lemonade. The water must be pure and cold, and then there can be nothing more delicious than these two kinds of drink.

ORANGE WATER.—Mix with a quart of spring water the juice of six sweet oranges and that of two lemons; sweeten with capillaire, or syrup. This water iced is a delicious evening drink.

ORGEAT.—Blanch one pound of sweet and one ounce of bitter almonds, and pound them in a marble mortar, with water enough to prevent oiling; then mix with

them one pint of spring water and a quarter of a pint of rose or orange-flower water; rub through a lawn sieve, and to the liquor add two pounds of loaf-sugar; boil together and skim, and when cold bottle it. For use, shake the bottle, and pour a tablespoonful into a tumbler of cold water.

MILK PUNCH.—Grate six oranges and six lemons with loaf-sugar; pare them very thinly, and steep the peel for a day in a bottle of rum or brandy; squeeze the oranges and lemons upon two pounds of loaf-sugar, including that with the peel flavor, and pour on it four quarts of water and one of new milk, both boiling; strain the rum or brandy from the peels into the above, and run it through a jelly-bag till clear, when bottle and cork it.

DELICIOUS MILK LEMONADE.—Dissolve six ounces of loaf-sugar in a pint of boiling water, and mix with them a quarter pint of lemon-juice, and the same quantity of sherry; then add three-quarters of a pint of cold milk, stir the whole well together, and pass it through a jelly-bag till clear.

MISCELLANEOUS.

COMMON SALT, sprinkled over gravel walks, will prevent grass from growing on them; or a solution of lime and sulphur in boiling water will more effectually eradicate the plant.

BAKERS' YEAST.—Boil two ounces of hops one hour in nine quarts of water; take seven pounds of mashed potatoes, when the liquor is milk-warm, and add one pound of sugar, two ounces of carbonate of soda, half an ounce of spirits of wine, one pound of flour, and half a pint of brewers' yeast to work it.

GERMAN METHOD OF KEEPING CUCUMBERS FOR WINTER USE.—Pare and slice (as for table), sprinkle well with salt, in which leave the cucumbers twenty-four hours; strain the liquor well off, and pack in jars a thick layer of cucumber and then salt, alternately; tie close, and when wanted for use, take out the quantity required. *Rinse* in fresh water, and dress as usual, pepper, vinegar, etc.

ROSE-WATER.

When the bushes of roses are full,
As most of them are about June,
'Tis high time to gather, or pull
The leaves of the flowers. As soon
As you've picked all you need for the time,
To each *quart* of water unite
A *peck* of the leaves, which, if prime—
And they will be, if plucked off aright—
May be placed in a still near at hand,
On a very slow fire. When done,
Bottle off, and permit it to stand

For three days ere you cork down each one.

SKELETON LEAVES are prepared by steeping the leaves in rain-water, in an open vessel, exposed to the air and sun, adding water occasionally to replace that lost by evaporation. When the green part is putrefied, it may be separated by gently washing the leaves on a plate with pure water. This requires considerable time. It is said that the process may be accomplished in four hours by soaking the leaves in a quart of pure spring-water in which a tablespoonful of liquid chloride of lime has been mixed. After they are perfectly separated, passing them through a weak solution of gum Arabic will stiffen them.

TO BRONZE PLASTER BUSTS.—A brownish gray bronze

may be easily obtained by adding to a solution in water of palm oil soap, a mixture of sulphate of iron and sulphate of copper in solution. This furnishes a brownish green precipitate, the color of which may be modified at pleasure by the addition of a greater or less quantity of one or the other of these salts. The precipitate, after being washed and dried, is redissolved in a siccative essence, or a mixture of good varnish of linseed oil and wax, and with the solution the figures (having been previously heated, are coated; on drying, they will be found to possess the colors mentioned above.

TO REMOVE STAINS FROM THE HANDS.—Damp the hands first in water, then rub them with tartaric acid, or salt of lemons, as you would with soap; rinse them, and rub them dry. Tartaric acid, or salt of lemons, will quickly remove stains from white muslin or linens. Put less than half a teaspoonful of the salt or acid into a tablespoonful of water; wet the stain with it, and lay it in the sun for an hour; wet it once or twice with cold water during the time. If this does not quite remove it, repeat the acid water, and lay it in the sun.

TO PREPARE WASH COLORS FOR MAPS.—Yellow: Dissolve gamboge in water, or French berries steeped in water; strain the liquor and add gum Arabic. Red: Steep Brazil dust in vinegar, with alum. Or, dissolve litmus in water, and add spirit of wine. Or, steep cochineal in water, strain, and add gum. Blue: Dilute Saxon blue with blue. Or, to the solution of litmus add distilled vinegar. Green: Dissolve distilled water in verdigris, and add gum. Or, dissolve sap-green in water, and add gum. Litmus is rendered green by adding kali to its solution.

TO CLEAN LEATHER.—Mix well together one pound of yellow ochre and a dessertspoonful of sweet oil. Then take one pound of pipeclay and a quarter of a pound of starch. Mix with boiling water, and when cold lay it on the leather. When dry, rub and brush it well.

SILKS.—No silks look well after washing, however carefully it be done, and this method should therefore never be resorted to but from absolute necessity. It is recommended to sponge faded silks with warm water and soap, then to rub them with a dry cloth on a flat board, after which to iron them on the inside with a smoothing iron. Sponging with spirits will also improve old black silks. The ironing may be done on the right side, with thin paper spread over them to prevent glazing.

CONTRIBUTED RECEIPTS.

SUPPOSE I contribute my mite for the benefit of those who are afflicted with those pests, little red ants. We used to have them in such abundance that we were obliged to place everything eatable on a table, and then set the table legs in saucers of water, in order to keep clear of the torments. For the last three years, we have gathered young wintergreen, when it was about three inches high, and scattered it about in our pantry and closets. The ants appeared to dislike it exceedingly, for they began to decrease in numbers immediately, and last summer we had none at all.

MARY.

POTATO SALAD.—Boil as many potatoes as will make a dish for your family; when done, peel them carefully, and slice while hot into a deep dish; cut in very small pieces young onions or shives, and mix them among the slices, distributing a little pepper and salt; pour over the whole good vinegar, scalding hot, and send it to the table immediately. A wholesome and pleasant dish for spring and early summer.

Editors' Table.

THE FINE ARTS IN PHILADELPHIA.

IN our Table for March we called attention to the progress of taste in our country regarding works of art, its influence on the public mind, and on the future improvement of genius in its artistic creations. Our remarks were chiefly called forth by the collections open in the "Institute of Fine Arts in New York." Now we would draw attention to the "Academy in Philadelphia." This city was the first in the United States that erected a building entirely devoted to the encouragement of the "Fine Arts." The more developed taste in architecture, and the great increase of wealth in our growing cities may have raised more imposing edifices in some of our sister States; yet, in the essential matter of fine specimens of painting and sculpture, there is no exhibition of the "Fine Arts" that can compete with the "Academy in Philadelphia." We possess many choice pictures; not a few of such rare merit that any one would, where it was a novelty, draw crowds of admirers if exhibited alone. In statuary, the celebrated group of "Leander and Hero," by Steinhauser, is allowed to be unrivalled on our continent; besides which we have many beautiful single figures—that of "Penelope," for one, and busts of rare artistic excellence. Added to these interesting objects, each year brings a large number of novelties, the productions of native genius, together with such pictures as our citizens may have purchased in Europe or have received thence.

The present Exhibition contains much to interest all lovers of Art, whether connoisseurs in aesthetics or only admirers of these creations of genius. The new pictures of Paul Weber sustain his well-earned reputation. There are many excellent portraits: Dr. Meigs, by Waugh, is admirable, and the Rev. Dr. Furness, by his son, a Philadelphia artist, is a fine picture. Our old favorite, Mr. Sully, has sent two charming heads of children, which show that time has not injured his graceful pencil. The landscapes by E. D. Lewis are remarkable for their variety of the beautiful forms of vegetation and the truth of their coloring; nature, not art, seems to stand on the canvas. The feminine pencil has given several original pictures that are deserving of notice. "The Watch Dog," by Miss Blackwell, "Cluck and Chickens," by Miss Smith, and "Mountain Summer Flowers," by Rosa Town, are pretty and effective pictures.

In sculpture, Mr. Broome has some very good marble busts; that of Rt. Rev. Bishop Potter, of Pennsylvania, will strike every person who has seen the original; the likeness is perfect, the air noble and dignified. The marble "Urn with Doves," by Stauch, is graceful and beautiful. Palmer's "Spring" is a charming imagination, gracefully executed. In relief, "Ariadne," by A. E. Harnisch, deserves great praise. We say nothing of the sculptures of Thorwaldsen, Canova, Greenough, or the paintings of West, Leslie, Vernet, as no visitor would pass these by without examination; artists of such fame do not merely invite admiration, they *compel* it. Our intention is rather to give the works of our living American artists in the Exhibition, particularly the residents of Philadelphia, a brief notice. Besides contributions from the well-known names of Peale, Neagle, Rothermel, Sartain, and other eminent artists of this city,

there are "Pastel Sketches," by T. Bishop, "Ivory Medallions," by R. Wylio, "Designs for Churches," by E. T. Potter, "Portraits" and "Landscapes," by I. L. Williams, all worthy of their place in this Exhibition. The Mr. Morans have contributed largely, and several beautiful landscapes—"Sunset in the Woods" and a "Coast Scene" may be named. J. Hamilton has many pictures; one in water color is very fine, so is the "Garden Scene." "Morning in the Mountains," by A. Porter, and also "The Aster in the Wood" deserve attention. G. B. Lambdin has contributed several striking pictures; "The Wood Elf" is one of these. J. R. Lambdin has some good portraits; that of Dugald Stewart in particular. T. H. Smith has an excellent portrait of Rev. Dr. Stevens. We must not omit to mention the incomparable miniatures of J. H. Brown; we doubt whether Europe could furnish more delicate execution. But we cannot enumerate half the pictures that deserve attention, and must close our catalogue for this month by naming "The Portrait of a Lady," by Austin Street.

We have thus gone hastily and rapidly over this collection of the works of Art, without even attempting any formal criticism. No descriptions can give accurate ideas of the merits of a picture, nor impart the knowledge that kindles the love of Art. In this case, seeing is believing, and study must precede enjoyment. We have not even aimed at describing what is to be seen, but to awaken attention, and draw our readers, whether residents or strangers in the city, to go and examine for themselves the treasures of genius in this Philadelphia Academy.

A cultivated taste for the "Fine Arts" is one of Heaven's blessings to society; it elevates the minds of the people, leads to high hopes and noble ideas, improves the perception of the beautiful, fills the imagination with reverence for the great ideals of human genius, enlarges the boundaries of thought, and advances us in the dignity of thinking beings.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

"ARE you married, Francisco?" inquired I, from my boatman, who propelled the boat with the oars, standing, bending himself forward the while.

"No; unmarried, signora."

"Indeed! But it is now time for you to be thinking about it, Francisco!"

"The time is past, signora; it is now too late. But though I have never been married, yet I have been and am still the father of a family."

"How so?"

"When my mother died, she left me four little girls to provide for. The bringing up of these four *povere ragazzi*, and the marrying of them, has given me something to do in my life, and, as you may believe, not so easy, either; and now I have the youngest still left. And thus the time has gone, and I have not had leisure to think about getting married myself, and now I am too old!"

Honest Francisco evidently did not think how beautiful was this short, unpretending autobiography; he looked pious and full of peace, and seemed quite satisfied with his four *ragazzi*.—Miss Bremer's "Life in the Old World."

SICK CHILDREN—CAN WE SAVE THEM?

Few people seem aware of the great mortality among the children of our country, and this mortality is steadily increasing. In the city of New York the number of deaths of infants under five years of age is now *three times as great, in an equal population, as it was fifty years ago!* An earnest writer,* a son of New York, after showing from the "Reports of the City Inspector" that *two-thirds* of the deaths in that city are of *little children*, thus sums up the matter:—

"The world is now presented with the amazing and startling fact of an enlightened city, the metropolis of the Western Continent, one of the richest and gayest cities on the globe, where the probable duration of life at birth is *less than five years*; or, in other words, where *one-half of all who are born never live to see their fifth birthday*; probably never live to see their *third* birthday. Verily, "the majesty of a great city may, after all, be but the glittering diadem upon the front of death."

Nor is this cry of perishing children confined to the "metropolis of the Western Continent;" the philanthropist of novel writers† has brought a similar accusation against the leviathan of cities, London; he says:—

"Our children perish out of our homes; not because there is in them an inherent dangerous sickness (except in the few cases where they are born of parents who communicate to children heritable maladies), but because there is, in respect of their tender lives, a want of sanitary discipline and a want of medical knowledge. What should we say of a rose-tree in which one bud out of every three dropped to the soil dead? We should not say that this is natural to roses; neither is it natural to men and women that they should see the glaze of death upon so many of the bright eyes that come to laugh and love among them, or that they should kiss so many little lips grown cold and still. The vice is external. We fail to prevent disease; and, in the case of children, to a much more lamentable extent than is well known, we fail to cure it."

Still, the mortality among little children is comparatively much greater in our country than in the cities of the Old World. In New York particularly, these poor little sufferers perish by thousands each year; over one thousand die every month, the greater number being children of poor or worthless parents, shut up in the wretched tenements of these classes, starving for want of suitable food, suffocating for want of pure air, dying by painful diseases, without tendance or relief, and only one hospital for poor sick children in that great city of palaces!

In the January Table of our Book, we gave a short notice of Mrs. Cornelius Du Bois and her successful efforts in founding this "Nursery and Child's Hospital." It is doing much good, but still there is need of the immediate co-operation of many warm-hearted women in order to sustain that Hospital and furnish other means of aiding these innocent and helpless sufferers.

If the sick children, the poor, perishing children of all the cities in our land, could be taken under the care of the patriotic associations of American women now formed to minister to the sick and wounded soldiers, what great good might be effected for humanity and our country! Thousands of ladies are offering their services who are not needed in the hospitals for the soldiers; why cannot these ladies turn their thoughts and hearts

to the care and tendance of the sick children who, during the three coming months, will be found in our cities suffering from all manner of diseases and privations?

"It is not the will of our Father who is in heaven that one of these little ones should perish," said our Saviour, as He took little children in His arms and blessed them. When these tender, helpless babes, given to humanity, as the germs and buds of spring are to the earth, to bring hopes and blessings, are permitted to leave us, or rather driven from us by cruelty or neglect, ignorance or indifference, can we look to Heaven to prosper and preserve our country? Will the guardian angel of woman watch over us, if we carelessly and cruelly abandon to the "reaper Death" the sweet little flowers that should be cherished as the life blood of the heart of our homes, even in the lowliest places where God has given them being?

We have alluded particularly to New York city, but Philadelphia is also an open sepulchre for little children during the summer months. The mortality here is so frightful in numbers that if it were by an epidemic, such as the yellow fever, for instance, that so many deaths occurred, there would be a panic, and people would flee from the city in terror; but as the mortality is seen chiefly to the little children of the vicious, the ignorant, or the poor, the deaths are passed over as common occurrences. Not for want of a large-hearted charity among the rich and comfortable households of this city of "Brotherly Love," but because this particular form of suffering humanity has not been sufficiently considered in any part of our land.

*The Children's Hospital of Philadelphia** is an excellent institution, founded five years ago; it has done much good. Now, however, it is greatly in want of means. The managers have, as yet, neither land, nor house, nor permanent fund to carry out their generous plans. They have struggled bravely; last year, in their crowded "hired Hospital," they had 133 in-patients; the physicians had under their charge 1418 out-patients, and received 3516 visits at their Dispensary.

The lady visitors of this institution are doing an incalculable amount of good. Many a poor little sufferer has been sought out, soothed, saved, and permanently restored by the tender charity of these noble women, who are beloved in the high places of social life, but *almost worshipped* among the lowly. Many more such generous helpers of poor mothers and their sick children are needed. Would it not be among the noblest deeds of women if the ladies of America, in every city and large village of our land, would form associations to visit, care for, relieve, and save, if possible, the lives of poor sick and suffering children?

When we think that these little sufferers are helpless, innocent creatures, ought we not to be earnest in our exertions in their behalf? Among the many distressing cases that benevolence daily relieves in other Hospitals we see often the result of indolence, ill-conduct, and vicious indulgences, which make us condemn while we aid; but when we bend over tender, wailing infants, dying for want of care, or listen to the feeble cry of sick little ones, perishing because there is none to help, our charity is free from all doubts and drawbacks; it is plain duty we are doing; it is our Lord Jesus Christ we are serving.

God spared Nineveh, that great city doomed to destruction, for the sake of those who did not "know their right hand from their left." Should it not be the united

* E. Y. Roberts.

† Charles Dickens.

* At Nos. 408 and 410 Blight Street.

efforts of all American Christian women to save the little children, doomed to destruction for lack of human care, while we beseech the forgiveness of God for our national sins?

HAVE FAITH IN GOD.

HAVE faith in God : His unseen hand
Will guide thee o'er life's rugged way,
And through the clouds that linger round
Shed o'er thy soul a heavenly ray.
What though a thorn should pierce thy foot?
'Tis but a pang in mercy given;
'Tis but an earthly fetter broke
That binds thy soul to earth from heaven.
Have faith in God ; the starry dome,
The verdant earth, the flowery plain,
And all the universe combined
A father's love and power proclaim.
And not a sparrow to the earth
Can fall without His wise decree ;
Why do we, then, His goodness spurn?
Have faith in God ; He cares for thee.

NELLIE.

WOMAN'S UNION MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA FOR HEATHEN WOMEN.—We have a few names to record, but contributions come slowly ; not for lack of sympathy in this plan of benevolence, as the many earnest letters we receive show the wish to assist and give promise for the future, when these evil days of our country are over. May that good time soon come : then the School for the poor Burman Girls will be amply sustained.

Contributions for this month :—

Mrs. William Allen,	Philadelphia,	\$ 1.
" Lewis,	"	1.
A Friend,	"	1.
A Friend,	"	1.
Miss Anna Gillaspie,	"	1.
" Mariette S. Steen,	"	1.
A Gentleman of the West Spruce Street Church,	by the hand of Prof. John S. Hart,	5.
Messrs. Wheeler & Wilson, New York, a <i>Sewing Machine</i> , say,		75.

This noble gift deserves especial notice. In the name and on behalf of the mission we return our thanks to the donors. For Mrs. Mason's schools in Burmah this excellent sewing machine will be of inestimable value. We hope this "woman's friend," as the sewing machine* has been aptly styled in America, will soon become the "friend" of Asiatic women, and help them in the work of clothing the millions of heathendom, which must be done before these nations will be made civilized Christians.

* To show that Asiatic can be supplied with these "friends of woman" from American invention and skill, we subjoin the following sketch of the resources of Wheeler & Wilson :—

"The manufactory of the Company is at Bridgeport, Connecticut, occupying a square area of nearly two acres, and driven by immense steam power. It is organized upon the system adopted in the United States Armories, in the manufacture of firearms: the various parts of the machine being made by machinery. This efficient mode insures perfection in workmanship and exact similarity of parts in the various machines. Each machine upon being tested is finished by three skillful machinists, and should the second or third trier detect the slightest defect, it is returned to the manufactory—the defect is remedied, and the machine again passes the same ordeal. Being removed to the salesroom and sold, it is again examined and put in complete running order by a thorough machinist."

CHEAP LITERATURE: THE GOOD IT HAS EFFECTED.—The Messrs. Chambers, of Edinburgh, having made a careful investigation into the changes effected in the British book trade by the introduction of a cheap literature, state that it has driven into obscurity the sale of books of a grossly demoralizing tendency. They give the following summing up of a classification of the cheap periodical trade in 1859-60. Works of an improving tendency, monthly circulation, 8,043,500, a large portion of which are religious, but not sectarian periodicals, including those of the London Religious Tract Society, temperance, useful, educational, and entertaining literature. Works of an exciting nature, but not positively immoral, monthly circulation, 1,500,000. Works immoral, and opposed to the religion of the country, monthly circulation probably under 80,000.

A NOBLE ESTATE.—"Kenmore," the residence of Mary, mother of Washington, was sold recently to Mrs. Harrison, of Goochland Co., Va., for \$10,000. The sale includes only the dwelling and four acres of ground.

MISS STRICKLAND'S NEW WORK, "Old Friends and New Acquaintances," has lately been published in London. It is said to be interesting.

MIND AND MORALS—Rev. Charles Kingsley, in his Study of History, says: "Not upon mind, but upon morals, is human welfare founded. The true subjective history of man is the history, not of his thought, but of his conscience; the true objective history of man is not that of his inventions, but of his virtues."

MISS S. J. HALE'S BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, 1826 Rittenhouse Square, Philadelphia.

This school is designed to give a thorough and liberal English education, to furnish the best facilities for acquiring the French language, and the best instruction in music and the other accomplishments. The moral training and the health and physical development of the scholars are carefully attended to.

References: Mrs. Emma Willard, Troy, N. Y.; Henry Vethake, LL.D., Wm. B. Stevens, D.D., Wm. H. Ashhurst, Esq., Louis A. Godey, Esq., Philadelphia; Charles Hodge, D.D., Princeton, N. J.; and others.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.—The following articles are accepted: "The Lily"—"The Rain"—"Old Maids"—"Cross Purposes"—"Long time ago"—"Legend of Melvin Castle"—"Life and Death"—"In Memoriam"—"I will love thee best of all"—"Sunset in Susy's Room"—"Man never Satisfied"—and "Song."

We must decline these articles: "Wide Awakes for Ladies"—"Let us be Merry"—"A Great Bargain"—"He wants a Wife"—"Death and the Child" (well written, but we have not room)—"Evermore"—"Song"—"Margaret Reed" (will be returned if stamps are sent)—"I change but in dying" (by the late Bishop Doane, was published long ago; the lady who sent it will find the poem in "Selections from the American Poets")—"The Receipt for Wrinkles"—"Midnight Musings, etc."—"Glory"—"My Old Home"—"The Brother and Sister"—"The Daughter's Invocation"—"The Shell"—"The Trailing Arbutus"—"Realities"—"The Coming of Summer"—"Ode to Despair"—"Emma's Visit"—"Social Readings" (a very good idea, but not well set forth)—"Arabella's Grandmother"—"Trees"—and "The Day is done."

We have other articles on hand to be examined next month. The following stanzas, all we have room for, express, with deep tenderness, a sister's love:—

TO ****.

* * * * *

"Though chilling storms of earth o'ertake him,
Caused by the wrong and sin he's done,
A-k not a sister to forsake him,
And leave him on life's tide alone.

"Can I forget the dear old wildwood,
The cottage on the green hillside?
Forget the sacred hours of childhood,
And he who wandered by my side?

"I'll love him faithful as his mother;
Friends may frown and foes deride,
They cannot turn me from my brother;
I'll stand or perish by his side."

NETTIE LEE.

Notice to Authors.—All MSS. must have a name, address—town, county, and State—and date legibly written on the first page, with stamps for their return, if not accepted.

Literary Aspirants.—We are constantly annoyed by young beginners sending us poetry and asking us to remit our usual price. We may add that we do not either pay for or return poetry. One thing more while we are upon the subject. It is folly for writers who have made no name to think of receiving payment for their productions. An article may be fit to publish without being entitled to compensation. A young writer should have a little modesty, and be thankful that he has the opportunity of displaying his talents before some hundreds of thousands of readers, without asking more or less pay in addition. If he write with unusual ability, he will be sought out, and his contributions solicited, and then will be time to put a price upon the productions of his brain. A little plain speaking at this time, when we scarcely open a letter offering a prose contribution without a request to know "our terms," will probably prove a blessing to other publishers as well as to ourselves.

Health Department.

BY JNO. STAINBACK WILSON, M. D.

SORE THROAT OF CHILDREN.—This disorder consists in an inflammation of the mucous membrane lining the throat and the back part of the cavity of the mouth. It is one of the most common affections of childhood, and is generally caused by exposure to cold, and particularly by want of proper protection for the neck, feet, and arms. The *symptoms* of sore throat are redness of the membrane lining the throat, with pain and difficulty in swallowing.

Treatment.—This should consist of rest in bed or within doors, low diet, the warm bath, a gentle purge with Epsom salts, and warm applications to the outside of the throat. As an external application, the following liniment will be found very good: Take spirit of harts-horn, one part; olive oil, two parts. Mix, shake well, and apply on flannel. Or a flannel may be wet in spirits of turpentine, and bound around the neck until the skin becomes red. Another common domestic remedy, and a very good one, is warm ashes sprinkled with vinegar

and applied to the throat by means of a flannel bag or a stocking. These warm applications are appropriate in cases where there is no great excitement or general fever; but when the pulse is quick, and the skin hot, dry, and red, there should be no hesitation in applying cold wet cloths over the affected part, after the fashion of the hydropaths. A towel may be doubled three or four times, wet in cold water, and bound around the neck. But if the inflammation runs high, a *thin* cloth should be dipped in the coldest water, and laid upon the neck; and the cloth should be rewet and reapplied every five or ten minutes until the inflammation is subdued. While the cold water is thus applied to the throat, the hot foot bath will be found to be a valuable adjuvant in equalizing the circulation, and thus relieving the inflammation.

INFLAMMATION OF THE TONSILS.—In this disorder, the inflammation, instead of involving the mucous membrane lining the throat, is confined more particularly to the glands or "almonds" on the inside of the throat. The *symptoms* are soreness and difficulty in swallowing, as in the preceding affection, together with swelling of the glands, which are red, or covered with a dirty white or yellowish mucus. When both glands are affected, the swelling may seriously impede respiration, thus becoming quite dangerous. Inflammation of the tonsils is very prone to assume a chronic form, resulting in permanent enlargement of the glands, which are liable to become still more enlarged on every exposure, thus constituting an almost constant source of annoyance and danger. The disorder sometimes assumes a malignant form, attended with the exudation of a false membrane, which rapidly spreads into the air-passages and proves fatal, without prompt relief.

These considerations show the importance of early and decided measures for the reduction of the inflammation.

The *treatment* should be conducted on the same general plan prescribed in simple sore throat, but should be pushed more vigorously, until all threatening symptoms are relieved. Should the tonsils remain enlarged, a physician should be consulted, and the patient should not be regarded as safe until every vestige of the disease is removed.

CHILDREN'S SUPPERS.—The evening meal of children should be very light, consisting of a slice of light bread with a glass of milk or hot water tea, or mush and milk, corn batter cakes, corn bread and syrup, and such like nourishing but unstimulating articles. Fluids should be given sparingly for reasons that will readily suggest themselves to mothers. Children should have their suppers by sunset, or by dark at the latest; and when the meal is of the kind above recommended they may be safely permitted to retire very soon after eating, which they are very much inclined to do after the active exercises of the day. The restlessness and disturbed sleep so common among children is caused, not so much, as is erroneously supposed, from going to bed soon after eating, as from excessive and improper eating.

EXCESSIVE EATING IN CHILDREN.—The great danger of children is eating too much, not only at supper, but at every meal. But the keen appetites of healthy children are natural, and this natural appetite might be indulged without the least risk, if the food were given at regular intervals, of proper quality, and if due attention were paid at the same time to the laws of health, and especially to pure air and exercise. With due attention to these things a healthy child could hardly eat enough to make

him sick. The great difficulty is that children are exposed in numerous instances to many adverse anti-hygienic influences, and at the same time they are permitted to indulge an unnatural, artificial, or morbid appetite, excited by pampering the taste with sweetmeats, pastries, and confectionaries, until the appetite is no longer an index of the real wants of the system, as it should be, but a mere sensual longing for "something good."

If mothers would guard against the dangers of gluttony and low carnality in their children, they should allow them pastries, made dishes, highly seasoned food, and all palatetickling articles of diet very sparingly. Indeed, we think that it would be best to dispense with such things entirely; for besides engendering excess and carnality, they are, with few exceptions, directly and positively injurious to health. We would not have children confined to an insipid, uninviting, and an unvaried diet; for variety is the spice of appetite, and a good appetite is the best of all sauces. But it should be remembered that it is only necessary to guard against great sameness in the dietary of children, for their appetites do not generally require any nursing, and too great variety would be very likely to induce excess. The diet then should have just enough variety to prevent loathing and disgust, and each meal should consist of but few dishes, avoiding second courses, stimulants, etc. If a child begins his meal with a good appetite, he will be sure to gratify it with the dishes first set before him, thus rendering any others useless and injurious. If there is no appetite at first, the less food taken the better.

COLUMBIA, Ga.

Literary Notices.

BOOKS BY MAIL.—Now that the postage on printed matter is so low, we offer our services to procure for our subscribers or others any of the books that we notice. Information touching books will be cheerfully given by inclosing a stamp to pay return postage.

When ordering a book, please mention the name of the publisher.

From D. APPLETON & Co., New York, through PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

AFTER ICEBERGS WITH A PAINTER: A Summer Voyage to Labrador and around Newfoundland. By Rev. Louis L. Noble, author of "Life of Cole," "Poems," etc. This book comes as cool and refreshing in the atmosphere of literature as a light breeze in a hot July day. The author went "iceberg hunting," as he himself expresses it, with Church, the American painter of American scenery; and seeing the "game" off the coast of Nova Scotia, we are entertained with a description of the course of the hunt to its conclusion. The narrative is so vivacious that one fancies he hears the voice of the author, and sees his gestures, and feels almost as if he were taking part in the exciting and exhilarating sport. It is a book to drive away ennui. Price \$1.50.

HOPES AND FEARS: or, Scenes from the Life of a Spinster. By the author of "The Heir of Redclyffe," "Heartsease," etc. Two volumes in one. We gave a notice of this book as it made its appearance in another form of binding a few months ago. As it comes now, in paper cover, it is in style and price within the reach of all lovers of good reading. Price 50 cents.

VOL. LXIII.—8

From HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, through PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

SILAS MARNER, the Weaver of Raveloe. By the author of "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss," and "Scenes of Clerical Life." We have the pleasure of announcing to our readers a fourth novel by the same author who two years since astonished and mystified the world by the anonymous production of "Adam Bede." Silas Marner, the poor eccentric weaver, is a singular yet not unpleasant character. At first, suspected and misunderstood by his fellow beings, the avenues to his heart are closed, and he lives apart from the world, toiling daily for one purpose, the accumulation of gold. But misfortune comes to him, and the sympathy of others first begins the work of metamorphosis in him, which affection, through the agency of a little motherless child, is destined to accomplish. Miss Nancy Lammer is a pleasant little body, full of firmness and resolution. It is a picture of English manners and customs in the time of our fathers and mothers. Price 75 cents.

From E. D. LONG & Co., New York, through PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

THE TIGER SLAYER: A Romance of the Forest and Prairie. By Gustave Aimard. Price 50 cents.

THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHACE. By Pierce Egan, author of "Quinten Matys," "Love me, Leave me not," etc. Price 50 cents.

From RUDD & CARLETON, New York, through J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

THE ALCHEMIST: or, The House of Cloes. From the French of Honoré de Balzac. Translated by O. W. Wight and F. B. Goodrich. Notwithstanding the "hard times," this firm still perseveres in publishing an American edition of the works of Balzac. The story of the volume before us is of a man of high family and fortune, who, being possessed with an absorbing desire for the Absolute, sacrifices fortune, family, and affections in the vain pursuit of the chimera of the philosopher's stone. And while we have a master-piece picture of the man a victim of his misguided devotion to science, we have as great a master-piece in the picture of his wife, loving on and suffering through years of increasing misfortune and neglect, and at length dying a victim to her own affections and her husband's delusions. Price \$1.00.

THESSALONICA: or, The Model Church. A Sketch of Primitive Christianity. By H. L. Hastings, author of "The Great Controversy between God and Man; its Origin, Progress, and End;" "Reasons for my Hope;" "Pauline Theology," etc. A strong and vigorous work, in which the author, discussing first in turn the seven primitive churches founded in Asia Minor, finally settles upon the Church of Thessalonica as arriving more nearly to perfection than all the others; and then proceeds to dwell at length upon the characteristics of this church, its faith, its hope, and above all, its unity. He urges upon Christians to become living personations of their faith; and he reprimands unsparingly both Christians individually, and Churches, whenever he finds it necessary.

From TICKNOR & FIELDS, Boston, through S. HAZARD, JR., and J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

CURRENTS AND COUNTER-CURRENTS IN MEDI-

CAL SCIENCE. *With other Addresses and Essays.* By Oliver Wendell Holmes, Parkman Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in Harvard University, Member of the Society for Medical Observation at Paris, Fellow of the Massachusetts Medical Society, etc. These lectures and essays, even in number, emanating as they do from one so celebrated in medical science, will bear with them their own recommendation. They tell plainly many indisputable truths, and make perhaps quite as plain statements that some may feel disposed to cavil. One of these statements, and a most important one, too, is that people take too much medicine. If physicians and their patients could be convinced more generally of this fact, it is our belief "the world would be the better for it," physically speaking. Price \$1 25.

THE PARLOR GARDENER: A Treatise on the Home-culture of Ornamental Plants. Translated from the French, and adapted to American use, by Cornelia J. Randolph, of Virginia. Those of our readers who are blessed with beautiful gardens, fields, and flowers, and abundance of fresh air, will hardly realize with what delight another portion, being shut up in the narrow streets of a city, and deprived of these blessings, will hear of the publication of a book like this. With the aid of this little volume as an instructor, the window, the balcony, the very mantel-piece can be transformed into a blooming garden, the roof be terraced, and planted with vines and bushes, and the parlor, if they choose, be ornamented with a mimic lake, filled with animal and vegetable life in a hundred curious and beautiful forms. This "Parlor Gardener" describes all this, with full directions for planting, trimming, and grafting. We do not doubt in future many a bride, possessing this little work, will gather orange-flowers from her own miniature conservatory to form her bridal wreath.

FRANKIE'S BOOK ABOUT BIBLE MEN. By the author of "Sabbath Talks about Jesus," "Susan and Frankie," etc. A pleasantly written and prettily illustrated little book, giving in simple language the stories of the patriarchs. Price 38 cents.

SUSAN AND FRANKIE. By the author of "Sabbath Talks about Jesus," etc. A little book composed of moral lessons and stories suited to the capacity of very young children.

From HERMAN N. BIEN, San Francisco, California:—
SAMSON AND DELILAH: or, Dagon Straps to Sabaath. A Biblio-Romantic Tragedy, in five Acts, with a Prelude. By Herman M. Bien.

From WM. L. KINGSLEY, New Haven:—
THE NEW ENGLANDER. Vol. XIX., No. 2, April, 1861. Edited by Wm. L. Kingsley. Published quarterly. Terms \$3 per annum.

From CASSELL, POTTER, & GALPIN, New York:—
CASSELL'S ILLUSTRATED FAMILY BIBLE. Parts 29 and 30. Price 15 cents each.
CASSELL'S POPULAR NATURAL HISTORY. Parts 23 and 25. Price 15 cents per part.

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF THE MEDICAL SCIENCES. Edited by Isaac Hays, M. D. April, 1861. Published quarterly. Philadelphia: Blanchard & Lea. Price \$5 a year.

Godey's Arm-Chair.

"THE FISHERMAN'S FAMILY," our steel plate—a very interesting family. Well, it is hardly worth while saying anything more about our fashion-plates, nothing can approach them. In May, we gave a riding-dress for a lady; and in this number is one for a young Miss. A charming little pony she is riding. We would particularly ask attention to the background of these picture fashion-plates.

The wood engraving extension fashion-plate in this number is entirely extra. The Book contains as many engravings without it as any other number. These will give our subscribers some idea of the dresses to be worn at the watering-places this summer. For the "Organdy Chevron Dress" we are again indebted to Mr. Letson of the celebrated house of Messrs. A. T. Stewart & Co., New York. Brodie also furnishes us another of his inimitable patterns.

This number commences the *sixty-third* volume, and we are now in our *thirty-second* year of the Lady's Book. This is a long life devotion to one cause—the instruction and amusement of the ladies of America. In every number, since the commencement of the work in July, 1830, we have taken one step in advance, and we now say, without any hesitation, that we publish the most perfect Lady's Book in the world. Besides publishing every department contained in any other work, although on a more elegant and extended scale, we have seven specialties contained in no other work: original Music, Model Cottages, Drawing Lessons, a Children's Department, Double Extension Fashion-plates, an original Health Department, and Chemistry for the Young.

A PREDICTION.—We will venture to say that in less than three months some of our contemporaries will bring out something that doubles over like our colored fashions, or our extra additional fashion-plates. It won't matter to them what it is, nor to their subscribers, so long as it is something that can be folded. See whether we are right or not; they cannot resist it.

We have received letters inquiring whether our old contributor, Mrs. Alice B. Haven, has ceased to write for the Lady's Book. The first interruption for twelve years to her regular monthly sketches, has been caused by her winter's absence in St. Croix, W. I., and the irregularity of mail communication with that beautiful island, where some of our most esteemed subscribers have their home.

Mrs. Haven writes that "the Book was like seeing an old friend's face, when meeting it unexpectedly in a pleasant household at Bassian."

Mrs. Haven has now returned, in renewed health, and resumes her regular contributions next month.

Our first wood engraving, "After Dinner in the Woods," is an original design by Mr. Philip Wharton, a young but very able artist. The letter-press is by another of our young friends. Two of the party who were "two days in the mountains."

OUR COVER.—We made a silent but effective change in our cover at the commencement of the year. Let any of our subscribers compare the cover of last year with our present cover.

OUR MUSICAL COLUMN.

In this number our musical friends will find a new ballad, written and composed for the Book by James G. Clark, composer of several very popular songs and ballads, and the associate of Ossian E. Dodge in his well-known ballad entertainments. It gives us pleasure to introduce Mr. Clark to our readers. He is an able musician, whether considered as a balladist, pianist, or composer. His style is graceful and pleasing, and we are sure our friends will indorse the hearty welcome we give him to the Book.

In our next number we shall publish, at the request of several readers, a song arranged for the guitar. We shall be glad to take into consideration any music arranged for this instrument which may be submitted by contributors. Several requests have reached us recently for an occasional piece of guitar music in the Book, and correspondents will take notice. Some time during the volume we shall also publish a new waltz arranged for the flute and piano. It is by the publication of novelties like these, and of first-class music always, that the musical department of the Lady's Book has now distanced all competition.

The Seminary Bell.—This is an admirable little volume of 224 pages, containing not only elementary instruction, but a large number of songs, duets, and choruses, with piano accompaniments, adapted for schools and the social circle. Russell & Tolman, Boston, publishers. Price 50 cents.

New Sheet Music.—The following are new songs and ballads from our own pen. Three of them are just published:—

The Passing Bell, from the press of Firth, Pond, & Co., New York.

"Home returning from the wars,
Came the soldier, honor-laden."

The *Delaware Inquirer* pronounces this "one of the most beautiful ballads ever published." Price 25 cents.

O Lady, Touch those Chords Again. Published by Russell & Tolman, Boston. Price 25 cents. The New York correspondent of the *Pittsburg Intelligencer* says: "This new song by Mr. Holloway is as sweet as anything I have ever heard."

Poor Ben the Piper, 25 cents. Now in its sixth edition.

By the Seaside, 25 cents. Published by Firth, Pond, & Co., New York.

The Grave of Old Grimes, 25 cents. Published by Hildy, Albany.

It will give us pleasure to mail any of these pieces on receipt of price, or we will send the whole five, free of postage, for \$1. The *Penn. Intelligencer* says that "these songs should be in every house where there is a piano."

The above are the only songs and ballads we have to name this month. In the last number we gave a splendid list. The following are beautiful piano compositions, without words, all from the press of Russell & Tolman, Boston; we can send any of them on receipt of price:—

Marie, Nocturne, by Brinley Richards, 35 cents; Annie o' the Banks o' Dee, adapted from Glover's beautiful ballad, 35 cents; Her Bright Smile Haunts me Still, Brinley Richards, 35 cents; Twilight Warblings, brilliant piece by Fritz Spindler, for advanced performers, 40 cents; Mountain Song, by Spindler, 30 cents; Lonely Tears, same composer, 30; Wilt Thou Leave Me? same, 30 cents; Convent Bells, same, 35 cents; Valse Melodique, by Pader, 30 cents; Silver Wreath Polka, 25 cents; also Melanges Operatique, by Baumbach, two numbers, at 40 cents each. Address orders to

J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

HERE are some few notices of our Fashion-plates:—

The fashions in Godey's hands become truly a branch of the fine arts.—*Times*, Kenosha.

The fashion-plates are excelsior, and are not approached by any other magazine in the United States.—*Magnet*, Decatur.

The colored fashions excel all other magazines.—*Transcript*, Galesville.

Those fashion-plates are ahead of anything we ever dreamed of.—*Republican*, Tipton.

The fashion-plates distance competition.—*Press and Times*, Bay City.

The colored extension fashion-plates cannot, we think, be surpassed in the whole range of that art.—*Union*, Riverhead.

The fashion-plates are even more superb than usual. At an immense expense, Godey furnishes the most beautiful, the most interesting, and the most popular ladies' magazine, either in Europe or America.—*Valley Star*, Osceola.

The fashion-plates excel anything of the kind we have ever seen.—*Bulletin*, Linneus.

VERY EASY TO DO.—"If ladies would become sociable, refined, and domestic, let them read Godey's Lady's Book."—*Courier*, Albany.

MR. C. A. WALBORN, our new postmaster, has gone to work in earnest, and already gives evidence that he will make a very efficient and, we can gladly add, a most courteous officer. His selection of Mr. Edwin Booth as his chief officer shows that he is in earnest. Mr. Booth is a good business man, and Mr. Win M. Ireland, the second assistant, has had a long experience in the duties of the post-office department. Our post-office will now be conducted with energy and decision. We are indebted to the late worthy assistant, Mr. Stephen Anderson, for many courtesies while he so ably filled his important situation.

THE *Courier*, Clinton, Canada, says: "It is very significant that every month our sales of Godey increase, while our sales of other ladies' magazines decrease."

We think that it is "significant" that we publish the best work, and we thank the *Courier* for the information.

ANOTHER IMPOSTOR.—Some one is travelling about the country with the following card:—

"Dexter & Co., Wholesale Agents for Godey's Lady's Book, The Atlantic Monthly, and all Standard Periodicals. Office, 209 Broadway, N. Y. S. S. Dexter, Travelling Agent."

MESSES. Dexter & Co. have no travelling agents, and their office is not at 209 Broadway, New York.

PERSONS who subscribe through us to other magazines, if they miss a number, must apply to the publisher of that magazine. We have nothing to do with it after having paid over the money.

PRESERVING FRUITS.—We have again commenced these valuable receipts, and they will be continued in the August number. These receipts alone are worth the price of the Book for one year.

THE Boston Bancroft Literary Association have awarded Miss Sallie Marshall a handsome copy of the "Female Poets of America" for the best essay on "Woman's Thoughts about Woman."

LADIES' RIDING COSTUME.—With great increase in the wholesale practice of riding on horseback which has recently taken place in this city and vicinity, we are persuaded that we should do a great service to our fair readers by copying from a book recently published in England, the following directions for the riding costume of women:—

"Few ladies know how to dress for horse exercise, although there has been a great improvement, so far as taste is concerned, of late years. As to the headdress, it may be whatever is in fashion, provided, it fits the head so as not to require continual adjustment, often needed when the hands would be better employed with the reins and whip. It should shade from the sun, and protect the nape of the neck from rain. The recent fashions of wearing the plumes or feathers of the ostrich, the cock, the pheasant, the peacock and kingfisher, in the riding hats of young ladies, in my humble opinion, are highly to be commended. As to the riding habit, it may be of any color and material suitable to the wearer and the season of the year, but the sleeves must fit rather closely; nothing can be more out of place, inconvenient, and ridiculous, than the wide hanging sleeves which look so well in a drawing-room. For country use, the skirt of a habit may be short, and bordered at the bottom a foot deep with leather. The fashion of a waistcoat of light material for summer, revived from the fashion of last century, is a decided improvement, and so is the over-jacket of cloth or sealskin for rough weather. It is the duty of every woman to dress in as becoming and attractive a manner as possible; there is no reason why pretty young girls should not indulge in picturesque riding costume, as long as it is appropriate. Many ladies entirely spoiled the 'sit' of their skirts by retaining the usual impediments of petticoats. The best dressed horsewomen wear nothing more than a flannel chemise, with long, colored sleeves. Ladies' trousers should be of the same material and color as the habit; and, if full, flowing, like a Turk's, and fastened with an elastic band round the ankle, they will not be distinguished from the skirt. In this costume, which may be made amply warm by the folds of the trousers, plaited like a Highlander's kilt (fastened with an elastic band at the waist) a lady can sit down in a manner impossible for one encumbered by two or three short petticoats. It is the chest and back that require double folds of protection during and after stormy exercise. There is a prejudice against ladies wearing long Wellington boots, but it is quite absurd, for they need never be seen, and are a great comfort and protection in riding long distances, when worn with trousers tucked inside. They should, for obvious reasons, be large enough for warm woollen stockings, and easy to get on and off. It would not look well to see a lady struggling out of a pair of wet boots, with the help of a boot-jack and a couple of chambermaids. The heels of riding-boots, whether for ladies or gentlemen, should be low, but long, to keep the stirrup in its place.

GODEY should be taken by every lady in the land. The information it imparts upon housewifery, besides its unexceptionable and attractive literature, and splendid engravings, is worth to every lady, yearly, twenty times its subscription price. — and all the other magazines for ladies are mere imitations of Godey, and their plates its thrown aside ones.—*Press, Linneus, Mo.*

It would be hard to convince the magnetic needle that a loadstone isn't the most diverting thing in the world.

READ this, you bachelor editors; it is from a brother editor. It is beautiful. The thoughts are called forth and directed by the advent of his first-born:—

"I have laid awake many a night, an hour or two at a time, *thinking of the dear little angel*, and trying to look into its now dim and apparently far-off future, and wondering what it will be. That it may enjoy a bright and happy future is the earnest wish of my heart; that this wish may not be fully realized is the only thing that gives me *care* about the little darling that God has given me, and that causes me to pass, occasionally, sleepless hours. You truly quote, however, 'that a baby is a well-spring of pleasure in a home;' you know it from *joyful* experience. What is home without the smiling, prattling infant? Let the unhappy childless answer. There is little or no contentment in their dull and cheerless homes, there is no ever-flowing fountain of joy, sparkling with infant smiles and shouting with childish voice to glad their hearts. No! in the homes of the childless there is an eternal longing after something, an *aching void*, which alone could be filled by the command of our Saviour, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not.'"

THE following advertisement appeared in one of the London newspapers:—

"A gentleman who is about to leave the house in which he resides, and being desirous to return it to the landlord in the same condition in which he found it, will pay a fair price for 500 full-grown rats, an acre of poisonous weeds, and a cartload of rubbish; the weeds to be planted in the garden, the rubbish left on the doorstep, and the rats suffered to run loose through the house."

BEAR WITH THE LITTLE ONES.—Children are undoubtedly very troublesome at times in asking questions, and should, without doubt, be taught not to interrupt conversation in company. But, this resolution made, we question the policy of withholding an answer at any time from the active mind which must find so many unexplained daily and hourly mysteries. They who have either learned to solve these mysteries, or have become indifferent as to an explanation, are not apt to look compassionately enough upon this eager restlessness on the part of children to penetrate causes and trace effects. By giving due attention to those "troublesome questions," a child's *trust* education may be carried on. Have a little patience, then, and sometimes think how welcome to you would be a translator, if you were suddenly dropped into some foreign country, where the language was for the most part unintelligible to you, and you were bursting with curiosity about every strange object that met your eye.

A BACHELOR editor, who had a pretty sister, recently wrote to another bachelor editor equally fortunate, "Please exchange." Two good notices under the marriage head were the result.

AUTUMNAL.—What are the disagreeable features of fall? First, it seres (its ears), and then it sighs (its eyes), and then it snows (its nose), and then it slips (its lips).

Mrs. FLY was asked if she kneaded her dough or beat it up with a stick. "If you can find anybody that needs the dough more than I do," said she, "pity take mercy on 'em!"

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

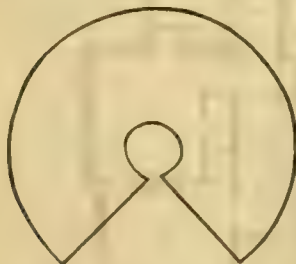
SPILL HOLDER.

Fig. 1.



This is most easily made by cutting out the head, body, and arms of one of the figures in a plate of fashion, taking always a front view, and leaving about an inch below the waist to gum or paste on to the skirt; this must be made of stout paper, or thin card-board the shape of Fig. 2, and the length in proportion to the

Fig. 2.



body; fix the upper part on the inside, and gum the two sides together. Procure two sheets of tissue paper, pink and white; cut eight strips, four white and four pink; scallop the bottom of these out, and gum them on to the card-board alternately, making the flounces up to the waist, the hole in the back being left to receive the spills. The card-board may also be covered with a silk or muslin skirt, or dressed in any other manner which your taste may dictate.

SPILLS.

THESE are made principally for show, although the avowed purpose is for lighting cigars, lamps, etc. There are many different ways of making them, a few examples of which are as follows:—

Cut different colored papers into strips about ten inches long and half an inch broad; curl round between your

8*

finger and thumb, commencing at one corner, till you have done two-thirds up; twist it round, not to allow it to come undone; cut the remaining portion in two, lengthwise, and with a penknife scrape the ends over your thumb quickly, which will cause them to curl, and when done will look extremely pretty as they hang over.

Another kind is made by cutting papers about an inch and a half or two inches long into the shape of feathers, and then feathering the edges by very fine cuttings, rolling them round your finger to make them curve gracefully; then tie three or four of them upon the stem you have previously prepared, and they will droop over as required.

Another plan is to double a strip of paper about an inch wide; cut it across the width into fine rows, beginning at the double edge, and leaving about half an inch uncut at the opposite one. These are wound round and round small rolls of paper, prepared for the purpose, and are very effective. A pleasing variety may be made by using two papers of different colors and widths on the same stem, or gold paper and white wound together have a very pretty appearance.

We continue our amusing little games for our young friends.

STOOL OF REPENTANCE.

A large party sit round a vacant chair, and one of their number is then sent out of the room. While he is absent, all his friends write their opinion of him on a slip of paper, which is passed round till all have written. He is then recalled and placed on the vacant chair, when one, with many comic remarks, reads aloud to him one of the opinions passed upon him. He has then to guess the author of each sentiment as they are read to him; if he fails, he must pay a forfeit. Of course the reader must take care not to glance towards the party who wrote the sentiment he is then reading, as it would aid the guesser. Great fun is occasioned by some of the droll opinions passed, and some of the guesses made.

Here is another little game which causes great fun:— Every person in a party writes down, on two separate pieces of paper, two words as opposite to each other as possible, thus: Jupiter, Monsetrap, Sea-gull, Daisy, etc. The slips of paper are then placed in a bag and shuffled; each then puts in his hand and pulls out two slips, and, whatever the words may be, he must make a rhyme and bring in the two words which fall to his share. It does not signify how long the poems may be, or how short, but the words *must* be introduced, and sensibly, if possible. The want of poetic skill displayed in this game is sometimes most amusing; also the comic rhyme of those who better understand it. A forfeit must be paid by those who forget to insert the proper words.

MR. B.—hired two servants, James and Eliza. One morning he called to James:—

"James, are you down stairs?"

"Yes, sir."

"What are you doing?"

"Nothing, sir."

"Eliza, where are you?"

"Down here, sir."

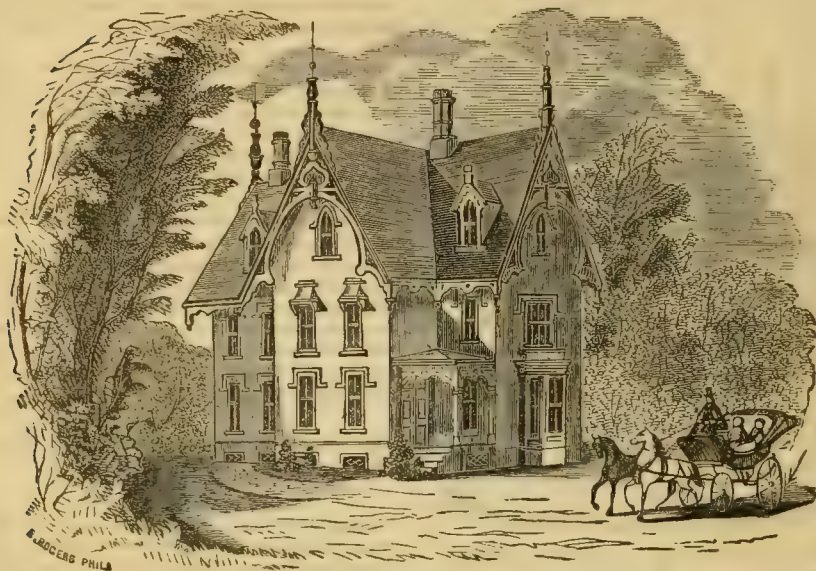
"What are you doing?"

"Helping James, sir."

"Well, when you both have leisure one of you may bring me my boots."

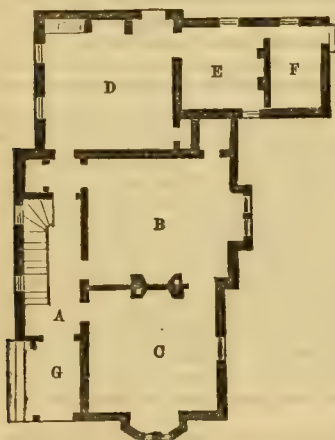
COTTAGE IN THE RURAL GOTHIC STYLE.

Designed expressly for Godey's Lady's Book by SAMUEL SLOAN, Architect, Philadelphia.



PERSPECTIVE VIEW.

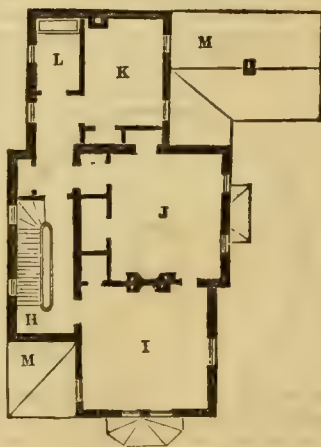
SUITABLE for a small retired family of moderate means. Or for a summer seat amongst mountain scenery for the wealthy citizen.



PRINCIPAL FLOOR.

First Floor.—A entrance and stair hall; B dining-room, 16 by 18 feet; C parlor, 16 by 16 feet; D kitchen, 16 by 16 feet; E back kitchen, with F a wood-house attached.

On the *Second Floor*, I and J are good chambers; H hall; K bed-room; L bath-room; M M roofs. Four half story bed-rooms may be had in the height of the roof.



SECOND FLOOR.

We would respectfully inform our friend of the *Courtland Village Republican*, that the cow in question was a very peculiar cow, that would not allow herself to be milked on the right side.

A NEW READING OF AN OLD SAYING.—The *Columbus Crescent* says: "Godey's Lady's Book removes the dilapidated linen from the juvenile tree."

Perhaps some of our readers know the original saying in common English.

HAIR ORNAMENTS—Ladies wishing hair made into bracelets, pins (which are very beautiful), necklaces, or ear-rings, can be accommodated by our Fashion Editor. A very large number of orders have recently been filled, and the articles have given great satisfaction.



We give the prices at which we will send these beautiful articles:—

- Breastpins, from \$4 to \$12.
- Ear-rings, from \$1.50 to \$10.
- Bracelets, from \$3 to \$15.
- Rings, from \$1.50 to \$3.
- Necklaces, from \$5 to \$15.
- Fob-chains, from \$6 to \$12.
- The Charms of Faith, Hope, and Charity, \$4.50.
- Hair Studs from \$5.50 to \$11 the set.
- Sleeve Buttons from \$6.50 to \$11 the set.

HAIR is at once the most delicate and lasting of our materials, and survives us like love. It is so light, so gentle, so escaping from the idea of death, that, with a lock of hair belonging to a child or friend, we may almost look up to heaven and compare notes with the angelic nature—may almost say: "I have a piece of thee here, not unworthy of thy being now."

BORROWERS.—We occasionally receive a little hint about these folks, and here is one. It is simple but to the point, and no doubt written feelingly, for no persons are so much annoyed as editors. "Lend me your exchanges, or we stop our subscription to your paper." That is, by paying \$2 to the editor for his paper they expect to read Godey, Harper, Atlantic, and Arthur free of cost. Who would not subscribe under these circumstances? It is actually cheap. "Every lady should subscribe instead of borrowing," says the *Little Falls Journal*. We can imagine what an important person the wife of the editor is when the Lady's Book arrives. She will be invited to a tea-drinking, the cost of which would more than pay for a club subscriber to the Book. A present will be made her, and other little matters attended to, all to get the reading of a magazine apparently for nothing, but actually costing double or treble the price. Let us advise you to make up a club, get Godey cheap, and save your tea-drinking.

HAIR CRIMPER, FOR WAVING AND CRIMPING LADIES' HAIR.—We have received an excellent article for this purpose from E. M. Livingston, 537 Broadway, New York. Price of each Crimper \$1. Address as above, and not to us.

DELAWARE WATER-GAP CLASSICAL SCHOOL.

REV. H. S. HOWELL, A. M. } *Principals.*
REV. C. M. BLAKE, A. M. }

The location of this School has the advantages of a healthful climate, beautiful and sublime scenery, and the absence of those temptations and corrupting influences which are too often found in the neighborhood of towns and villages.

The buildings have been erected by the Principals, and fitted up with a view to afford the best accommodations for a Family Boarding School.

In addition to the usual branches of an English education, thorough instruction will be given in the Modern Languages, and in all the branches required to prepare young men for college, or for business pursuits. The Principals have had much experience in conducting such Schools, and will spare no labor or expense in securing for their pupils the best advantages.

The Academic year is divided into two sessions of twenty-two weeks each, and the sessions into quarters of eleven weeks each. The Summer Session commences on the first Wednesday of May; the Winter Session on the second Wednesday of November of each year; but pupils are received at any time and charged accordingly. Each pupil must come furnished with a Bible, an umbrella, slippers, overshoes, towels, and table napkins.

TERMS.—For Board, Tuition, Washing, Furnished Room, Fuel and Lights, \$56.25 for a quarter of eleven weeks; to be paid in advance. Modern Languages, Vocal and Instrumental Music, extra.

Address the Principals, Delaware Water-Gap, Pa.

A SEPARATE TABLE.—One hot summer day, Duke Charles dined in the little town of Nagald. With the dinner came a great multitude of flies, all uninvited; but that mattered nothing. They buzzed about one over another, and alighted here and there, making quite as free as if they had been a portion of the princely train.

Duke Charles was angry at this, and, calling the hostess, said, "Here, old beldame, let the flies have a separate table!"

The hostess, a very quiet woman, did as she was ordered; set out another table, and then, coming up to the Duke, said, with a curtsy—

"The table is served. Will your Highness now order the flies to be seated?"

The rest need not be told.

"EVENING PARTIES." For this article, page 34, we are indebted to the courtesy of Mr. G. G. Evans, the publisher. The work can be had of him complete, and an excellent book it is.

PHILADELPHIA AGENCY.

No order attended to unless the cash accompanies it.

All persons requiring answers by mail must send a post-office stamp; and for all articles that are to be sent by mail, stamps must be sent to pay return postage.

Be particular, when writing, to mention the town, county, and State you reside in. Nothing can be made out of post-marks.

Mrs. J. H. D.—Sent cord, tassels, and pattern April 18th.

Mrs. A. McD.—Sent tatting and crochet braid 18th.

Mrs. H. S. G.—Sent tatting and needles 19th.

Mrs. A. M. P.—Sent spring bonnet by Adams's express 19th.

Mrs. T. A. W.—Sent infant's wardrobe by Wells, Fargo & Co.'s express 19th.

Mrs. N. J. W.—Sent hair breastpin and earrings 22d.

Mrs. J. J. P.—Sent infant's capote pattern 22d.

F. E. S.—Sent dress patterns, &c. 22d.

Miss L. A.—Sent pattern Andalusian and basque 23d.

Mrs. J. B. F.—Sent infant's bonnet and dress 23d.

Miss A. S. J.—Sent worsted 23d.

Mrs. C. A. B.—Sent black silk fringe, 23d.

J. V. W.—Sent hair ring 23d.

Miss K. W.—Sent pattern 25th.

Mrs. J. C.—Sent patterns 25th.

Miss M. A. B.—Sent patterns 25th.

Dr. N. N. E.—Sent articles by Kinsley's express 29th.

Mrs. J. E. R.—Sent patterns 30th.

C. D. C.—Sent patterns May 2d.

Miss E. H.—Sent patterns and music 2d.

Miss R. J. H.—Sent gold watch 2d.

C. H. A.—Sent gold thimbles 4th.

Mrs. R. S.—Sent infant's wardrobe by Adams's express 4th.

C. N. T.—Sent patterns 6th.

E. S. McC.—Sent patterns 6th.

W. J. M.—Sent puff combs 8th.

Mrs. H. E. T.—Sent worsteds 8th.

Mrs. J. F. T.—Sent patterns 8th.

C. M. P.—Sent bonnet by Adams's express 9th.

W. J. M.—Sent gaiters and ring 9th.

Miss M. M. R.—Sent bonnet by Adams's express 10th.

Miss L. S. E.—Sent pattern Zouave jacket 13th.

Mrs. M. E. J.—Sent gloves 13th.

Miss A. E. C.—Sent gloves 13th.

G. H. V.—Sent package by Adams's express 14th.

L. V. R.—Sent skirts and Redingote 14th.

Mrs. A. M. S.—Sent articles by Adams's express 14th.

Mrs. M. H. W.—Sent patterns 14th.

Mrs. D. S. L.—Sent patterns 14th.

Mrs. V.—Sent bonnet and calash 15th.

Miss L. A. R.—Sent spectacles by mail 15th.

E. K. E.—Sent articles for making flowers 18th.

S. L. W.—Sent mantle pattern 20th.

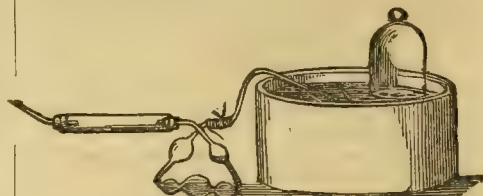
Chemistry for the Young.

(LESSON XIX.—Continued.)

412. This last is a most important experiment, constituting the very foundation of a high branch of chemical analysis, the nature of which we will now investigate by taking a simple case. The expired air of the lungs contains carbonic acid, as we have seen. Supposing we desired to know exactly *how much* carbonic acid—does it not follow, that by breathing through a weighed quantity of potash solution for a given time, and reweighing the solution after the breathing operation, we should arrive at the knowledge of this quantity? and does it not moreover follow, that this quantity of carbonic acid being known, the quantity of carbon might also be inferred? All this is evident. Suppose, for example, we breathe through a quantity of potash solution known to weigh 1,000 grains, and, after the operation of breathing, we will assume the solution to weigh 1,022 grains, it follows that (supposing the breath to have been dried) 22 grains of carbonic acid will have been evolved, which 22 grains of carbonic acid contain six grains of carbon. To show how simple are the principles on which chemical analysis depends, we will detail the exact steps by

which the analysis of the expired air from the lungs may be effected. You will observe that all the principles have already been involved, and that the remarks about to be made chiefly have reference to the form of vessel intended to contain the potash solution.

413. Procure at the philosophical instrument makers the instrument known as the organic analysis potash bulb and which is of this kind. Dip one end into a solution of liquor potassæ, and by suction at the other end fill all three lower or horizontal bulbs, and each of the others partially. Next, by means of small lengths of India-rubber tube (see next paragraph), attach the bulk apparatus at (*a*) to a glass tube reaching under a glass jar filled with water, and standing over the shelf of the pneumatic trough. On the shelf and under the jar is a little tin paté pan, containing a bit of phosphorus, and raised on a brick; *x y* represents a glass tube, containing small pieces of fused chloride of calcium, a substance greedily attractive of water. The further dispositions of the apparatus will be self-evident. Breathe now very slowly through the apparatus, the result of which breathing will be the absorption of all



the moisture of the breath by the contents of the tube *x y*, and of all the carbonic acid by the contents of the bulbous tube; any remaining gaseous matter passing will be retained in the glass jar. Should you be in possession of a pair of scales capable of estimating tenths of grains, the tube *x y* and its contents (of known weight), and the potash bulb with its contents (also of known weight), may be weighed again: the increase of the former in weight will be equivalent to the water evolved from the lungs—the increase of the latter in weight will be equivalent to the carbonic acid evolved.

414. India-rubber tubing may be either purchased and cut into the required lengths, or may be made from a piece of sheet India-rubber in the following manner. Take a slip of India-rubber sheet, encircle a glass tube with it, bring both sides of the rubber together, and cut them clean off, close to the tube—thus. The two edges



of the India-rubber will adhere, and the adhesion may be completed by warming the whole before a fire, and pressing the two edges together with the nails.

415. In the preceding experiment the glass jar will contain a mixture of nitrogen and oxygen gases, both in contact with phosphorus. Mark the jar with a file scratch exactly at the level where the water now stands, and put the trough and jar away.

416. Hence it follows that carbonic acid may be removed from atmospheric air, or from hydrogen, or oxygen, or nitrogen (not yet treated of), and from many other gases, by agitating the mixture with lime-water, when carbonate of lime in the form of powder (chalk) will be formed and deposited.

Centre-Table Gossip.

CHOOSING GLASS AND CHINA.

It only requires the exercise of a little care and taste to make one's table, not only neat, but attractive and appetizing. In our country, meals are seldom what they should be—the cheerful, social family meeting, leisurely enjoyed. The father and sons come to breakfast absorbed in newspapers, and to dinner hurried with cares or vexed by some unfortunate business transaction in the morning; the mother fretted by the short-comings of the cook or the carelessness of the waiter; the children are hushed into silence, because their prattle disturbs preoccupied minds, and the meal proceeds in haste and gloominess.

If the eating-room be made neat and cheerful—neither crowded nor under ground—and, above all, if the table is laid attractively, it will tend to dissipate the clouds, assist the appetite, and restore general good-humor. The pretty French fashion of a bouquet of flowers in the centre of the table may be followed in any country house, and the china and glass so chosen as to be objects of grace and beauty, which will at once please the eye and refine the taste. It is by no means necessary to choose expensive articles; a pair of plain red earthenware water vases or “goglets” (punned gouglets) have been the source of constant pleasure to us all the past winter at the cheerful table of a West Indian household. The graceful shape, modelled from the Pompeian vases, the well-known group of Thorwaldsen, “Night and Morning,” in relief, on each side, gave a value to the common, inexpensive material. Art is applied to such common usage in these days of machinery and useful inventions that good shapes cost no more than ugly ones, and yet people fill their houses with dishes, pitchers, and basins that are deformities in shape and ornament. As regards color, some plain tint is generally the most preferable for common use. White, if expense is to be avoided, since however many breakages occur, they can be replaced. In shape and quality, white china now is equal to painted porcelain. White inside and buff outside is very pretty in tea sets, or white with bands of green, buff, or pale blue, with or without lines of gold. A simple wreath or geometrical pattern on the rim is much more in vogue than the flower and landscape patterns of old times; still, in costly tea and dinner services, the delicate bouquets of fruit and flowers in the centre accompany the border we have spoken of. An initial or cipher on the plain white centre, in the shade used on the border, is often seen. Gilding, which looks tawdry on common ware, is a real ornament to porcelain, judiciously applied. Figures in white relief on a blue ground have a good effect; what is called “shadow enamel” and open work in fancy articles looks well also. It is best to avoid imitations, and cheap articles of a fanciful description.

In choosing glass, avoid heavy shapes and showy cutting. The same rule applies here as in the choice of china; excessive cutting or decoration is a sign of vulgar taste. There is a favorite style at present, without a particle of ornament; the delicate quality, slender stems, and graceful shape being sufficiently elegant without any.

KEEPING A DIARY.

We have often urged the habit of “keeping a diary” upon our young people, and particularly upon those

whose domestic cares would be aided and lightened by it. It assists in forming a habit of regularity and method; it revives pleasant reminiscences, and what wife can resist the grand climax of bringing positive evidence to bear upon a disputatious husband!

“My dear, the season is extremely late. We had green peas on the 20th of June last year, and cherries at dessert on the 25th.”

“O no, Mr. Rapid; you always say the season is late; you forget from year to year.”

“Forget, madam! I remember as well as I do the day I married you!”

And here is the germ of an altercation lasting through breakfast, and ill feeling for the day. But Mrs. Rapid takes up the neat little pocket diary of last year, and reads—not triumphantly, for she can afford to be magnanimous: “June 25 First green peas from our own garden.” “29. For dessert, cherries from our earliest tree.”

One likes to find their own opinions enforced, especially by high authority and in an authoritative manner.

In that charming fireside and shipboard volume, “The Recreations of a Country Parson,” we find the subject urged:—

“There must be a richness about the life of a person who keeps a diary, unknown to other men; and a million more little links and ties must bind him to the members of his family circle and to all among whom he lives. * * * Therefore keep your diary, my friend; begin at ten years old, if you have not yet attained that age. It will be a curious link between the altered seasons of your life; there will be something very touching even about the changes which will pass upon your handwriting. You will look back upon it occasionally, and shed several tears, of which you have not the least reason to be ashamed. No doubt, when you look back, you will find many very silly things in it; well, you did not think them silly at the time; and possibly you may be wiser, humbler, and more sympathetic, for the fact that your diary will convince you (if you are a sensible person now) that probably you yourself, a few years or a great many years since, were the greatest fool you ever knew.

“Write up your diary daily; write down simply what you have been doing; never mind that the events are very little; of course they must be, but you remember what Pope said of little things. State what work you did; record the progress of matters in the garden; mention when you took your walk, or ride, or drive; state anything particular (my country friends) concerning the horses, cows, dogs, and pigs; preserve some memorial of the progress of the children—the stories you told them and the hymns you heard them repeat; you may preserve some mention of their more remarkable and old-fashioned sayings; all these things may bring back more plainly a little life when it has ceased, and set before you a rosy little face and a curly little head when they have mouldered into clay. Or if you go, as you would rather have it, before them, when one of your boys is Archbishop of Canterbury and the other Lord Chancellor, they may turn over the faded leaves and be the better for reading those early records, and not impossibly think some kindly thoughts of their governor, who is far away. Record when the first snowdrop came and the earliest primrose. Of course you will mention the books you read and those (if any) which you write. Preserve some memorial, in short, of everything that interests you and yours; and look back each day, after you have written the few lines of

your little chronicle, to see what you were about that day the preceding year." —

CHILDREN'S PETS.

LET the little people have their live pets, by all means, even though they do give some trouble and some care. Girls must have something to love, and boys something to busy themselves about. As some one has well said, "They are not only objects of delight to children, but they give them the early habit of fondness for animals, regular thoughtfulness for them, and setting a value on them. The *man*, to be trustworthy and ever kind towards animals, must have grown up to it from the *boy*. Nothing is so likely to give him that excellent habit as his seeing from his very birth animals taken great care of and treated with great kindness by his parents, above all, having some pet to call his own."

PIGEON REARING.

Among these pets, pigeons are one of the prettiest and most harmless; next to a dog, most boys will choose them.

A corner of the barn, or an empty loft over a shed, even a side garret, any place that is warm and dry, where they can have liberty to go in and out, is suitable for the purpose of shelter. The entrance window ought to face the south, and be protected from cold and wet. To make the nests, have a row of shelves, eighteen inches apart and divided by partitions the same distance from each other. Board the little chambers up a short distance, leaving an outlet for the pigeon. Any clever boy can do this for himself.

Small horse beans, called pigeon beans, are the best as well as the cheapest food for pigeons; but all kinds of peas, barley, wheat, hemp, and rape-seed are good as a change. Whatever the food is, it ought to be given regularly twice a day; at each feeding only just as much as they eat should be given, so that they do not waste the grain by scattering it about.

To keep them healthy, they require a constant supply of fresh water, not only to drink, but to bathe in. Give it to them in a large earthen pan, and change often. Pigeons need a good supply of gravel, as well as fowls; strew it upon the floor of their house. A little lime rubbish sprinkled with salt and water is also a great advantage.

The English pigeon fanciers have a composition which is called the "salt cat," not a real pussy, but a cake with the following ingredients: About a gallon each of gravel, earth, and old mortar from walls; half a pound each of caraway, hemp, and mustard seeds; two or three ounces of salt. Mix well with strong brine, and then bake in a pan. When sufficiently dry, and become cold, it is to be placed on the floor of the pigeon house, where it will afford a constant source of enjoyment to the pigeons in picking out the seeds, besides contributing to keep them in health.

They rear their young in pairs, laying two eggs and then setting. By a little care, any lad may have a good sized family of fledglings pecking about him in a short space of time.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

1. *Musical Instruments of Olden Times*.—Much has been said of the collection made by Mr. Clapissou and recently purchased by the French Government for the Museum of the celebrated Conservatory of Music.

One of the instruments is a harpsichord, with two key boards, dated 1612, but the work of several artists and

different epochs. The body of the instrument dates from Louis XIII.; the stand from Louis XIV.; it contains panels by Toniers and Paul Baille. Among the spinets are an Italian one of the time of Louis XIV., with ornaments of engraved amber, and garlands of flowers, and Cupids by Poussin; another, of the reign of Francis I., in ebony, richly inlaid with ivory, with the inscription *Francis di Portolopis Veronen Opus* 1823; and a third, of the sixteenth century, in marquetry, the corners of the keyboard being ornamented with caryatides exquisitely carved in boxwood.

A small piano, made at Vienna, at the time of Louis XIV., in the form of a harp, has a sounding-board of gilt wood and Chinese lacquer, ornamented with Venetian looking-glass, beautiful paintings in Martin varnish, and inlayings of turquoises. Among the harps is one that belonged to the Princesse de Lamballe, bearing her name inside; among the lyres, one which belonged to Garat, bearing his initials, and enriched with paintings by Pruhdon. There are theorbs in ebony and ivory; guitars in tortoise-shell, ivory and marquetry; mandolines and mandores of all nations; odd-looking instruments played by turning a handle; violins of all dates and countries, several of them in tortoise-shell, beautifully inlaid; specimens of all sorts of string and wind instruments, showing the starting-point and gradual progress of the instruments now used in orchestras.

2. *Aluminium* is a metal sometimes called "the new metal." There is now a large manufactory for it in England, where it is produced at an expense of a few shillings an ounce. It is used for ornamental purposes, castings, ornaments, etc., and will be a valuable agent in bringing artistic beauty into common reach.

Bronzes made of this metal and copper are of an orange color, nearly resembling gold, and taking a high polish. The compound has a great tenacity. The specific gravity is only about one-fourth that of silver; it does not tarnish when exposed to air, has no odor or taste in the mouth, is malleable, may be rolled in tin sheets or drawn into fine wire.

This strange and new metal can be obtained from any bank of pure clay. New Jersey is full of it.

3. *How to Choose a Newfoundland Dog*.—Many household pets claiming to be genuine are sold from \$3 to \$5; but if you wish pure breed you must go to a regular dealer and pay a good price, necessarily. A genuine puppy costs from \$15 to \$25. The pure should be entirely black; though the English like them black and white. In this country, pure black is the highest point of beauty, though a white spot on breast or forehead is not objected to. A young, black Newfoundland with a white spot on the *breast* was sold as high as \$50. People in conversation often confound them with the St. Bernard; but this rare mastiff is so rare as to be almost extinct. It is said to have been a cross between a Spanish mastiff and a bloodhound originally. In color it is generally buff, or light red. From the tenacity with which it retains its hold, and its general ferocity, when untrained, its bloodhound parentage seems probable.

4. *Elderberry Wine*.—This domestic wine, so highly prized in England, may be very easily made, and by the time this number reaches many of our subscribers, the material will be close at hand—the rich ripe clusters, hanging their purple heads in every hedge row. We give a receipt from the *Country Gentleman*, which is said to be excellent:—

"The quantity of fruit required, is one gallon of ripe elderberries for every two gallons of wine. For ten gal-

leas wine take five gallons berries, boil them in five or six gallons of water, then strain the liquor, and whatever the liquor proves short of ten gallons, make up as follows: Add water to the pulp, stir it about, and strain to the rest. Add thirty pounds sugar and two or three ounces hops. Then take three-quarters of a pound of ginger-root bruised, five ounces cloves, one of cinnamon, and put them together in a bag and tie loosely. Put the bag with its contents into the previous mixture, and boil two hours; when quite cool, ferment with yeast as you do beer. In two or three days draw the liquor off into a cask, suspend the bag of spices by a string not long enough to reach the bottom; paste over stiff brown paper. It will be fit for use in two months."

Fashions.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

HAVING had frequent applications for the purchase of jewelry, millinery, etc., by ladies living at a distance, the *Editress of the Fashion Department* will hereafter execute commissions for any who may desire it, with the charge of a small percentage for the time and research required. Spring and autumn bonnets, materials for dresses, jewelry, envelopes, hair-work, worsteds, children's wardrobes, mantillas, and mantelets, will be chosen with a view to economy, as well as taste; and boxes or packages forwarded by express to any part of the country. For the last, distinct directions must be given.

Orders, accompanied by checks for the proposed expenditure, to be addressed to the care of L. A. Godley, Esq.

No order will be attended to unless the money is first received. Neither the Editor nor Publisher will be accountable for losses that may occur in remitting.

Instructions to be as minute as is possible, accompanied by a note of the height, complexion, and general style of the person, on which much depends in choice. Dress goods from Evans & Co.'s; mourning goods from Besson & Son; cloaks, mantillas, or tamas, from Brodie's, 51 Canal Street, New York; bonnets from the most celebrated establishments; jewelry from Wriggins & Warden, or Caldwell's, Philadelphia.

When goods are ordered, the fashions that prevail here govern the purchase; therefore, no articles will be taken back. When the goods are sent, the transaction must be considered final.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL FASHION-PLATE FOR JULY.

Fig. 1.—Robe, with three skirts of pink and white thulle over a slip of white silk. The lowest skirt is composed of white thulle, and is trimmed at the edge with a narrow founce of pink satin ribbon. Over this skirt there is a pink tunic skirt, edged with a frill of ribbon. The upper skirt is of white thulle, open, and the two ends are crossed over like a fichu, the two pointed ends being fixed to the edge of the tunic by a bouquet of water-lilies mingled with blades of grass and sprays of small flowers. The corset is of pink satin, surmounted by folds of white thulle; it is pointed in front both at the upper and lower edge; at the back it is pointed at the top only. The sleeves are very small, composed of thulle, trimmed with a narrow frill of ribbon. The hair is dressed very low, and a wreath of water-lilies with grass encircles the head.

Fig. 2.—Zouave jacket of blue armure silk, embroi-

dered. The skirt, with wide bouffant sleeves, is made of white muslin, buttoned up in front by a row of coral buttons or studs, and has a small standing-up collar and cuffs composed of blue embroidered silk, and edged with narrow lace. Skirt of blue armure, trimmed with a band of a darker shade, having the upper edge embroidered. The waistband is of blue velvet, ornamented with gold embroidery. The headress is the coiffure Orientale, composed of a bandeau in gold passementerie, with a rosette on each side encircled with gold beads, and having pendent gold tassels.

Fig. 3.—White grenadine skirt, ornamented with bands of green; waist and over skirt of fine French muslin; shoulder knots and sash of green ribbon; white Leghorn hat, trimmed with black velvet and an ostrich plume.

Fig. 4.—A summer habit, consisting of a buff nankeen skirt, white piqué jacket trimmed with Marseilles buttons, a blue neck-tie, and white straw hat trimmed with black velvet and a white heron's plume.

Fig. 5.—Magenta pink grenadine skirt, made over a silk slip; white muslin spencer, composed of puffs and inserting, and trimmed with ribbons to match the skirt. Coiffure of black lace and daisies. Mathilde gloves.

DESCRIPTION OF SUMMER BONNETS.

(See engravings, page 7.)

Fig. 1.—Leghorn bonnet, with a wide green ribbon laid plainly over it; on the left side is a large bunch of lilacs; ruche of violet crape in the inside of bonnet, but not extending down the sides.

Fig. 2.—Leghorn bonnet, with fancy open crown, trimmed with black ribbon and scarlet flowers; the cape and front of bonnet are bound with scarlet velvet.

Fig. 3.—Fancy straw bonnet, with edge of front bound with black velvet; the crown is open, and lined with a black cape of maize-colored silk, with black lace over it; the trimming of the bonnet is bunches of yellow grass, loops of black lace and maize flowers inside.

Fig. 4.—Brown Leghorn hat, trimmed with a very full brown feather of black velvet ribbon.

CHITCHAT UPON NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS, FOR JULY.

It is not to be expected that the same variety will pervade the world of fashion the present season, when there is so little encouragement for the production of novelties. The largest houses in the country give this as a reason for the comparative absence of the more perishable articles of the wardrobe, that would be on hand at this moment.

Our milliners have, however, had their usual summer openings, and in many cases these were well attended, and the sales good. Not to weary our readers with passing them in review, we give some of the latest and freshest bonnets found at Mrs. Scofield's establishment, where the display was all in good taste.

A bonnet of white net, with a round crown. It was entirely covered with figured black lace, plain across the crown, but full on the sides and brim. A narrow ribbon of the pink-salmon color, known as Garibaldi, encircled the extreme edge of the crown. The edge of the brim was bound by a ribbon of the same shade, richly embroidered in rose-buds, with natural colors. Quite on the front of the brim, a little to the left, was a large bouquet of jonquils and black sloes; inside the brim, a bouquet of jonquils, buds, and blossoms, with the contrast of the sloe berries; ribbon strings.

A delicate hat of white crape, the brim quite plain, save flat loops of violet ribbon, with ends, on the extreme edge of the brim, with a few large violets in the centre of the knot. About the centre of the bonnet, a blonde veil was fastened by a large bouquet of violets, mounted as a heavy spray; this fell backward over the crown and cape, which were plain. A full cap, the first we have seen this year, inside the brim, with a spray of violets across the forehead.

The "Zillon braid" is a new material resembling chip, still more than the Pamela. It is also much lighter than the Pamela. We saw a bouquet of this pure white material, with a soft cap crown of black and white lace. The cape was of white crape and black lace. A diadem spray (that is, the flowers being heavy in the centre, and growing less each way) of pale blue flowers on top of the crown; the same flowers with a white blonde cap inside.

In pure chip we noticed a peculiar brim, nearly one half of which appeared cut in strips an inch wide, and ending in loops of the same, fastened by pearl ornaments in the solid part of the brim. The spaces were filled with lace and blonde. The cape was blonde, with a plaiting of chip above. The bouquets on this bonnet were the liveliest combinations we have seen—jessamine, lily of the valley, stems of grass, and a handful of roses laid lightly together, while an exquisite spray of wild rose-buds strayed down, the buds and foliage looking as if just gathered from the hedge rows.

Taffeta crape, the delicate tissue being caught in diamonds by stitches of straw, was one of the prettiest materials we noticed. The Zillon braid and white chip rival the popularity of crapes, blondes, and black lace. Black lace was never used in greater profusion, from the costliest Brussels to the plainest net. Flowers of almost native beauty, and in heavy wreaths, bouquets, and sprays, are found both inside and on the brim of every bonnet; those on the outside may either be very far forward on the brim, at the centre of the bonnet, or far back on the edge of the crown. One of the most simple and tasteful hats we have seen, a direct importation, was of drawn crape, a fanchon, or rather handkerchief of thread lace completely covered it, one point being turned over the edge of the brim in front, the other falling below the cape. This lace was the sole ornament, save that to the left the lace was raised by a cluster of blush roses without foliage; the same formed a diadem inside the brim. Caps are fully reinstated in favor; Parisian houses saying that their absence is too trying to ordinary faces. It will take a year or two to banish them entirely.

In dresses Stewart has a few novelties in grenadines, *barège Anglais*, and organdies. The first is ever a serviceable material, and, though costly, repays its first expense by its long wear. The rich embroideries in silk—the Jacquard lawn now rivaling the needle in every respect—are upon plain or grayish grounds; bright green, Magenta, and mauve being the favorite shades for the figures, which are leaves, pansies, rose-buds, cherries, geometrical figures, etc. The costliness of the higher grades in this material prevents their too common adoption. These dresses are trimmed with plaitings of solid colored ribbon, the shade of the embroidery. The sash should be of silk, the same color, with a plaiting of narrow ribbon surrounding it, or of embroidered ribbon to correspond. Late arrivals from Paris confirm the return of the sash into high favor. During the summer months, the Spanish bodice is more suitable for silks, though nothing can be a better con-

trast than a point à la *Isabel*, with the white muslin spencers we early introduced to the notice of our readers, and illustrated in our last number. All muslin, organdy, and other summer tissues, are now made with draped waists, either à la *vierge* (baby waist) surplice, drawn into fullness by cords, or laid in plaits. No prettier design for a summer dress can be found than in Fig. 4 of our last number, though many prefer the single sounce around the bottom of the dress. For the neutral poplins, Mozambiques, etc., now worn for travelling dresses, black velvet, either in plaitings, bows, or set on plain, appears to be the favorite material. Close sleeves are very convenient and suitable for travelling, with a puff or jockey to relieve the plainness. For all other materials flowing sleeves were never more worn. We are reminded in this connection that Madame Demorest has opened an up-town establishment, more central and accessible for ladies wishing their own materials made up, and where "garniture" is not forced mysteriously to cover four-fifths of an enormous bill. Mrs. Ellis, the head of the dressmaking department, a lady of great good taste and much experience, is hereafter to be found at the up-town establishment, 27 East Fourteenth Street, and we can heartily commend her to those of our subscribers who are strangers to the locale of New York dressmakers.

Several new styles for making up fall silks are in preparation, but we turn to a more seasonable subject—Brodie's light summer wraps, never more stylish or graceful than now, despite the pressure which has crushed other less well established houses.

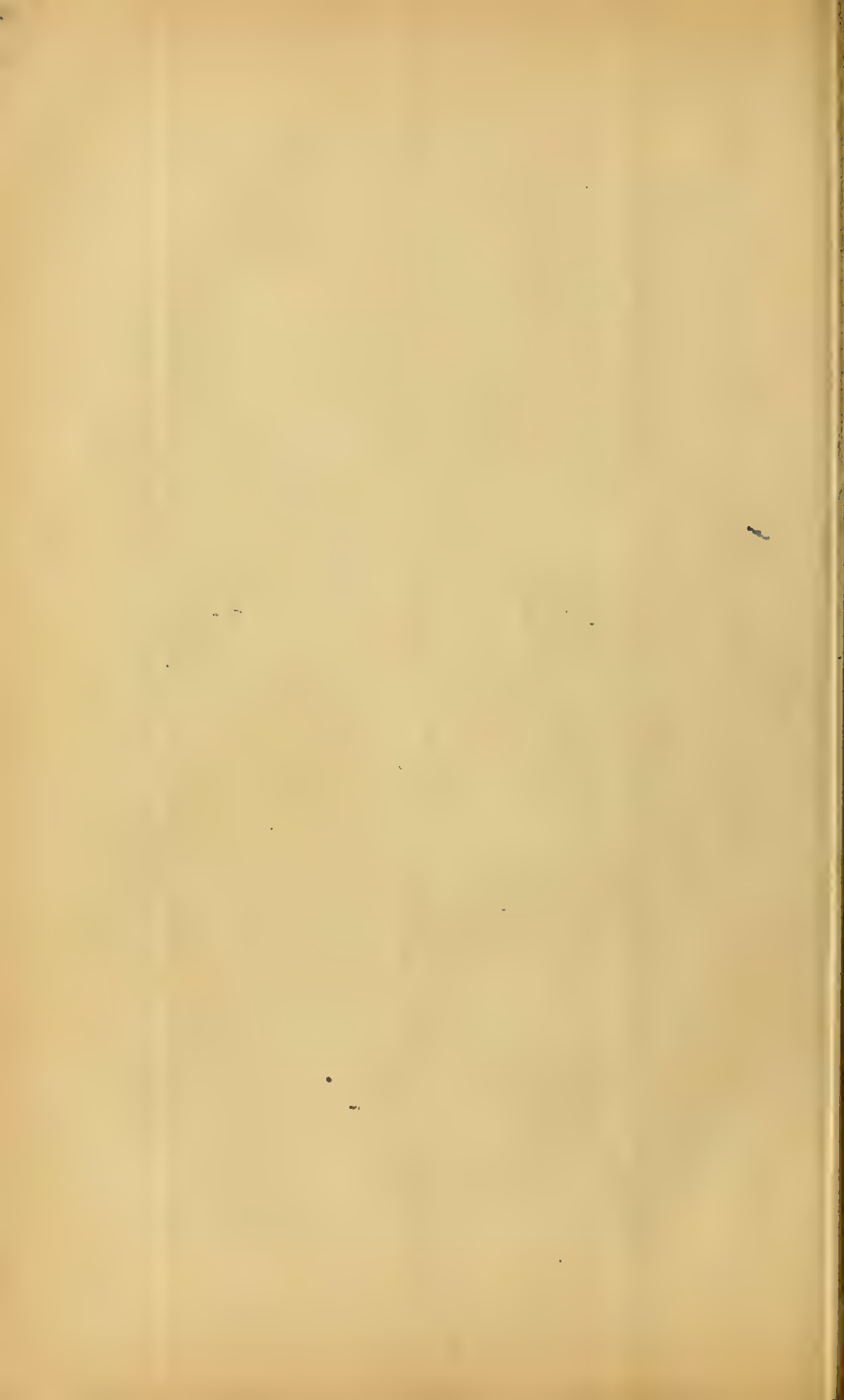
There is a new material called Cashmere, a mixed cloth of wool and silk, entirely unlike the old fabric, yet light and soft, very suitable for summer travelling wear. Of this clouded gray material Brodie has made up wraps in a circular form, shaped to have a gored appearance, though quite seamless. They are either hemmed around the edge, or finished with braid to correspond, *stitched on flat*, not bound, which is a feature of cloth cloaks this season. A dahlia rosette of the same cloth, with two barbe like ends, handsomely finished, is the sole ornament of the full circular riding hood attached. This hood, the veritable "Red Riding" in shape, is the most popular in silk cloaks also. Among Brodie's handsomest cloaks is one of rich plain black taffeta, with a hood of this shape edged by a rich fall of lace three inches deep. Lace was also introduced into the rosette, and edged the barbe. Another elegant summer cloak, in the same costly material, was quite plain on the back, the amplitude required for grace being obtained by square plaits on the shoulders, over which the trimming of the tablier front passed, ending at the waist line in a neat curve. This trimming consisted of a band of white silk, an inch and a half in width, covered by a guipure inserting, and edged on each side by narrow guipure lace; the silk only serving as a rich background on which to display the lace. This same style of trimming over violet silk we noticed in another style of burnous, set on in spaces, like the quartering of an orange, from the neck to the waist line. Length has in all things taken the place of breadth in the whole style of the figure. "The churn air is the air *distingu*," as some one cleverly says the present season. Nearly all cloaks, mantles, etc., come to within a few inches of the hem of the dress, and in walking-dresses or coats they are made in many instances completely to cover them. We shall speak of lace mantles, thin shawls, children's dress, and mourning in our next.

FASHION.





GODEY'S FASHIONS FOR AUGUST 1861.





THE FARM-YARD.

WILLIAM

COMPOSED ORIGINALLY FOR THE PIANO-FORTE,

BY GEORGE LINLEY.

(Arranged for the Guitar for Godey's Lady's Book.)

Pass - ing a - way, Pass - ing a - way, The dreams of my heart are pass - ing a - way, As the
 Pass - ing a - way, Pass - ing a - way, The dreams of my heart are pass - ing a - way, As the
 mist that melts at read - y their sun - beam's ray, Like the sum - mer song of the part - ing day,
 of the bird in the bow'r.

rall.

They come when the young thought of hope expands,
 They come at a time when the heart is free,

Twining the soul
 When youth's glad tide

with their silk
 races glo - rious - ly.

Pass - ing a - way,
 Pass - ing a - way,

rall.

pass - ing a - way,
 pass - ing a - way,

The dreams of the heart
 The dreams of the heart

are passing a - way,
 are passing a - way.

NAME FOR MARKING.

CATHERINE

THE NANNETTE



ORGANDY dress, with white muslin fichu. White straw hat, trimmed with black velvet and
game plumes.

NAME FOR MARKING.



THE NINA.



WHITE muslin dress, with plaited waist; finished at the throat with a lace muff. Spanish corsage of fancy colored silk, trimmed with quilled ribbon and buttons.

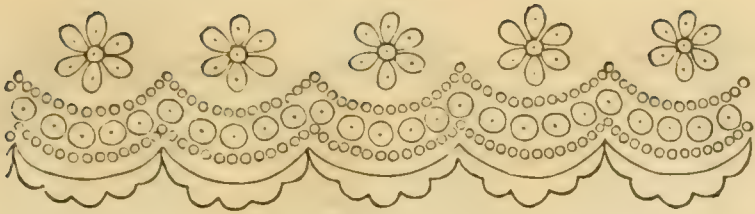
THE BARCELONA.

[From the establishment of G. BRODIE, 51 Canal Street, New York. Drawn by L. T. VOIGT, from actual articles of costume.]

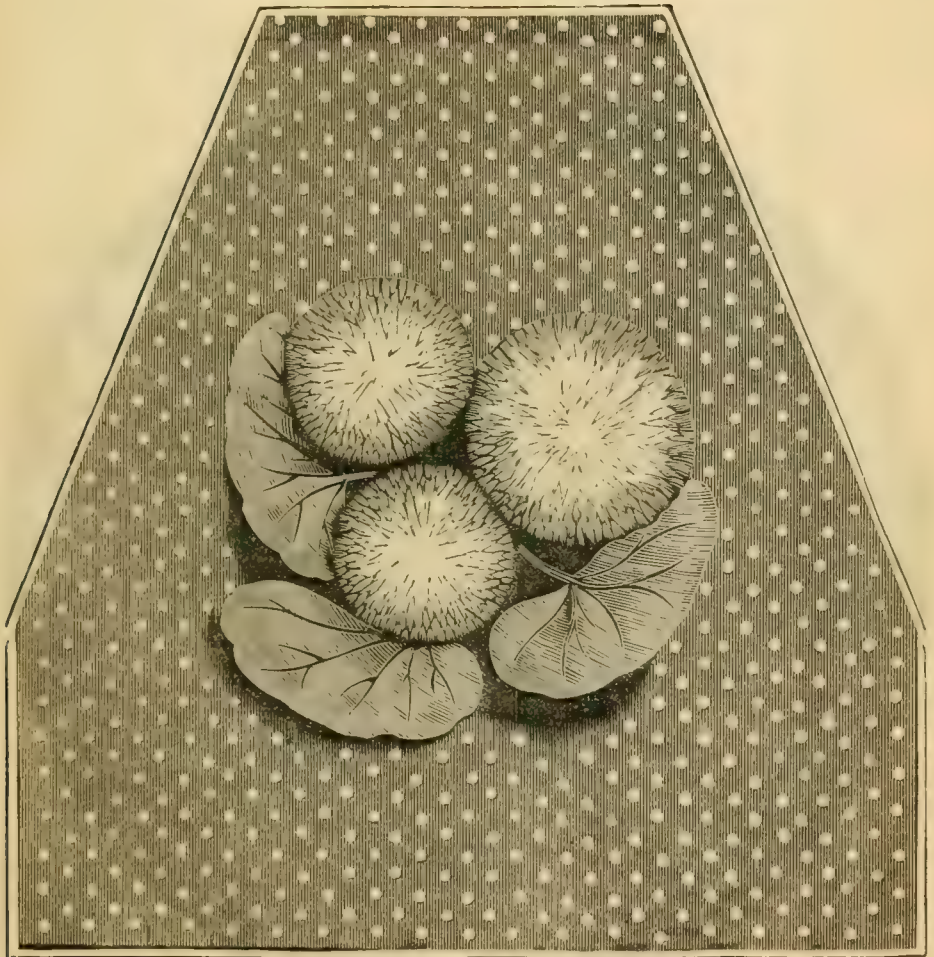


This mantle, which is exceedingly popular, presents, as the novel feature, the garment *cut open* at the sides and the back, and then buttoned together. The slashing at the back reaches only half its depth, as it is not carried further than to the ends of the tabs, which, with the rosette on the hood, constitute the ornament. They are made of several summer fabrics, those which are *plaided* being the favorites.

EMBROIDERY.

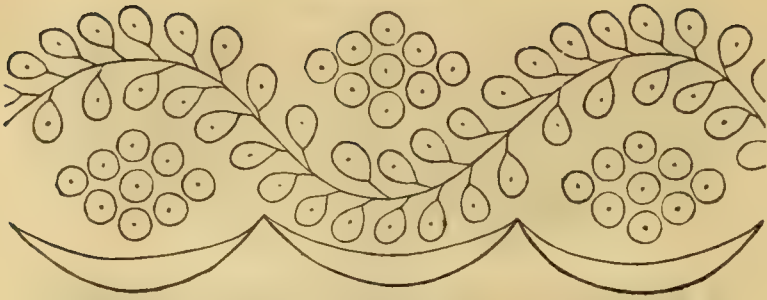


A VENTILATING FIRE-PLACE VEIL, FOR BED-ROOMS.

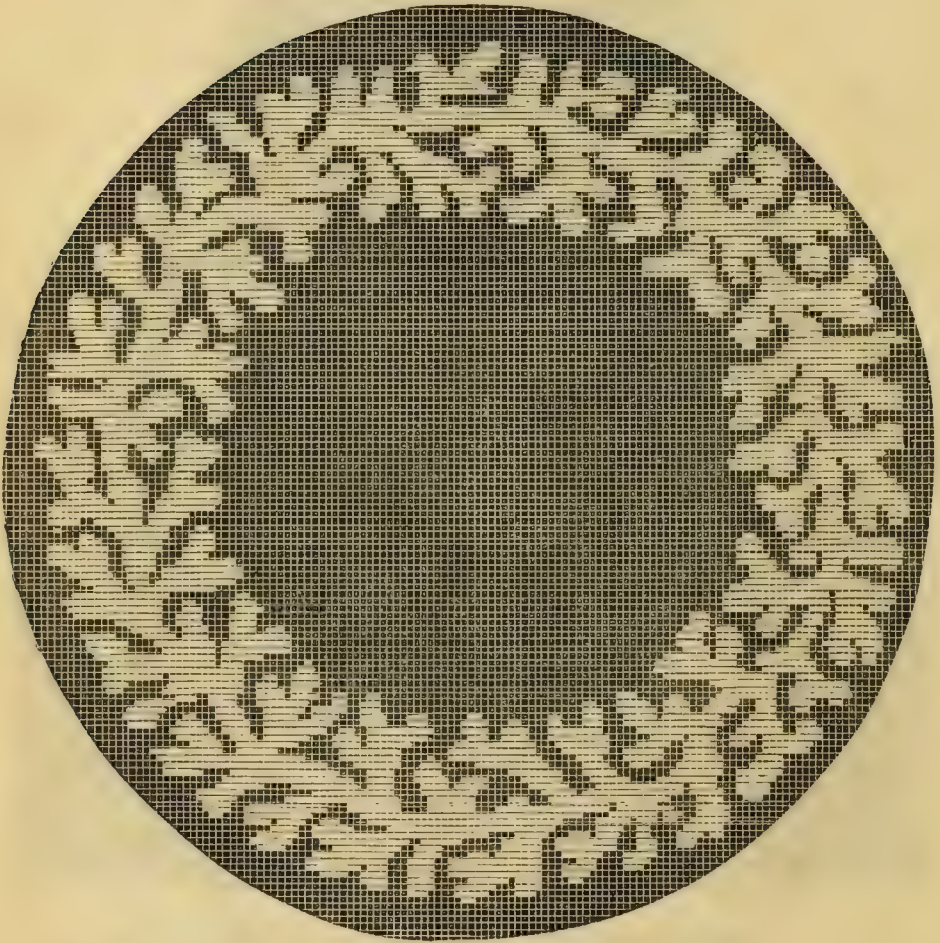


It is so highly necessary for health that perfect ventilation should exist in a bed-room, and it so often happens that servants will close the trap of the stove, to save themselves the trouble of clearing the dirt which falls from the chimney during rain or rough-wind, that a fire-veil, similar to the design, will prevent the constant watchfulness necessary to induce them never to close the ventilator. Of course, the point of this triangular-shaped veil must go into the mouth of the chimney, and the base extend to the rim of the fender.

EMBROIDERY.



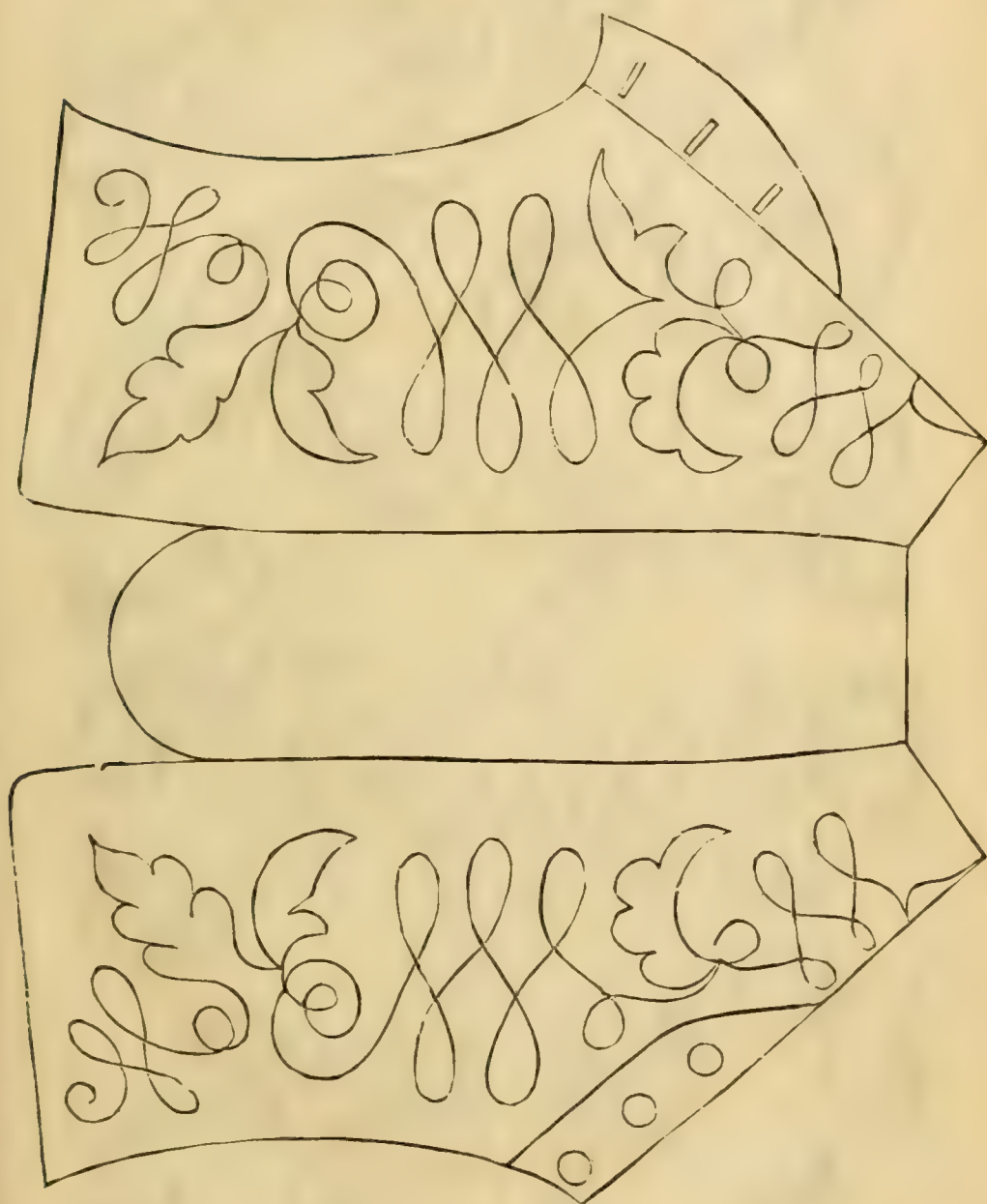
CORAL WREATH, IN CROCHET.



Materials.—Nos. 12, 16, or 20 crochet cotton.

THIS coral wreath is to be worked in ordinary square crochet, and may be used for the Doyley or a cake-basket, or many other purposes. A motto, or initials in crochet letters, may be placed in the centre. It is equally available for darning or netting.

CHILD'S BRAIDED SLIPPER, IN ONE PIECE.





GODEY'S

Lady's Book and Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST, 1861.

HOW TO MAKE A CUP OF COFFEE.

We frequently find allusions in general reading, to the hackneyed phrase about the "cup that cheers but not inebriates:" and all persons who concoct a beverage of that nature, merit the thanks of mankind. But where is that cup? What are its contents? We reply briefly, and we believe truly, when we say—*coffee!* Few things are more agreeable to the senses than the fragrance of a solution of this Asiatic berry, when, at early morn, it ascends from the kitchen or the family room, and fills the atmosphere of every apartment—absolutely creating an appetite for breakfast, of which it is the herald of promise. What contributes more to our general comfort at meals than coffee? Like tea, it promotes social intercourse between friends, and but too often rivals the Chinese herb in that kind of confidential but too current chit-chat, known as tea-table scandal, originating injurious rumors among acquaintances, that are mutually whispered under the mocking promise of secrecy, but we all know that

"On eagles' wings immortal scandals fly,
While virtuous actions are but born to die."

Well, there are few benefits in this world without their attendant evils, and so it is with the decoction of the fruit of this most valuable, because most useful of oriental shrubs. We do not believe with Burton, the quaint author of the "Anatomy of Melancholy," who wrote in 1621, to the effect that the Turks had a drink called coffee (for they use no wine), so named from a berry "as black as soot and as bitter," which they sip up as warm as they can suffer, because they find, by experience, that it helpeth digestion and produceth alacrity. Burton, however, knew nothing practically of the mat-

ter, for coffee was not introduced, either into England, France, or any part of European Christendom, until thirty years after, and then, in the first instance, it was used for a purpose that ought to cause its recommendation by a certain class of preachers to their congregations—pastors who are not quite calculated for the sacred duties of addressing the people, and who are too apt to produce tedium, rather than to excite attention or promote piety. Thus runs the story:—

A certain prior of a monastery in the East, having been informed by a goatherd that his animals sometimes browsed upon coffee shrubs, which caused them to wake at night, and to become quite sportive in the day, by bounding over the hills, was anxious to prove its virtues in his religious establishment. "O ho!" said he, "I am now in possession of a great secret. My monks are apt to go to sleep at matins. I will introduce coffee as a luxury at their meals. Then they will be attentive and lively."

The worthy prior tried the experiment, and the monastic somnolency at the wrong time and place was effectually checked. The monks not only attended more cheerfully to their duties, and listened attentively and devoutly to the instruction and discourses of their prior, but they cultivated the abbey garden and farm with good will, and during the hours of relaxation indulged in gymnastic exercises, thus strengthening their nature, both morally and physically. So much for the power and virtues of coffee, when first introduced into Christendom.

There are few garden scenes in the world more exquisitely beautiful than a large and

well-managed coffee plantation. The writer of this brief paper has rambled over and examined several in that fertile island, the Queen of the Antilles. One, the property of a Spanish hidalgo, was a league square, the soil being chiefly a reddish loam. Through the entire extent of the estate there were avenues or roads eighty or a hundred feet wide, on each side of which flourished noble trees of fine and luxuriant foliage, and bearing different kinds of tropical fruits, such as oranges, lemons, limes, shadocks, zapotas, mangoes, tamarinds, cocoanuts, pawpaws, guavas, sour-sops, bread-fruit and other gifts of Pomona, while at regular distances on the borders, were rows of pineapples. The graceful coffee shrubs, bearing flowers and berries, were planted in large, square beds, over which waved, at equal distances, the sylvan plumage (if such a word may be allowed) of the bananas and plantains, with their luscious fruit. A large number of negroes, negresses and colored children were busily employed in hoeing, weeding, and raking, and the result of their labors was evident in the neatness and cleanliness of the ground. Not a tare was to be seen. The toil of these Africans was very light; still, from the heat of the climate, it would be impossible for white persons to cultivate coffee for any length of time. The entire scene had a very paradisiacal appearance, and was calculated to remind connoisseurs in the fine arts, of paintings by the old masters representing the Garden of Eden. True, the fathers of painting drew upon their fancy for their facts, yet it must be admitted that in the minds of most men, there are innate ideas of beauty, which are wonderfully improved and brilliantly intensified by observing Nature in her most attractive attire, and certainly no garden *coup d'œil*, sylvan, semi-floral, or fruital, that we can well conceive, is more lovely in its luxuriance than a coffee plantation.

To describe the particular mode of cultivating coffee, and afterwards drying it on large platforms or floors, and otherwise preparing the berries until they become the coffee of commerce, would be mere works of supererogation, and therefore an unnecessary occupation of the reader's time.

Suppose, then, that the berries are all in due condition for human use, and in such a condition only have they ever been familiarly known to consumers. What have been the effects produced in the different nations, where coffee is extensively drank? At first, its introduction was scarcely tolerated, and when it exhibited symptoms of becoming a favorite, it

was either prohibited or heavily taxed by different governments. At Grand Cairo it was suppressed in 1511, on the ground that it encouraged intoxication, but the law was soon altered, and so great was its hold upon the popular appetite, that, on a second attempt at prohibition, a violent commotion occurred in the city; coffee was declared free, and so it has ever since remained. At Constantinople in the following century, the coffee-houses were closed, because they were the rendezvous of the vicious and depraved. Yet, what Turk would now consent to go without his coffee? So highly, indeed, is it esteemed in Mahommedan countries, that when a Turk taketh unto himself a new wife (he is not particular as to number) it is always stipulated that he shall provide her with coffee. In London, the first coffee-house was opened by one Pasquet, a Greek servant, in 1652, and four pence a gallon duty was soon imposed on the beverage. In 1659, the Rainbow Coffee-House (which is now in existence) near Temple Bar, was declared a nuisance, and Charles II. (immaculate King!) suppressed coffee-houses altogether, by proclamation; but they were soon restored on the petition of traders in tea and coffee, since which time the brown berry has outlived all prejudice, and obtained a complete and lasting victory.

As if in contravention of the imaginary evils of coffee, it will be seen by a recent New York paper that coffee is claimed as a cure for intemperance, and it is contended that the establishment of one suite of coffee-rooms, in the commercial metropolis, has induced fifteen hundred persons, within the last eighteen months, to take the "pledge," and abstain from all liquors that can intoxicate. It is a cheering sign, also, in our hotels and restaurants, that so many of the guests drink coffee instead of wine or spirits with their dinners. But alas! how terms and titles are perverted by the changing operations of time. Most of the coffee-houses, so-called, sell not the beverage from which they take their name, but alcoholic and other strong and maddening drinks; and coffee has likewise become associated (jocosely we admit) with the barbarous practice of the duello, the common command being "coffee and pistols for two." This saying is said to have arisen, in consequence of two Irish gentlemen having quarrelled and fought over their coffee at a hotel in Dublin. Fortunately, neither was injured, and when peace was restored, they laughingly agreed that in the event of any difference of opinion ever occurring between them, under similar circumstances, they would

at once, and by way of saving time and trouble, order—"Coffee and pistols for two!"

Be sure that your coffee is unadulterated. This advantage, we think, can always be secured by purchasing the berries and grinding them at home, taking care to roast the berries until they are of a rich, warm, brown color, by no means bordering on the black, as that would prove them to be overdone, or semi-burnt. All their finer flavors would, in such a condition, be lost. We cannot see how it is possible to adulterate coffee, except in its ground state. It is right, however, to give some account of the matter, merely premising that although the foreign ingredients introduced might spoil the fragrance and delicacy of the coffee, yet they do not appear to possess any very deleterious qualities. But we refer to high authority.

According to a report recently made to the London Botanical Society, containing the results of thirty-four examinations of coffee, it appears that the whole, with two exceptions only, were adulterated, that chicory was present in thirty-one instances, roasted wheat in twelve, coloring matter in twenty-two, beans and potato flour in one. That in ten cases the adulteration consisted of a single article, in twelve of two, and in ten of three substances; that in many instances the quantity of coffee present was very small. Contrasting coffee and chicory, the coffee was found to contain essential oil, upon which the fragrance and actual properties mainly depend, while not a trace of any such oil is found in the chicory root. The properties of coffee are those of a stimulant and nerve tonic, with an agreeable flavor and delicious smell, not one of which properties is possessed by chicory, it being in every respect inferior.

But which is the best way of making coffee? In this particular notions differ. For example, the Turks do not trouble themselves to take off the bitterness by sugar, nor do they seek to disguise the flavor by milk, as is our custom. But they add to each dish a drop of the essence of amber, or put a couple of cloves in it, during the process of preparation. Such flavoring would not, we opine, agree with western tastes. If a cup of the very best coffee, prepared in the highest perfection and boiling hot, be placed on a table in the middle of a room and suffered to cool, it will, in cooling, fill the room with its fragrance; but becoming cold, it will lose much of its flavor. Being again heated, its taste and flavor will be still further impaired, and heated a third time, it will be found rapid

and nauseous. The aroma diffused through the room proves that the coffee has been deprived of its most volatile parts, and hence of its agreeableness and virtue. By pouring boiling water on the coffee, and surrounding the containing vessel with boiling water, or the steam of boiling water, the finer qualities of the coffee will be preserved. Boiling coffee in a coffee-pot is neither economical nor judicious, so much of the aroma being wasted by this method. Count Rumford (no mean authority) states that one pound of good Mocha, when roasted and ground, will make fifty-six cups of the very best coffee; but it must be ground finely, or the surfaces of the particles only will be acted upon by the hot water, and much of the essence will be left in the grounds.

In the East, coffee is said to arouse, exhilarate, and keep awake, allaying hunger, and giving to the weary renewed strength and vigor, while it imparts a feeling of comfort and repose. The Arabians, when they take their coffee off the fire, wrap the vessel in a wet cloth, which fines the liquor instantly, and makes it cream at the top. There is one great essential to be observed, namely, that coffee should not be ground before it is required for use, as in a powdered state, its finer qualities evaporate.

We pass over the usual modes of making coffee, as being familiar to every lady who presides over every household; and content ourselves with the most modern and approved Parisian methods, though we may add that a common recipe for good coffee is—two ounces of coffee and one quart of water. Filter or boil ten minutes, and leave to clear ten minutes. The French make an extremely strong coffee. For breakfast, they drink one-third of the infusion, and two-thirds of hot milk. The *café noir* used after dinner, is the very essence of the berry. Only a small cup is taken, sweetened with white sugar or sugar-candy, and sometimes a little *eau de vie* is poured over the sugar in a spoon held above the surface, and set on fire; or after it, a very small glass of *liqueur*, called a *chasse-café*, is immediately drunk. But the best method, prevalent in France, for making coffee is (and the infusion may be strong or otherwise as taste may direct), to take a large coffee-pot, with an upper receptacle made to fit close into it, the bottom of which is perforated with small holes, containing in its interior two movable metal strainers, over the second of which the powder is to be placed, and immediately under the third. Upon this upper strainer pour boiling water, and continue to do so gently, until it

bubbles up through the strainer; then shut the cover of the machine close down, place it near the fire, and so soon as the water has drained through the coffee, repeat the operation until the whole intended quantity be passed. No

finings are required. Thus all the fragrance of its perfume will be retained, with all the balsamic and stimulating powers of its essence. This is a true Parisian mode, and *voilà!* a cup of excellent coffee.

DAGUERREOTYPES. IN THREE CHAPTERS.

BY C. A. H.

CHAPTER I.

FIFTEEN years ago I made a visit to an old friend in Deerfield. It might as well have been anywhere else, so far as the place is concerned, for my visits were always made to the inside of houses and characters. What was on the surface never attracted, not even the green, bowery landscape, which I dimly recollect, as one does a dream or one of Doughty's pictures. Some of the persons who interested me I lost sight of from that time, and to this day I know not their destinies; but some I put down in my note-book, with such circumstances on the opposite leaf as I have been able from one source or another to collect. It amuses me to think and look them over.

Mrs. Morey and myself were looking at daguerreotypes; she had thirty or forty in a box on the parlor table; all pictures of intimate friends. She liked to take up one after the other, and tell stories of what had happened to this one and that one, and there was to me a certain interest in these stories of real persons that I never could get up for fancy or fiction. Then it was good to be able to ask on the spot, if a thing seemed very strange or like a novel, "And was it really so?" And it was really so. One good thing, Mrs. Morey liked to collect facts, and did not care a pin for fancies. I could rely on her.

There is always time enough in the country, because working people get done, and those who don't really "labor" finish all up, and put away, and their odd hours are not broken in upon by the rush of wearisome life that comes to the dwellers in cities. Mrs. Morey had time for a hundred and one pursuits in the country; if she had lived in Boston, as I did, she could not have found the right time for one. There is no need to particularize on this point. My daughter, who is hospitality's self, has been obliged to keep a barrel on the door-step, and PAINT in large letters a full month after all was dry and hard, because it really was her only chance for quiet and rest.

"It's my own fault, I know; I needn't live

where I am so handy for everybody to come, and I am glad to see them all; but such a hotel as I keep! and haven't had a chance to have Nannie and Susie come, though I've been trying this year."

I had left my daughter, and come to Deerfield to rest.

"These are all really good likenesses!" said Mrs. Morey.

"Good impressions," said I.

"Yes, and good likenesses." Mrs. Morey took up one, and looked wistfully at it. "The good of a daguerreotype is that you get the person, his very self. It is so quick, before the artist has time to stiffen you into an unnatural and wearisome object, or before the subject can smirk himself into something else." She took up another, and went on talking. "And the ninepenny ones are best of all for that; nobody thinks it worth while to bridle and look their very best for ninepence. Here is one, now; it isn't pleasant, but it presents a phase of character. Undoubtedly this person has exactly the quality that appears there, although neither you nor I have seen it in him."

"A sneer?"

"Precisely. There is no mistaking that sarcastic curve; and yet we always see him smiling and amiable."

"Is he a friend of yours?" said I.

"No. This isn't mine; it happened to be laid here"—she put it away on the mantelpiece, and turned to look at some others. Presently she said: "Do you remember what Hawthorne says about daguerreotypes? He says: 'There is a wonderful insight in heaven's broad and simple sunshine. While we give it credit only for depicting the merest surface, it actually brings out the secret character with a truth that no painter would ever venture upon, even could he detect it.' That is good and true, Viola." She opened a case and handed it to me. "Tell me how that strikes you; you have never seen the original, I think?"

"No; not that I remember." I did not speak decidedly at first, which shows partly

what the character of the face was. I might have met such a face a thousand times in the street, or even have seen it in company and only looked at it once, although it was undeniably handsome.

Being called on for your opinion of a picture is almost always embarrassing, especially if it be that of a stranger. Happily, I had confidence in the good sense and temper of my companion; besides that asking my opinion presupposed an ability to hear it; so I spoke as I thought—

"A pretty face; more than commonly regular and well featured. Fair hair, I suppose, with this shaped face?"

"Yes; but tell me what is the character of the face."

"Hum! Well, refined, and, from the general air and way of sitting, a lady. The lines about the mouth are very soft and flowing; somewhat undecided, I should say, and the character flexible, even beyond the general 'sweet pliancy of woman.' She looks very young. I think, to sum up, that it depends a good deal on circumstances what this girl makes. There! that last sentence is Delphic!"

"Very good! very well guessed!" said Mrs. Morey.

I continued to look at the daguerreotype, and finally studied it with a microscope. Either from the power of the instrument to bring out latent effects or from increased attention to the countenance, I became, as I gazed, far more familiar with the character, as the character itself became more positive. It was very undefined as to results, but very clear and precise as to its capabilities. Ten thousand small lines which in a mature face leave footprints of passions not to be mistaken were not here. The face seemed one of promise only, but that of no ordinary sort. I said this to myself as I looked.

Mrs. Morey gave me the one she had been looking at. "Now, just look at this and tell me."

"Oh, there's no question about this face. The forehead and eyes are self-relying, quiet, and calm. One of those persons who, in any station, have the respect of all about them. She looks clear and single-hearted; I mean, not the least subtle; straight-forward, with not much notion of what other people are thinking or doing beyond the surface, and evidently living only a clear, pleasant life, so far; and yet—and yet her face, too, has its capacities; she would make a good queen, or a good mo-

ther of a large family. I should say she would have no need ever to do battle with the world; it would recognize her, in any situation, as one to lead, and not to be led. How is it?"

Mrs. Morey smiled.

"Well, if I am wrong in my reading, you are in your theory, for this is what the sun says—"

"The sun only tells what may be in these cases; these are both still so young—neither of them over eighteen. That first face is Edith May, and the last one Mary Lyman."

"Is it possible?"

"Why, you never saw them!" said Mrs. Morey.

"No; only one does not naturally arrange them in that way. This first face, full of softness, gentleness, and pliancy, ought to be Mary; and the calm, heroic face should be Saxon Edith. People ought to wait till they are twenty-one before they are named; then we shouldn't have dark, scrawny Blanchés and stumpy, freckled Lilies."

"What a fashion! to call all the children Lily up and down the street!"

"Yes; and two or three years ago everybody's child was named Minnie; no matter what the real name, Minnie it must be called, so, whether they are Mary, Anne, Susan, or Charlotte, they are all put in Minnie uniform."

"I like pet names," said Mrs. Morey, "only they should be kept in one's own family, like the kisses. But I think we are getting to live out of doors about everything; kissing everybody at meeting them, till it really doesn't express any more than hand-shaking."

"These two girls are not sisters, then, it seems; they look a little alike."

"No; cousins, wards of Mr. Allen's. They boarded with me a few weeks when they first came, while Mrs. Allen was having their rooms painted and new furnished. When they went away they gave me their pictures to add to my gallery. See, I have fourteen here in a row; and all faces I love to look at."

"About these girls—have I guessed right as to their character?" said I.

"*Quien sabe?*" as the Spanish say. How do I know what may come to them? and therefore what one of them, at least, may be. You say one will shape events, and one—events will shape; but all is in the hands of a Destiny that knows what is best. This one, as well as that, will be controlled by it, I think. There is Edith now! walking with—" Mrs. Morey's brow darkened as she saw who was Edith's companion, and I looked quickly to see why.

He was a man of twenty-five or thirty, of fine figure and handsome face, something military about his carriage, though he had no uniform. I should not have noticed even so much but for Mrs. Morey's expression; I looked so much more at Edith.

It was a warm May evening; the sun had scarcely set, and the twilight was full of the songs of birds and the odor of early blossoms. Edith made me think of them as she passed the house; her hands full of the ground laurel and violets, her fair, rosy face under its broad-brimmed hat, and her tall, slender figure spoke only of youth and the spring. Lighted up with bloom, and the expression of happy interest, it was a "different, though the same" face, from the one I had looked at in the little case. Yet the expression remained of softness and wonderful ability; the last considerably increased by the animation of talking. She bowed as gracefully as if a breeze passed over her as she caught our eyes, and when she was out of sight left a cold shadow in the room. Mrs. Morey looked so painfully anxious and absorbed that I was glad to see somebody come in at the little gate, and walk up the gravelled path.

"It is Frank Phillips!" whispered Mrs. Morey, going herself to the open door.

I knew who he was, and that he was prepared to go and seek his fortune at the West, like other young lawyers. I had grumbled, too, a good deal that he must go, saying to one and another: "Pray, has all New England stopped quarrelling, that our youths must go away towards the sunset to seek their bread, and leave all our sweet roses 'to pine on the stem?' Surely there must be room in Boston for such a man as Frank Phillips!"

But I was told, in answer, that there wasn't quarrelling enough in Franklin County to keep a reasonable woman in bonnets, and that Frank Phillips couldn't wait long enough for Boston to find him out. In short, that he was to go to Iowa, and take his large, good-looking eyes with him. These eyes were his most marked feature, and were very handsome; for the rest, he was tall and stiff-looking; his angularity rounded off after a while, and left him witty, animated, and interesting; but this process of warming and softening seemed necessary every time he met anybody; no amount of intimacy made any difference; he blushed and looked uncomfortable for a time, then warmed up to softness, and sensibility, and an overflow of talk; then the next time he came, even if it were the next day, he brought the same rustic, awk-

ward manner, abrupt, cold, and stiff. These alternations interested you, being natural; and gave you the agreeable feeling of having him in your power, as it were. Ladies always liked him.

The twilight deepened a little, and the last crimson of the sunset fell on Mr. Phillips' face. Was it that, or have the blushes begun again? It is only Mrs. Allen, and Mary Lyman with her, turning into the gate. Mary blushed, too, very sweetly, and without its disturbing the clear, serene character of her face. It was a pretty sight to me to see the two faces; one all pleasurable embarrassment, and the other fairly lighted with emotion, and neither speaking a word. Mrs. Allen "babbled of green fields" to Mrs. Morey, and I looked on.

When they went away, which they did all together, we remained silent so long that I said at last, with some impatience, "A pair?"

Mrs. Morey started and laughed. "How did you know what I was making out?"

"It needs no ghost to guess. They would make a good pair. But why do you look so troubled, then?"

"My thoughts had been skipping from one to the other. I was thinking first of Mary, certainly, but afterwards more of Edith and Charles Gardner. That was he you saw walking with her. I don't know why it is, but I have an instinctive repulsion from that man; I cannot bear that Edith should be engaged to him."

"Oh, has it gone so far as that, then?" said I.

"I suppose so," said Mrs. Morey, slowly, as if she disliked to admit it to another; "they walk together as you saw them to-day, and last week I saw them riding. He is always reading to her, or writing poetry, or criticizing her."

"Really! Criticizing? That's a new way of making love!"

"It's his way, and *the* way with her; more's the pity!"

"Pray, tell me more about her; describe her to me."

"I can't tell you all I know in two words, as the French lady required of an English *savan*, but I will tell you so you will know; luckily, you understand with a few touches. You know they are both orphans, and well educated; that is, brought up at Mr. Emerson's school. Both have some money; enough for their support; not enough for temptation to anybody. To do Gardner justice, I don't believe him mercenary; indeed, he is the only

son of a rich father, educated at West Point, and is lieutenant in the army. I don't know why I don't like the man, but I don't."

"I just caught a glimpse of his face. Handsome!"

"Oh, well enough! But it's the jewel and not the setting I'm thinking of. However, to describe her. She is as you see in the picture, 'only more so,' flexible. But no picture can give you an idea of the amount of ability that child has. In whatever direction her talents go, she is remarkable for acquirement. But I never saw anybody with such a capacity for good, who had so little for evil. Generally women who can do a great deal one way, can do great harm too. But Edith is saved from that by her natural rectitude and amiability. I don't know how I can express to you the rich soil and the various culture of her mind. She seems to accept all learning and play with it. Languages are mere sport to her, and if you inquire into any foreign literature, you find she has been there and is familiar with the best writers. She is better read than anybody but a professed scholar. And yet she isn't what you call a reading woman. The natural sciences are interesting to her, and her faculties of observation and memory are quick and retentive. What she needs comes to her without effort, and she uses her information gracefully and without pedantry."

"She must be a prize to you here in Deerfield," said I.

"Yes, we all like her. I don't know how really fond we are of her. But, if the fates should send her into the forests of Maine tomorrow, she would find herself entirely comfortable among mountains, lumber, and the coarsest phases of humanity. She would drop the woman of society, assume the wood-nymph at once, count and measure logs, and make the solitudes vocal with harmony. There seems enough about her and in her to make a dozen common women, and yet you are sure that whenever she loves, she will so take the hue of the beloved as to lose her own identity, and be wholly absorbed in his nature. This is why I feel so anxious about her, and unwilling she should marry this officer, whom I don't at all like."

"I don't wonder at your anxiety," said I, looking again at the daguerreotype; "but this flexible character—it will be happy for her, too."

"If she marries well, yes. But if not, she is a lost woman. She will cast herself headlong on the tide of her affections, sweep they

how they may. Rocks, gulfs, it is all the same to her." Mrs. Morey sighed again.

"Why are you so very sure? She may show more character and individuality than you think."

This was stupid of me, and amounted to nothing; but I could not bear to see Mrs. Morey's anxious face. However, my inane hopefulness had one good effect: it set her talking.

"Not she. My dear, she has had three lovers this summer. Something or other broke each of the affairs off. Yet each love (if it can be called love which was so very young, and strangled before it had time to be much of a character)—each love was as absolute a surrender of individuality, while it lasted, as if no such person as Edith May existed. Whether it were the gay divinity student with whom she talked poetry and sung chants in the twilight; or the precise man of family, for whom she out-Dombey'd Dombey himself, she turned sweetly her face to her sun-god and was satisfied. By her conversation, any time, I could tell what sort of lover she had in train. If she were a muse, and spent her twilights in warbling wild German ballads, I could guess why; or if she chatted of blood, respectability, position, and 'those people,' I knew some 'suitable' person was in the wind. I never was mistaken."

We had been talking with only one light on the table, and the evening was nearly worn away. Suddenly the door opened and Edith May stood before us. She was alone, and shut the door behind her with a hurried gesture.

We both started from our seats. "Is anything the matter?" we said, simultaneously.

"Nothing!"

We both looked at her; but something in her pale face forbade us to ask any questions. She stood still, with eyes so stern and almost haggard in expression that I should not have guessed the face to be the same one I had seen in careless bloom passing the window an hour before.

"I came in to bid you good-by, that's all. I am going with Mr. Allen to New York in the morning."

"To be gone long? Is it not very sudden?" said Mrs. Morey, looking anxiously at her.

"Yes, quite," said Edith, and her lips quivered.

Feeling sure that she had something to tell besides adieus, I left the room, and for half an hour heard a low murmur in the parlor. Then the hall-door was shut, and Mrs. Morey tapped at mine.

"I know you won't sleep," said she, smiling, "while you have this mystery lying like a nightmare on you. And, indeed, I only wish you felt as glad as I do, at this sorrow. It is all off. I am so thankful!"

"Anything very particular? very distressing? anything you can tell?" said I, with polite curiosity.

"Not very well. He is a flirt and a coxcomb. Luckily she had not got beyond soundings. So when he showed himself what he was, Edith was able to give him a touch of her quality that shut his mouth like a spring. She was calm when she came in, but she got very much excited telling me about it. However, she determined to go away, and stay away till she was sure of herself. I can't tell you how thankful I am. I couldn't kiss the child enough, I was so glad!"

And I was glad, too, though I was not sure why.

The next morning we heard that Lieutenant Gardner had been ordered to Council Bluffs, and was going to Boston; and that Miss May had gone to New York to purchase wedding dresses.

"I just hope they won't see each other for two months; I won't ask more. But, to tell the truth, I should be a little fidgety if they were to meet in less time."

"Why, I thought it was all off?" said I.

"You dear, simple soul! as if that were anything but an advantage! if—he would have it so. But, on the whole, I think I can trust Edith's pride. That was mortally wounded, I believe. I am glad the man Gardner has gone, though! he won't be meddling and making mischief with my other pet. You see, two gentlemen are too many for our limited population; one is enough."

"You have never told me anything about your pet. Did I get her character right? If I did, I will set up for a diviner. Two is quite a capital."

"Yes, you did very well," answered Mrs. Morey; "she is a calm, thoughtful sort of girl; the intellectual nature quite subsidiary to the moral. Whatever she knows to be right, she will do. Not thinking about it, but from habit acting out all her good impulses, and uncomfortable if she is wrong. I guess she will always prefer a peaceful conscience to any other gratification; so she will think and act just rightly, and won't break her heart in any case, 'because that wouldn't be right.' I can't say I sympathize with that sort of woman, and the happiness she would get. I would rather

call it by its true name, 'Misery, with a motive.'"

"Well, this love is in a promising way, I think; and I don't see why its course shouldn't be smooth," said I.

Mrs. Morey hesitated.

"It has an understanding, but no tongue." I hate that way of managing matters. Perhaps he will speak before he goes. But he is going next week."

"Next week! Oh, time enough; I only wish I could stay and see the play played out! But I shall hear all about it; you will write to me."

I heard all about it, but not till long after, and then there were peculiar circumstances connected with the recital which I cannot dismiss in a sentence.

FLORENCE.

BY JULIA MILLS DUNN.

FLORENCE sleeps;

Where the trailing ivy creeps,
Where the violet's starry eyes
Open to the summer skies,
Where the bending lilies nod
Gently o'er the mossy sod,
Where the waving willow weeps—
Florence sleeps.

Florence sleeps,

Wrapped in slumber still and deep,
Deaf to all our loving words,
Zephyr's music—warbling birds;
Song of joy, or wail of pain,
Ne'er shall pass her lips again;
Blind to all the tears we weep—
Florence sleeps.

Florence sleeps,

Wrapped in slumber still and deep;
Blue eyes dim with death's eclipse,
Rigid form, and dumb cold lips,
Childish hands, so often pressed
To a mother's throbbing breast,
All, their moveless rest shall keep—
Florence sleeps.

Florence sleeps

Where the trailing ivy creeps;
Gem too pure for mortal eyes,
Now she shines in Paradise;
Free from earthly stain or sin,
Loving angels led her in:
Christ his tender lambs will keep—
Florence sleeps.

Florence sleeps;

But her ransomed spirit keeps
Loving watch o'er all our tears,
Over all our cares and fears;
Stricken mother! grieving yet,
With such passionate regret,
Can it naught of comfort be
That an angel guardeth thee?

ON THE UNITIES OF DRESS AND CONTRASTS OF COLOR.

THE fashion of dress is not only mutable, but its perfection is arbitrary. That which will set off or create beauty in one individual, will disfigure or overshadow even loveliness in another; hence, genuine taste is the only guiding star to be implicitly followed. A dark complexion, wanting this taste, will array herself in sombre colors, unrelieved by either ribbon or ornament, and this makes her appear gloomy, or in ill health; while a fair or pale one will adopt tints of some light, washy hue, each to the utter detriment of her beauty. A sallow complexion will choose green or blue; while a roseate face can only fancy maize, or salmon tints. A tall figure will, if flounces or trimming be the vogue, appear without either; while a short one will be flounced and decorated as high as the waist, and exhibit herself as a walking rotundity of the mercer's stock. There can be no unities here, no proper adaptation of style to height and figure. How frequently do we see a wee little body wearing a large shawl, which should be adopted only by her taller sister; and sometimes feathers, too, are displayed on her bonnet. Feathers and shawls belong exclusively to height; "flowers, beautiful flowers," and these but sparingly, should be the chief head decorations of a little lady.

One of good height may indulge in almost any freak of fancy; but one of good taste will always keep within the bounds of fashion—never inviting criticism by extravagance of apparel, in form or texture. The full, flowing robe, the innumerable flounces, fullings, and *ruches*, may all, with great propriety, be adopted and worn with elegance and refinement by a lady whose stature will show them to advantage; but unfortunately, in dress, what we admire in one person we desire to possess ourselves, without any reference to size, figure, or complexion. The French are different in this respect; their attire may be composed of inexpensive material, yet their manner of wearing still charms, while we turn with distaste from more costly robes. These same French ladies say, that English-women appear as if they were simply clothes-pegs, to hang the superfluity of their garments upon, instead of wearing, like themselves, only sufficient apparel to harmonize with the prevailing fashion, and that the best of its kind. No French-woman, nor woman of good taste, will ever wear imitation lace, this being an article that may be dispensed with; but, if adopted, it should be genuine. It is

false economy, too, to purchase the former; the latter will last many years, and looks *well to the last*. False lace, ill-chosen ribbons, ill-arranged shawls, extravagant fashions, or the non-adoption of a new style till it has become nearly obsolete, mark the incongruities of defective individual taste; and to these defects may be added the ill-fitting shoe or boot, the coarse cotton handkerchief, and the common looking collar or collarette.

A simple Bengal stripe, or white muslin or gingham, for morning dress, decorated with a bow of fresh ribbon—a plain lawn collar and cuffs—a well-fitted, shining shoe, on which should be a dainty-looking black rosette—a fine and unwrinkled stocking, shining hair, and a smiling face, is a picture sure to charm; while the dirty silk dress, or one of other material, which has been thrown away as too shabby to wear of an afternoon and evening, is sure to create ideas of disgust. Why should that which is not presentable in lamp-light be brought forth into the glare of the morning sun? This, too, is an incongruity. Wearing old shoes about the house is another incongruity, and sadly suggestive of corns—an unenviable implication. Now that curls are once again about to resume their reign, the means by which they are obtained must be strictly kept out of sight, their parade being one of the worst of incongruities. All which offends good taste must be banished as an incongruity.

And now a few words as regards contrasts of color. Dark complexioned girls should, if they adopt a black color in dress—and, after all, black is never out of place—lighten it up with ribbons of scarlet, rose, or light magenta; pink, excepting it be of a magenta tint, is trying to a dark skin. Maize color harmonizes well; and, where there is a ruddy color in the cheeks, the ultramarine blue and mauve tints are excellent. This last color has so superseded the lavender hue, that it is almost superfluous to mention it as being very unbecoming. Greens are trying to both complexions, and is a tint that can only be worn where there is a high color on the cheeks, which this hue tones down; still, some relief is always necessary, either of pink, scarlet, or deep mauve. A rule brunettes will, with advantage, remember, is, that they will always look best in bright colors; and that, though a black dress is ever in good taste, yet it must be so relieved by lively-tinted ribbons, or ornaments, that these last shall give point and support to the whole. Equally in good taste is a white dress, whether for morning or evening wear, trimmed with cherry-

colored ribbons. For blondes white and black may be worn; pink, blue, pale mauve, and that most exquisite of all tints to a fair face, the pale smalt-blue; and this should be Watteau-like, mingled with light but not a washy pink, either in ribbons or flowers. Avoid drabs and stone-colors of every shade; these belong to cheeks that have kissed the southern sun. White bonnets are the most becoming to all complexions, but should almost invariably have white strings, to admit of any color dress being worn, as strings of an opposite and not harmonious contrast will spoil the whole appearance of the toilet. This same remark may be applied to the gloves, which should be in strict unison with the dress, and, if possible, be obtained of the same hue; and where not, steel or stone, or drab-colored or black, for ordinary wear, and lemon-colored for dress. Every material should have its appropriate trimming and form. Silk, *barège*, merino, alpaca, all must have a different style. Lace is admissible on some, velvet on others; but all should be blended in one agreeable whole. Any trimming which conceals the figure, heightens, widens, or narrows the shoulders, is in execrable taste. Velvets on a short lady will look heavy; but on a tall one, black velvet trimmed with point *guipure* cannot be exceeded by anything for excellence of taste, and is adapted for dinner dress of married ladies, but should never be chosen by any one under twenty-five. A dress of this kind will suit both dark and fair, for the *guipure* is quite sufficient contrast; only, if the complexion be dark, the ornaments of bracelets and brooch may be of dead gold, or diamonds, or finely studded steel, or coral; and the flowers, dark and white camellias, damask roses, or scarlet geraniums; while a fair face may wear pearls and gold, pearls only, turquoise and gold, and pink topaz and gold; and the flowers should be an admixture of white and bright pink. These few remarks may, perhaps, help to form a correct taste, which is frequently intuitive in some natures, and as frequently is it found to be defective in others; but observation of the chief points to be observed in the toilet of one who appears to wear her robes with grace, will be far more beneficial than a whole book of advice, which can only be perceived in theory, and does not admit of immediate practical application.

HOME!—SWEET HOME!

Who has not felt the power of that charm which binds the heart to the home of its early

days—to the spot blessed by a father's smile and a mother's love? Amidst all the bustle and occupation of advanced life—amidst all its disappointments and trials, the thoughts will wander back to those happy days, when all was light, and life, and love; and fondly linger over them as the green spot in the desert wilderness. Surely the sun then shone more brightly! the trees waved a richer foliage! and the waters murmured with a softer melody! Life was then one dream of beauty—a bright vision which received its coloring from that freshness of feeling which made life fraught with enchantment, ere the young heart had learned to harbor one suspicious thought; or one generous and ardent feeling had been chilled and withered by the worldly wisdom and selfish prudence of a cold, cold, heartless world. In those hours when sleep asserts her dominion, and fancy seems to delight in blending, in one fantastic group, the past and the present—who has not visited the home of infancy and felt his heart beat quick as he again trod the avenue of that sweet, sequestered spot, and heard the kindly welcome, and saw that look of tender love, which was wont to reward every infant exertion in the acquirement of knowledge? There is the cheerful, affectionate band of glad companions, who played and sung in harmless glee, who with smiles lit up the hall, and cheered with songs the hearth—whose voices mingled in one hymn of praise, and who bent the knee around one family altar. Sweet and cherished recollections! Yes! in dreams we may revisit that home, and *all*—even the loved the lost—are there. But if we should visit it in our waking hours, might we not realize the story of the Persian, who came to the place of his birth and said—"The friends of my youth, where are they?" and echo answered, "Where are they?" The heart may form new—it may form *dearer* and *stronger* ties—chains of affection to be severed only by the hand of death; but there is one feeling which can never be felt again—that unsuspecting confidence, that warm enthusiasm, which lent its kindly glow to all it met. We may love *well*—we may rejoice in the possession of a more rational, more intellectual happiness—but the first charm of life has passed away, like a leaf on the stream, that will never return.

Love is the shadow of the morning, which decreases as the day advances. Friendship is the shadow of the evening, which strengthens with the setting sun of life.

AN ARTIST'S STORY.

BY PAUL LAURIE.

CHAPTER I.

"Do go on, Prince, or we'll never get over at this rate. Here is Katy right beside us, and Annie at my back almost, and—there, now, if you ain't provoking!"

"Ha! ha! ha! that's for your laziness, Ben!" exclaimed a merry voice. "Why didn't you carry the basket in your hand? Now it's all wet, and Aunt Ellen's nice cakes, and your box of paints, too, and—O dear! I forgot all about my new shoes. Run and catch it, Ben; quick, before it gets down in the water—the water will ruin them."

"Ha! ha! ha! who's lazybones now? Catch it yourself. If you hadn't laughed at me—there, Annie has it—good for you, Annie! *you* don't mind a wet skirt. O, isn't it prime! crossing the creek, Katy? What are you about, Prince? go along with you!"

"I wish he would throw you off."

"Prince throw any one! why, he couldn't throw a chicken."

"Well, I wish he would slide from under you, or lie down in the creek. Down, Prince! down with you!"

"You Kate! hold up, there, Prince—there! take that, then, and obey orders next time. Kate, if I don't be even with you, just *see*," spluttered the boy, as he rose from the water where the dog, in obedience to Katy's command, had suddenly deposited his load.

"Ha! ha!" gurgled up from the little maid's lips. "O dear! *isn't* it prime crossing the creek, Ben? Oh, dear, I can scarcely stand."

"Then lie down, why don't you?" rejoined Ben, drily, as he reached the bank, and sat down on a huge rock, shaking the dripping water from his hat, and pressing it out of his long curls, vowing vengeance meanwhile on the dog, which at that moment stood beside his sister in an attitude of supreme innocence. Katy stood midway in the creek, holding her basket on her head with one hand, while the other was pressed against her side as her musical laughter rang out on the calm summer air.

"Very funny, indeed!" muttered Ben, as he looked out of the corner of his dark eye, striving at the same time to repress the smile which struggled on his lips.

"Indeed it is; it's real prime."

"O pshaw!" ejaculated Ben, as he clapped his hat upon his head and arose. "I wish I had gone round by the bridge."

"I am sure it's your own fault, then. Annie and I agreed just to please you; but no matter what we do, there's no satisfying you."

"Don't you feel pretty cool?" inquired Annie, a girl of perhaps fifteen, and the eldest of the group, as she reached the bank and placed a large bundle, together with the rescued basket, at her feet.

"Rather," replied Ben, a broad smile spreading over his handsome face. "Served me right. I won't impose on Prince again in a hurry. I just believe he enjoys the joke as much as any of you. Come here, Prince; I don't bear spite." Prince approached him with a dignified step. "Good for you; there's no cowardice about *you*, anyhow. But I say, Katy, we had best be moving; there's no knowing but Uncle Ben might be at home before us."

"Yes, indeed!" replied Katy, "and I would not for the world miss seeing him stepping out of the coach. Dear Uncle Benjamin! what makes you call him 'Ben'?"

"What makes you call *me* Ben?"

"But you are very different from Uncle Benjamin. *You* 'Ben' indeed! what else should we call you?"

To this Ben made no reply, but ran on before, alternately whistling and singing.

Then it was that I, the Uncle Benjamin in question, emerged from my place of concealment and looked after the happy party wistfully, ere I acted upon an idea which occurred to me as I witnessed them crossing the creek. Bringing forth my pencil and paper, I sketched this picture: A soft summer afternoon, with fleecy clouds drifting dreamily overhead, and the greenest of meadow-land beneath; full-armed trees waving to the right as far as the eye could command, and gracing either edge of the creek, whose waters flashed back in my eyes in myriad rays the glare of the noon-day sun, till it really seemed at that moment a belt of molten silver. In the middle of the stream a large Newfoundland dog, holding in his mouth a basket, and bestrode by a lad of nine summers; the former picking his steps daintily as

a lady might, heedless of the remonstrances and blows of his youthful rider. The latter was a picture in himself, with his hat pushed back from his energetic face, and his long brown curls floating in the air; his ankles bare, and his brown arm raised above his head as by dint of blows and cries he urged on his ill-trained charger. A little to the left, and following the dog, a demure little creature of eleven with silky yellow hair and coral lips, and the softest of hazel eyes, who stepped out from stone to stone deliberately, as one determined to guard her steps. Following her, Annie, a girl of fifteen, who in her turn picked her steps cautiously, glancing around occasionally as if she were drinking in the incense of the glorious day unfolded before her, or gazing down dreamily upon the variegated pebbles her brown feet spurned.

I say I sketched this picture; all but the features of the young girl whom my nephew called Annie; but when I came to that part of my work, memory and imagination failed me. And here I may as well introduce myself to the reader in my profession of artist, whiling away the hot summer weeks in a long promised visit to Rutledge, the home of my earlier days, and the only spot on earth that offered me the sympathy of kindred. The coach had set me down at my Aunt Susan's door half an hour previous, and when I had in some measure gratified her curiosity, permitting her to turn me around in as many lights as should have satisfied the whim of a bride in viewing her wedding-ring, I stole out with the very laudable purpose of surprising my good Aunt Ellen, who lived about a mile distant. On my way, I became an unobserved spectator of the charming scene described in the commencement of this chapter, having concealed myself behind a clump of elder bushes.

As I sauntered along, whisking a pebble now and then from the roadside with my walking-stick, hugging to my heart the anticipations of my Aunt Ellen's greeting, my mind would go back to the scene I had just witnessed, and I would endeavor to recall the face of the charming Annie. Where to place her! In vain I bethought me of the neighbor's children; none of them would sit for her portrait. A lucky thought! My Aunt Ellen would save me profitless conjectures.

Dear Aunt Ellen! How she started when I strode into the old-fashioned buttery after her (failing to find her elsewhere) and demanded a glass of milk! But young blood will be thoughtless at times, and hasty, and oblivious of con-

ventional forms; especially where one is visiting old and tried friends. Of course Aunt Ellen must accompany me over to Susan's—"Nathan could follow at his leisure: she intended going over as it was, to be there when I arrived; but one thing and another (I thought of the basket and bundles I had observed at the edge of the creek) had kept her back; but she would go right now."

"I suppose you met the children; they left here a little while before you came in."

In answer to this, I related my stratagem.

"You are the same old sixpence, Benjamin. I suppose you are wondering who it was that you saw with them. That was Annie Clemmens, poor child! You never heard that story?"

"No, but I would like to, if it is interesting."

"Annie's mother died when Annie was an infant, her father said. Mr. Clemmens came out here to Rutledge about ten years ago, to recruit his health, and as he appeared a proper sort of person, with a dear little girl to take care of, we all took to him naturally as a friend. Well, he lived with Susan, paying the highest price for everything to prevent our being imposed on, as he often said with a laugh; he lived with us from June to November, and still he didn't appear anxious to return to the city. Susan said she guessed he was better served with us. He was a delicate man, very fond of his daughter, and very fond of his studies and of his papers. Doctor Grayson and Elder Dixon said he was the greatest scholar they ever met (though I am sure Annie don't take after her father in that—she doesn't dislike going to school), and a great philosopher. He was a gentleman born, I have no doubt. Don't you think there is something more than common about Annie?"

I have an idea that my face betrayed me when this abrupt question was asked; but I replied, honestly—

"Yes, I think there is."

"Every one notices it; so I was just wondering what a painter like you would say."

Unsophisticated Aunt Ellen! Did you think your nephew perceived no other reason than your words conveyed; that he did not interpret the sudden narrowing of your honest blue eyes as you put the question, and the effort to repress the smile on your lips when you received the answer?

"But I did not finish my story. One morning when Susan called Mr. Clemmens to breakfast and received no answer, she took the liberty to walk into his room, thinking like as not he might be sick. But he was nowhere to

be seen. She was a good deal startled then, you may be sure, when she saw that the bed was as smooth as she had left it the day before, and then, as she has told me many and many a time, she just burst out crying. She feared something was wrong all along, she said afterwards, and she said she had a presentiment that Mr. Clemmens would go off suddenly, either one way or another, though it wasn't clear to her how; but she dreaded suicide."

"Suicide! why what was there about Mr. Clemmens to warrant such a supposition?"

"I don't know; he was gentle as a child generally; but he had a strange way with him at times—after all it is only an idea; he may be living yet. Susan found a hundred dollars in a note lying on the bed, which the note stated might be used on Annie's account until we would hear from him again, and that was every word. It took us dreadfully at a short, and what made it worse, poor little Annie cried after her 'Pa' from morning till night."

"And you have never heard from him since?" I inquired, after waiting a reasonable length of time to permit her to resume the story.

"Not a word."

"Strange," I murmured, musingly.

"There's a romance for you, now; you painters are a romantic set. But here we are at the door. Down, Prince, down!"

This to the Newfoundland, which by sundry overtures expressed a warm desire to cultivate my acquaintance.

CHAPTER II.

I WOULD advise my young readers, and especially those of a sentimental turn, to beware of ducking their heads in deep water with the expectation of obtaining a glimpse at a wedding-ring, under the impression that Annie Clemmens is Mrs. Carrol in prospective. True, when the question, "What do you think of Annie?" was propounded to me repeatedly by my friends, it would be difficult for me to say just how I answered it. Every one appeared to regard her as a very promising girl, a very beautiful, and a very superior girl, considering her age; and it seemed to me that every one was anxious to hear "Uncle Ben's" opinion, and, having nothing to conceal, I did not prolong their suspense. Viewed in an artistic light, I admired her style of beauty, and I was charmed with her disposition (which, by the way, was *not* exactly the disposition commonly laid down for model young ladies), while her

dignity and directness of character commanded my respect—why should I deny it?

So that "Uncle Ben's" opinion was received in a totally different spirit from that which my anticipating reader may have supposed, and the "artistic" reasons given did not raise an eyebrow a hair higher or deepen a wrinkle deeper in all Rutledge; and when I say that of a small, obscure village, whose inhabitants prided themselves upon their sharp-sightedness, "seeing just as far through a grindstone as other people," and into other people's motives (business affairs, properly), why, I say a great deal. I had seen in my time many beautiful women—how could it be otherwise? A man of my age—however, it is unnecessary to mention that. I was only going to say that after one has roamed over the Tyrol, and loitered around Geneva, and lounged through Venice, Madrid, and Constantinople—well, beauty has very few new forms for him. So when I spoke of my first view of Annie Clemmens, I was simply expressing an artist's enthusiasm, and nothing more.

At Rutledge (dear old Rutledge! how I love to recall the halcyon hours spent beneath the shade of thy long-armed, towering trees, on thy greenest of velvety walks; and thy crystal waters, when shall I quaff again their equal?)—at Rutledge we lived well. By that I mean that the mornings always found us anxious to measure the coming hours with those just passed, to see if it were possible to add to our complement of rational enjoyment. Not that we were an idle set; we belonged strictly to the working-world; even I, the lazy artist (we are proverbially lazy, it seems), found something to do; and it was the boast of my aunts that whatever I undertook I accomplished, from the repairing of the family clock to the completion of the "rookery" which Aunt Susan's good man left unfinished; to say nothing about the successful treatment of a vicious cow, and a sick pullet, and divers other matters that time will not permit me to recapitulate here. I acquired the reputation of availability, since, in the natural course of events, it devolved upon me to entertain visitors, decide all disputes (where I was not directly or indirectly interested), and play the errand boy in the absence of my hopeful nephew.

"Benjamin," said my Aunt Susan, one afternoon, as I lay down under the shade of the porch upon the bench at the side of the door, after assisting my aunt to "string" a huge bowl of beans—"Benjamin, it seems to me Annie and Kate are a good while away. I al-

ways feel uneasy about them after a heavy rain like the one we've had this morning; they are so apt to take the short cut across the footbridge, and sometimes the creek's very high."

"Which way did they go?" I inquired, hastily, lifting my feet quickly, and standing on them firmly.

"Your hat's out in the hall. They went over to Deacon Winter's after your letters and papers."

I was walking towards the bridge rapidly when I thought I heard a cry. In an instant I had dashed through the brushwood lining the creek, when I beheld Annie clinging to the narrow footboard, striving to draw herself upon it, and buffeting madly with the swift water. She had fallen upon the upper side of the treacherous board, and the water, which at that point was exceedingly swift, resembling a mill-race in its velocity, was gradually bearing her down and under the board, while Katy stood upon the shore, rending the air with her cries. A few bounds carried me to the spot, and a minute later the poor girl lay fainting upon the shore. Altogether there was very little heroism displayed upon my part; to stoop down, while standing securely upon a firm footing, and raise a half-drowned girl from the water was a matter easily accomplished; and yet, as I looked down upon her pallid face, I thought I *had* done something in saving her life, something to be thankful for, since I was the instrument chosen for the purpose.

I have narrated this incident that the reader may obtain a better insight into the position of parties and the state of affairs at the Carrol Farms than could perhaps be conveyed in any other way. Annie was still the same quiet, reserved girl that she was when I first dropped down amongst them; but I perceived that in her manners when she approached me now that bespoke a growing esteem; formerly I had observed a studied carelessness of my presence and a total disregard for my tastes and opinions. Her manner, as displayed now, occasioned the following remarks, which I could not avoid overhearing had such been my wish:—

"Annie has grown quite humble before Benjamin; she used to act very independent, but now it seems she understands him better. Did she ever tell you she thought him too proud?"

This from my Aunt Susan to my Aunt Ellen, who rejoined—

"No; but I know she thinks more of his good opinion than of anything *we* could say, or all Rutledge either, for that matter. And Ben-

jamin—wouldn't it be strange if he should take a fancy to her, after rambling over the world, and having so many to pick from?"

"Indeed, I think that's nature. Sam Roberts married his old playmate, May Warner, poverty and all, taking in her old grandmother; and he was five years in England, Secretary of Litigation, amongst the finest ladies in the world, they say. Sensible folks know that old friends are best. For my part, I think Annie is the making of as good a woman as ever lived, and plenty good for Benjamin. He appears terrible unsettled like, somehow."

As I have said before, the hours sped past so happily during my visit to Rutledge, and so rapidly, that it was with the greatest disinclination that I could bring myself to look forward to business. Upon the morning of my departure, as I stood on the porch, surrounded by the family, awaiting the approach of the coach, and indulging in playful badinage, Annie, who had been unusually quiet, suddenly said, in answer to one of my remarks—

"You don't mean that, Mr. Carrol; you know you love Rutledge, and you would be very sorry if you thought you would never see us again."

"Very true, Annie," I replied, promptly; "I cannot deceive you, it seems. I shall come back some day to see my old friends. But I think it will be some time before I visit you again; I dare say you will have a house of your own to invite me to, then."

"Perhaps, if you stay away long; but I think not."

"And why?" I inquired, scanning her face closely, as the thought occurred to me that, after all, my aunts were in the right.

"Because."

"A very good reason; but I don't just see the force of it. Well, here comes the coach; I'll have to go without the reason, I suppose."

"I can guess it, uncle," said my nephew, as a merry twinkle played in his eyes.

"Hush, you Ben!" exclaimed Kate, in an earnest tone. My aunts smiled, and poor Annie's face suddenly became scarlet. The coach was awaiting me—I bade them a hasty farewell and took my seat—the driver gave a shrill whistle, cracked his whip loudly, and we rolled away from the door.

CHAPTER III.

THAT was in the year '52, I think—yes, I remember now that I was called to the South

after my return from Rutledge to fill Colonel Wikidad's orders; and a very pleasant and remunerative trip it proved. But I was detained much longer than I desired, or dreamed of in setting out. When I returned to ———, which was at the end of nine months, I found strange news awaiting me. This news was conveyed to me in a letter from my Aunt Ellen, and—. But I will take the liberty to transcribe it for the benefit of the reader.

RUTLEDGE, — 11, 1853.

MY DEAR BENJAMIN: I take my pen in hand this morning to inform you that we are all well at present, hoping these few lines may find you enjoying the same, for which blessing we should be thankful. Our grandniece and grandnephew Benjamin have both had the measles pretty bad, but are now doing as well as could be expected. Benjamin, in particular, is growing more and more like you every day; he is a perfect torment to us; but Nathan Bates says it's his construction and love of order, which Nathan says is Heaven's first law. But my opinion is *disorder* rules wherever Benjamin and phrenology is. The chickens suffer a good deal. I tried your cure for the pullet; it works first-rate. To tell you the news, Annie's father has come back from California, and Australia, and dear knows where else, with a great deal of money. He went away to hunt up witnesses to prove his right to an estate in England, wandered over the land of gold, working about half time to pay his way. He has come direct from England. He wasn't just certain of gaining his suit, so wouldn't write till it was settled, and then he concluded to come for his daughter, who is now a titled lady by rights. But her father won't wear a title; all he wanted was his own, and that was for the sake of his child. Poor Annie is dreadfully made up. We are all anxious to see you here again. Come out as soon as you can spare the time. Miss Harris is married again to Joe Wheeler. On account of the bad state of the crops this year things don't turn out quite so well as we expected, and Roseanna has been kicking up her heels as bad as ever. We need you pretty bad.

From your affectionate AUNT ELLEN.

P. S. Just like you always said about a woman's letter, I left out the most important part. Bring me a paper of assorted needles (and be sure they are not like the last you brought, without eyes) and Robinson Crusoe for Ben; the boy has been craving it ever since you were here.

As the allusion to "Roseanna" may possibly puzzle the reader, it might be proper to state here that "Roseanna" was a vicious cow. The remainder of the letter will explain itself. Concerning the eyeless needles, I have not a word to say, further than that it could scarcely be expected that a young man, and an artist, would think of opening a paper of needles in the presence of a pretty shopkeeper to look for their eyes when he had living eyes before him.

I sat down and answered my aunt's letter, sent the needles, and the book, and a few trifles besides; stating that "imperative business demanded my presence in ———, else I would have carried them to Rutledge with pleasure"—congratulated Miss Clemmens upon her good fortune; regretted my inability to reform "Roseanna"; pretended astonishment at Miss Harris's behavior in permitting herself to marry any one, were the crops ever so bad, and concluded by informing them that I would visit Rutledge "as soon as I could make it convenient."

And then—I drew out the secret drawer of my portable writing-case, and took up Annie Clemmens's miniature (I had painted it from memory) and casting it into the fire, sat watching it unrelentingly until it was lost in the gray ashes. And why? Because there was a gulf between us that no ingenuity, no perseverance, no labor of mine could span. Was she not an heiress, the daughter of a nobleman, while I—what was I? A poor artist, immeasurably poor compared with her.

And now that the secret is out, I will confess that from the first I loved this young girl. During my visit to the South my mind would daily revert to our parting, and I would recall with pleasure the expression of my nephew, his sister's remonstrance, my aunt's smiles and Annie's confusion. But now the dream was over. I had made preparations to revisit Rutledge immediately upon my return to ———; but with this news before me, I suddenly changed my mind.

Is it an easy matter to control your feelings? to say to the heart—Be free from this love; dwell on this thought; cast out that? I pity those who strive for this self-control; but I pity those most who succeed in obtaining it. We care little for the scentless flower.

The "imperative business" which demanded my presence in ———, did not detain me long. I had promised myself a visit to Paris, and thither I went.

Two years rolled around. I was back in

— once more. With a little more fame, a little more experience, a trifle more of the world's goods and less happiness; I found myself amongst old friends again. Lounging through the public square one lazy autumn morning, I caught a glimpse at a face turned towards me suddenly as its owner alighted from a carriage. Although the distance between us was considerable, my heart bounded violently, and I felt the blood rushing swiftly to my face with a tingling sensation almost painful. It did not require a second glance to assure me that I had seen Miss Clemmens—unless she had changed her name, which I argued was the most probable state of the case. Instead of walking towards her, I suddenly became interested in the gambols of a bouncing, flaxen-haired child and its companion, a full-blooded spaniel, till now unnoticed by me. But although my attention was apparently wholly given to the antics of the child and dog, I could perceive Miss Clemmens standing beside the carriage awaiting the descent of an elderly gentleman, and, judging from his movements, an invalid. I stood awhile watching the child and dog, then retracing my steps, sought my room. I did not fancy a meeting, and, as in all likelihood I had escaped recognition, I felt less guilty in avoiding her.

"You are as pleasant as a bear or a north-east wind," said my friend Quincy to me a day or two afterwards; "what is the matter with you, Carrol?"

"Oh, I'm a little out of gear, I suppose," I replied, quietly.

"I should say so," responded my friend. "Here I have taken the trouble to bring you that flattering notice I was speaking of yesterday, hoping to receive an invitation to dine, at least. I was just hesitating between Miller's and Sandretzky's; Miller is good enough in his way, but his waiters are intolerable. Egad! a man sits down to dinner and gets up from supper there!"

"Well," I said, interrupting him, and laughing in spite of myself, "we will go to Sandretzky's."

"No, no; hang the dinner! I was only joking. But I would like to know your trouble, Carrol."

Quincy was the best friend I had in the world, but I could not tell even him.

"Well, well, I only wanted to give you my sympathy, but I see it is something I have no business with." Then, musing a minute, he exclaimed—"I have it! Let us go down to L—. I'm a little short of funds, but I can

borrow for a couple of months, and we'll have a grand trip, eh? You want change; — is disagreeable to you just now."

"Agreed!" I replied, quickly.

"Well, when do we set out? To-morrow, I suppose?"

"To-morrow."

"Now you look natural. Well, I'll get ready, then. And," he added, as he walked off, "if L— don't bring back the old fire to your eyes, I'm mistaken."

Upon what little pivots our lives turn! I, a young man, verging upon misanthropy, like a rudderless ship, driven about between wind and weather, permitted my friend to dispose of my time according to his fancy. This thought occurred to me as I sauntered out in the evening, scarcely knowing whither, but glad to escape from the solitude of my rooms.

"Ah, my blue! I was just going after you; I forgot to tell you that Dempster is in town. Let us go and hear him."

It was my friend Quincy. He passed his arm through mine familiarly, and led me off with him, talking gayly, and forcing me to laugh at his drolleries. Of course my friend had to point out to me the new faces, criticizing the manners and features of the aspirants to public favor cleverly, and giving me scraps of biographies which were very amusing, since they were altogether free from malice or anything approaching spleen. Quincy's friends said his failings leaned to mercy's side.

"But I have a face to show you, Carrol," pursued my friend, "that has created a vast amount of speculation during the last two months." Here he directed my attention to a lady occupying a private box to our left, whose back at that moment was towards us. "There are all sorts of stories afloat concerning her. First she was an English woman, some said a marchioness; then she was a French woman, and an actress; then again we had it she was an American, fresh from the country. There is no doubt about one thing, it is positive, beyond question that she is immensely rich. I meet her often in company with an old gentleman—her father, I think—and sometimes she is accompanied by a young girl and a handsome young rogue about twelve years old, or thereabouts. Doubtless they are with her now; they generally accompany her to places of amusement. I have taken the trouble to ascertain her real name, and I would venture my life upon it that she is English; there is nothing of the American about her, and that absurd story about two old women raising her in — State—"

Whatever my friend may have said afterwards fell upon dead ears, for at that moment the subject of his remarks turned her head around slowly, and Annie Clemmens' eyes met mine fully. At the same instant a roguish face with dimpled cheeks set in a cloud of clustering brown curls was thrust forward quickly, and as hastily withdrawn; then a shy, timid face peered out eagerly until its eyes met mine, when a fair little hand was held up in recognition, and I knew I had looked upon my nephew and niece. My eyes were riveted upon the form of Annie Clemmens, who still maintained her position, looking at me calmly and complacently, when I was reminded of my situation by my friends.

"Well, my handsome fellow, you are after him, it seems. *Carrol!*"

When I turned around, my nephew was at my side, cap in hand, and bowing to Quincy. The boy's eyes fairly danced with delight as he grasped my hand convulsively. I believe in my heart that nothing but the glare and the eyes of the multitude prevented me from shedding tears, the transition from despondency to joy was so rapid.

"They want you over, uncle," said Ben, smilingly.

"My nephew," I replied to Quincy's look of astonishment.

"Glad to make your acquaintance, my young Apollo!" exclaimed my friend, as he proffered his hand to my nephew. "So you are going to carry your uncle off from me?"

"You can have him again to-morrow," rejoined Ben, readily, at which Quincy turned a knowing look upon me. "Well, well; go along with you, Carrol; I see how it is. And you—I must cultivate your acquaintance, my lad"—shoving my nephew up the aisle before me as he spoke. "I wonder I did not perceive your resemblance to your uncle sooner."

All this occurred before the singer made his appearance; we had the ballads afterwards.

"When do you think you will be ready for me, Carrol?" inquired my friend, the following morning. "Perhaps you have changed your mind."

"I think," I replied, "I will put the trip off for the present."

"Just so; I am not at all surprised. But if one should miss you from town one of these days, where would he be likely to find you?"

"I suppose the most likely place would be Rutledge," I responded, slowly, after deliberating a few minutes; "I have half a notion to settle down there." But I beg leave to assure the reader that it is only *half* a notion; I won't say positively, and I don't like to be questioned.

LEGEND OF MELVIN CASTLE.

BY MONROE G. CARLTON.

THE shades of night hung dark on Melvin's walls,
The low'ring clouds hung dark all through the sky,
But many a lamp gleamed bright in Melvin's halls
Although the midnight hour had plodded by,
And drowsy night-birds hush'd their plainting cry;
For gather'd there were lords of high degree,
And knights as brave as ever pois'd on high
A lance, in those old days of chivalry,
Or bent to ladies fair the fond, adoring knee.

'Twas Melvin's honored birth-night. From the east,
And west, and north, and south, for leagues away,
These goodly men had come to grace the feast
Of their illustrious host, with spirits gay;
The vales had rung with horns the livelong day,
And hill and mount so loved their silvery wail,
They laughed in echo back—of some array
The joyous harbinger—a wordless tale
Of steed-borne lords' approach, yclad in shining mail.

MELVIN! most noble and illustrious name!
To speak it was an honor to the tongue!
The bravest lord upon the scroll of fame!
Whose deeds in deathless rhyme the minstrels sung;
Aye, great he was! and, verily, among

The chieftains of his day none was more grand;
Nor battlement nor turret ever flung
Its shade o'er kindlier halls in any land,
Than those which owned the sway of his good, generous
hand.

Glad was the hour, and merry was each guest,
For wine of ancient vintages had flow'd
Since nightfall, and each heart was blest
With olden memories which, waken'd, strode
Along the chambers of the brain, or rode
On recollection's wing in faery flight,
Vexing the tongue in most bewitching mode
To give them utterance. Thus lord and knight
Spake of legends gone by, and deeds of wondrous might.

And while thus drinking in the olden lore
Which willing tongues gave to the eager ear,
With sudden grate back flew the pond'rous door,
And lo, all pale and quivering with fear,
Great Melvin's only daughter—fair Elvere—
Stood in the presence of the company!
And wail'd she thus: "Come hither, father, dear!
Come hither quick, or I am lost to thee,
For in the scarlet-room strange spirits call to me!"

Ah, sweet Elvere, the angel of the vale!
 Had I the power to heaven's language trace,
 I scarce would venture, fearful I should fail,
 To paint the angelic beauty of her face,
 Or her form's matchless elegance and grace:
 And, mortal as she was, had she been raised
 To God's abode, none in the holy place
 Would thought her earthly, but they would have gaz'd
 Upon her radiant loveliness and been amaz'd!

Her form was half apparel'd, as in haste
 She had forsook her couch—her long brown hair
 Unroll'd its ringlet wealth below her waist,
 Through which her snowy throat and shoulders fair
 Were seen so white—her peerless arms were bare,
 But when she saw all eyes were on her bent,
 She gather'd up her robes with modest care
 And screen'd them in its folds; while came and went
 The crimson on her cheek, she was so innocent.

The noble rose and hasten'd to his child
 And said, as round her form he placed his arm:
 "Elvere, fear not, thy fancy runneth wild
 In dream uncouth, that causeth thee alarm.
 Spirits, my child, ne'er work to mortals harm—
 'Tis from the living we have most to fear;
 Then hie thee back to sleep, nor mar the charm
 Of these glad moments with thy fancy queer,
 And may the sweetest dreams be thine till morn appear."

With this he kiss'd her cheek; then with a sigh
 She turn'd away, and by a taper's light
 Crept to her distant chamber tremblingly,
 For still her heart was faint with deep affright,
 A fever rag'd in her poor brain that night,
 But faded from her cheek its crimson stain,
 As in low tones she deemed a fiendish sprite
 Upon her call'd; but as she calmed again
 The febrile heat return'd and burn'd her throbbing brain.

On, through the solitary galleries,
 She takes her silent way with softest tread—
 Without, the wind howls dismal through the trees,
 And at the sound she stops! above her head
 The pale-eyed taper lifts with woful dread,
 And forward leaning, peers into the gloom
 And lists! but happily the sound has fled—
 She hurries, pois'd on tiptoe, to her room
 And enters it as one at midnight would a tomb.

At first, half ope she leaves the massy door,
 And just beyond its threshold stops and peers,
 Half-startled, all around. Each object wore
 An unfamiliar look, as if long years
 Had laps'd since last she viewed it. But her fears
 She quieteth, save when along the walls
 The shivering tapestry fills her ears
 With stealthy sounds, like ghost-steps in old halls,
 As on its swaying folds the rising night-wind falls.
 Her searching eye detects no ling'ring sprite,
 While calmness tames the fear that sways her breast;
 Still, ready-nerved, if needs she would make flight,
 She wooeth her soft couch and prays for rest.
 Anon, her temples, which seem outward press'd,
 Throb with the fever that assails her brain;
 A heat afflicts her, as if flame possess'd
 Her snowy form, and crept through every vein,
 While her mind wanders, and she sighs and moans in
 pain.

Down in the banquet-hall, with gayest pace,
 The hours danc'd on and all went merrily;
 Tales still were told, but with more noise than grace,
 And silver beakers tipped right cheerily:
 Ah, happier men than they could never be,
 As there they sat in laughing, glad array,
 Their spirits buoyant as the argosy
 That brought the wine they drank from climes away,
 But happiness on earth, alas, hath fickle stay.

Without, the snarling winds, on mischief bent,
 Awoke lull'd night and rous'd the sleeping vale—
 Up in the black and shapeless firmament
 The jagged lightnings traced their fiery trail;
 While with mad voice, heard on the rising gale,
 The muttering thunders jar'd the deep profound,
 When, O ye saints! there came a piercing wail—
 A scream of agony!—a painful sound
 That stung the ear, like ghoul-shrieks under ground.

The noble Melvin cried, "My child! my child!"
 Snatch'd quick a torch, and followed by each guest,
 Dash'd through the frighted halls, like madman wild,
 And burst into her room. *She's gone!* His breast
 He fiercely beats, and cries with soul distress:
 "My love! thy father maddens! speak, Elvere!
 Where art thou gone?" They list—the wind's unrest
 Strikes mournfully upon their longing ear,
 And, save the thunder's distant roll, 'tis all they hear.

While thus they hearken, lo! a silvery laugh,
 Meaningless and strange, far, far above them rings—
 As swiftly as if borne on witch's staff.
 By Melvin led, each up the broad stair springs,
 Nor do they pause, until their leader brings
 Them to the lofty battlements. The rain
 Is falling fast; and unseen, airy wings
 Fan dim the torchlight, while the skies amain
 Hurl down their awful voice, which shakes both hill
 and plain.

Their sputt'ring torches illy light the gloom,
 But as they stride along the dripping walls,
 Elvere's deep voice they hear—"So to my tomb
 Will ye pursue me, fiends!" Her father calls:
 "My child, come hither! Prithee, what appals?"
 "Away!" she shrieks. O God! look! look! she bends
 Over the battlements! He springs! she falls!
 His daring hand just grasps her robe—it refts—
 And she, the loved, the beautiful, to death descends!

Though years and years have pass'd since that sad
 night,
 Yet, when the darkness comes, and storms assail
 The crumbling pile, the banquet-hall is bright,
 And through the vast apartments rings a wail
 That chills the blood and makes the spirit quail;
 Then from the ramparts high, so soft, so clear,
 Floats silvery laughter down. Soon torches pale
 Gleam dim on battlement. While to the ear
 Strange words are borne, then in the gloom all disappear.

Is not the existence of a God as clearly im-
 pressed on the eye of a moth, or the wing of
 any insect, as the faculty of thought in the
 writings of the great Newton?

"BORROWED PLUMES."

BY ALICE B. HAVEN.

He who goes borrowing always goes sorrowing.

OLD PROVERB.

THE era of "running to and fro upon the earth" was but just inaugurated, and a trip of seventy miles for a stay of three weeks had cost Greenville Parsonage as much planning and preparation as would suffice for a European tour in those days of social peregrination.

Several ladies of the congregation had called to offer their services, and a set of new night-caps had been made in the Sewing Society, put together with many speculations upon the results of Rosalind Blake's first journey by those who were anxious to be intimate with her, and not a few insinuations, on the part of Hannah Mason and Mary Green, both deacons' daughters, and naturally enough the "intimate friends" of the parsonage. They were elected a committee to "do them up" and present them to Rosalind, and accordingly made their appearance in the usually tidy sitting-room on the day previous to the eventful Tuesday fixed for her departure. Monday morning, always oppressively busy in New England villages, was particularly full of hurries and worries, owing to the unusual transaction of packing. Parson Blake was destined to dine for the third time off of Saturday's roast lamb; it was customary to make a savory stew of the remains of the joint, but on this occasion "father" was exhorted to patience under his second cold dinner in consideration of muslins to be done up and the last stitches to be set in a "half shawl," or mantle, as it would be called at the present day, manufactured with much ingenuity from the skirt of Mrs. Blake's second-best black silk.

Rosalind had a headache, too. At church, the day before, there had been such a series of affecting farewells that it was fortunate cold Sunday dinners had ever been a part of the Greenville creed. Rosalind came home from Sunday-school with red eyes and her temples throbbing. The parting with her class accounted for it, particularly the touching surprise of a volume of Cowper's Poems, in a very showy gilt and red binding, from the older girls, and a bunch of lilacs and snowballs from little Emma Goram, her particular pet and favorite.

Mrs. Blake's face—a little lined by the cares of a narrow income and the multiplied duties and crosses of a minister's wife—was unmis-

takably clouded, and her voice pitched a tone sharper than usual. Her husband, meek man, had betaken himself to his study, being advised to enter on the consideration of his next sermon. By this time all echoes of discord were hushed in his serene soul, and he was biting his nails in tranquil content over a volume of "Edwards on the Will."

"Don't mind mother; she feels real bad about my going away," whispered Rosalind, with a significant nod in the direction of her own room; and thither the three stole on the first opportunity. The white clothes were already deposited in the trunk, but the dresses and clean muslins were displayed upon the bed, so that Mary and Hannah were deprived of their favorite seat. However, they nestled down upon the floor, one on each side of Rosalind, after an inspection of the new mouseline de laine which Miss Whitaker, the village dressmaker, had cut and basted with an entirely new sleeve, the pattern of which she had just secured, by permission, from Mrs. Squire Thomas's. And then there was a black silk that had been presented by Rosalind's Aunt Foster, which, having been cleaned, and turned, and made over, was much better than new; and a wonderful collar, rather antique in mode, but "elegant work," as the whole trio declared. Aunt Foster had also presented the green ribbon which trimmed the split straw of last year, splendidly done up in the "new shape."

"Rosalind didn't go to Boston every year," as Aunt Foster observed, with some severity, when Mrs. Blake was inclined to doing without the mousseline de laine, and "she wasn't going to have Henry mortified by having her come not fit to be seen." It was hard to say which of the two, Henry or his sister, lay nearest to Aunt Foster's heart and the accumulations of her great Russia leather pocket-book. Somebody was to have her farm when she died, for she certainly could not carry it with her. Meantime, nobody saw much of the income the farm produced; but even Aunt Foster had been lavish on this extraordinary occasion.

For Henry had at last obtained his mother's consent for Rose to pay him a visit of three weeks in Boston. His boarding-house was extremely respectable, and his hostess had written to say that "she would do all in her

power to make Miss Blake's stay agreeable." Not that Mrs. Blake's hesitation arose on the score of the proprieties; she knew too little of city life even to understand them. Her unenlightened mind would have considered Rose as safely and properly situated with no other care than her brother's. But the expense—there was the rub! Henry had offered to pay it all, but it would cost at least ten dollars to get her ready to go; and where was the ten dollars to come from? The fates, including Aunt Foster, had been propitious. Squire Thomas's nephew was married about this time, and handed over the sum, an unprecedented marriage fee in Greenville.

Hannah and Mary were really devoted admirers, but they could not escape a few pangs of envy as they looked around upon all these preparations; but then if any one ought to go to Boston for a visit, it was Rosalind, and they should get her letters, and that would be almost as good. Why, even Henry's letters were mental excitement, getting them as they did at second-hand; to Hannah particularly, who, sitting near the semicircular little dressing-table, stole a glance now and then towards the daguerreotype, which did tolerable justice to a fine, honest face, even though the art was in its infancy.

"You'll just go and forget all about us, Rose, and I shall wish you had never been near Boston," said Mary Green, a little pettishly.

Hannah squeezed the hand she was holding. Rose was Henry's sister, and Hannah lavished upon her the affection she would have given to him if he had asked it; we all know something of such a proxy.

"Don't, for mercy's sake, tell Henry who hemmed his handkerchiefs. Now, don't—"

"Yes, indeed, I shall. It's done better than I could do it; he can see for himself."

"Oh, don't; please don't! *Say* you won't, now!" pleaded Hannah, though of course, as we both know, she would have felt bitterly disappointed if he had not been informed, and she was already living upon the anticipation of a message of thanks in return.

"Be sure you tell us what they wear," said the less preoccupied Mary; "and how to have my new bonnet trimmed. I shall wait for your letter."

"And how to have my new dress made; round or sharp point, long or short bodice waist. I wonder if bodices will be the fashion in Boston," added Hannah, emerging with animation from partial reverie. "And—hold down, Rose—be sure and write all about *him*—you know."

Now, this personal pronoun did not refer to Henry, nor was it the anticipation of Boston splendors and her brother's society that gave the keenest zest to looked-for pleasure. Rose worshipped Henry, and she was going to see the State House, and Faneuil Hall, and Bunker Hill Monument, and the Athenæum, of which Henry had so often written; but before all these delights rose up the prospect of meeting his particular friend, Loring Parker, of whom she had heard so much, and who had once said, in the merest joke, of course, that "he meant to wait for her," as she appeared to be "that most impossible she," the pattern of all feminine perfections. For Henry, like all affectionate sons and brothers, brought everything up to the standard of home, from breakfast rolls to shirt-collars; and Rosalind was to him the presiding genius.

Mr. Parker solemnly inspected the stitching of his friend's linen, and compared it with his own, purchased at a furnishing establishment. Unquestionably the shirts were a perfect "fit," while his always "wrinkled" and "drew," irritating him in a multiplicity of ways. Then he was favored twice a week with extracts from most affectionate and well-written epistles, giving a cheering picture, to the homeless city-bred man, of domestic life and rural tranquillity, until Mr. Parker had become familiar with the very dresses Rose wore and the books she read, which last, being "solid" English classics, still further impressed him with the sense of her superiority over the flirting boarding-school misses of society.

Which will explain to you one of the hidden sources of strength which enabled Rosalind to bear the very reiterated and trying farewells of Hannah and Mary, and hearing herself mentioned by name with faltering tones at family prayers the next morning; the first parting between her parents and herself; and a fatiguing journey of ten miles by stage and sixty by railroad; also the strange flutter with which she espied a tall gentleman waiting beside Henry on the platform, as the cars rumbled into the depot.

Henry thought it very kind in Mr. Parker to propose helping him "wait" for the train, and very naturally found it convenient to consign his sister to his friend's care when some little delay occurred in finding the trunk. Mr. Parker, on his part, wondered at the very odd sensation (not exactly nervous, though it produced a slight palpitation) which he experienced with Miss Blake leaning on his arm during the five minutes of detention. Their conversation

during the interval was not particularly instructive nor fluent, neither could they be said to see much of each other, the hour being "early candle-light," and the lamps not yet lighted. Rosalind made out that Mr. Parker was tall and had a dark, full beard, which was her admiration, although Parson Blake held the cultivation of a moustache to be a crime only second to gambling, and indicative of a propensity towards that pursuit. Mr. Parker discovered that Miss Blake had a very gentle, dependent manner, which he considered "an excellent thing in woman," as well as an unmistakably sweet voice. He wondered if she were musical, and how she would like to go to the Philharmonic.

They had but interrupted glimpses of each other as the street lamps began to be lighted, and when they arrived at No. 10, Bowdin Place, Mrs. Marsh, the kind friend and hostess of the young men, met the shrinking new-comer in the hall, and very thoughtfully urged her to go to her own room at once, and remove the dust of travel; so it was not until the tea-bell rang that they could be said to have made each other's acquaintance.

It was not a large household; only one family on the first floor, a single lady and a widower on the second, the comfortable room which Rosalind had been shown to having at that time no permanent occupant. But the introductions were perplexing, and the gas-light overpowering for a few moments, and it was a relief to Rosalind to find herself seated at the neatly-laid table—magnificent in her eyes, as to the silver cake-baskets and tea-service—between Mrs. Marsh and Henry. The empty seat opposite was presently filled by Mr. Parker, who had had more difficulties than usual to contend with, in the shape of ill-fitting collar and wristbands, and was therefore late. It was certainly natural in Miss Blake to look up as he took his seat, and in him to meet the glance with one equally interested; but there was no apparent cause for the blush that overspread Miss Blake's face when their eyes by this natural chance met, or for the renewed attack of irregular action of the heart which Mr. Parker experienced.

They had it quite to themselves; Henry, good, unsuspecting fellow, being entirely ignorant of any special interest on the part of either, though he supposed himself to share every thought of both, and probably had done so up to that hour. So far from seeing this natural attraction, he was considerably disappointed that his friend had so little to say in his sister's

praise, and took Rosalind to task for not admiring Mr. Parker as much as she should do.

We all know what fairyland proved to the various heroes and heroines of our juvenile days who were transported to its unending enchantments. It is not necessary to describe Rosalind Blake's first week in Boston further than to refer to those recollections; but at the end of that time her eyes were unfortunately opened to "the knowledge of good and evil," in the way of dress, and style, and position, always a sad epoch to the daughters of Eve.

Fairyland consisted in part of a complete new outfit, which Henry was determined she should have. The plain straw was found to be quite out of date in the view of Boston spring fashions, and was replaced by a graceful little open work affair, trimmed with lace, and crape, and lilies of the valley; Rosalind's own taste assisted by Mrs. Marshall and her daughters, the ladies on the second floor, whom Henry had begged to advise her. It was frightfully expensive to eyes accustomed to the rigid economy induced by a salary of four hundred a year; and so was the *visite*, the garment which had replaced mantillas in popular favor, which looked much "like a black silk short gown, trimmed with ruffles and gimp," as she wrote to Hannah.

And then there was the crowning glory of a spring silk—a delicate lilac and white plaid, made by a fashionable dressmaker, with sleeves that had never been heard of, much less imagined by Mrs. Squire Thomas, and the skirt trimmed with bias folds of the same, the first trimmed skirt, and in fact the first new silk, Rosalind had ever had in her life. If Henry had not purchased it at wholesale price in the establishment of which he was bookkeeper, and Mr. Parker junior partner, Rosalind would have considered him a ruined man; for both Mrs. Marshall and the dressmaker insisted upon it that she must have sixteen yards (ten was an extravagant Greenville pattern), and even then there was not a scrap left, when Rosalind charged the errand girl who brought it home to say that "they had forgotten to send the pieces." As for the French embroidered collar and the undersleeves, which the flowing drapery made necessary, and the lilac kid gloves—she went home in perfect consternation, lest Henry should be tempted to embezzle from his employers to make up for Mrs. Marshall's extravagance.

The whole bill was rather more than he had anticipated, and he found that he should be

obliged to use great self-denial in order to meet these extraordinary expenses; but, like a good brother as he was, he determined to do the thing handsomely, his affection and his pride being equally interested. He felt quite repaid by her heightened loveliness, when she appeared on Sunday morning dressed for church, and the admiring glances she received from his acquaintances, and even from entire strangers, as they walked arm in arm across the Common. He did not notice the first she had met before leaving the house, the recollection of which sadly interfered with her appreciation of the sermon from a popular minister whom her father had desired her to hear, and to remember as much of the discourse as possible; but he was extremely gratified at noticing that Mr. Parker's stylish aunt, Mrs. Bartol Parker, observed her attentively through her eyeglass, under pretence of looking over their heads at the choir, and asked to be introduced as they met in the throng on the pavement. Mrs. Bartol Parker had been very kind, through a little patronizing, to Mr. Blake, and he admired her greatly. It was certainly very flattering, this notice of Rosalind, and he was still more pleased to find that she had called the next day and invited her to join their party to a concert the same evening.

It was a most delightful experience in many respects; but a survey of the toilets about her, particularly the headdresses and the jewelry, made her very much dissatisfied with her own appearance. Her fair hair was smoothly banded in most redundant folds, after a fashion a little gone by, but extremely becoming to her; she wore Aunt Foster's black silk, which, as to quality, did no discredit to Mrs. Parker's own *poult de soie*, and a bow of bright pink ribbon at the throat, which gave all the relief the dress needed, and seemed to heighten the unusual flush of color in her face.

Mrs. Parker gave her nephew a nod of approval, as the light hood was thrown off, and displayed the fair girl's face lighted with excitement, and novelty, and the dangerous pleasure of a walk all alone with Mr. Parker.

They happened to be unusually busy in Milk Street, and Henry could not leave, but Mr. Parker had kindly volunteered to place her under his aunt's protection, the carriage being filled with guests staying in her house. Rosalind was introduced to them, and placed next to the young lady of the party. She was a stylish though by no means beautiful girl; still the bracelets that glittered as she waved her fan, and the corresponding brooch that fas-

tened her collar of costly lace, the bandeau of crimson velvet and gold that crossed her black hair, made Rosalind feel completely eclipsed, just when she was most eager to please.

If she had only known that this very simplicity was her greatest charm, in the eyes of her fashionable hostess, and how Mr. Parker said to himself that she looked like a wild rose among green-house exotics, as delicate and as pure, it would have saved her the bitter envious feelings that made discord of the evening's harmonies.

"Well, aunt!"—Mr. Parker was bursting with the desire to hear the opinion she had formed on seeing more of the young girl he had wished her to study. He had such confidence in the opinion of this relative—to whom all Boston ascribed a wonderful acuteness and vigor of judgment—that if she had pronounced unfavorably, he would have renounced all further thoughts of a wife in that direction—at least at this period of affairs.

"She certainly shows the good sense you attribute to her, in the simplicity of her dress, and though a little constrained, she is not awkward nor presuming. She has no vices of manner or dress. To tell the truth, Loring, I expected excessive *gaucherie* and vulgarity of toilet; cotton lace, and common ornaments. Bah!" the lady shrugged her Cashmere-clad shoulders. "However, one cannot tell—I have not heard her converse. I shall ask her to my little gathering for the Ashursts, and then I can judge better."

Mr. Parker felt at liberty to betray a shadow of his interest in Rosalind, which was daily increasing. He claimed the privilege of replacing her shawl as they left the concert-room, a slight attention that may be made to express much of little; in this instance it might have spoken several gratifying sentences if Rose had not been preoccupied with the study of Miss Ashurst's bandeau, and wondering if she could manage to manufacture one like it for future occasions. She wondered, also, if such a set of jewelry was very expensive. Henry had already given her so much, perhaps he could compass it, and really it looked so odd to be entirely without any. Selfish little Rose, when Henry had already exerted himself to the utmost for her happiness and pleasure.

And then Miss Ashurst had such a careless, nonchalant manner, and she felt so fluttered and confused by everything. She began to wonder if Mr. Parker was admiring her. Perhaps they were already engaged, she said such cool, provoking things to him, and he retorted so composedly.

They appeared to be so perfectly at home with each other. Jealous little Rose, and so blinded by the feeling, that she had walked three squares, replying to him in the most abstracted manner, before she glanced up, to find a look half inquiry—and should she believe it?—half tenderness, bent full upon her. She forgot Miss Ashurst and the meditated finery, for a while, in the enchantment of a solitary walk with the hero of her many day-dreams, in the softness of a moon-lighted evening of spring.

Without being at all aware of it, Rosalind had a very high opinion of herself. An only sister and daughter—"the minister's daughter" at that—she had been naturally spoiled. Because she had always had her own way, and from the day she could recollect had heard herself called pretty and amiable, not to mention the caressing flatteries of Hannah and Mary, she took it for granted that she was a beauty, and an angel of sweetness. Her father and mother believed it firmly, and when Henry came home for vacation, he did nothing towards dispelling the illusion. Mrs. Marshall and her daughters were continually complimenting her, considering it the surest road to the brother's heart, if the truth must be told; and Rosalind, all untried as to fidelity, actually wavered in Hannah's cause, and began considering how much more stylish Lucinda Marshall would look as Henry's bride, and what a sensation she would make sweeping up the aisle of the Greenville church, to their pew directly before the pulpit!

When Mrs. Bartol Parker paid her first call, the mingling of natural good sense and sensitive shyness in Rosalind's manner had impressed that lady very favorably, and Rosalind had seen in her only Mr. Parker's aunt. But when an invitation to a small party in Mt. Vernon St. was received that day week, she paraded it somewhat ostentatiously to Mrs. Marshall and her daughters.

It had been by no means as happy a week as the first. She was conscious of having neglected Henry to sit in Mrs. Marshall's room, or to watch at the window for Mr. Parker's appearance, or to remain in the parlor when there was the most remote chance of his spending the evening in the house, though her brother proposed reading aloud to her in her own room. Hannah's second letter remained unanswered, though she intended doing it every day; she found herself feeling fretful, unreasonable, and harassed, she scarcely knew why. One day's enjoyment was spoiled because she had met Mr. Parker and Miss Ashurst on the street,

when walking with Miss Lucinda, and fancied their manner cool; and though that young lady had informed her that "Loring Parker was certainly in love with her, if ever a man was," there was a painful uncertainty in endeavoring to interpret his manner, that had its effect upon her variable spirits.

But here was an invitation to his aunt's house, Henry included; her first real party, too; and there was her new silk, only she had worn it so much, at church, and when she had returned Mrs. Parker's call. The first gloss already faded, when last week she would have considered it sufficiently elegant for a queen's drawing-room! And then Miss Lucinda suggested that it was high in the neck, and had long sleeves, but at the same time proposed an ingenious mode of "turning it in," and ripping the flowing sleeve from the cap! proving that Miss Marshall had studied in the school of possibilities.

"And what are you going to wear on your head?" It had been poor Rosalind's tormenting second thought—what, indeed!

Henry had told her that he must get a new vest, and he did not know how to afford it, either, so there was no use in saying anything to him about it, and she rejected, with some abruptness, Miss Olive Marshall's suggestion that she should get in debt for a headdress, and leave the bill to come in to Henry after she was gone, which plainly revealed that young lady's standard of morals.

Lucinda was certainly very different, and very obliging. She helped arrange things, and offered a new headdress of her own. It was pink and silver, unfortunately, and that did not suit the lilac silk at all. Rosalind shrunk from wearing borrowed finery, as any naturally delicate and truthful mind would, yet let herself be persuaded to try it on. Perhaps it was the glass, but she thought it stiff and unbecoming, she did not look natural in it; but it would never do to go with her hair perfectly plain.

To those young ladies who number as many evening as morning-dresses, and give no more time or thought to adjusting the first than to an ordinary walking toilet, poor Rosalind's perturbations and preparations would have been very amusing. She gave the whole afternoon, from the two o'clock dinner, to it, and declined a proposal from Mr. Parker to walk to a popular green-house with him. At any other moment, with her passionate love of flowers, nothing could have given her greater pleasure. At dusk she was ready to admit the ever ami-

able Lucinda, who had volunteered to dress her hair in the prevailing mode, and accomplished it superbly. Rosalind strained her eyes in every direction to catch the full effect in the hand mirror. She surveyed every step of the operation in the most critical manner, getting more and more flurried and nervous, until the last fastening was finally completed. Her own eyes told her that the headdress, with its ill-assorted colors, spoiled all; but what was to be done? Her good genius saved her here, appearing in the shape of a bouquet from Mr. Parker himself; not the orthodox green-house bouquet, mounted on splints, and arranged into a formal platitude, but a handful of cut flowers—scented tea-roses, set in their own foliage, heliotrope, and perfumed jessamine. No wonder that Rosalind sprang to receive them with a cry of delight! These were no unfamiliar ornaments; white rose-buds and great gold and purple pansies were quickly arranged in the overshadowing braids, and she held a knot of them against the fair neck, partially unveiled by the new arrangement of her dress. They made a picture of her, she might have sat “the village belle,” or any other rural personage painters are so fond of portraying; but *bouquets de corsage* were not then the style, and Lucinda’s verdict was “old-fashioned,” and so she laid them down again. The only brooch she possessed—a little oval, containing her father’s hair, in a red gold frame—was certainly rather out of date, having been presented by Parson Blake to his “beloved Martha” on the day in which he made her his wife. It had been a coveted treasure from her earliest recollection, and worn with great carefulness and pride since her mother had intrusted it to her, but Boston air had tarnished its splendor, and this evening, particularly—Rose was so unfilial as to despise it as she fastened it slowly in her dress.

“If you would not mind,” said Miss Marshall, in a half friendly, half hesitating way—Rose looked up eagerly—“I have a diamond cross, which would be the very thing. It’s not real, you know, though you must never tell any one. Nobody could find it out. I’ve been complimented often on it, and if you will wear it I am sure you’re welcome.”

It was so amiable and considerate in Lucinda, and Rose did so court a more modern ornament, but her mother’s instructions, as well as her intuitive uprightness of character, had taught her never to wear anything false, whether tresses or blushes, teeth, or jewels. But Lucinda, in her kind-heartedness, did not wait for an answer. While Rose stood hesitating, she

had flown to her room, and returning fastened it herself on the velvet ribbon that was to serve as a necklace. “Black velvet and diamonds,” Rose had read enough romances of fashionable life to know that they were always considered the height of elegance in dress. The stones sparkled, and the setting was unexceptionable, and the black velvet ribbon brought out the fair whiteness of the round throat; she could see that herself. Lucinda declared it was the very thing. Rose turned her head from side to side coveting, dissatisfied with herself, hesitating—and so the tea-bell rang, and Henry was tapping at the door to know if she was ready.

A painful recollection of the few times in her life when she had uttered falsehoods stole over Rosalind as she followed Henry slowly down stairs. How well she could remember the sudden lapse from truth under some sudden or overmastering temptation in childhood—the shrinking from her father’s eyes—her mother’s kiss—feeling that she would give worlds if she could only undo that miserable moment! It was recalled by the instinctive movement of Lucinda, who threw a handkerchief over her neck, as Henry appeared, and bade her take care and not get cold with her throat uncovered. Rosalind accepted the warning. Miss Marshall knew as well as she did that Henry would not approve the loan—and Rosalind knotted it lightly in front, to conceal the cross until it was too late to avoid wearing it.

The party had created quite an excitement in the usually quiet house—tea had been delayed until eight on their account—three of the inmates being invited guests, and all of them kindly interested in the appearance of the young *debutante*. Mr. Parker, rather more impatient than there was any necessity for, walked up and down the parlor floor, hoping, he scarcely knew why, that Rose would come down alone before the rest gathered for tea. He need not have feared for the acceptance of his flowers—and his eyes lighted with pleasure when he saw not only the bouquet in her hand, but the buds and blossoms arranged so charmingly in her hair. He felt very proud of her as he sat opposite watching every gleam of her white arms and neck, uncovered for the first time in her life, her beauty heightened by the skilful and becoming arrangement of her hair. He longed to unloose the light handkerchief, and see the full effect of her evening costume, and then wondered with lover-like anxiety whether she already felt the change, and was beginning to have a sore throat, as she often put up

her hand and as quickly withdrew it. She did not look so bright and happy as he could have desired. The shy, yet graceful manner, which had been so attractive to him at first, the natural changing expressions that revealed every phase of feeling, were gone. He fancied he heard her speak pettishly to Henry, when he asked if she intended to introduce the fashion of neck-handkerchiefs for ladies, and downright crossly when he caught one of the tassels of her hood and drew it back, in putting on her shawl.

Mr. Parker's thoughtfulness had provided a carriage for her slippered feet, and though it was delightful to be thus remembered and made comfortable, Rose could scarcely rally her thoughts sufficiently to enter into the conversation between her brother and his friend, but sat in most ungracious silence, considering that both were thinking only of her pleasure and happiness.

What would Henry say when he came to see the borrowed brooch? What if she should lose it? She always was unfortunate even with a borrowed pattern or book, something was sure to happen to it—and up went her hand for the twentieth time to see if it was still there.

"Are you sick, Rosy? do your new slippers pinch? what in the world is the matter with you to-night?" Henry said, thinking she was naturally a little timid about her first party. "No one shall eat you. Loring and I will see to that!"

But Rose was not in the mood for rallying. All her uncomfortable conjectures and sensations were gathered into tormentors; she wished herself back in Bowdin Place, back in Greenville, anywhere! Not even Mr. Parker's presence proved a safeguard. "I wish you would let me alone!"—and she turned her back fairly upon her brother, and looked out in the gutter, the only prospect the narrow street presented.

Henry's astonishment and mortification knew no bounds. To be snubbed so publicly—twice in succession!—by Rose, his dear little sister, for whom he had done and was doing so much! It was passing words, and so was Mr. Parker's forced realization of what he had faintly suspected for the first time that night—a flaw in the crystal. Poor Rose, that night was to have decided all.

They arrived in Mount Vernon Street in a most uncomfortable silence. Even Rose saw the unamiable expression in her face, as she retouched her hair before the mirror in the dressing-room, and tried to banish it, but there

was a sullen resentful feeling in her heart, caused by having been betrayed into such an unusual fault. Her self-love had had a great shock.

Mr. Parker was not waiting, as she had hoped, to give her his arm into the drawing-room, and Henry, still hurt at her unkindness, offered his without a single word, or so much as glancing towards her. He did not discover the brooch, and that was one comfort, but Mr. Parker *did* the instant she stood before his aunt, in the full light of the drawing-room chandelier. It was too conspicuous an ornament to escape his eyes, when they had become lingeringly familiar with every ribbon that she wore. If the stones had been smaller, they might more easily have escaped detection; but Rose did not know that real jewels that size would have cost two years of her father's salary. Mrs. Parker wore a cluster in her rich lace collar, far smaller, but flashing in brilliant light at the slightest motion; while the showy ornament her guest displayed lay dull and lifeless on the ribbon which it fastened. Rose saw this, with eyes made keen by her foolish error, and she longed to snatch off the now hateful loan and hide it—anywhere. She received the kind welcome of her hostess with an awkward constraint, and Miss Ashurst's well-bred attempts to enter into conversation proved an utter failure. Mr. Parker too was so kind as to bring her a valuable collection of cameos and coins, which she would have eagerly enjoyed at any other moment. She only turned them over stupidly, and answered at random. He tried a valuable portfolio of engravings—she was familiar by description with most of the masterpieces which they reproduced, and had often longed to see them—but before the lovely landscapes of Lorraine and Poussin floated a diamond cross, everything marred and distorted by the vision.

Now and then Mrs. Parker found time to come and say a few words, and she took pains to introduce several people of literary celebrity whose books she had read and appreciated. Her preoccupied mind stood between her and all enjoyment, and reluctantly Mrs. Parker was obliged to confess to herself that her previous opinion must be reconsidered. She had no pride that would have interfered with her nephew's marriage; a minister's family was a sufficient introduction for any well-educated, well-bred person, at that day, in New England. Piety and intellect were considered in the aristocracy of fifteen years ago; now the counting-house and the manufactory, or rather their solid proceeds, are in the ascendency. But

Mrs. Parker—though priding herself on her pride, in the shape of an “independence” which would have made her delight in encouraging this romantic attachment on the part of her nephew—had a clever woman's horror of common-place stupidity and vulgarity.

“She has nothing to say for herself, that's certain,” she said, nodding slightly in the direction of the corner where Rose was seated, solitary and miserable enough by this time. “We've tried her on everything. That pin looks bad, too; anything but imitations, shams! She doesn't know how out of place it is, and that shows that something is wanting in her character, a delicacy, a purity that you always said was her great charm, and I gave her credit for it when we first met. How do you know that mass of hair is real? And yet her head, as she bends forward, with those flowers, is lovely. I can understand your infatuation, but you must not let it go any farther.”

“Don't say another word, aunt. I saw the brooch; I wanted to throw it out of the window the moment my eyes beheld it. Where she could get such a thing—it involves so much! Henry never gave it to her! it never saw Greenville! Old Martin, the bachelor boarder at our house, has been very attentive to her. If I thought she would accept—” And here he began to remember uncomfortably how the handkerchief had been made to conceal it, and how, even at this moment, unconscious of observation, her hand strayed towards it.

“I'm sorry, Loring; but it might have been worse. It's well you took my advice, and did not commit yourself.” And Mrs. Parker swept away, quite satisfied that she had effectually damped all dangerous flames.

Alas for anticipated happiness! the visions of enjoyment and admiration which had swam through Rose's silly little head, as she made her grand toilet, were all dispelled. Henry was enjoying himself in another part of the room, quite satisfied to have left her in Mr. Parker's charge. Miss Ashurst was naturally claimed on all sides by friends and acquaintances, so were the different people to whom she had been introduced. She made her escape to the dressing-room, after a little while; and then, as if drawn by some invisible enchantment to see what Mr. Parker was doing, came down again, and took her old place in the corner of the sofa, and watched the throng.

How neglected and miserable she felt! Henry was so selfish as to be taken up with Mr. Ashurst and Mr. Prescott, two middle-aged gentlemen, who were discussing free trade; and

as for Mr. Parker, he had scarcely been polite; he had not so much as offered her his arm the whole evening. They had just invited her there to mortify her! how she hated them all! Mrs. Bartol Parker was just as proud as Lucinda Marshall declared, and Miss Ashurst was no doubt joking about her to Mr. Parker at that very moment. Of course they were engaged, or she would not tap him on the shoulder with her fan in such a familiar way! She had often read that gentlemen in cities amused themselves by winning the love of any one they fancied for the moment, to throw it aside again. There was no pleasure now in the recollection of all Mr. Parker's looks, and words, and deeds the past two weeks; all were traitorous as himself! Yes, even the night before, when he had taken her hand and carried it to his lips for one thrilling moment, looking into her eyes! Cruel, treacherous, miserable man! she wished she had never seen him! She wished she had never left Greenville, where every one loved her and was kind to her; she wished she had never listened to Lucinda Marshall, who had put such thoughts into her mind, or seen the dreadful brooch that had been nothing but a torment to her since it was clasped! And here she put up her hand instinctively, *but it was gone!* She had touched the clasp so often that she had loosened it, and it had escaped from the velvet, which was lying loosely upon her neck!

She could scarcely repress a cry of fright as she started up and began to look eagerly for it in the folds of her dress, the crevices of the sofa, on the carpet at her feet. She could have reached Henry, but she did not like to proclaim her loss openly, even by appearing to seek it, and sat as if transfixed ten miserable minutes, her eyes searching, searching everywhere. But something must be done; perhaps she had left it in the dressing-room! So she threaded her way once more through the crowd, painfully conscious of the stares that an unknown young lady moving about so much by herself naturally received, sought in the hall, up the stairs, on the floor of the dressing-room, and then down again without success. She stopped as she came to the door of the drawing-room; she could not face all those people again! Her neck and eyes ached bending down in the search, but her heartache was hardest of all to bear. The disappointment, and fright, and suspense were too much for her, and the storm could be restrained no longer; it had been gathering slowly all the evening, waves of bitterness such as she had never imagined before,

and now she sat down in a deep bay window in the hall, and sobbed and sobbed until she thought her heart would break, all the more convulsively because she had to hush her tears into silence.

At twenty-five a young man does not give up a love that has been making its way into his daily life without some struggles. If poor Rosalind was miserable, Mr. Parker was in a whirl of conflicting and painful recollections. He helped his aunt to entertain her guests, and was polite and merry with Miss Ashurst; but he longed to burst away from them all into the cool night air, and face his disappointment. The cross was a little thing, perhaps, but it indicated so much! He knew his aunt was right, yet he hated her at the moment for confirming his own impressions, and thought her unnecessarily severe and officious. He was annoyed at Rose, too, for showing so much constraint when he was so anxious for her to appear well among those who were to be her future friends and associates, if she became his wife. He knew how charmingly and understandingly she could talk of books, and pictures, too, for they had been twice at the Athenæum together. Why must she go and spoil her pretty toilet by that stupid ornament! and how irritable she had certainly been in his very presence! Anything but an irritable wife! But it wasn't at all like her. How well she took the upsetting of the hot water kettle on her foot, which had given her real pain, and made her so lame that he was obliged to help her from the table! What a neat little shoe and stocking it was! How sweetly she had looked down into his face and thanked him as he stooped to place a footstool for her! how thankful he felt when he found there was no blister!

What dreams he had had of a dear little home in which she should preside over an urn that should never upset, and where her nice old father should come and enjoy all the anniversaries every spring; and Henry should spend his evenings! Of something nearer than that, when he should plainly say "I love you, Rose," and see her blushes, and read his answer in her dear eyes; those eyes that had changed and faltered before his own! What a wretch he had been! It was all very well to say he had not committed himself; not in words, perhaps! and if it was all over with, how should he ever face Henry or his indignation when he came to know it all? Poor, dear little Rose! And he walked about the cool, dusky hall, thinking, as soon as he could get quiet, he would go and find her, and perhaps the mystery

of the diamond cross that was not diamond might be solved.

Just then a low, smothered sound, as of a child sobbing in its sleep, caught his attention, but no one was in sight. A little stir and rustle of the drapery of the deep bay window, a step that way, and the curtains were parted. Such a miserable, imploring face as looked up to his, with a wistful, flickering smile, too, as she saw who the intruder was! Actual anathemas from Mrs. Parker could not have kept him from drawing away the hands that the next moment sought to conceal it, and drawing the tear-washed cheek down to his breast, too. His coldness and avoidance all that evening were doubtless the cause, and the turn of the staircase made the corner very dusky indeed, though he did not stop to think of that.

"There, there!" he said, stroking the soft braids as if she had really been a child. How he had longed to lay hands on them many a time!

And Rose was not bitter nor resentful, now, but sobbed out: "Oh, Mr. Parker, I am so very unhappy! I wish I was home with mother! I've lost Lucinda's dreadful diamond cross, and I knew I should when she asked me to wear it. What shall I do! Henry will be so vexed!"

If he had been made wretched two minutes before, by finding her in tears, their cause made him perfectly jubilant now. So it was Miss Marshall's brooch—umph! he might have known it!

"I knew I ought not to wear it, and it made me miserable and ashamed, for fear Henry would notice it and scold, and so stupid and so cross to Henry, when he has been so very, very kind!" There was no tumult in receiving this first lover-like caress. Rose scarcely thought of the lover in the friend that comforted her and let her sob out all her troubles.

"I never felt so angry before in all my life. I did not know I could feel so, and it's made me so unhappy. Do you suppose I shall find the cross? what will she say?" And then she remembered, and lifted her head from its unaccustomed resting-place, and sat back in the window-seat, like a naughty child as she was, flushed and suddenly tearless.

"Don't start away from me, Rose; you are right to tell me all your troubles. It is going to be my place to take care of them all for you. Isn't it, dear?"

Precipitate young man. After the sober warning and advice of half an hour before, not to speak of having traitorously arraigned her and given verdict with the opposing counsel in

his own mind. Mrs. Parker looked as if she thought he had taken leave of his senses when he came and whispered to her, directly after, that Miss Blake was suffering severely from headache, which had been the cause of her apparent dulness, and he should see her home himself, so not to disturb Henry, as the poor fellow got out so seldom, and appeared to be enjoying himself.

The offending ornament was sticking carelessly in the lappel of his coat; he had picked it up a moment before, almost under Miss Ashurst's feet.

"But, Loring!"—

"To-morrow, aunt, I can explain"—and he had vanished. Certainly he was a fair convert to her favorite theory of "independent action."

The sewing society at Greenville were quite as effectually electrified by the news that Rosalind had actually come back engaged, and Mrs. Blake was shrinking two pieces of white cloth, and a web of linen that had been long concealed in the depths of Aunt Foster's press. Aunt Foster came out nobly, and, thanks to her, the bride's wardrobe was all it should have been. Mrs. Bartol Parker found an affinity in that strong-minded member of society, when she came down to the wedding, admired Parson Blake's sermon of the preceding Sabbath, and threw him into a fever of astonishment and gratification by begging it to have it printed.

The details of the ceremony are still talked over at Greenville, the appearance of the groom and his friends, the wonderful presents that Rosalind received, and the fuss his relations appeared to make over her.

Hannah and Mary were invited to visit her by turns; for, as Aunt Foster said, "Rose wasn't a bit stuck up, and found time to make her mother's caps and collars all the same." It was on one of these visits that Henry intimated to Hannah that he had not seen a Boston girl who came up to his ideas yet, and somehow he never had forgotten the singing schools, and nuttings, and berrings of their childhood. Whereupon Aunt Foster "came out"—again for the third and last time, for she abdicated the farm in Henry's favor, and has since been contented in advising Hannah with her cheeses and her children.

Rose has her own curly-headed, bright-eyed household, and has ceased to covet the "jewels" of her neighbors.

In taking revenge a man is but even with his enemy; in passing it over, he is his superior.

METHOD.

A LADY was complimenting a clergyman on the fact that she could always recollect and recite more of the matters of his sermon than those of any other minister she was in the habit of hearing. She could not account for this; but she thought the fact was worthy of observation. The reverend gentleman remarked that he thought he could explain the cause. "I happen," he said, "to make a particular point of classifying my topics—it is a hobby of mine to do so; and therefore I never compose a sermon without first settling the relationship and order of my arguments and illustration. Suppose, madam, that your servant was starting for town, and you were obliged hastily to instruct her about a few domestic purchases, not having time to write down the items; and suppose you said, 'Be sure to bring some tea, also some soap, and coffee too, by the by, and some powder-blue; and don't forget a few light cakes, and a little starch and some sugar; and now I think of it, soda'—you would not be surprised if her memory failed with regard to one or two of the articles. But if your commission ran thus—'Now, Mary, to-morrow we are going to have some friends to tea, therefore bring a supply of tea and coffee, and sugar and light cakes; and the next day, you know, is washing day, so that we shall want soap, and starch, and soda, and powder blue'—it is most likely she would retain your order as easily as you retain my sermon."

THE WIFE.—To partake secretly, and in her heart, of all his joys and sorrows, to believe him comely and fair, though the sun hath drawn a cypress over him (for as marriages are not to be contracted by the hands and eyes, but with reason and the heart, so are these judgments to be made by the mind, not by the sight), and diamonds cannot make the woman virtuous, nor him to value her who sees her put them off then, when chastity and modesty are her brightest ornaments. Indeed the outward ornament is fit to take fools but they are not worth the taking. But she that hath a wise husband, must entice him to an eternal dearth, by the veil of modesty, and the grave robes of chastity, the ornament of meekness, and the jewels of faith and charity; her brightness must be purity, and she must shine round about with sweetness and friendship, and she shall be pleasant while she lives, and desired when she dies.

THE SOLDIER'S SISTER.

BY S. ANNIE FROST.

THEY have all passed! The roll of the drum, which for the last hour has filled the street, grows fainter and fainter, as the soldiers follow it, leading them to the depot from which they start to defend their country's flag. Brave men, who take thus your lives in your hands, at the call of country, ready to lay it down, if need be, God protect you.

Several years ago, not so many but that even young people remember the time, the same call, love of country, and the desire to assert and defend her rights, took brave men from our city, southward, too, to Mexico, and then, ah, then, I was not calmly writing at my window, but with a heart full of weary sore trouble, I, too, prepared to leave my home to follow the soldiers. It is a story that in these stirring times may not prove uninteresting, so, though I am an old-fashioned woman, and no great writer, I will tell it.

I was not an old woman, some twenty-six or eight years old only, when my only sister, Mary Curtis, died, and left me two little children for her legacy. Their father died before the babies, a twin boy and girl, were born, and so they came to me, dependent, not for worldly goods, for Horace Curtis died a rich man, but for love and care wholly dependent upon their aunt. They were bright, pretty little things, between seven and eight years of age, when they came in their mourning dresses to my city home, from the pretty country-seat where I had closed their mother's eyes upon them and all earthly things, forever.

When the children were sixteen Horace was admitted to West Point. From his early childhood this had been the strong desire of his heart. A soldier's life, though he knew much of its hardships, had ever been before his imagination as the one, above all others, to be chosen. Strong, healthy, and active the children had always been, and it was hard to say which was the strongest—Horace's desire to be a soldier, or Nellie's wish to see him become one. I had never approved of making women the timid, helpless creatures they are only too apt to become, so I allowed the fearless little girl to join her brother in his sports and studies, trusting to his chivalrous, loving heart to keep her from harm, and found, too, that while she

grew hardy, fearless, and active, from his influence, her presence made him gentlemanly and polite, above most boys. Their lives seemed knit, bound together; the first morning greeting, the last evening kiss of each was for the other. Walking to school together, to part only at the door, they met gladly again, for the home walk. In the summer spent at the country-seat which formed part of their inheritance, he taught her to ride on horseback, to shoot at a mark, with pistol or gun, to walk miles without fatigue, and she, in turn, taught him to sing with her, and coaxed him one winter to learn to play on the violin, that he might not be idle while her fingers drew music from the piano. At first he shrugged his shoulders and declared it "a bore," but soon he began to enjoy, as much as herself, these tuneful duets. With perfect love, perfect confidence and trust, each in the other, they seemed to have but one heart and one mind between them. The physical resemblance was perfect. The same large hazel eyes, fresh, fair complexions, straight noses, and to an inch the same height, for Nellie was tall for a woman, and Horace medium height, the only difference that struck the observer was that Nellie's curls were long and floating, while Horace's clustered in short, thick bunches about his forehead, both being of a warm chestnut color.

They were, as I said, sixteen, when Horace went to West Point, but this was their first separation. Sadly, wearily and tearfully Nellie dragged about the house. Her song was hushed; she did not care to ride, practise or read, and though always loving to her "auntie," as they always called me, I found it almost impossible to win a smile or look of interest from her.

"Nellie!"

We were sitting together, one bright day, sewing. The work had fallen from my darling's hands, and she was musing, with drooping head, and sad longing eyes. She looked up as I spoke.

"Nellie, what troubles you?"

"O auntie, I miss Horace so much."

No words can describe the sadness in the child's voice.

"But, Nellie, you must begin to learn to live

without Horace. Remember, dear, that he is a man, who must, especially in a soldier's life, be away from home continually. You cannot follow him from camp to camp."

"I'd like to, auntie."

"No doubt, but—"

"Auntie, let's go to West Point. We can board somewhere near the Academy. I never thought of it till you mentioned following my brother."

The color was flushing her cheek, the light dancing in her eyes, as they had not done since the last convulsive embrace she had given that dear brother.

"We can go. Say yes, auntie. Oh, it is like tearing the heart from the bosom to part Horace and I."

For an hour she pleaded with me, and then—for truly, I pined for the boy too—I consented to go, and for the term of Horace's studies at the military school boarded at West Point. To say that he was delighted to have his sister near him, would but feebly express his pleasure. Every hour that could be spared from his duties was spent at home. Stories of the cadets, eagerly listened to by both Nellie and myself, laughing drills of his sister filled many an evening. It was a pretty sight to see that fair girl, tossing the curls from her bright face, and donning Horace's cap, go through the manoeuvres with the musket her little white hands could just grasp. She attended all the drills where a lady was admitted; she read all Horace's books, and was the toast and admiration of half the cadets and newly-made officers. At the balls, where one-half the company laughingly called her Corporal Curtis, her bright face, sparkling wit, and animation both in dancing and conversing, made her the belle of the room.

Five years glided away, and the lawyer wrote to resign his guardianship of the young twins' property. They were man and woman now, yet, to me, children, true, loving children still. We were at home, in the dear country place, Lieutenant Horace Curtis, Corporal Nellie and I, when the war with Mexico was declared.

I am not writing a history of the war, so I say nothing here of the many reports which kept us in an anxious state of suspense for several weeks. Finally the blow fell; Horace was ordered to join his regiment to sail for Mexico. For months we bore the torture of the home watching, and then we resolved to go to Mexico. Letters were few and far between; and, to speak without exaggeration, I feared that Nellie would lose her reason or die. All the courageous independence which character-

ized her when near her brother deserted her when he left us upon his mission of danger. She became pale, listless, or restless, as the news from the seat of war excited or depressed her spirits. When the account of a battle reached us, the agony of suspense which she suffered until the list of wounded and dead followed it threatened to unthrone her reason. It was difficult to obtain permission to embark, but we did at last, and arrived in the month of February, 1847, at the little village of Buena Vista. Our journey, from the time of our embarkation, was full of peril, though we were under the escort of United States troops (in fact, we travelled as baggage); but Nellie never complained, never seemed frightened or fatigued; the one fact that every hour brought her nearer to Horace seemed to infuse new spirit into every step. The old light came into her eye, the bloom to her cheek, the smile to her lip. One day a friend in the regiment to which we (as baggage) belonged suggested to us that we might find Horace wounded or dead.

"He is safe; safe and well," said Nellie, drawing her tall figure erect. "I feel it; I should know if he suffered. He has been suffering that we were apart, but now he is well."

We were lodged, on our arrival at Buena Vista, in a small house in the village, and found that we were still with the baggage of the army, of which a great quantity was stationed here. We knew that Horace was near us, with Taylor's division, but we were in the village nearly two weeks before he was allowed to visit us. He came one day with Lieutenant Boardman, and I cannot forbear mentioning what this young man told me.

"There has been," he said, "the greatest change in Curtis within the last few weeks. Brave as a young lion, he has been since we left home silent, reserved, and melancholy. His courage was too well known, and since we have been here too severely tested for any one to attribute the change to cowardice; but he, who was the life of the company, seemed to have become perfectly misanthropic in his sad reserve. The change back to his old manner began some weeks ago. His song was again the merriest round the camp-fire, his joke the wittiest, and from that day to this he has been the Horace Curtis of West Point. Did he know you were coming?"

"No; we did not write."

"But I knew it," said Horace, looking from Nellie to us; "I knew Nellie must come to me, and I felt her drawing nearer every day."

I believed him. The twin love, strengthened

by their orphanhood, was the one intense, concentrated passion of their lives.

"If you could stay to-night, only to-night!" whispered Nellie, as she grasped his hand for the farewell.

"I cannot; it is late now. At sundown I am to relieve the guard at the San Luis road; the post is important, and so dangerous that it will be eternal dishonor if I shirk it. My men wait now. Good-by, darling, darling!"

Never had his pet name for her sounded more sweetly than on that afternoon, as he folded her fondly in his strong arms.

As she came from the door, where she stood watching him till he was out of sight, I saw tears on her cheeks.

"I cannot help it, auntie," she said, mournfully; "there is evil impending, some harm. Ah!" One cry of agony, and she fell senseless at my feet.

Wondering, fearing I knew not what, I ran for water, and tried to restore her consciousness. She looked bewildered as, at length, she sat up.

"Auntie, auntie! where—oh, I remember. My arm."

"Your arm, Nellie?"

"Yes; such a sharp, sudden pain; it made me faint. It is gone now, though it feels a little stiff."

"Auntie!" This voice came from the door. Did I mention that Nellie's deep, rich voice was exactly the same as her brother's, though in him it was a sweet tenor, in her a fine contralto? I started as the new voice, so like the one at my side, fell upon my ear. Horace, pale and scarcely able to stand, stood in the doorway. "Auntie, can you bind this up?" He pointed to his left arm, which hung useless and bleeding at his side. "Some rascals fired on us from behind a wall," he gasped. "Quick, auntie, Boardman is waiting at the door."

"You cannot return!" I cried.

"I must! Honor—I—" The words died on his lips, and he fell fainting where he stood. With returning consciousness, his eyes wandered and his lips whispered deliriously, and then, the blood flowing freely, he fainted again.

We lifted him into the little bedroom, and then removed his clothes. I was busy over his wound, bathing and dressing it, when the sound of scissors clicking made me turn. For an instant I thought I, too, was delirious. Horace apparently stood before the glass; another look convinced me that it was Nellie, dressed in the uniform we had just thrown upon the floor, and brushing the hair back from her

forehead. All her long, dark curls lay in a heap at her feet.

"Why, Nellie, are you mad?"

"Auntie, hush, speak low! I am going down to Lieutenant Boardman; I take my brother's place to-night."

"You cannot, child!"

"'Tis only to mount guard. I know the duties, and I can catch them for *this* occasion. Auntie, he said it was *dishonor* if he was not there; he *shall be there*." She drew herself erect, and proudly threw back her head.

There was a knock at the parlor door.

"Come, Horace, we are very late. Is your hurt so bad?" cried Lieutenant Boardman.

"Coming," cried Nellie, cheerily. "One more pin in this bandage—so. Good-night, auntie. Hush," she whispered, sternly. "Not a word; keep my secret, and nurse *him*." And she was gone.

I can tell her course that night, for I heard it word for word so often, but then I sat dismayed, sickening with apprehension. Her last charge was no vain one; all night my patient lay tossing in feverish pain. I was ignorant of the whereabouts of a physician, could speak no word of Mexican or even Spanish, if I had wished to communicate with the people in the house; and then the dread of exposing Nellie made me afraid to have any one but myself in the room. Morning found me at my post, Horace at last sleeping from faintness and the effect of the opiate I had ventured to give him. Imagine my agony when, early in the day, I heard heavy firing, and, before long, the report that a battle was raging just beyond the village. All day long the firing continued, and I dared not leave my post. The day before, we had heard the sound of firing at intervals, and Horace had assured us of the difficulty of snatching the few hours he and his friend spent with us. But to-day the roar was louder and more steadily continued. Litters containing the wounded passed the door, and every man told of the fearful battle raging so near us.

At the first report, Horace awoke in a burning fever and entirely delirious. All day he raved, taking all my time and sometimes all my strength to prevent his rising; indeed, but for the loss of blood, which had weakened him, I should have been powerless to confine him. So I spent the terrible 23d of February, the day ever memorable in our history as that upon which the battle of Buena Vista was fought. As night fell, the bearers of the wounded became more numerous, and the house was soon full. I gave them up my parlor, but the plea

of an invalid in the bedroom was respected by our brave soldiers, and they did not intrude there. No word could I gain of Nellie, though many told me they knew Lieutenant Curtis, and spoke highly of his former deeds of bravery. Another at last told me this—

"Indeed, madam, I trust he's safe. I saw him two or three hours ago, unhurt, fighting like the brave man that he is."

"Fighting?"

"Certainly, ma'am; what should he be doing?"

I had no answer. Thoroughly bewildered, sick with dread, I went back to my post beside Horace. The night passed drearily. When the surgeon visited the other wounded soldiers, finding that there was no longer any occasion for concealing Horace, trusting that the doctor would not recognize him, I had his wound properly dressed. The ball was extracted, and the shoulder and arm found to be very seriously injured. Quiet, careful watching that no bandage was displaced in his delirious tossing, some medicine were recommended, and I was again alone with my boy. It was a noisy night; wagons, litters with wounded soldiers upon them, passed the house every moment; inside, the groans and cries of the poor fellows, with delirious shoutings from some, made the scene more exquisitely painful. Day dawned without my hearing one word from Nellie. The battle was not renewed; the Mexicans had retreated. This I heard, and about noon my niece suddenly entered my room.

"How is he?"

She knelt by the bedside, and took his well hand in hers. He knew the touch, for it calmed him instantly.

"Nellie!"

"Here, Horace, here!"

"Nellie, the guns! hark! I must go!"

"No, you can stay; you *can*, I say. Would I counsel you to a dishonorable act?"

"Nellie, don't leave me!"

For nearly an hour she watched and soothed him, and then he slept soundly. Then and not till then did I know of my young heroine's acts; but, as her account was very modest, and I heard the story from other lips, too, I prefer to give it in my own words.

She went down to the street with Lieutenant Boardman, who inquired about her arm.

"A mere bagatelle, Will," she said, laughing, "though it made me faint; but Aunt Liz-zie is the best of doctors."

Chatting cheerfully, they went quickly towards the battle field (as it proved later), and,

by observing her friend and allowing him to make the apology for their lateness, and showing her bloody sleeve to prove the accident, she mounted guard with Horace's men, unsuspected. Laughing sometimes, as she thought of her brother's surprise the next day; sighing as she thought of his wound, she looked upon the whole affair as a joke purchased by shouldering a musket for one night. Just before daybreak, as she stood looking towards one point on the road she guarded, she descried a man creeping on all fours towards her. She gave the alarm, and two soldiers started to arrest the intruder. The fellow escaped, but, the day breaking, the whole camp was on the alert. Before she at all understood her position, the battle was raging all around her.

"Forward! march!" Horace's captain gave the word, the men fell into line, and Nellie was led to the heart of the field. She says that her brother's spirit passed into hers, and she was not answerable for her actions. Certain it is that she fought with a courage and daring that made her the mark of many eyes, even on that fearful day. At dark she was ordered to lead her men to a certain point, to rest on their arms. A sleepless, exciting night of watching was followed by the certainty of victory the next day; and as soon as it was practicable she came to me. We were still talking when there was a knock at the door.

"Come in!" was answered by Lieutenant Boardman.

"Captain Curtis," he said, bowing, "let me be the first to congratulate you upon your promotion. Your gallant conduct of yesterday—"

He stopped suddenly, for his eyes fell upon Horace, the real Horace. The hot blood rushed to Nellie's face, but in a low tone she began to tell him the truth, ending with—

"You will keep our secret?"

"As I guard my honor. Let the world suppose your brother wounded in the battle, none shall ever know the truth from me."

I have told my story. Nellie donned her own dress, and assisted in nursing Captain Curtis till he was again well, and able to join his men.

From place to place we followed him, but it was as *women* (or baggage), and not till the war was over and we were again at home, did Lieutenant Boardman refer to his secret; then he said—

"Captain Nellie, I have kept your secret for a long time, now if you will take it back and give me your hand instead—" and some more to that effect, which ended, as all stories will,

in a wedding ; and the country-seat now rings with the voices of two little ones, who belong to Nellie and Will ; while it is difficult to say which loves the soldier girl best, her husband or the brother, who says he can't marry because he hasn't time to pay attention to any woman but Nellie.

LETTER FROM A PARENT

TO A MARRIED DAUGHTER ON THE INDIFFERENCE DISPLAYED BY HER IN THE EDUCATION OF HER CHILDREN.

MY DEAREST CHILD : It is with the utmost reluctance I now write to you ; but I fear I should not do well to keep silence on so important a subject ; and as you have from infancy ever listened to a mother's advice, I feel encouraged to write, hoping you will receive it in the spirit of love in which it is written.

I have, for a long time, imagined that you did not manifest that anxiety about the education of your children which every mother should feel. There are many different methods of educating children, varying according to their stations in life ; but all should be taught not to live for themselves only, but to be useful to their fellow-creatures. The minds of children are like young twigs, growing whichever way they are bent. Seldom will they grow straight of their own accord. They must be bent ; and these immortal twigs are in your hands, my dearest Ellen, to be bent for time and eternity. Then, again, if their lives are spared, they will take their position in the world. You have often condemned the giddy, thoughtless girls who can talk of nothing but dress and parties, and the foppish young men who cannot converse for five minutes on anything interesting or instructive ; and I have often told you the fault was in their education : they had never been taught that they had a nobler end to live for. Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it. Remember, my Ellen, God has committed these little ones to your care ; and He will Himself demand how you have fulfilled your trust. Think not slightly of it. A mother's cares are very great, but her joys are as great also. In you were all my doubts and fears, my hopes and joys, centered ; and you have exceeded all my expectations, and my anxieties are more than compensated in the love and confidence you have ever bestowed on me. That you may also obtain a mother's recompense is my earnest prayer ; but, remember you cannot obtain it

without a mother's care, and the care must come first. You will need great patience and perseverance ; but you will obtain strength from on high, if you earnestly seek it, to guide you in guiding your children in the right way. Store their minds with useful knowledge, and then they will not feel awkward in the presence of educated persons ; and, above all, dear Ellen, teach them to love and reverence their Maker : they may not always have earthly parents, therefore impress upon their young minds the necessity of early seeking the Lord ; and then it may be said of you, "The children arise and call her blessed." Oh, do not neglect this important duty any longer, but from this time see to the education of your children ; and may the blessing of God attend your efforts. With kind love, I remain, my dearest Ellen, your affectionate mother.

L.

SUMMER.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

The soft green feet of summer press the hills,
And wake to bloom the spreading locust trees ;
The evening forest teems with whippoorwills,
And spicy odors load the southern breeze.

The sky, a dome of pulseless azure light,
Mellow and rich, bends o'er the pleasant land,
By day, illumined with the red sun, bright,
At night, by the mild stars—a sister band.

The hush of evening comes in crimson gloom,
The sun goes down within the amber west—
The daylight flies to give the twilight room,
And labor sinks into the lap of rest.

On low, broad fields the fragrant clover bows
'Neath weight of sweetness, to the balmy breeze ;
The crowfoot, with its golden cup endows
The royal banquet of the honey bees.

Streams flash along the grass-enamelled wold,
O'er pebbles, murmuring like the sea's pink shells ;
And, on the hills, the fire-weed's vivid gold
Queens it beside the modest asphodels.

In purple midnights, fogs and vapors rise
From the smooth bosom of the distant bay ;
And the mild zephyr rises, falls, and dies,
So sweet, you think you're listening to a fay.

These nights are like fond dreams of happiness ;
The stars hang in the sky like silver lamps ;
And in array of pale white loveliness,
The fleecy clouds gleam like an army's camps.

Reclining on some spot by love endeared,
Where the meek moonlight its pure shadow flings,
The silence is so deep—so strangely weird—
You almost hear the breath of growing things.

The night is full of cool, refreshing sighs,
Winning the weary to a healthful sleep ;
O gentle moonlight ! seal my drooping eyes !
And Morpheus, lock me in thy quiet keep !

SUNSHINE AND SHADE; OR, THE GOVERNESS.

BY FANNIE WARNER.

[Entered, according to act of Congress, in the year 1861, by LOUIS A. GODEY, in the clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

(Continued from page 35.)

CHAPTER XI.—(Concluded.)

It was the last day of their visit; the following morning Edith and her pupils were to return to the Bluff. They were seated at the tea-table discussing the Christmas just past, and speculating on the probability of passing the next together, when Christopher entered with the evening mail. Fred, who attributed Edith's coldness and distant manner to coyness, and his mother's influence, had ceased to seek her society, and seldom addressed her save in general conversation, believing that at the Bluff, when not under the surveillance of his awe-inspiring mother, an explanation would be brought about, and she would look with favor upon his suit. Taking the letters and papers from Christopher, he glanced over them, and retaining a couple, handed the rest to his father.

"One for you, Miss Edith," said Mr. Morgan, laying a letter down by her plate.

"You must pay for delivery!" exclaimed Nora, and with a playful but, Edith afterwards remembered, a precipitate and confused manner, she snatched the letter and put it in her pocket.

"Now for my letter! What do you demand for delivery?" said Edith, after the meal was over, going up to Nora.

"More than you are able to pay," she answered, laughing, and holding her hand over her pocket ran-out of the room.

Edith followed her, though not in any haste, and when she entered Nora's room, she was amazed to behold her standing quietly under the light with the letter open in her hand, and reading it with the greatest unconcern.

"What, *my* letter?" Edith exclaimed, in indignation and astonishment.

"Just be composed, Miss Edith. This letter is to me, under cover to you; I will ask you to excuse the liberty I have taken with your name after I have finished the reading of it"—and she read on to the end.

"I must request an explanation," said Edith, decidedly.

"Very well, you can have it if you wish.

This letter is, as you probably by this time mistrust, from Signor Cavelli," replied Nora, with an unblushing face.

"And why was it directed to me?" asked Edith, with dignity.

"Simply because mother has very absurd ideas upon the subject of letters passing between young ladies and gentlemen, and I requested him to write under cover to you. I received one day before yesterday, but secured it before Christopher carried the bag in."

"Miss Morgan, you cannot suppose that I am going to abet you in this deception."

"Certainly I suppose you will not say anything about it, for it is *my* secret, not yours, and you have no *right* to reveal it."

"Miss Nora, I entreat you to acknowledge it to your parents yourself, and gain their consent to an open, honorable correspondence. What confidence can you place in a person who encourages you to deceive them? It would be an ill return for your father's kindness and hospitality if I were to sanction such proceedings. A clandestine correspondence cannot be prolific of good, and to prevent evil consequences I must inform your father this evening."

"Do so; it will not matter much, as Cavelli returns to-morrow, and will make a formal proposal. But I do not wish to prevent you from distinguishing yourself in *my* brother's eyes, and having something to make a merit of to Uncle Ellis; therefore, the sooner you relieve your mind to father, the earlier you will have Frederick on his knees; he will be infinitely obliged to you if you succeed in putting me out of favor with my parents." And, with her most scornful look, she passed Edith and descended to the parlor.

The truth flashed across Edith's mind as she stood, petrified with astonishment, where Nora had left her. That affable, familiar manner had been assumed for a selfish purpose, and her object gained, Nora had returned to her arrogant ways with insulting words and scornful, contemptuous looks. Was it possible that

the stately, polished, refined Leonora Morgan could so far forget herself as to treat with insult a visitor in her father's house? To take a liberty with that visitor's name, and then throw defiance in her face! Edith walked the floor in a state of excitement. She could brook neglect, disdain, cold treatment, but her Christian temper was not proof against insult.

"Sweet Heaven! keep me in temper; she must be mad! mad like her brother, only with more method in her madness," she said, aloud, as she passed into her own room. After much deliberation, she concluded to go below, and when her pupils had left the parlor, to inform Mrs. Morgan, as quietly, calmly as possible, that the letter which had occasioned their abrupt departure from the tea-room was not addressed to her, but to Leonora from Signor Cavelli. She had become quite composed in mind, and was packing some things in her trunk when the door was thrown violently open, and Matty rushed in, exclaiming—

"Come down, Miss Edith; Cousin Nora has fainted, and they can't bring her to!"

"Fainted!" echoed Edith, in surprise, dropping the dress she was folding.

"Yes. Uncle Morgan had a letter from some one in Philadelphia, and when he read it out Cousin Nora dropped right down like one dead. The letter was all about Signor Cavelli, who has been forging Uncle Morgan's and papa's name, and drawn ever so much money."

Edith descended immediately, followed by Matty, who trembled like one in an ague fit. When they entered the room, Nora was stretched out on the sofa, and bending over her were her father, mother, and brother. Fred was bathing her temples, Mr. Morgan was chafing her hands, while his wife with trembling fingers was trying to loosen her daughter's dress.

"Miss Edith, can you?" And Edith unhooked the dress, raised the poor girl, who was beginning to revive, and held a glass of water to her lips. In a few moments she was able to sit up, and looking around her eye rested on her father's face; it gradually expanded, then flashed with a sudden fire, and making an effort to rise she shrieked, "It's false! a base lie!" then sank back upon the sofa, and was in another swoon. It was a scene of confusion: the servants hurrying to and fro procuring restoratives; Mrs. Morgan, white as the face on her lap, reproaching her husband for his want of consideration in reading the letter aloud; and Mr. Morgan hurling invectives at the "Italian scoundrel," intermingled with

words of endearment addressed to his daughter. Mary and Matty, pale and trembling, were standing aloof from the sofa, while Frederick and Edith, the only calm ones present, were administering the remedies, all of which failed to revive her the second time. Mr. Morgan dispatched Christopher after Dr. Elton, the family physician, but Fred, becoming impatient at the servant's delay, snatched his hat and dashed out of the house.

Edith's resentment had vanished, and she looked with compassion on the face which but a short time before had lighted up with scorn, and the lips, so white and compressed, which had last addressed her with insolence and contempt. The old doctor whose ear had caught Nora's first wailing cry when she entered the world, and with doubled-up fists seemed ready to battle with its troubles, bustled into the room, and approaching the sofa ordered every one to leave it but Mrs. Morgan. He proceeded to apply active remedies, scolding Mr. Morgan the while for having read the news before his daughter, whom he pronounced a simpleton for ever having looked upon such a puppy as Cavelli. A family physician generally becomes the repository of the family secrets, and is therefore privileged to express his opinion on other matters than those pertaining to his profession. An *old* physician, particularly, is often asked for advice to regulate the conduct of his patients, as well as their system, and is usually looked upon as a reliable friend of the family. Dr. Elton was no exception; but in Mr. Morgan's family he was regarded as an oracle, and Mrs. Morgan, whom he called "child" from habit, having attended her long before her marriage, looked up to him almost with veneration. He was the only person to whose opinion Nora would ever yield, or whose advice she ever asked, and when she opened her eyes and saw his kind face bending over her, she gave him a look of recognition, then burst into tears.

"There, be quiet, my daughter; don't distress yourself," he said, soothingly. "I am going to take you up stairs, and then you can tell me all your troubles! Miss Stanford, will you—"

"Not her! I hate her! She shall not touch me!" exclaimed Nora, passionately.

"Tush! tush! not so loud!" said the doctor, in a peremptory tone.

Edith retired to the farther part of the room, where Nora could not see her, thinking that her presence recalled the letter, and after she had

been taken up stairs by her father and the doctor, bade Fred good-night and, with the girls, retired to her chamber.

It was long before Edith laid her head upon her pillow, and still longer before she closed her eyes in sleep. She reviewed her visit which had been so full of events; she reviewed Nora's conduct, which surprised, alarmed her; for though there be many such elsewhere, she had never before met with her parallel. While looking at Nora, Edith had determined to say nothing about the letters she had received, but, on reflection, she concluded that it would be best to mention the subject to Mr. Morgan, as Nora's letters might possibly have some connection with the one he had received; and more particularly as she remembered that the envelopes bore her name, and if found they would implicate herself in the secret correspondence.

She was turning this over in her mind the next morning, and trying to arrive at a decision how to broach the subject in the most delicate manner, when Mr. Morgan entered the breakfast-room, where she was seated alone, and handing her a letter said—

"You dropped this last evening, Miss Edith."

She did not raise her hand to receive it, but answered—"It does not belong to me, Mr. Morgan."

He looked at her in surprise, then examined the envelope.

"If I understand the superscription, it certainly *does* belong to Miss Edith Stanford," he returned, with a faint smile.

"The envelope is directed to me, but the letter is addressed to your daughter," she replied, looking up into his face with her large, honest eyes, while a blush of shame, shame for Leonora dyed her cheek.

"My daughter?"

"From Signor Cavelli."

"Is it possible!" he exclaimed, while every nerve in his face worked; astonishment and grief at his daughter's duplicity being for the moment the paramount emotions of his mind; then rage at Cavelli seemed to take possession of him, and he strode up and down the apartment heaping imprecations on the head of the "Italian scoundrel."

"Miss Stanford," he said, stopping suddenly. "I cannot believe that you have been an abettor—no, not an *abettor*, for all concerned in such a proceeding are principals; but have you sanctioned the use of your name for such an unworthy purpose?"

"Certainly not, Mr. Morgan; it only came to my knowledge last evening when I followed your daughter out of the room for the purpose of getting from her my letter, as I supposed it to be."

"And would you have returned to the Bluff without apprising her parents of the atrocious deception being practised upon them in the carrying on of a clandestine correspondence?"

"I was about to inform you of the fact, when I was told that you had received a letter, the reading of which had affected your daughter so painfully."

"So painfully!" he repeated, then, sitting down, said—

"Miss Edith, you have become, during your short visit, acquainted with much that is unpleasant, connected with my family—my son's insanity and my daughter's infatuation, which may, God knows! end in insanity also." For some moments he sat with his head on his hand, then, as if thinking aloud, continued—

"Poor Clarence! he was the first to inherit the curse which rests over his mother's family, and I could, but I will not execrate her, who hastened its course on him. He was a noble fellow, but in an evil moment he met one who fascinated him, who inspired a love as deep and true as was ever cherished for woman. They met in Europe, were betrothed and the day fixed for their marriage; she returned to America, and he made arrangements to follow in a month. The day he arrived in Liverpool, he was taken sick, and when the vessel sailed that was to have borne him home he was prostrated by fever. Two months elapsed, and, scarcely able to travel, he embarked for New York, and reached there the night his betrothed was married to another. A few weeks after, he returned to us impaired in health, dejected and depressed, and after a few days of seclusion, proceeded to furnish the green room, frequently muttering to himself—'Forsaken, forsaken.' When it was completed, he procured a suit of clothes entirely green, which he called the livery of the forsaken, and when he appeared in them the dreadful truth was forced upon our minds that he was bereft of reason. For days he would seclude himself, and then suddenly appear at the table. Sometimes he would be very communicative, talking a great deal about his Helen, at others he would remain perfectly silent. At length he commenced to rave wildly, finally became malicious, and after twice attempting my life, I consented, reluctantly, to send him to Savannah. Poor boy! the light

of reason will never dawn upon his mind again."

Matty entered and thoughtlessly greeted her uncle with her saucy good-morning and quick kiss, but he did not make the usual hearty response, but turned his head away and fumbled in his pocket, where he had put Nora's letter.

"Your father will be up to-day, Mary," he said, at length.

"Papa coming! what for, uncle?"

"On business, my dear; I sent for him last evening," replied Mr. Morgan. And taking the letter that he had received the evening before he carefully read it over.

"Martha," he said, addressing his wife, who entered with a face which bore evidence of a sleepless night—"Martha, was Cavelli present the evening I mentioned having sent a large sum of money to my agent in Philadelphia to invest?"

"I do not remember," she replied, briefly.

"He was, uncle; it was the evening before the party."

"So it was; the evening before he left, and he without doubt conceived the idea of forging the draft that same night. The villain! But he must have an accomplice in New York, for those letters" (turning to Edith) "were written in Philadelphia and sent to New York to be mailed.

"I prefer to hear nothing further on the subject, Mr. Morgan," said his wife, with a look and tone indicating that it was an unpleasant one to her.

The breakfast was eaten in silence. Fred came in as the others arose from the table, and when his mother left the room her husband renewed the subject so disagreeable to her and discussed it with his son.

It was near noon when Mr. Ellis arrived, and after an interview with Mr. Morgan in the library, he entered the parlor and informed Edith and his daughters that he should start that evening for Philadelphia.

"What are you going for, papa?" asked Matty.

"On business, my child."

"About the forgery, papa?" asked Mary, in a low voice.

"Yes, my dear," he replied, smiling at her curiosity.

Immediately after dinner the carriage was at the door, and bidding good-by to all save Nora, whom they were not allowed to see, Edith and her pupils were whirling over the road to the bluff.

CHAPTER XII.

"Oh, 'tis the curse in love, and still approv'd,

When women cannot love where they're beloved."

"Eyes, look your last!

Arms, take your last embrace! and, lips, O you,

The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss

A dateless bargain to engrossing death!"

"Death lies on her like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field."

WEEKS passed away quietly; the round of school duties only interrupted for a day by Mr. Ellis's return from his journey, which proved unsatisfactory, for Cavelli had managed to effect his escape to his own country.

Easter came, and with it Fred, who brought the intelligence that Nora was quite melancholy, seeing few visitors, and seldom going out. Her friends were becoming alarmed, and were planning schemes to draw her from home, in the hope that new scenes and fresh faces would restore the tone of her mind, and lead her to forget him who, for selfish and wicked purposes, had so trifled with her affections. In a moment of confidence, Nora had revealed to her mother that Cavelli had proposed a private marriage, urging it on the plea that her parents would never give their consent, and, in the event of his being called to Italy by his father, she might, during his absence, be persuaded to marry another. But if they were married secretly, he believed that after a brief period of alienation she would be forgiven by her parents, and he would be recalled.

Fred seemed very quiet, save at times, when Matty's exuberant spirits would rouse him, and together they would fly through the house, making it ring with their merry laughter. Edith observed the same rule of conduct that had governed her actions during the last two weeks of her visit at his father's house. Without making her motive apparent, so as to attract the observation of her pupils, she contrived to be in his society only when they or Mr. Ellis were present. But several times, and always at the piano, she fancied that his voice assumed a tender tone, and though his words were what any one might have uttered, yet the look that often accompanied them revealed more than words could have expressed.

"She knew she was by him beloved; she knew,

For quickly comes such knowledge, that his heart

Was darkened by her shadow."

And when, wishing to give him no cause to think himself beloved, she rose from the instrument with a quiet, cold manner, and as she

moved away, saw his hand tremble and a shadow gather on his brow,

"She saw
That he was wretched."

Easter week expired, and Edith and her pupils returned to the school-room, but Fred did not return to Augusta. He liked the Bluff, and thought it had improved wonderfully; he was charmed with its rural beauty, and, considering that he should not visit it again for two years, he concluded to protract his stay another week.

Mr. Ellis had treated Edith with unvarying kindness, but with studied reserve since the morning he had seen her in the library with his nephew. She now seldom saw the bright look on his face, and more than once, when, at the request of his daughters, he accompanied her playing with his flute, at Fred's approach he had taken it from his lips, and, with a complaint that the instrument did not chord, or that his flute was out of order, he had left the room. At such times, Matty, half in earnest, half in jest, would scold her cousin for interrupting the delightful music, and, as a penalty for his impudence, would compel him to talk to her instead of Miss Edith.

A few days after the Easter vacation, Edith had dismissed her pupils, and was alone in the school-room, busily engaged in writing letters. She was rapidly penning her thoughts when her attention became diverted by the sound of footsteps and voices in the library. The door between the two rooms was ajar, and that leading into the parlor closed and locked on the inside. The first words of the conversation between Fred and his uncle told Edith that it was a private one, and that she of all the household should not be a listener. But what should she do? Should she notify them of her proximity by a cough? or open the door, and, waiving all delicacy, pass through the library? While she was deliberating the conversation continued, and revealed to her Fred's mission to the Bluff, which, to do justice to her woman's instinct, she had more than half suspected before. His burning words fell on her ear, as, in low tones, he revealed to his uncle his love for her, and then, in a passionate burst, begged him to intercede, should his own pleadings fail. Mr. Ellis replied, but in tones so low the words did not reach her.

"I know, uncle, I know the *curse* that rests over our house; but am I to be debarred from all that makes life happy? Must I give up the blessed hope of ever clasping a wife to my bosom? Must I smother this ardent love, and

coldly bid *her* farewell forever? O God! that we should be so cursed, so *cursed*! But, uncle, if she *does* love me, and after I have made known all to her, she is willing to take me for better, for *worse*, am I not justified in marrying? or, out of regard for the generation yet unborn, perhaps *never to be born*, must I dash the cup of happiness aside when it is just within my grasp? No, uncle, I cannot see the righteousness of that; that would be madness indeed. *She* can, she *must* save me from this curse! with her I should never be insane, unless from excess of happiness."

"But, Fred, you acknowledge that you have received no *proof* that she loves you. I fear you are too sanguine, my boy," said Mr. Ellis, clearing his throat.

"I have received no evidence save her blushes and apparent timidity when I approach, but—"

"Do not misinterpret those; they may arise from a knowledge of your sentiments and a wish not to encourage them."

"So said my mother, and she said more. Uncle Ellis, do not consider me impertinent; the question is not prompted by idle curiosity, but from a wish to know the *truth*! Was my mother right when she bade me stifle my love, and told me that you wished to retain Miss Edith in your family, not as your daughters' governess, but as—as—*your wife*? Uncle, do you love her, too?"

Now she listened! now she raised the heavy bands of hair that covered her ear and bent forwards to catch the reply. But she knew it already; she knew, notwithstanding his distant manner, that he *did* love her, and with the smile of confidence that parted her lips there mingled a shadow of a regret at the pang which Fred must feel when he heard the confirmation of his mother's words. She heard Mr. Ellis's step in a distant part of the room, heard it return, and then the words—

"Frederick, while Miss Edith remains in my house I shall look upon her as *my ward*, and, as a conscientious guardian, having her happiness in view, I have questioned your motive in coming to the Bluff; and, believing that her happiness would *not* be promoted by becoming a member of your father's family, both on account of that blight, insanity, which might possibly visit *you*, and make her more than a widow, and on account of the pride of your mother and sister, which would forbid their receiving your wife with cordiality if she had previously occupied a position one grade below theirs, I have striven to discourage you and prevent, if possible, your making proposals.

But, Frederick, if she, with a full knowledge of all the trials she may be called to pass through, willingly consents to become your wife, to share your joys and sorrows, then I say God speed."

She heard no more; enough had reached her ear, and, as a draught of air closed the door, she arose, and, with a face white as the driven snow, clasped her cold hands, and, with a look of agony, stood for a moment like one upon whom had fallen a sudden blight; then her white lips parted, and the words "his word!" were uttered in a tone so low, so full of misery that to her they seemed to contain the very essence of unhappiness. She leaned her bowed head upon the desk, and remained so motionless that she seemed a perfect statue. The shades of evening had gathered and darkened the room when she lifted her head and murmured, "Keep yourselves from idols." Her face was still colorless, and the look of suffering still there, but she repeated, "*Keep yourselves from idols;*" and, taking a shawl, threw it over her shoulders, listened a moment at the door, then opened it, and, passing through the library, stepped out upon the piazza. Long she paced up and down, heedless that her hair and clothes were becoming damp with the heavy southern dew, and forgetful the sound of the tea-bell had fallen on her ear when she closed the school-room door; long she walked, slowly back and forth, with the moonlight playing on her drooping figure, and when the prayer-bell summoned the family to evening worship she started as if awakened from a deep sleep. Hesitating a second, she went in up to her room for a few moments while the servants were assembling, and then descended to the sitting-room, her face wearing its usual look of sweet serenity. In answer to the girls' questions, she stated that she had been writing letters and walking on the piazza.

"We thought that you were lying down, because you had the headache this afternoon, and papa told Aunt Cilla not to disturb you," said Mary.

She observed the look of scrutiny with which Mr. Ellis regarded her as she entered the room, but the usual blush did not rise to her face; she noticed, too, Fred's tender, anxious expression, and his nervous, trembling manner as he placed a chair for her, and, contrary to his usual custom, sat down by her side; but it did not produce a feeling beyond that of strong indifference until Matty, in passing to her own seat, stooped and kissed her cheek, saying, "I am so sorry your head aches, Miss Edith." Then she felt a sudden reaction; the blood like

a torrent rushed to her face, and her breast heaved with suppressed emotion. But it was of momentary duration, and when Mr. Ellis's clear voice commenced the evening lesson, she moved her chair a little further in the shade, and listened with her accustomed serious attention.

After prayers, remembering her unfinished letters, she bade the girls good-night at the foot of the stairs, saying that she was going to the school-room for a few moments. She did not take a light, but left the door open, and by the light of the lamp burning on the library table she gathered up her writing materials and was closing the desk when she heard a footstep, and immediately after a shadow fell across the lid. Looking around, she discovered Frederick Morgan standing in the door, and, bidding him a quiet good-night, passed him on the threshold, and was rapidly leaving the room when he started forward, and, in a quick, earnest tone, begged her to stop one moment.

"Miss Edith, it is not late, and can you not spare me one moment?"

She turned, and, without saying a word, laid her portfolio on the table, and, with her full, dark eye bent upon him with a cold, passive look, stood ready to listen.

"Oh, Edith! *do not* look upon me in that forbidding manner. You *must* know why I have sought this interview," he exclaimed, advancing with his hands clasped, and then recoiling as he met her frigid look.

"I do know, Mr. Morgan, for I was an unwilling listener to the conversation between yourself and Mr. Ellis in this room this afternoon," she replied, in a low, steady voice.

"Miss Edith!"

"I was in the school-room; and since I am aware of your—your *intentions*, I will spare you the—"

"Oh, Edith! you do not, you *cannot* mean that—"

"That though I entertain for you a warm friendship, I do not love you," she interrupted.

"My God! And must I share Clarence's fate?" he exclaimed, vehemently, his tall, slight figure bending like a willow, and his hands pressed over his blanched face. Then he dropped them, and, approaching her with suddenness, exclaimed, in a low, eager tone—

"Dear Edith, is it that you fear that I may become *insane*?"

"No, Mr.—Frederick—"

"Thank you, Edith," he interrupted. And she continued—

"It is because I do—"

"Do not repeat those withering words!" he

said, hastily and with strong feeling. "God bless you, dear, beloved, *worshipped* one! I must love you still, I must worship from afar! But oh, Edith, if you *could* but love me, if you would be *mine*, I would make your life so happy! and with this love that passeth understanding I would love you even to this life's end!"

"No, Frederick, it cannot be."

"O God! And this heart was so full of Love, and now—" A "tablet of unutterable thoughts" passed over his face, and, snatching her hand, he pressed it again and again to his icy lips, and, without another word, dropped into a chair, his frame quivering and his head bowed on his knee, as if utterly crushed. Edith had experienced the same anguish but a few hours before, and she knew how like a withering blight comes the knowledge that the one for whom a wealth of love has been garnered up ready to be lavished is indifferent; that the idol, whose every look, word, and tone has been cherished, and, in the absence of the worshipped one, thought and dreamed on, is cold, unloving. She had experienced that agony of mind on learning that the love so ardent, so consuming, and withal so confident and hopeful, is naught to its object; and though she had prayed long and fervently, yet she still felt as if suddenly bereft of every earthly happiness. She experienced a strong sense of guilt in having made unto herself another god; and, repenting her own sinfulness, and pitying Fred's distress, she bent her head, and breathed into his ear what she had been so continually repeating to herself—"Keep yourselves from idols; Frederick, He has said, *Keep yourselves from idols.*"

With quick steps, heedless of the wailing cry "*Edith!*" she passed from the library to her own room; and, throwing on a wrapper, seated herself to add a few more words to her mother's letter:—

"* * * I think, dear mother, at the close of the present year I will *resign* and return to you. Not that I do not continue pleased with my situation, for I have yet the first fault to find, and, as you already know, I am fondly attached to my dear pupils, and will part with them with feelings of the deepest regret; but I do not think I should be happy if I were to remain another year; and, as my mind is quite made up, you may expect me home when the foliage around the little farm has put on its gay fall dress, and Brother George can obtain leave of absence from his harvesters to come for me. * * *

"Why, Miss Eden, honey, it am nine o'clock,

and bress yer heart if yer didn't sleep in yer dressin'-gown! Am yer sick, honey?" exclaimed Aunt Cilla, the next morning, arousing Edith from a sound sleep. Alarmed at the lateness of the hour, she sprang from her couch, and with the greatest precipitancy commenced to dress, while the old negro woman continued—"Lor' a massy! how pale *de* chile am! What am *de* matter? *Notting?* Don't b'lieve dat, no how, fur yer habn't bin *de* same chile since *de* visit to 'Gusta, and I jis b'lieve dat Miss Morgan and Miss Nora didn't treat yer proper. Know'd how'd be, an' tole young massa so; but yer couldn't stay to hum an' *de* young missuses go way for tree weeks, no how." And, muttering something about Miss Eden's breakfast, she hurried down stairs.

Edith went immediately to the school-room, where she found her pupils awaiting her, and, excusing her tardy appearance by saying that she had sat up very late, and consequently overslept herself, she took her Bible, and proceeded to read the morning lesson. At dinner-time she learned from Matty that her cousin had concluded to take passage and sail for Europe that day fortnight, and had accordingly taken his departure from the Bluff that morning.

Weeks glided rapidly by. Edith was, if possible, more conscientious in the discharge of her duties, and was amply repaid for her pains in the rapid progress which her pupils made in their studies. Occasionally Mr. Ellis visited the school-room and listened to the recitations, and frequently sat in the parlor when she was giving the music-lessons. He seemed to experience a feeling of anxiety regarding her health, and often chided her for remaining so late in the school-room, and not taking more exercise. Finally he insisted upon her riding, after school hours, with her pupils, and accordingly every day the horses were found waiting at the door when the lessons were finished. With Uncle Anthony or Uncle Sigh in attendance, they would scour the country round the Bluff, often returning after nightfall; but, notwithstanding this exercise, of which Edith was very fond, her cheek lost its roundness and the color faded from it gradually until it looked wan and white.

Mr. Ellis proposed another short vacation, saying that he did not think the girls liked to study in warm weather; but Edith informed him of her intention to return home in September, and expressed a wish to be allowed to make the most of the time while she was at the Bluff, as she had laid out a course of study which she wished her pupils to complete before she left them. Mr. Ellis regarded her earnestly

as she leaned against the pillar of the piazza, and asked "if she thought her health would not permit her to remain another year?" She replied that her mother's health was delicate, and they all wished her to return home. He paced up and down with his firm, regular step, but without making further remark, and without seeming to notice her absence when she went into the house.

Later in the evening, when she was sitting in the library correcting French exercises, with the girls on either side of her, he entered with his paper, and, sitting down at the same table, in a few moments seemed wholly absorbed in its contents. Tying with her pencil, she raised her hand suddenly, and a ring which she wore fell to the floor; he stooped immediately, picked it up, and laid it on the table. Matty took it, and was about to replace it on Edith's finger when she said—

"Not that finger, dear: this one."

"Why, Miss Edith, you always used to wear it on your third finger."

"I know, my dear; but it is too large for that one now." She looked up as she spoke, but her eyes fell immediately beneath the earnest, burning gaze of his brown eyes. A strange, wild delight thrilled her soul. Was it possible that, after all, he did love her?

Matty retained the hand a moment; then placed it on the table as gently as if it were made of wax, and as she did so arose from her chair. Edith felt something very like a tear drop on her wrist; and, looking up quickly, saw that Matty's face was wet. Waiting a moment, so as not to attract the attention of Mary and her father, who was again buried in his paper, she quietly left the room, and followed her up stairs. Sobs fell on her ear as she opened the door of the girls' chamber, and on the bed lay Matty, weeping convulsively.

"Why, Matty, dear, what is the matter?" she asked, in her gentle, affectionate tones.

"O dear! Miss Edith, you are not happy," sobbed forth Matty.

"Not happy? What makes you think so, darling?"

"Because you—you told papa that you were go—going home, and you look so pale and thin, and sometimes so sad. O, Miss Edith!" And she threw her arms around Edith's neck, and pressed her cheek to her own tear-stained face.

"But darling, you must not distress yourself so. Am I not always cheerful?"

"Yes, Miss Edith, but not *happy*. Won't you stay with us, for we all love you so? All

of us—Mary, and I, and *papa*! he does, Miss Edith; I know he does."

"Hush, darling! You know I have a mother and sister at home, and I cannot forget my duty to them," replied Edith, her own tears now mingling with Matty's.

"But they don't need you as much as—*as* papa and Mary! Oh, *do* stay, dear Miss Edith, and when I am gone take my place."

"Gone? What do you mean, Matty?"

She did not reply, but renewed her sobs and clung still closer to Edith's neck. After waiting a moment, Edith urged—

"Tell me, dear, what you mean?"

"Miss Edith," said Matty, becoming suddenly calm, and raising her head from Edith's shoulder, "I am going to die, and I cannot bear the thought that papa and little Mary will be left alone."

"Matty," said Edith, rising, "you must not talk in this strain; I cannot permit you to distress yourself so foolishly." But she was far from being free from alarm, for Matty's hands were burning and her face flushed, and in answer to Edith's question she said that her head "ached dreadfully."

"Come, my dear: let me undress you and get you into bed, and in the morning you will feel all right."

"I do not like to go to bed, Miss Edith."

"Why not, my dear?"

"Because I shall never rise again."

"Do you not see how unhappy *you* are making me, Matty?"

"Well, I'll be undressed; but you don't know how sorry I am that I was not confirmed in the spring. Papa could have taken me to Augusta, and I should have felt better about dying now. But do you think that God will accept me and Christ will love me? I have seen fifteen years, but I have not done fifteen good actions in my whole life. If I only knew the way!"

"Matty," said Edith, becoming deeply affected, "you must *pray*, dear, and God will show you the way."

"The fervent, effectual"—what is that, Miss Edith? I have forgotten."

"The fervent, effectual prayer of a righteous man availeth much."

"And doesn't it say anything about woman?"

"It means *all*, my dear Matty."

"Then, Miss Edith, now that I'm in bed, won't *you* please pray for me?"

Edith knelt down, and, in simple, earnest words, poured out her whole soul in the fervent petition that her pupil might see the way, the

light, and the truth; that she might become a child of God and an inheritor of that kingdom which passeth not away. Matty held her hand, and frequently during the prayer she pressed it, and, when Edith rose, said—

"Thank you, Miss Edith. I think I begin to see the way already; now if my head would only stop aching, I might get to sleep."

"Compose yourself, darling, and I will sing to you."

"Yes, Miss Edith, that's what I want—a hymn." And, putting one hand under her pillow and the other on Edith's shoulder, she looked up into her face, and a smile played around her mouth as Edith commenced the familiar hymn—

"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire."

Before it was finished her eyes were closed, and, moving softly from her seat on the bedside, Edith hastened down stairs and communicated to Mr. Ellis her fears that Matty was seriously ill.

"She had the headache all day, but would not let me tell you, because she said you didn't look happy, and she did not wish to trouble you," said Mary.

"Have you observed anything peculiar about her?" inquired Mr. Ellis.

"There was a rash out on her neck at dinner-time, but it all went off," answered Mary.

Mr. Ellis changed countenance, and said—"I will send to town for Dr. Elton; I cannot trust my own skill." And, calling Uncle Anthony, he ordered him to saddle the best horse, and take a note to Augusta immediately.

"Is there any disease prevalent in the neighborhood at this time?" asked Edith, after Mr. Ellis had visited Matty and examined her skin closely.

"Scarlet fever," he answered, briefly. She asked no more questions, but, putting Mary into her own bed, prepared herself to watch beside Matty, who was becoming restless, and talked incoherently in her sleep. Her comatose, delirious symptoms seemed to alarm Mr. Ellis, and he tried to arouse her for the purpose of administering a gentle medicine to modify the course of the disease, saying to Edith that scarlet fever generally terminated favorably without treatment, unless of the malignant.

"Then it is scarlet fever?"

"No doubt of it," he replied, looking at his watch, then out of the window, anxiously. All the long night they watched beside her, and at the break of day the welcome sound of horses' feet fell on their ears. Dr. Elton's kind face presented itself at the door of the sick room,

and in suspense they awaited his opinion; but he expressed none, and they could learn nothing from the immobility of his face, but they knew from his ceaseless efforts to arouse her, and from his resort at length to tonics and stimulants, that it was an extreme case. Her system seemed to be at once overwhelmed by the force of the disease, and the symptoms to evince an extraordinary degree of weakness. Her face was livid, the muscles relaxed, and her respiration preternaturally slow. Dr. Elton did not leave the room, scarcely the bedside, during the day. A few feeble attempts were made at reaction, but towards night her system ceased to make resistance, and, with a face betraying strong emotion, the doctor turned to Mr. Ellis and said, "There is no hope."

Without uttering a word, Mr. Ellis dropped his head upon the pillow, his strong frame bowed in an agony of grief.

Matty opened her eyes, and, with a feeble effort, turned her head and said, "Papa!"

Her father raised his head and stepped forward, so that she could see him.

"Papa"—he bent his head to catch her words—"I am going to heaven—bright heaven! Mamma is waiting for me now, and after a while I will wait with her for you, and Mary, and Miss Edith. Papa, bury me on the Indian mound, and when the sun sinks behind the hill that sends back the echo, bring your flute and play the tunes I love best. Papa, you mustn't grieve for me, for I'm *very* happy. Where's Mary?"

Her sister had been kept from the room, much against her will, and when Edith opened the door and beckoned to her, she entered, and, throwing herself on the bed, uttered a cry of anguish.

"Don't, dear sister! I am only going home to tell mamma and God that you are coming. You are good, dear Mary, but be better, *be better*." She turned to Edith, who was on the other side of the bed, and motioned for her to put her head down. "*Stay* with them, Miss Edith, and love them, and comfort them, and, dear Miss Edith, be yourself happy. Tell all the people good-by; and—Nelly belongs to me—I give her to you, Miss Edith, to bring to heaven. Now, Miss Edith, kiss me, and sing 'All is Well.'"
She took her father's, sister's, and teacher's hands, and, pressing them feebly together, said "Sing." It was some moments before Edith could command her voice. She commenced in trembling tones, but, gathering fortitude, sang with steadiness the hymn that Matty had named:—

"Weep not, my friends—
 My friends, weep not for me,
 All is well.
 My sins forgiven—
 Forgiven! I am free;
 All is well.
 There's not a cloud that doth arise
 To hide me from my Saviour's eyes;
 I soon shall mount the upper skies;
 All is well."

Fixing her eyes on her father's face, her lips moved as if following the words of the hymn, and at the last line of the third verse—

"The glittering crown appears in view—"

her hand relaxed its feeble hold, and as the refrain, "All is well," died away, her spirit fled.

Mary's hand slid from beneath her father's, and, with a low moan, she dropped upon the floor. Good Dr. Elton, with the tears trickling down his furrowed cheek, raised her and conveyed her into Edith's room. The black people, who had gathered to receive a parting look from their beloved mistress, were sobbing aloud. Aunt Cilla sat crouching in the corner, rocking her body to and fro, her old frame quivering and her lips muttering—"De Lor' gins and de Lor' takes away; but dis ole heart *can't* bress his name, no how."

"Go down stairs, all of you," said Dr. Elton, kindly, after sending Aunt Cilla in the room to assist Edith, who, after giving way to a momentary paroxysm of grief, aroused herself and with trembling hands composed the limbs of her beloved pupil and closed the white eyelids. Mr. Ellis watched her, and when she drew the sheet over the features of his child, he said, "Will you give the necessary directions?" She nodded her head, and he left the apartment. Approaching Mary, who was sitting in the easy-chair, and to whom, with her head upon his shoulder, Dr. Elton was talking in low, soothing tones, he said a few words, and, taking her hand, together they went down to the library.

Aunt Cilla sent for a woman in the neighborhood, who came, and Edith selecting a white dress, the one worn on New Year's eve, assisted in robing the body, and when it was ready for the coffin she gazed long and lovingly on the placid features from which after death every trace of the eruption disappeared.

Dr. Elton had other patients, and he was obliged to return to town, and by him Edith sent to Mr. Morgan the news of his niece's death. Long were Mary and her father closeted in the library, and when late in the evening she came forth, her face, though it bore traces

of violent grief, was calm, and her manner quiet. In a low voice she begged to be permitted to see Matty, and going with her to the room of death Edith turned down the sheet and disclosed the body of her beloved sister arrayed as on the night of Nora's party. Though in life Matty was not even pretty, yet in death she was beautiful. Dying early, before the disease had made any ravages, she was not wasted, but looked like one asleep in perfect health. Her short, plump hands were crossed on her full bosom, and as a breath of air raised for a moment the purple ribbon that confined her sleeve, and its shadow played on her white neck, Mary started as if she believed that life was not wholly extinct. The long eyelashes rested on the fair round cheek, and the abundant hair was wound in one massive braid around the noble head. The proud look which she wore in life had not wholly vanished, but to Edith it seemed like a triumphant expression, as if in the upper regions she was exulting in her victory over the world.

"Poor, dear Matty! No, not *poor* Matty, for she is richer than we are now, and papa says that we must not grieve for her, she died so happy," said Mary, as she laid her head on Edith's bosom and sobbed out the grief she could not quiet.

That night Edith insisted upon sitting up with Aunt Cilla and Nelly; but Mr. Ellis would not permit her to do so, and sent her and Mary over to his chamber while he occupied the easy-chair in her room.

Late in the morning Mr. and Mrs. Morgan arrived; they were not accompanied by Nora, to whom they had not communicated the news of her cousin's death, fearing that it might increase her melancholy. Mrs. Morgan supposed that the body of her niece would be placed beside that of her mother in the family vault at Augusta. But Mr. Ellis could not disregard the dying request of his child, and a grave was dug on the Indian mound.

The rector of the church they had attended on Christmas morning, and to whom Mr. Ellis had sent a note by Dr. Elton, arrived in the evening, and early the next morning, while the dew still sparkled on the flowers, and the birds were singing their matin hymns, the procession formed, and slowly over the gravelled walk and under the green arches followed the body of Matty Ellis to its last resting-place.

"Dust to dust, ashes to ashes." With what a *withering* sound did those words fall on the ears of those standing around the grave of her whose light had so suddenly gone out: and

though the sycamore still waved as green as when Matty played beneath its shade, and the sunlight beamed through its branches and danced on the dewy turf, yet oh, how *dead* everything looked! and how dark seemed the spot, when with a sepulchral sound the clods fell upon the coffin!

The last rites were performed, and all was over, and slowly and sadly they turned to retrace their steps. With three loud shrieks in rapid succession, which the echo thrice repeated, Mary threw herself frantically on to the grave. The violence of her grief alarmed them all, and when she refused to rise, refused to be comforted, Mr. Ellis turned a look almost of despair on Edith, she bent down and whispered in Mary's ear—

"You *must* arise, dear Mary, for you are only adding to your father's distress, and remember your sister's love for him."

Mary yielded, and allowed herself to be raised, and with a look of utter hopelessness on her young face, drew Edith's arm around her and suffered herself to be led to the house.

(Conclusion next month.)

THE VALE OF EOLA.

BY ANNA L. ROMAINE.

'Twas when the summer came back in her dreaming,
With the rosy lid closed o'er her azure eye,
When the harvesters were out in their gleaming,
And forests were weaving their Tyrian dyes,
That first was seen in the Vale of Eola
A maiden so wondrous, witchingly fair,
With eyes like the lustrous viola,
With the softest and silkiest hair!

O maiden, so lovely!
Heaven's blessings be on thee,
Without sorrow or wail!
So prayed each one that met her,
As she wove a soft fetter
O'er each heart in the vale.

Thus welcomed they to the Vale of Eola
Fair Genevieve, so wondrous, winsomely fair,
Yet shrinking, timid, as the sweet viola
That hides its bright head from the summer air.
But the sick and the poor learned to bless her,
And mothers to murmur to babes her sweet name,
Children to run from afar to caress her—
Oh crowned was she with the purest of fame!

But sorrow and sadness came to the maiden,
For her mother lay at the angel death's door,
And her poor stricken heart seemed o'erladen
With its burden of bitterness sore.
To be left without kindred alone;
The dearest tie of earth to be riven,
She could not see for tears the White Throne,
Nor the joy of angels in heaven.

But one was in the Vale Eola,
Whose love was both constant and tender
For the maiden, the fair viola,
With arm that was strong to defend her;
Like a rock in his strength and sternness
He stood with a bold front to the storm,
But as rock ne'er mossless nor fernless
Was his warm heart where true love was born.

While the eyes of the maiden are glancing
On the little brown heads in the sun—
On the little white feet that are dancing
To toss up pearls in the pebbly run,
First, the beauty, his sense o'erflashes,
That makes her so wondrous, winsomely fair,
That lieth not 'neath the silken eyelashes,
Nor yet in the meshes of softest brown hair.

When the mother's eyes were dimmed by the angel
And the eyes of the maiden by tears,
He came with the heart's sweet evangel,
And joy loomed up o'er their cloud of fears;
And the mother died with a blessing,
Worthy hearts were so loyal and true;
"Like dew at the eve was her sweet caressing,
More than all treasures she 'll be to you."

Now fair blooms the pride of Eola—
Sweet Genevieve, so womanly fair,
With eyes like the lustrous viola,
With the softest and silkiest hair;
For down in her heart there is sunshine,
Springing up with its joy sevenfold,
From the far hidden depths of a mine
Whose treasure shall be forever untold.

TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

(RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MRS. S. J. H.)

BY W. S. GAFFNEY.

The flowers of earth are beautiful,
And pleasant to the sight;
And nature's charms are exquisite,
Breathing of pure delight;
But sweeter than the sweetest flower
Is that rich, golden tie
Which twines around the feeling heart,
And drinks *all* sorrows dry!

The little warblers' joyous notes
Fall sweet upon the ear;
And Cynthia's pale, silver beams
The pensive heart doth cheer:
But dearer than the choicest gifts
Which nature can impart,
Is that TRUE FRIENDSHIP whose pure tones
Breathe music to the heart!

We prize the transient things of earth,
Its diamonds, gems, and pearls;
And beauty's witching air and grace,
And wealth of flowing curls:
Yet oh, the bright and beautiful
Must wither, fade, and die,
While friendship germinates on earth,
And flourishes on high!

MR. AND MRS. RASHER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MISS FLIMMERS."



CHAPTER XI.

THE MATCH.

MR. RASHER. you're not asleep, are you? I have got news that'll keep you awake for some time. You wish I'd keep it till morning, then? but I don't want to. I can't sleep myself, for thinking of it, and I want company. Besides it's not suitable news to communicate by daylight, and, of all things, at the breakfast-table. If ever there's a time when an old married couple should enjoy the security of a good talk in their own chamber, inside of their own curtains, it's on the important occasion of their eldest daughter's receiving an offer of marriage. Yes, *sir*, she has! an actual offer! What of it? A great deal of it. You expect she'll have lots of 'em before she's been home a year? Well, I don't; for I expect she'll be married and set up for herself long before that time comes around. No, she isn't too young; she's full eighteen, and I was only a year older when you and I was married, and *we* had to wait longer than we wanted because you wasn't able to keep a wife. There won't be any such necessity in *this* case. If I could have had my pick out of all the young men who come to our house, I believe I should have taken him! I was afraid he didn't mean anything particular by his attentions, and I instructed Cerintha how to play her cards to find out. Why don't you guess who it is? Fisher? No! I rather think not. Why, he's just beginning in his profession, and hasn't five thousand dollars in the world. It's Flummery, of course. I always knew he admired Cerintha, but he's such a

favorite with the girls, and has so many chances, I was afraid he'd be a butterfly kind of a bean. But he made an out-an'-out offer this morning, just before luncheon, and the dear girl referred him to me, and I told him if *you* had no objections I would make none—just for form's sake, you know, my love, for if you had any you'd be obliged to give 'em up, since me and Cerintha are both set on the match. You *have* objections? You have, indeed! *Objections!* to altogether the most fashionable young gentleman of our acquaintance—the leader of our set. Why, Mr. Rasher, I consider Flummery *perfectly exquisite!* My heart's ambition will be gratified if I can see my darling eldest child united to such a superior being. Why, he sets the fashions! I've often noticed if *he* got a hat, or a cravat, or anything, all the other fellows went and got 'em just like it. He has the ontray, as he calls it, of houses where I never hoped to set a foot; and if I become his mother-in-law, of course I shall go to the same places. You're insane to think of having objections; and the quicker you give 'em up, the better it'll be for you. All I feel about it that it's too good to be true. He's said so many queer things to me, I knew he was quizzing me often and often, though I never saw fit to resent it, and now I'm glad I had the good sense not to; but his saying such things made me think he wasn't in earnest in his attentions, and that he wouldn't marry the daughter of the woman he made fun of. But Cerintha's a lady, whether I be or not; she's been to boardin'-school, and plays, and dances, and dresses as well as the best, and is capable of correcting her mother's mistakes, and never refers to her father's business, and is delicate as a lily: she don't take after my fat at all; and I know she'll make a sweet-looking bride. O dear, how delightful! how perfectly delicious it will be to go shopping and buy the things! We were talking about it this afternoon. The sweet child has already decided on the pattern of the lace for the veil and trimmings. Her whole heart is in it! It would break, I've no doubt, if she was to be disappointed now, after planning out the dress, and wreath, and everything.

It isn't every mother that gets her daughter

off her hands, these hard times, in the beginning of her first season out—and such a brilliant match. Mrs. Yellow Dock will gnaw her finger-nails off when she hears of it. There's that great awkward Mary Elizabeth of hers been out three seasons, and is still in the market. What do I mean by still in the market? Don't you know? You don't like to hear such terms applied to young women? Pshaw! you look well to be in the mercantile business and be fastidious about a common expression that everybody uses. They *are* in the market, and why not say so. "Sold to the highest bidder!" Yes, if you've a mind to call it so. Of course we all wish to do the best for our girls. We don't lavish money like water on their music, and dressing, and manners, to throw 'em away on poor men that can't keep up the style they're accustomed to. What's that? You'd rather see Cerintha married to young Fisher, just beginning in life, than to Flummery with his seven thousand a year income? Well, did I ever! Fisher's a nice, quiet young man, and I've heard said he had talents, but talents ain't anything in fashionable life, only for us to patronize who have money, Mr. Rasher. For my part I think talents is a great bore. Flummery is smart—real smart in a genteel way. He can say such pert things, and he's quite witty, though not in the punning line, like you, husband. And he's so critical. It always seemed to me as if his eyeglass spied out every deficiency; and he's quite contemptuous about talents in society. I think he can pay a compliment the most gracefully of any one I ever met. "Better'n he can pay his bills!" Do you mean to insinuate that he does not pay his debts? Why, he's rich, and of course he pays up for everything he has. "Fisher'll be worth two of him in less than ten years!" You're a perfect bow-wow, Rasher, always barking at the moon. You've got a spite against Flummery, or you don't want Cerintha to marry, or something, and you're just worrying me with saying things without any foundation. You can growl as much as you please, I intend to have my own way about marrying my own girls. What fault can you find with Flummery that's worth speaking of? "*His health is poor, his habits are bad, and he wants to marry for money, not love!*" I like him all the better for being delicate; it's a proof of good blood; he's just sickly enough to be pale and interesting. As to his bad habits, they're no worse than all young men's of his set. He wouldn't be what he is if he didn't keep fast horses, and drink good wine, and enjoy himself

on his money. I don't think it'll hurt his wife if he does come home a little late once-and-awhile, or if he drives around the Park with a two-forty nag, as long as she can amuse herself in her own way, and have a separate carriage of her own. For my part, I sometimes wish my husband wouldn't come home quite so regular and go to bed quite so early, and grunt about continual company and late hours, instead of letting me enjoy myself. We don't expect our first-class young men to be saints; and I don't think Cerintha cares in particular what he *has* done if he only does right after he's married, which he probably will. She says she admires a man for being a little wild; she can't respect a young fellow like Fisher, without a bit of spirit, that would never be willing to go, nor to see her go. As for your base suspicion that he's after Cerintha's money, I don't think he is in particular. Of course he wouldn't marry a girl that had none, and deprive himself of luxuries for the sake of keeping a wife; I shouldn't expect him to; but he likes Cerintha for her pretty face and manners as well as her money. I bet you he wouldn't take Mary Elizabeth Yellow Dock, and she's considerably richer. He's got too much taste. Mrs. Yellow Dock told me that he spent his whole income every year, and more, and that he had debts, and that he wanted to marry rich to bolster himself up, and keep up his expensive habits, and insinuated that he'd offered himself to *her* daughter, but I saw the envy sticking out of every word she said, and could hardly keep from telling her I guessed it was sour-grapes that made her tongue so sharp when she spoke of him.

They want to get married in time to go to Newport or somewhere for the summer; so the engagement will not be more than six weeks long. You used to be in favor of short engagements when you were young, my dear. We shall be hurried some, of course, to get ready so soon; but it will be perfectly delightful to be hurried about going a-shopping and getting things, and giving orders to the engraver about the cards, and everybody; and having a bouquet coming in every morning from Mr. Flummery, and he himself calling in to lunch every day, and dropping in to spend the evening. I know he'll want us to show him the dresses and all the little particulars; he's such taste, and knows better how to dress a woman than half of our most fashionable *modistes*. O my! I hope we shall suit him; I mean to consult him, so's to be sure. It'll be such a help to me to have a son-in-law who is competent to

take every responsibility, and knows just how everything is done in the very best families.

You see, I want the affair to come off before our acquaintances are gone out of the city, for it wouldn't be worth while getting married if we couldn't have plenty of spectators; a grand wedding, with a breakfast, and so forth, and then off to some watering-place is my ideal; you and I will follow 'em after we've straightened out matters and shut up the house—say in a week or ten days; and I shall have the delight of being the mother of the handsomest bride and the mother-in-law of the most elegant man at Newport or wherever we go. *Our position is fixed*, Mr. Rasher. With Flummery for a son-in-law, we can safely assure ourselves that we belong to the cream. What's that? You guess if we were churned, we'd turn into lard instead of butter, after all! Good gracious, Rasher, how vulgar you be! Vulgarer and vulgarer every day!

What's that? "*I never shall, under any circumstances, give my consent to my daughter Cerintha's marrying Felix Flummery!*" She shall marry him, sir! "*She sha'n't!*" Yes, she shall! I know you're as obstinate as a mule when you've once made up your mind not to stir—little men always are; but I've made up my mind, too. I've put my foot down; mountains can't move me. I'm not going to be thwarted by you, sir, in the dearest hope of my heart. I only fear that Mr. Flummery, knowing as he does that it is *us* who are honored by the match, may resent your conduct and give the mitten to poor, dear Cerintha. Refuse Felix Flummery! Why, the very initials of his name are aristocratic; they stand for First Family. You always *would* bite your own nose off; but you sha'n't do it now.

You needn't sit up in bed and groan; you've spoiled *my* night's rest by your contrariness; but if I can't sleep, I can be awake and think about the wedding-dresses. I hope by morning you'll have come to your senses. All I ask of you to-night is not to snore; snoring will interfere with my calculations, and I want to lay out my work in good order before I begin it.

(*Sotto voce.*) If he hasn't took his pillow and gone and laid on the lounge! It's the first time in all our married experience of twenty years that he's done *that*, unless I was sick. I didn't think he was so set against Flummery, though I knew he didn't like him. One thing is certain—if he prefers that lounge to this bed, he may make himself uncomfortable as long as he likes, but there'll be a wedding before long, for all of that.

(*Aloud.*) Rasher, my sweet, there's an extra pair of blankets in the wardrobe. Do get them, my love, or you'll be troubled with catarrh in the morning.

CHAPTER XII.

HOW IT WENT OFF.

CERINTHA, my darling, it's almost the hour. Don't tremble, sweetest; I'm glad to see you so composed. Have you your handkerchief and prayer-book? It's heart-breaking to see you, my child, compelled to be married in a plain blue silk. I know of nothing that cut me down like that—to have to give up the idea of the beautiful display. It's one of those disappointments to which we are subjected in this life of trouble and vexation. It would be well for you to reflect upon it, as a religiously brought up young lady ought, in this solemn time, when you are about to enter upon new responsibilities. I feel it my duty to warn you that life is not all sunshine. You will meet with a great many trials in your married life. Wealthy as your husband and your pa will be, their purses will not be inexhaustible. You will be apt to want things you can't have.

O my! it's only twenty minutes now to the hour. Is that bournous wrapper all ready to throw around you? you will need it in the carriage. I've sent Felicia to Mrs. Fitz-Simmons's to spend the evening; she thinks we're going to the opera. I'd like to have had her stand with you, but I knew she'd be so afraid of offending her father that she wouldn't consent. We'll get our pay out of him for this, Cerintha, see if we don't! We've been cheated out of a grand wedding by his foolish opposition; but we'll have the money it would have cost, and more, to dash out with afterwards. Never you fear but what I'll get it out of him after the affair is safely over. As I told Mr. Flummery, you must go off somewhere, spend a few days in travelling, and bring up at Newport; I will have coaxed your pa into forgiveness by that time, and will forward a handsome check by letter if I am not able to meet you there the first few days. Your father's doing well lately; he's had two or three immense contracts; he's got money, and you shall have it, as I told Flummery. Your pa's obstinate and mulish, but it ain't in him to hold out long after he sees the matter can't be helped; he's naturally generous, and he'll see that you have all the more when he begins to feel ashamed of the way he has fairly drove you, as it were, to a

secret marriage. Flummery knows him so well, he says he doesn't doubt but that it'll all turn out right.

La, my dear, how calm you are! You don't seem to be any more agitated than as if you were going to a party. When I was within half an hour of getting married, I was all in a fluster. But you've been superiorly brought up; you've had advantages which were denied to your mother in her younger days. I'm sure Felix will commend your self-control, for of all things, he says, he hates fussiness. I wonder if I'm very fussy before him; I've tried hard to be more composed in my manners, and I think I've succeeded. It's your pa, Cerintha, who is and always will be so frightfully fussy.

I think it was very condescending of Flummery to consent to this runaway match. I expected he'd be so mad at your father's refusing him and ordering him never to come any more, that he'd give you up; but it's evident he was too deeply attached to you, darling, to resign you because your pa insulted him. When I sent for him to call on us in Mr. Rasher's absence, and proposed to him to marry you secretly, without his knowing anything about it, he said at once that he was willing if you was; that is, if I was sure your pa wouldn't stay angry very long. He frankly confessed that, owing to very unexpected embarrassment among his creditors, they had asked him to wait a couple of months for the money due him, and that he should not be able to bring you out, as he wished to, with the splendor your beauty deserved, unless you could furnish part of the funds yourself. I told him emphatically there was no doubt about it.

It's perfectly barbarous, sweet, to cheat you out of the bridesmaids, and the presents, and the reports of the dresses in the papers; to sneak you off in this way to be married in the clergyman's own house, with nobody in particular to admire you. I feel for you, my darling; I could cry with vexation when I think of it; but you can make it up by dashing out afterwards. You shall have all the finery in good time. Only make sure of an aristocratic husband, and all is well. There isn't a girl in your set but will envy you. There isn't a person will care the snap of their fingers for what Mr. Rasher says and thinks; they know he's not fitted to pick out a husband for his own girls; they'll look upon it as one of his odd whims—everybody knows he's odd. The fact that I countenance the match, and went with you to the minister's, will make everything proper. I suppose Mrs. Yellow Dock will say I angled for

Mr. Flummery, and was only too glad to catch him on any terms. Very well; let her say it; everybody knows she's angled for him with a golden bait bigger than mine, but he wouldn't bite. Let them laugh that wins. We've triumphed, and we intend to enjoy our victory, don't we, darling?

There! bless me, my heart came right up in my mouth! Is that you, Thomas? The carriage is waiting, and the gentleman in it sends up his card. My love, the hour has come! Mr. Flummery is fifteen minutes before the time; it shows the ardor of his impatience. Well, we're ready, too. Come, Cerintha, hurry; I'm anxious to get away and be sure that nothing has gone wrong. It was so kind of Mr. Rasher to take it into his head to go to Albany to-day.

It's raining a little; draw your cloak around you, Cerintha. How dark it is! That stupid lamp in front of the house is broken; I should think the authorities would get it fixed; here's the carriage, and here's Mr. Flummery waiting in the rain to lead us in. Is that you, Flummery? All right. Your darling is here, well and happy, I hope, though of course I have had hard work to keep her persuaded to the step. Two or three times I was afraid her courage would fail her—maiden timidity, you know, Mr. Flummery. You will excuse it, will you not? and not take it as any evidence against the devotion she has for the man for whom she is willing to risk so much; to resign the wedding-breakfast, and the presents, and the attendants, and all, you know, upon which she had naturally set her heart. Heigh-ho! I can hardly realize where we are going. It was an awful disappointment to give up those ruffles bound with blue for the bridesmaids, and the new breakfast-set in gold-and-Solferino-band; but Cerintha shall have the laces, all the same, and the breakfast-set will do for you to begin with when her papa gives the sweet child an establishment of her own.

It's dreadful to think I'm about releasing my eldest girl into the charge of another's keeping, Mr. Flummery. I know you'll always treat my angel well. O dear! only to think that I'll have to drive back alone, and to break the news to Mr. Rasher, when he comes home in the morning. Don't you pity me? He's an awful temper when he's roused, but it'll be soon over. People must expect a few storms in the heaven of wedded life. To confess the truth, I have never been congenially mated, as you must have seen, Mr. Flummery. Rasher's been a good provider, and is kind-hearted about

many things; but he's no taste! he's lacking in that refinement which I long for. And he's no ambition. Many's the time I've said to him—"Rasher, now you've money to do it, quit pork packing and take to politics." But he hasn't a spark of ambition in his breast! No! not even to see his own daughters suitably married to gentlemen like yourself. You know how different I am, or we would not be riding together to the minister's to-night as we are.

Dear! dear! I might as well about not talk, for all the answers I get from you and Cerintha. I don't wonder you don't care to talk. I chatter away just to pass the time. I have never confided to any human being the mistake I made in marrying the man I did. But to you, Felix, who are so soon to become one of the family, and who feel personally the insults the head of that family has heaped upon you, I need not say how uncongenial we are in many respects. There is a coarseness about him that is offensive to my sensitive mind. My girls, I think I may congratulate myself, take after their mother, 'specially Cerintha, who is much more like me than Felicia. If I had my life to live over again, I shouldn't make the choice I did make—nor I shouldn't be obliged to, neither. I had opportunities of doing better than I did. I had six offers the winter I accepted Timothy Rasher. I sha'n't say what the occupations of all of 'em were, but they wasn't in the pork business, that's certain. I *might* have been the wife of a very influential man, Mr. Flummery, more suited to the natural wishes of a woman of my mind. But that's past and gone—ho! ho! past and gone!

Where's your hand, Flummery? Here's five hundred in bills, as I promised you; and there'll be a check at Newport for a thousand, if I bring Rasher round as I expect to. I had a little trouble getting this money before he left; but I told him there was bills coming in for the new china, and my spring dresses, and I got it out of him. I was afraid you might be cramped, as it's a hard season; and even if you've plenty, there's never any too much for a young married couple to splurge on at a watering-place. La! you hurt my hand, you squeezed so hard—out of gratitude I suppose. You needn't thank me, it's for my child's benefit; she has two or three hundred in her own purse, so you're safe for a spell. Don't give yourselves the least anxiety about Rasher; I'll manage him. Trust me for that. I'll bring him along to Newport, or leave him behind (which would be better), and bring his money instead.

O dear! we're almost there. Don't cry,

Cerintha; you won't look so well, if you cry. I begin to feel almost as if it was my own wedding instead of my child; we live over again in our children, Flummery. Ah, I was never united, as I trust my Cerintha will be, to a congenial companion. May she be spared the trials I have endured!

We are there. The carriage stops. I'm a little frustrated myself; but you will be calm, Mr. Flummery, for you're never anything else. Earthquakes wouldn't shake you. I do so admire your manners—I am charmed with my son-in-law. Cerintha, one little parting word, for I'll be sure to forget it after the excitement of the ceremony. Be a good wife. Don't let anybody at Newport outshine you. I've sent six trunks off to the depot this evening, and I'll forward the rest of your dresses as soon as they come home. There are seven morning-dresses, exquisite, in the largest trunk. O dear!

Why, the lamp's out before this house too! The authorities are really getting careless. Here, Flummery, give Cerintha your hand, I can find my own way. Here we are, all right. Ring the bell. Thomas! how came you here to open the door? Bless me, I didn't know our pastor's wife had furnished her hall exactly like mine! Come along, come along, my dears, right into the parlor. We won't take off our things—only our cloaks in the hall. Hum—*(screams)*.

Timothy Rasher! Heavens and earth! where did you come from? "OUT OF THE CARRIAGE! Just had a pleasant ride with a couple of nice ladies!" O my, Cerintha's fainted! run for water, Thomas—no wonder, poor girl, no wonder she's fainted, to find herself—"Saved from a life of misery."—Get out! no, sir, you sha'n't lay your hands on her, you ain't fit to touch her. Here, Thomas, help me carry her up stairs. O my! everything's ruined! the match broke up! and only think what I said to him in the carriage, and give him back the money besides! The wretch is actually laughing to himself in the hall; he don't even pity Cerintha.

What's that he's hollerin' after us?—"Never try to light a lucifer match on a rainy night, it won't go off!"—and we've had our trouble, and a ride around the square and back again for our pains. Here's my poor, dear child just a-coming to her senses, and there he is down stairs a-singing at the top of his voice—

"And here I sing, long live my wife,
My daughter, long live she.
And when again they ride abroad
May I be there to see!"

VALUE OF GOOD WIVES.

WE are not about to write a homily on the duty of our wives; our sex have more frequently done this than pointed out the duty of husbands—duties which, we fear, are fully as often neglected as those of the wife. We commenced this article to remind men that they have no friend so entirely true to their interest as the wife. It is, therefore, more safe at all times to advise and counsel with our best friend in preference to those who are less interested in our welfare. A distinguished man once said that he never prospered in any enterprise where he had acted against the advice of his wife. Misfortunes or the result of bad speculations always bear on her most heavily. Her interests are inseparably identified with his own. The ready perception and timid caution of woman make her, especially to the impulsive and adventurous, peculiarly qualified to check the rash and adventurous act. Many a man whose fortunes are broken would have been in a happy and prosperous condition had he listened to the better counsels of the now afflicted partner of his troubles. A true-hearted wife is also our best friend in adversity, even when imprudence, incapacity, or even folly, or perhaps our vices have brought it upon us. Instead of reproaching him, she clings to and encourages him; her words of comfort and good cheer revive his hopes and his courage, and he is often able to retrieve his fortunes. At worst, with such a friend, he holds up his head, and grapples manfully the difficulties of his lot. His position in society may be more or less reversed, and those who flattered and looked up to him may now pass him by coldly. A heartless world leaves him to his fate, or he may even be sneered at and frowned upon by those whom he once considered too mean and unworthy to be admitted to his society. However cold and heartless these, he is sure he has one dear friend; one bosom, one heart is true to him; that friend is his wife. After the toils of the day, after perhaps being buffeted off by those who were his sunshine friends, how reviving to his sinking spirits to mingle his soul with the dear one who has clung to him in weal and woe! What a cordial are her words of comfort when all without is dark! In this hour of darkness, surely she is to him God's messenger of mercy. While the true-hearted wife is all this and more to her husband, do we do well in all important matters not to consult so interested and faithful a friend? We repeat what we before said—the wife is our own safest

and best adviser. The family is a little state; let those at the head of this little state mature all their plans by mutual, kindly, and wise counsels, and there will be fewer wrecks of the hopes of individuals and of families. Husbands, you will lose nothing, but gain much by trusting more to that dearest and best of all earthly friends, the person whom you have selected from all the world to be your life-long companion. Sir Walter Scott and the great Irish orator, Daniel O'Connell, at a late period of their lives, ascribed their success in the world principally to their wives. Were the truth known, theirs is the history of thousands.

THE CONTEST.

BY THOMAS HENRY BACON.

PLAINTIVE from the distant valley
Comes the dreamy evening murmur,
Floating, swelling musically
O'er the closing eyes of day.

Down the vale the winds are sighing,
Startling echo from her slumber,
And the hermitess replying,
Softly sighs herself away;
Tinted light is faintly glowing,
Kissing earth a farewell parting,
Death is coming, life is going,
And the crimson yields to gray.
And the glory fast is fading,
Each embrace of dusk evading,
And the shadows are parading
Gathered hosts in dark array.

Cloudlands battlements are teeming
With her banners gayly streaming,
And the hills with white crests gleaming
Sternly stand as warriors may.
Where is now the gentle river
Shining like a belt of silver?
Where the trees that seemed to shiver
As the life warmth died away?
Darkened 'neath the wings of even
While the glory upward driven,
Hastens to the heights of heaven,
Pausing never to delay.

Thus the last pale gleam upstart,
Thus the smile of cloudland darkened,
As the soul of life departed—
As the glory waned away.
Thus we saw the light retreating,
Shrinking from the hostile greeting
Of the shadows sternly meeting,
Mounting up in victory.
One more beauteous dream is ended,
One more blight with bloom is blended,
One more messenger ascended,
Pointing to eternity.

PLAINTIVE from the distant valley
Comes the dreamy evening murmur,
Floating, floating musically
O'er the closed eyes of day.

NOVELTIES FOR AUGUST.

Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.



Fig. 3.



Fig. 1.—Pardessus of muslin, with embroidered flounces of the same, to be worn in the open air, above the ordinary dress, when made with a low corsage and short sleeves. The front is in the chemisette style, with alternate puffs of clear muslin and bands of work.

Fig. 2.—Thulle and blonde capelline, for the promenade of a watering-place.

Fig. 3.—Lappet collar of Venetian point, suitable for a dowager. The bow may be of black velvet, or any suitable contrasting ribbon.

Fig. 4.—Vandyke fichu of net, with bars and points of extremely narrow velvet ribbon. Intended to be worn with a low corsage.

Figs. 5 and 6.—Two styles of undersleeves. Fig. 6 is particularly good for an open sleeve.

Fig. 4.

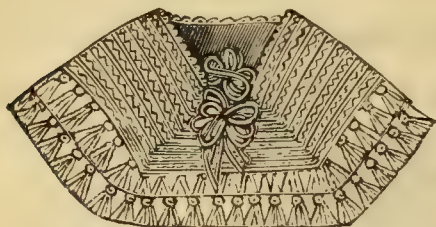


Fig. 5.

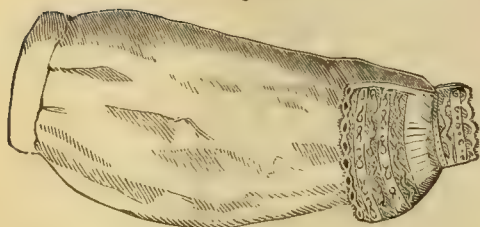


Fig. 6.

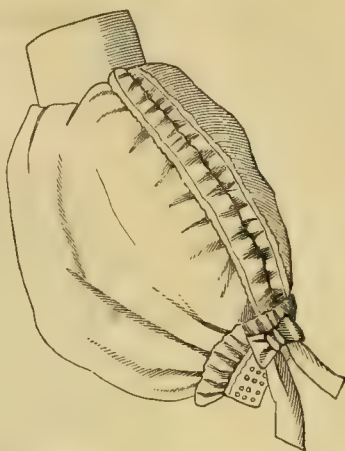


Fig. 7.—Street coat in gores, suitable for a school girl. (See Chitchat.)

Figs. 8 and 9.—Two styles of under garments

for children. We commend Fig. 8 as being one of the neatest and most serviceable patterns now being made up.

Fig. 7.

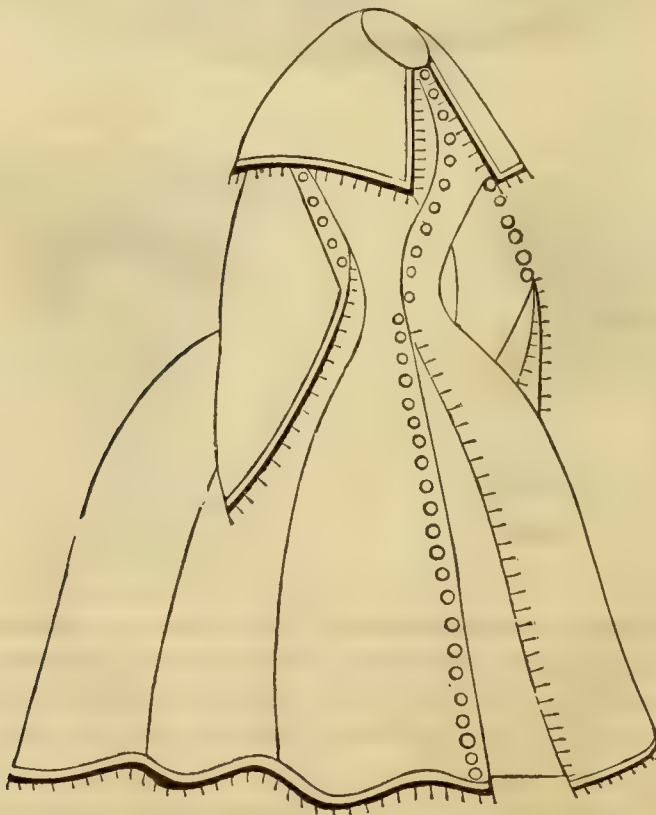


Fig. 8.



Fig. 10.



Fig. 11.



Fig. 12.



Fig. 9.



Fig. 10.—French *negligée* for a young child.
To be made in cambric.

Fig. 11.—A child's nightcap.

For full report of children's fashions, see Chat for the present month.

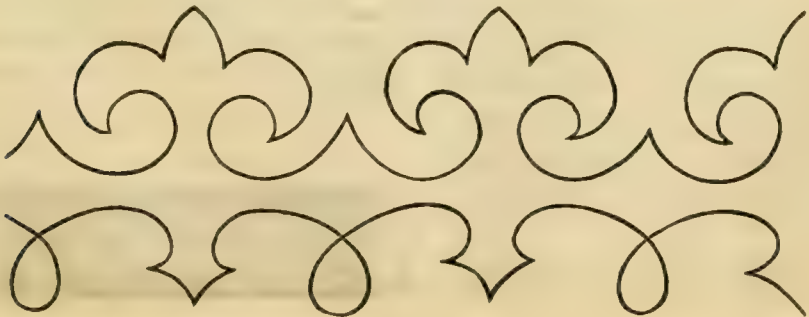
Fig. 12.—The latest style of collar; to be had in linen or fine work.

Fig. 13.



Fig. 13.—Net made of thick chenille.

BRAIDING PATTERN.



PATTERNS FROM MADAME DEMOREST'S ESTABLISHMENT.

The Marie Sleeve.—The style of the *Marie* sleeve is adapted to the poplins and fine French mixed cloths, suitable for fall wear. It is the half-coat shape, with a bouffant drawn into



puffings, and terminating in rounded pendants, trimmed with gimp. The cuff is scalloped and trimmed with gimp, to represent blocks, or sections, the width being little more than sufficient for the hand to pass through.

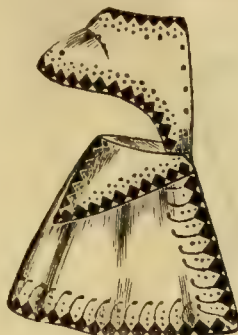
The Lady Alice sleeve is one of the prettiest of the fall novelties. It may be made in silk, but it is best adapted to pretty household materials, and would look exceedingly well in the fine French cords, stripes, and figured cam-



brics, which are imported for morning dresses. The body of the sleeve consists of a small bishop, attached to a plain piece about three inches in depth at the top, over which is placed a short pointed cap, trimmed with three narrow frills. The lower part of the sleeve is also gathered into a band, large enough for the hand to slip through and display the undersleeve below. Over the band is turned a cuff, divided into ornamental sections, and trimmed with braid and buttons.

The Little Beauty.—This is a charming little apron for a child of six years. To the half waist

a little pointed cape is attached, which is gathered full upon the shoulder, and falls over the



(Back view.)

short puffed sleeve of the dress. Two deep points form a polka to the skirt, back and front, and completes this little beauty, which may be made in black silk, and trimmed with lace, or in any lighter white fabrics, braided in colors.

The Francis Coat.—The back is a short jacket, with the skirt box-plaited and set under the jacket about four inches. A plain sack front

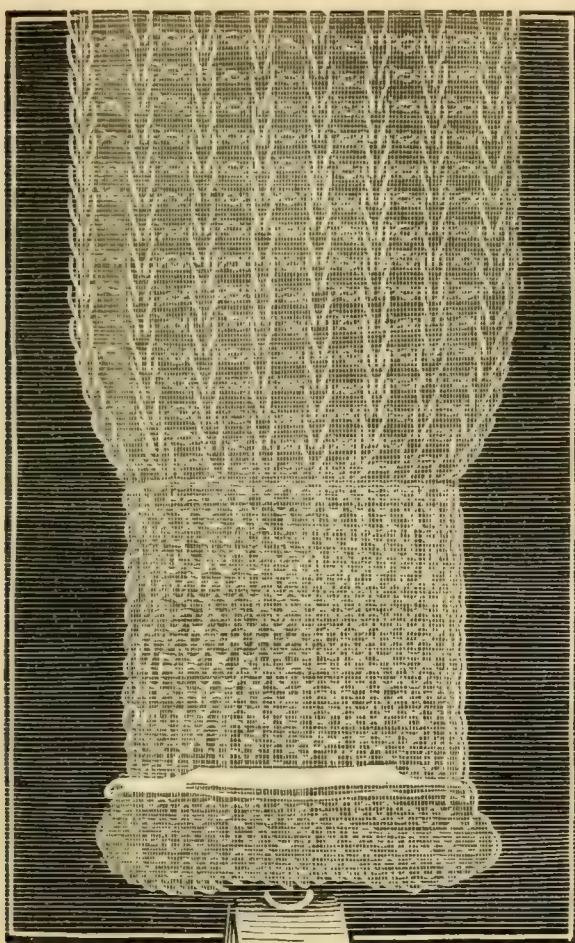


with pocket and a regular coat sleeve, is the outline of this coat, but the ornaments are very unique—they are velvet palm leaves marked on with embroidery stitch and dots between. The edge is finished with velvet and dots in the same way. The pocket, sleeve, and back, are trimmed with velvet cut in points, and marked to correspond. Suitable for a boy from four to seven years.

EMBROIDERY.



KNITTED BRACES.



Materials.—Knitting cotton, No. 6; two knitting needles, No. 15, bell gauge.

THE great charm in these braces is the readiness with which they can be washed; so that they may be changed at least once a week. The only fittings required are two broad buckles, attached to loops of buckskin leather, through which are slipped leather straps having a button-hole cut at each end. There is a button-hole made in the knitting itself at the other extremity of each brace; so that the only thing to be done is to detach the braces from the buckles, and replace them with a clean pair every week.

Cast on twenty stitches, and knit in plain garter-stitch about a finger-length, as tightly as

possible. Begin the brioche stitch thus: m 1, slip 1, knit 1. You thus increase to thirty in this row; and after it, do the ordinary brioche stitch for three and a half to four and a half finger-lengths, according to the height of the wearer. Knit nearly a finger in plain stitch, contracting to the original twenty in the first row; then, for the button-hole, knit backwards and forwards ten stitches only; then the other ten only; then eight rows the entire width; after which, knit together the two first stitches and the two last *except the edge stitch*, in every alternate row, until ten only are left, when cast off.

To make a good edge, slip the needle in the first stitch, as if you were going to purl it; and

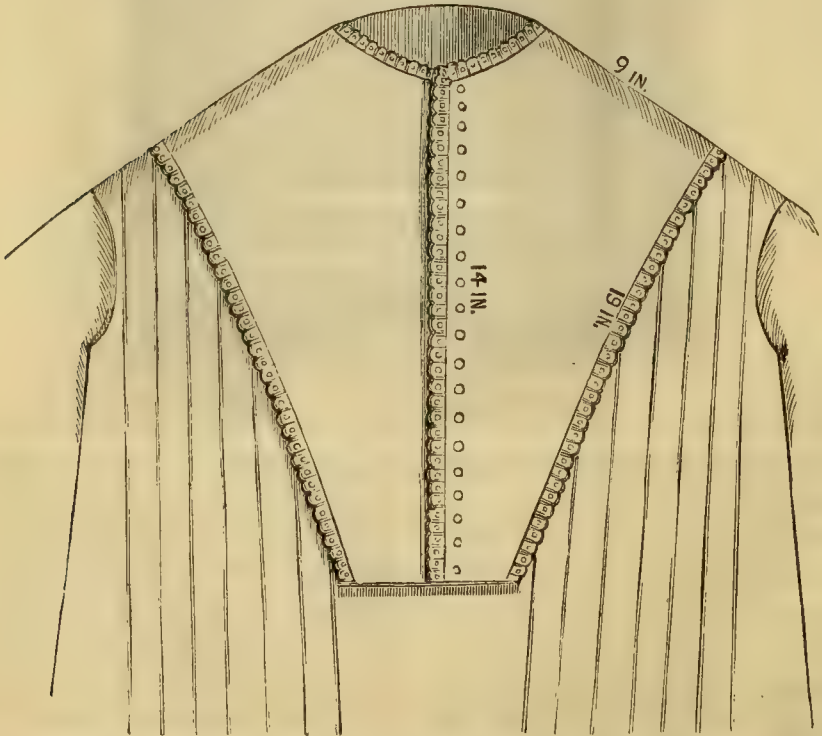
take it off without knitting, in every row,
whether plain or brioche, throughout.
Fasten off the ends securely.

Those who knit very loosely should use
needles somewhat finer, as it is essential the
braces should be closely woven and strong.

EMBROIDERY.

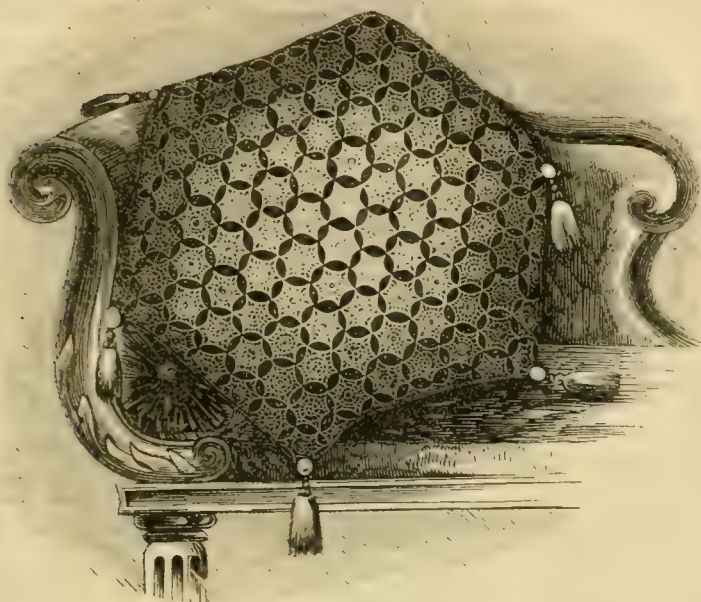


LONG NIGHT-DRESS FOR A LADY. NEW PATTERN.



THE front is plaited in large plaits, and the yoke put on afterwards. A plain yoke behind, and sleeve full'd into a band. The ruffle or trimming is all around the yoke and neck, and on the sleeve.

SOFA OR CARRIAGE PILLOW, IN CROCHET.



Materials.—Seven shades of scarlet, four thread Berlin wool; the third shade from the lightest to be a bright military scarlet, the darkest to be nearly black. Seven shades of bright emerald green (*grass green must never be used*), three-quarters of an ounce of each shade, except the lightest of both colors—six skeins of each of these. No. 2 Penelope crochet hooks.

1st row.—With lightest scarlet make a chain of 9 stitches, unite the ends; 5 chain, dc under the 9 chain; repeat this 5 times more (*in all, 6 chains of 5*). Cut off the wool, tie it securely at the back. (*This must be done at every row.*)

2d.—Same color. 2 long under the 5 chain; 3 chain; 2 more long under the same; 3 chain; repeat this 5 times more.

3d.—Next shaded scarlet. 2 long under the 3 chain, between the 4 long stitch; 3 chain; 2 more long under the same; 3 chain; dc under 3 chain; 3 chain; repeat this 5 times more.

4th.—Military scarlet. 2 long under the 3 chain, between the 4 long; 4 chain; 2 more long under the same; 4 chain; dc on dc; 4 chain; repeat this 5 times more.

5th.—Palest green. 3 long under the 4 chain, between the 4 long; 5 chain; 3 more long under the same; 3 chain; dc under 4 chain; 5 chain; dc under 4 chain; 3 chain, repeat.

This forms the centre star.

Now work 6 more stars in precisely the same

manner, only varying the shades as follows: Commence with the lightest shade scarlet, and work the 2d row with next shade instead of the same; taking the next shade green for the outside row; sew with green wool these 6 stars to the points of the centre star, sewing them also at the side.

Now make 12 stars, beginning with the 2d shade scarlet, making the 1st and 2d rows of the same color.

3d row.—Military scarlet, same as 3d row of 1st star.

4th.—Next darker shade, same as 4th row.

5th.—Next darkest green.

Sew these 12 stars round the last six, attaching them as before.

Now make 18 stars, commencing with military scarlet, making the 2 first rows in the same shade.

3d row.—Next darker.

4th.—Next darker.

5th.—Next darker green.

Sew these round the other stars.

Make 24 stars, commencing with military scarlet, but making the 2d row of the next darker shade, instead of the same.

Use the next two darker shades in gradation, and the next darkest green.

Sew these stars round the others.

Make 30 circles, commencing with the next shade darker than the military scarlet; use the 3 darker shades in gradation, and edge with the darkest green but one. It will be observed that seven shades of scarlet are used on this side, and 6 of green: for the reverse of the cushion, 6 of scarlet and 7 of green. Damp well, and press by placing it between folded linen, with a heavy weight upon it, till dry.

Line this side with white cotton velvet, white satin, or watered silk.

For the Reverse.

Make exactly the same number of stars, and

worked precisely the same way with respect to the tints, but commencing with the palest green, instead of scarlet, and edging the outside row with scarlet.

This side may be lined either with white or green velvet; make a lining of strong calico, the exact size, fill with four pounds of feathers.

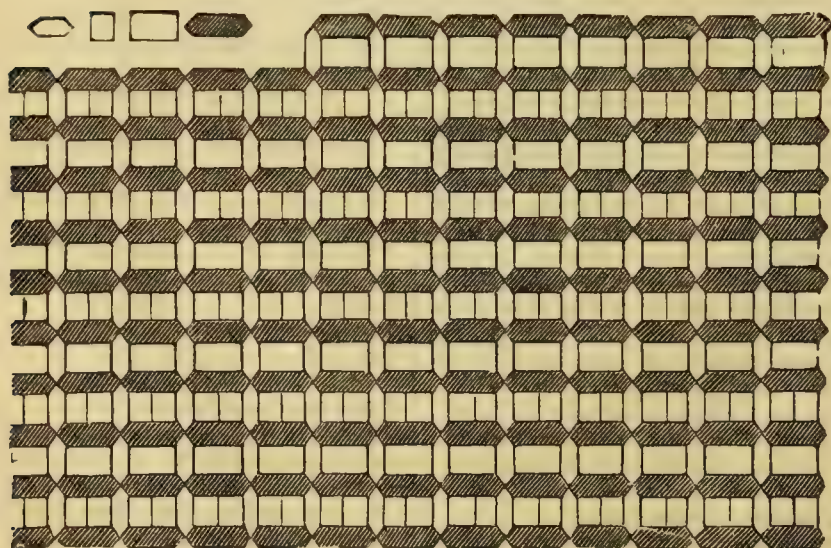
Trim with green silk cushion cord, and 6 shaded bullion tassels.

Great care must be taken to arrange the colors precisely as the instructions given, as the effect will be to give a most intense and brilliant color, and in selecting the wools, they should be of the brightest tints.

EMBROIDERY.



PATCHWORK.



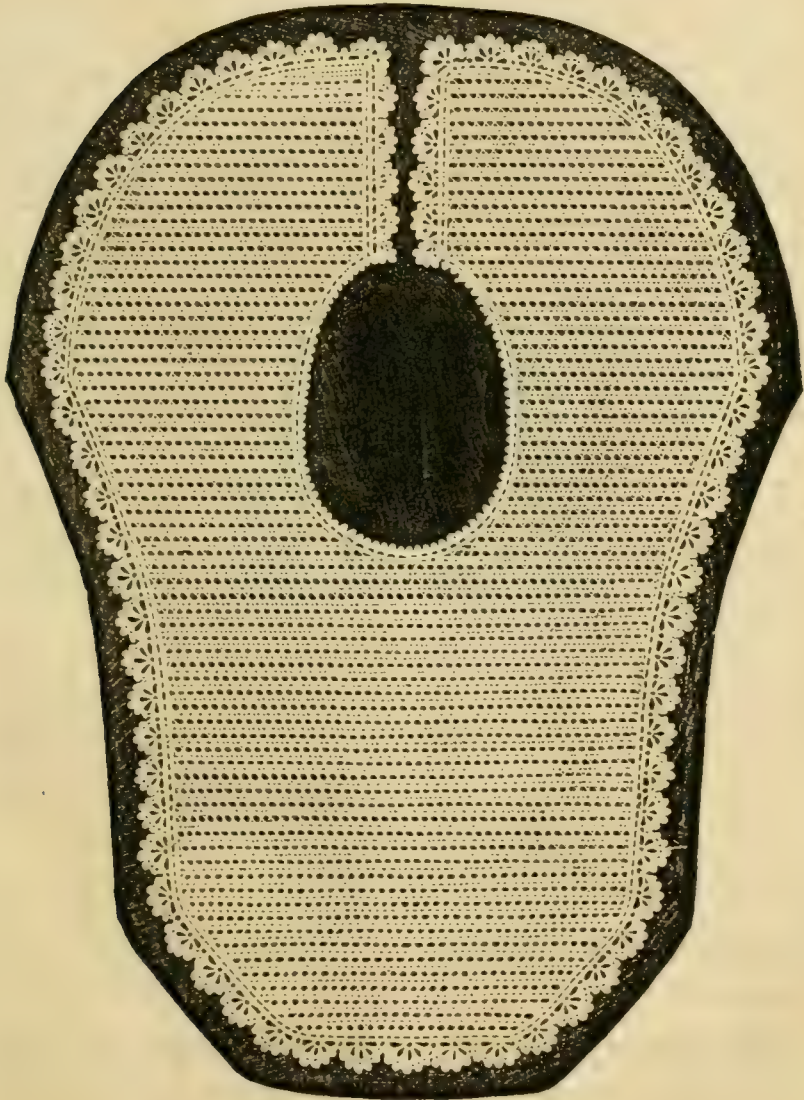
SOCKS WITH HOLES.

FIFTY-SIX STITCHES WITH MEDIUM SIZED HOLES.

KNIT once across with colored worsted. Begin on the *wrong* side with your white wool. Knit *one* stitch plain, put the thread forward,

and knit double stitches, with the thread forward all the way across. Knit back *plain*, not heel stitch. The next row knit *two* plain stitches, and then double stitches, alternating, the beginning stitches. Twenty-three rows of white. Then the colored worsted for the string.

CROCHET BIB.



Receipts, &c.

DIRECTIONS FOR PRESERVING FRUITS, ETC.

PEACHES.—The following is the best plan for preserving peaches in cans:—

Take the peaches, either just ripe or fully ripe—this does not matter; pare them, and, if you desire to preserve them whole, throw them into cold water as they are pared, to prevent them from losing color. When everything is ready, place them in the can, adding merely as much sugar to each layer as is sufficient to render them palatable; set the can in a vessel containing hot water, and allow it to remain in boiling water until the fruit becomes heated through; this will require, if a quart can be used, from twenty minutes to half an hour. The temperature required is about 160° F. A very little experience will enable any one to know the proper temperature. It is not possible to heat the contents of the can in this way above a temperature of 180°, unless the cover is fastened down, which is not necessary; but it is evident that it is desirable to subject them to as little heat as possible. When heated sufficiently, seal at once, by heating the cover, and pressing at once firmly into place, and allowing a weight sufficient to keep down the cover to remain upon it until the cement hardens. The proper temperature of the lid is easily and conveniently ascertained by putting a piece of rosin about the size of a small pea on the cover, when it is put upon the stove; as soon as the rosin melts, the cover is ready to be put in place. This precaution is necessary, as the solder with which the parts of the lid are joined together easily melts.

It is not absolutely necessary to use sugar in this process, but, as it assists in the preservation of the fruits, they can be sealed at a lower temperature than if it is not used. As sugar is used to render the fruits palatable, there can be no objection to using it when preparing the fruit for family use, as it will, in any case, be necessary, and there is no reason why the sugar should not be used before the can is sealed, as afterwards.

If soft peaches are preferred, they should be cut up as if intended to be eaten with cream, and need not be put into water. When ready, they should be put into the cans and heated in the manner described above. It is not necessary to heat them in the cans, but a larger quantity may be more conveniently heated together, and put into the cans or jars while hot, and sealed. A flat stew-pan, lined with porcelain, will be found well adapted to this purpose. It must, of course, not be placed directly over the fire, but in a vessel of water, which is set directly on the fire. By this means soft peaches may readily and certainly be preserved for winter use, in such condition as scarcely to differ at all from the fresh peach. A most delicious dessert may thus be secured, much more readily, and at less expense, and much more palatable than the ordinary preserve. This method of preserving fresh peaches has been fully tested during the summer, and may be relied upon.

Another way.—A lady of Philadelphia, whose peaches keep beautifully and retain much of their delicious flavor, takes half a pound of sugar to each pound of peaches. The sugar is put into a preserving-kettle, with half a pint of water to every pound of sugar, heated, and the surface skimmed. Into this syrup the peaches, after being pared, are placed, and boiled ten minutes. The peaches

are then put into the cans while hot, and immediately sealed up.

CAMPOTE OF PEACHES.—Pare half a dozen ripe peaches, and stew them very softly from eighteen to twenty minutes, keeping them often turned in a light syrup, made with five ounces of sugar and half a pint of water boiled together for ten minutes. Dish the fruit; reduce the syrup by quick boiling, pour it over the peaches, and serve them hot for a second-course dish, or cold for dessert. They should be quite ripe, and will be found delicious dressed thus. A little lemon juice may be added to the syrup, and the blanched kernels of two or three peach or apricot stones.

TO PRESERVE APRICOTS, PEACHES, AND GREEN-GAGES IN BRANDY.—The fruit must be gathered at its full size, but not too ripe; wipe the fruit, and prick it full of holes with a fine needle; to two pounds of fruit put one pound of double-refined sugar and three pints of water; when it boils, put in the fruit, and boil it gently till tender, keeping the fruit under water; cover it close in the same pan one night; just give it a boil up next day, and lay the fruit on a dish to drain from the syrup; boil the syrup nearly half an hour; when almost cold, put the fruit in glass jars; to one cup of syrup add one of brandy till full.

QUINCES PRESERVED WHOLE.—Pare and put them into a saucepan, with the parings at the top; then fill it with hard water; cover it close; set it over a gentle fire till they turn reddish; let them stand till cold; put them into a clear, thick syrup; boil them a few minutes; set them on one side till quite cold; boil them again in the same manner; the next day boil them till they look clear; if the syrup is not thick enough, boil it more; when cold, put brandid paper over them. The quinces may be halved or quartered.

BLACKBERRIES.—Preserve these as strawberries or currants, either liquid, or jam, or jelly. Blackberry jelly or jam is an excellent medicine in summer complaints or dysentery. To make it, crush a quart of fully ripe blackberries with a pound of the best loaf-sugar; put it over a gentle fire, and cook it until thick; then put to it a gill of the best fourth-proof brandy; stir it a while over the fire, then put it in pots.

BLACKBERRY SYRUP.—Make a simple syrup of a pound of sugar to each pint of water; boil it until it is rich and thick; then add to it as many pints of the expressed juice of ripe blackberries as there are pounds of sugar; put half a nutmeg grated to each quart of the syrup; let it boil fifteen or twenty minutes, then add to it half a gill of fourth-proof brandy for each quart of syrup; set it by to become cold; then bottle it for use. A tablespoonful for a child, or a wineglass for an adult is a dose.

BLACKBERRY AND WINE CORDIAL.—We avail ourselves of the kindness of a friend to publish the following excellent receipt for making cordial. It is recommended as a delightful beverage, and an *infallible specific* for diarrhoea or ordinary disease of the bowels:—

Receipt.—To half a bushel of blackberries, well mashed, add a quarter of a pound of allspice, two ounces of cinnamon, two ounces of cloves; pulverize well, mix, and boil slowly until properly done; then strain or squeeze the juice through homespun or flannel, and add to each pint of the juice one pound of loaf-sugar; boil again for some time, take it off, and, while cooling, add half a gallon of the best Cognac brandy.

Dose.—For an adult, half a gill to a gill; for a child, a teaspoonful or more, according to age.

BLACKBERRY WINE.—The following is said to be an excellent receipt for the manufacture of superior wine from blackberries: Measure your berries and bruise them, to every gallon adding one quart of boiling water; let the mixture stand twenty-four hours, stirring occasionally; then strain off the liquor into a cask, to every gallon adding two pounds of sugar; cork tight, and let stand till following October, and you will have wine ready for use, without any further straining or boiling, that will make lips smack as they never smacked, under similar influence, before.

PRESERVED GRAPES IN BUNCHES.—Take out the stones from the grapes with a pin, breaking them as little as possible; boil some clarified sugar nearly to candy height, then put in sufficient grapes to cover the bottom of the preserving-pan, without laying them on each other, and boil for five minutes, merely to extract all the juice; lay them in an earthen pan, and pour the syrup over them; cover with paper, and the next day boil the syrup, skimming it well, for five minutes; put in the grapes, let them boil a minute or two; put them in pots, and pour the syrup over them, after which tie down.

BRANDY GRAPES.—For this purpose the grapes should be in large, close bunches, and quite ripe. Remove every grape that is the least shrivelled, or in any way defective; with a needle prick each grape in three places; have ready a sufficiency of double-refined loaf-sugar powdered and sifted; put some of the sugar into the bottom of the jars, then put in a bunch of grapes and cover all thickly with sugar, then another bunch, then more sugar, and so on till the jar is nearly full, finishing with a layer of sugar; then fill up to the top with the best white brandy; cover the jars as closely as possible, and set them away; they must not go over the fire; the grapes should be of the best quality, either white or purple.

GRAPE JELLY.—Strip from their stalks some fine ripe black-cluster grapes, and stir them with a wooden spoon over a gentle fire until all have burst, and the juice flows freely from them; strain it off without pressure, and pass it through a jelly-bag, or through a twice-folded muslin; weigh and then boil it rapidly for twenty minutes; draw it from the fire, stir in it till dissolved, fourteen ounces of good sugar, roughly powdered, to each pound of juice, and boil the jelly quickly for fifteen minutes longer, keeping it constantly stirred, and perfectly well skimmed. It will be very clear, and of a beautiful pale rose-color.

QUINCE AND APPLE JELLY.—Cut small and core an equal weight of tart apples and quinces; put the quinces in a preserving kettle, with water to cover them, and boil till soft; add the apples, still keeping water to cover them, and boil till the whole is nearly a pulp; put the whole into a jelly-bag, and strain without pressing.

APPLE JELLY IN MOULDS.—Peel and core juicy apples, and boil two pounds of them with half a pint of water, to a pulp; pass it through a sieve; add three-quarters of a pound of loaf-sugar, the juice of one lemon, and one ounce of isinglass, dissolved in very little water; mix together, strain, and pour into moulds.

PRESERVED CITRON-MELONS.—Take some fine citron-melons; pare, core, and cut them into slices. Then weigh them; and, to every six pounds of melon, allow six pounds of the best double-refined loaf-sugar; and the juice and yellow rind (pared off very thin) of four large, fresh lemons; also, half a pound of race-ginger.

Put the slices of melon into a preserving-kettle, and boil them half an hour, or more, till they look quite clear, and are so tender that a broom-twig will pierce through them. Then drain them, lay them in a broad pan of cold water; cover them; and let them stand all night. In the morning, tie the race-ginger in a thin muslin cloth, and boil it in three pints of clear spring or pump-water, till the water is highly flavored. Then take out the bag of ginger. Having broken up the sugar, put it into a clean preserving kettle, and pour the ginger-water over it. When the sugar is all melted, set it over the fire; put in the yellow peel of the lemons; and boil and skim it till no more skum rises. Then remove the lemon-peel; put in the sliced citrons, and the juice of the lemons; and boil them in the syrup till all the slices are quite transparent, and so soft that a straw will go through them; but do not allow them to break. When quite done, put the slices (while still warm) into wide-mouthed glass or white-ware jars, and gently pour on the syrup. Lay inside of each jar, upon the top of the syrup, a double white tissue-paper, cut exactly to fit the surface. Put on the lids of the jars, and paste thick paper over them. This will be found a delicious sweet-meat, equal to any imported from the West Indies, and far less expensive.

MARMALADES.

APRICOT.—Gather the fruit before it is too ripe, stone and blanch the kernels. To every pound of fruit take three-quarters of a pound of fine loaf-sugar; break the sugar into lumps, dip the lumps in water, allow them to dissolve, put it over a clear fire, and let it boil to a candy; then pound and sift it; pare the fruit, cut it into thin slices, put them with the sugar over a slow fire, let it simmer till clear, but do not boil it; add the kernels, and then put the marmalade into jars.

Or: Boil ripe apricots in syrup until they will mash; beat them in a mortar; take half their weight in loaf-sugar, and sufficient water to dissolve it; boil all together, and skim until it is clear and the syrup thick like fine jelly.

APPLES.—Pare and core some green pippins, and boil in water till quite soft; break them gently with the back of a spoon; strain the water through a jelly-bag till quite clear; then to every pint of the fruit put one pound of double-refined sugar, the peel and juice of a lemon, and boil to a strong syrup. Drain off the syrup from the fruit, and pour the apple-jelly over it, and simmer the whole until it becomes thick. Cover with paper.

Common moist sugar is sometimes employed for family use.

QUINCE.—Pare and quarter the fruit, put it in layers in a stone jar with sugar sprinkled between each; add a teacupful of water, and bake it in a cool oven. Have a quantity of sugar equal in weight to the fruit; allow one quart of water to every four pounds; boil the sugar and water together, skimming it well. When the quinces are soft, add them, with a quart of the juice which will be found in the jar; boil them in the syrup, beating it with a spoon until the marmalade is quite smooth.

PEACH.—The fruit for this preserve, which is a very delicious one, should be finely flavored and quite ripe, though perfectly sound. Pare, stone, weigh, and boil it quickly for three-quarters of an hour, and do not fail to stir it often during the time; draw it from the fire, and mix with it ten ounces of well-refined sugar, rolled

or beaten to powder, for each pound of the peaches; clear it carefully from scum, and boil it briskly for five minutes; throw in the strained juice of one or two *good* lemons; continue the boiling for three minutes only, and pour out the marmalade. Two minutes after the sugar is stirred to the fruit add the blanched kernels of part of the peaches.

Peaches, stoned and pared, four pounds; three-quarters of an hour. Sugar, two and a half pounds; two minutes. Blanched peach-kernels; three minutes. Juice of two *small* lemons, three minutes.

Obs.—This jam, like most others, is improved by pressing the fruit through a sieve after it has been partially boiled. Nothing can be finer than its flavor, which would be injured by adding the sugar at first; and a larger proportion renders it cloyingly sweet. Nectarines and peaches mixed make an admirable preserve.

GREENGAGE.—When the plums are thoroughly ripe, take off the skins, weigh and boil them quickly, without sugar, for fifty minutes, keeping them well stirred; then to every four pounds add three of good sugar, reduced quite to powder, boil the preserve from five to eight minutes longer, and clear off the scum perfectly before it is poured into the jars. When the flesh of the fruit will not separate easily from the stones, weigh and throw the plums whole into the preserving-pan, boil them to a pulp, pass them through a sieve, and deduct the weight of the stones from them when apportioning the sugar to the jam. The Orleans plum may be substituted for greengages in this receipt.

Greengages, stoned and skinned, six pounds; fifty minutes. Sugar, four and a half pounds; five to eight minutes.

ORANGE.—SCOTTISH METHOD.—Weigh an equal quantity of Seville oranges and loaf-sugar; cut the oranges into halves, take out the pulp, and put the rinds into cold water; boil them till tender, changing the water once or twice, and when cold remove the white from the peel; mash the orange pulp and squeeze it through a cloth, adding a little water the second time of squeezing; then shred the peel finely, add the juice and sugar, and boil twenty minutes over a slow fire.

PICKLING IN VINEGAR.

PICKLES are prepared from vegetables, fresh, salted, or dried, and mixed with vinegar, which should be of the best common kind or distilled. The safest vessels to use for boiling vinegar are those of enamelled iron; a slight oxidation may arise from the action of the vinegar upon an iron vessel, but not sufficient to be dangerous. Acetic acid dissolves the lead that is used in the tinning of saucepans. Pickles should never be put into glazed jars, as salt and vinegar dissolve the glaze, which is poisonous. The jars in which they are kept should either be of stone or glass. They should be closely covered; and have a wooden spoon, with holes, to take them out of the jar, all metals being improper. They should be well kept from the air, and the large jars should be seldom opened, and the top closely covered. Those pickles in common use for the table are best kept in the ground glass stoppered pickle-jars, which retain the vinegar without difficulty. It is necessary that the pickles should always be entirely covered with the vinegar; examine them frequently, and if any symptoms of mould appear, remove the part affected, and boil the vinegar again, with additional spices. When

vinegar is added to old pickles, boil it, but let it stand to be cooled before it is poured over. When first pickles are made, the vinegar should be put over them boiling. Of all pickles, perhaps, red cabbage is the most wholesome; it is frequently made of unboiled vinegar, merely poured over the cabbage, which has previously been salted.

TO PICKLE NASTURTIUMS, TO BE USED INSTEAD OF CAPERS.—Boil some very good vinegar with some mace, white peppercorns, and a little salt. Put it into a jar, and when cold put in the nasturtiums as soon as gathered. Keep them closely tied down, and they will be very green and crisp.

PICKLED BEETROOT.—Boil some beetroots tender, and pare and slice them; then boil as much vinegar as will cover them, with some mace, cloves, and peppercorns. Pour this over when boiling, and cover it close.

TO PICKLE BEANS.—Put the beans in salt and water two days; drain and dry them; then pour boiling vinegar over, letting it stand three days. Pour the vinegar off, and repeat the boiling, letting it stand on the beans for three days more; then boil all together.

TO PICKLE GHERKIN CUCUMBERS.—Pick the roughest, and make a strong brine of salt and water scalding hot; put them in and cover them close. Let them stand twelve hours; then take boiling distilled vinegar, and put them in it; let them simmer, not boil, for half an hour; then put them in a pan, and keep them *close* covered with vine-leaves, and a cloth at the top. Should they not become sufficiently green, change the vine-leaves and heat the vinegar again; repeat this till they are so.

TO PICKLE LEMONS.—Scrape twelve lemons with a piece of broken glass; cut them across in quarters, not quite through. Give them as much salt as they will hold, also rub and strew it over them, and let them lie in an earthen dish three or four days, turning them every day. Then take twelve cloves of garlic, parboiled and salted three days, a large spoonful of flour of mustard, and some Cayenne pepper to every lemon. Take the lemons out of the salt, and put them in a jar with the spice, covering them with the best vinegar. Keep them very close, and they will be fit for use in a month.

TO PICKLE MUSHROOMS BROWN.—Take a quart of large mushroom buttons, wash them in vinegar with a flannel, take three anchovies, and chop them small, a few blades of mace, a little pepper and ginger, a spoonful of salt, and three cloves of shallots. Put them into a saucepan with as much vinegar as will half cover them, then set them on the fire, and let them stew till they shrink pretty much. When cold, put them into bottles with the vinegar poured over them; cork and tie them close up. This pickle will make a great addition to brown sauces.

TO PICKLE MUSHROOMS WHITE.—Put them into equal quantities of cold milk and water, and rub them with a flannel; have ready hot milk and water, and boil them in it a few minutes, take them out with an egg-slice and put them into a jar with a little salt, cover them close up with a cloth, let them stand till next day, then boil up the vinegar and pour over them.

TO PICKLE WALNUTS.—Lay one hundred walnuts in salt and water for six days, changing the water once; put them dry into a jar with a quarter of a pound of bay salt, a quarter of a pound of ginger, a quarter of a pound of black peppercorns, half a pound of shallots, half a pound of mustard-seed, half an ounce of cloves,

half an ounce of mace, two sticks of horseradish, and one pound of anchovies. Boil one gallon of the strongest pickling vinegar, and pour over them hot. Cover them with a pewter plate till cold, then add to them a bottle of port wine and tie them down close. The jar should not be opened for two or three months. (The anchovies and wine may be omitted, if too expensive.)

PICKLED ONIONS.—In the month of September, choose the small, white, round onions, take off the brown skin, have a stewpan of boiling water ready, and then throw in as many onions as will cover the top; as soon as they look clear on the outside, take them up as quick as possible with a slice, and lay them on a clean cloth, cover them close with another, and scald some more, and so on. Let them lie to be cold, then put them in a jar, or glass, or wide-mouthed bottle, and pour over them the best white pickling vinegar, just hot, but not boiling. When cold, cover them; should the outer skin shrivel, peel it off. They must look quite clear.

TO PICKLE SPANISH ONIONS.—Let the onions remain twelve hours in salt and water; boil white vinegar with capsicums, cloves, whole pepper, and allspice; let it remain till cold, then drain the onions well, put them in jars, and pour the pickle over them.

TO PICKLE RED CABBAGE.—Slice it into a colander, and sprinkle each layer with salt; let it drain two days, then put it into a jar, with boiling vinegar enough to cover it, and put a few slices of beetroots. Observe to choose the purpledest cabbage. Those who like the flavor of spice will boil some peppercorns, mustard-seed, or other spice, *whole*, with the vinegar. Cauliflowers, cut in branches, and thrown in after being salted, will look of a beautiful red.

FOR MIXED PICKLES. prepare any vegetables you like by cutting them in pieces, and let them lie in salt and water for two or three days; then make the pickle in the following manner: Boil the quantity of vinegar required with peppercorns, mustard-seed, a small quantity of mace, a few Cayenne pods and ginger, and half a pound of flour of mustard mixed smoothly in a basin, to be put in while boiling; put all together in a large stone jar.

PICKLED EGGS.—Boil eggs very hard, peel them, and put them in cold water till very cold; have ready a strong pickle of white-wine vinegar, with a little mace and whole pepper in it: put them in while it is quite hot, and stir, that they may all look alike; do not cover the pot till they are brown. Put them into a jar, and they will be ready in nine or ten days.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CARE OF LINEN.—One of the most important departments in the management of a household is that which embraces a care of linen. Accordingly, when this is well dried and put away in the wardrobe, the next part of our duty is to secure it from the effects of damp and the inroads of insects. These intruders are often destructive, but they may be prevented from doing injury by a judicious mixture of aromatic shrubs and flowers, cut up and sewn in silken bags, and the drawers and shelves interspersed by them. Rosemary, lavender, thyme, cedar-shavings, roses, powdered saffras, cassia, lignea, mixed with a few drops of otto of roses or other strong perfume, may be agreeably adopted for this purpose. In all cases, it will be found that the linen, as well as all other washable articles, will be economized by being examined, and where necessary, carefully re-

paired previous to their admission to the laundry. The articles ought also to be numbered and arranged after washing, so as to have their regular turn in domestic use. Another saving will be found in purchasing soap in large quantities, cutting it in pieces of about a pound weight each, and keeping it in a place of moderate temperature. As linen is sometimes scorched in the getting up, without actually being burned through, the effect may be removed by the following means:—

To Remove Scorching from Linen.—Add to a quart of vinegar the juice of half a dozen large onions, about an ounce of soap rasped down, a quarter of a pound of fuller's earth, one ounce of lime, and one ounce of pearl ash or any other strong alkali. Boil the whole until it is pretty thick, and lay some of it on the scorched part, suffering it to dry. It will be found that on repeating the process for one or two washings, the mark will be completely removed without any additional damage to the linen; provided its texture is not absolutely injured as well as discolored.

BREAD.—Salt or milk rising, to one teacup of new milk and one teacup of salt, pour in two teacups of boiling water; when cooled so as not to scald, stir in flour to make a batter, and set it in a kettle of warm water until it rises up light, which will be in about five hours; pour the batter into your pan of flour, and mix with warm water or milk in sufficiency to make four loaves of bread. Add a teaspoonful of soda to the wetting, knead thoroughly, and put it in the pans to rise, which it will do in half an hour. Bake one hour.

A HINT TO LOVERS OF FLOWERS.—A most beautiful and easily-attained show of evergreens may be had by a very simple plan, which has been found to answer remarkably well on a small scale. If geranium branches, taken from luxuriant and healthy trees just before the winter sets in, be cut as for slips and immersed in soap-water, they will, after drooping for a few days, shed their leaves, put forth fresh ones, and continue in the finest vigor all the winter. By placing a number of bottles thus filled in a flower-basket, with moss to conceal the bottles, a show of evergreen is easily insured for the whole season. They require no fresh water.

How to Do UP SHIRT BOSOMS.—Take two ounces of fine gum arabic powder—put it in a pitcher, and pour on a pint or more boiling water, according to the degree of strength you desire—and then having covered it, let it stand all night—in the morning pour it carefully from the dregs into a clean bottle, cork it, and keep it for use. A tablespoonful of gum water stirred in a pint of starch, made in the usual manner, will give to lawn, either white or printed, a look of newness, when nothing else can restore them, after being washed.

TO MAKE BRILLA SOUP.—Take a shin of beef, cut off all the meat in square pieces, then boil the bone three hours; strain it and take off the fat, then put the broth to boil with the pieces of meat, a few carrots and turnips cut small, and a good sprig of thyme, some onions chopped, and a stick of celery cut in pieces; stir them all till the meat is tender. If not cooking brown, you must color it.

How to MAKE CRACKNELS.—One pound of flour, half a pound of sugar, half a pound of currants, half a pound of butter, and a little cream; season with a little mace, and add as many eggs as will make the whole into a rather stiff paste. Make it up in round balls, or pull four together with a fork, and dip them (before baking) in rough-pounded loaf-sugar.

Editors' Table.

WEDDED LOVE.

O married love! each heart shall own,
Where two congenial souls unite,
Thy golden chains inlaid with down,
Thy lamp with heaven's own splendor bright.
LANGHORNE.

The love portrayed in novels and poems is usually that of anticipation. The perfect happiness of the two lovers is to be eliminated from the chaos of hopes, fears, doubts, and difficulties that surround their divided path, while their haven of bliss, where they shall dwell together, seen in the haze of the distance, seems the Eden of delight. Yet this promise of happiness is proven to be but the mirage of fancy, because nearly all the married people introduced, in the course of the story or poem, are shown to be—if not miserable, at least not very well pleased with the realities of married life.

We are happy to show our readers an actual example of happiness after marriage, a picture of true, pure, sweet love, so tender in its sympathy, so exalting in its influence, so enduring in its fervor that the loves of romance fade away before it as the stars fade when the sun arises.

About thirty years ago, Alexis De Tocqueville, a young Frenchman, came to this country to study the penitentiary system of the United States. He was then in his twenty-sixth year, an age when poetry and romance would seem more in accordance with his feelings than prison discipline. He travelled through our country, returned to Paris, made his Report on prisons, and wrote his great work,* which, in the second part, portraying American manners, morals, feelings, intellect, and literature, shows the nobleness of his nature, the extraordinary clearness of his moral insight, and the reverence of his soul for the virtues of woman. To prove these sensibilities of his character, we will give the summary of his opinion of American women:—

"I do not hesitate to avow, that, although the women of the United States are confined within the narrow circle of domestic life and their situation is, in some respects, one of extreme dependence, I have nowhere seen women occupying a loftier position, and, if I were asked, now that I am drawing to the close of this work in which I have spoken of so many important things, done by the Americans, to what the singular prosperity and growing strength of that people ought mainly to be attributed—I should reply—to the superiority of their women." Vol. IV.

M. De Tocqueville married an English lady. This is not to be wondered at, when we learn, from all his writings, the high estimate he places on the home virtues:—the French language has no word expressive of *home* in the Anglo-Saxon meaning of the term. And now we come to the romance of his wedded life—the following extract from a letter of De Tocqueville to his most confidential friend:—

"I can scarcely describe to you that happiness in the long run one enjoys in the daily companionship of a woman in whom any good of your own is reflected and returned to you improved by the reflection. When I say or do anything which appears to me quite right, I read

immediately in Mary's face a feeling of happiness and pride, which raises me up also, and in like manner, if my conscience blames me for anything, I see, immediately, a cloud in her eyes.

"Though I have obtained the mastery of her soul to an extent quite unusual, I see with pleasure that *she intimidates me*, and so long as I love her as I now do, I feel sure that no wrong thing will have dominion over me.

"We have been a year married and not a day passes without my thanking Heaven for having placed Mary on my path, or without a renewed belief that, if happiness be attainable on earth, it is with such a companion. You ask me, my dear friend, to speak of myself and Mary; I have just opened to you the very bottom of my heart."—*Works and Correspondence, etc.*

This element of happiness was by divine appointment allowed to endure to him twenty-five years, and that his love continued to the end is proven, because it was the consolation of his last hours. De Tocqueville died on the 16th of April, 1859, at Cannes, and the most touching scenes of his last hours show the deep, unbroken affection between the dying husband and the sick, suffering wife.

Would not our beautiful young ladies gain in real loveliness if they cultivated more carefully the graces that prepare the heart for this long life of wedded love, than they can attain by the arts of coquetry or the adornments of dress that call forth admiration in the ball-room? An eloquent writer has well said that "the wife whose sweet nature can kindle worthy delights is she that brings to her hearth a joyous, ardent, and hopeful spirit; that subtle power whose sources we hardly can trace, but which so irradiates a home that all who come near are filled and inspired by the deep sense of womanly presence!"

Rev. Charles Kingsley, in his celebrated novel of "Yeast," has verified the superior moral insight of a virtuous woman, and the good influence her steadfastness has over man, in his characters of Lancelot and Argemone. They were lovers, not a wedded pair, but the good influence of the young girl was from the same source that must dignify and sanctify the love and honor paid to the true wife by her faithful husband.

"He demanded her assent to truths, not because they were his opinions, but for truth's sake; and on all points which touched the heart he looked up to her as infallible and inspired. In questions of *morality*, of taste, of feeling, he listened, not as a lover to a mistress, but rather as a baby to its mother; and thus, half unconsciously to himself, he taught her where her true kingdom lay; that the heart and not the brain enshrines the priceless pearl of womanhood, the oracular jewel, the 'Urim and Thummim' before which gross man can only inquire and adore."

In wedded love the wife should also be able to express her entire trust in the noble and true heart of her husband, saying to him, "It is my happiness

"To cheer thy sickness, watch thy health,
Partake, but never waste thy wealth,
Or stand with smile un murmuring by,
And lighten half thy poverty."

* "De la Démocratie en Amérique," 4 vols.

PORTRAIT PAINTERS: THE PHILADELPHIA ARTIST.

What find I here?
Fair Portia's counterfeit? What damned
Hath come so near creation?—SHAKESPEARE.

We are not intending to discuss questions about degrees in the Fine Arts, or whether portrait painting is one of the highest branches. We may say, however, that the great masters of the sixteenth century, Rubens and Vanlyke, gained a world-wide fame by their portraits; Vandyke especially won his chief renown by his exquisite "counterparts" of fair faces.

In England, Sir Joshua Reynolds and Sir Thomas Lawrence obtained by portrait painting the highest rewards of genius bestowed by the British Government on its own artists; and certainly it will not be denied that the best perfection of this art is the power of depicting feminine beauty, grace, and expression so truthfully that the image on the canvass shall be "near creation" in its complete Eden loveliness.

In our "Table" of last month, we alluded to the Fine Arts in Philadelphia, and now we wish to introduce to our readers our BEST ARTIST, who has done much for the improvement of the public taste in this noble art. Mr. THOMAS SULLY is too well known to need any biographical sketch here; his beautiful pictures of women and children are household treasures of art in every city of our land. Nor is there an American portrait painter who can compete with Mr. Sully; he has been called the Lawrence of America; like that artist, Mr. Sully is peculiarly happy in delineating the graceful and the beautiful.

We have had and now have good portrait painters, deserving of high praise; Inman, for instance, could seize the strong features of man, and, by slightly, perhaps, exaggerating salient points, produce what is called a "striking likeness." But the soft and fine lines of beauty are seldom brought out in the hands of such artists; their women are hard and ungraceful, if not coarse and ugly.

Sully, on the contrary, has always a delicate point to his pencil, and his true taste for the beautiful has never failed to picture the *lady*, with all her symmetry of outline, softness of complexion, and gracefulness of air and drapery. Moreover, there is a holier charm—the sweet mystery of womanhood, with its love, tenderness, and intellectual earnestness after the good, which makes us feel, while gazing on his portraits, that

"A perfect woman, nobly plaun'd,
To warn, to comfort, and command,
And yet a spirit still and bright,
With something of an angel light,"

is the crowning glory of genius, as the poet has sung.

Notwithstanding this genius to discover and bring out on his canvass all the best gifts and graces of his sitters, Mr. Sully's portraits are excellent likenesses, and the children are perfectly portrayed. We do not know any work of art that is more pleasant to look upon than one of Sully's pictures of a beautiful child; it seems like a glimpse of Paradise. Besides portraits, Mr. Sully has painted some excellent pictures of composition, which prove, had circumstances permitted him to devote himself to the ideal, he would have been remarkable in what is usually called the very highest department of art.

Added to all his artistic merits, Mr. Sully has the higher honor of being a good man, an example of excellence that makes the happiness of his home as well

as secures for him the warm heart of society. Philadelphia values him, not only as her first artist, but as one of her most esteemed citizens.

Should any lady who reads this desire to have a portrait of herself or of her child which will always live in the *eyes* as well as hearts of her family and friends, let her come to Sully's studio. No painting from his hand will ever be stored in the garret or turned to the wall because it is not pleasant to look upon.

It may be well to add that he is not young in years, but still earnest in art as when he was young. Mr. Sully was born in England in 1783, brought to America in 1792; he has resided here and become a true citizen of the United States; his home has been in Philadelphia for more than fifty years, though he has made visits to his native land. By untiring industry and the judicious economy which always accompanies a nice sense of honor, he found means, during his earlier efforts, to spend some time in London under the direction of Sir Benjamin West, to whom, as well as to other artists of note, he was warmly commended.

The advantages thus afforded him were enjoyed and improved to the full measure. His last visit to London was to paint the portrait of Queen Victoria, soon after her coronation. This splendid picture is in the Academy of Fine Arts, and none of the portraits of Britain's good and therefore great sovereign will, as we believe, be considered so truly the expression of her youthful royalty and nobleness of mind and soul as the portrait by Philadelphia's *best artist*, THOMAS SULLY.

WEARY.

BRING me a cup of water,
Fresh from the coolest spring;
Shut out the tiresome sunshine;
Sit by my side and sing.

Oh, I am tired of thinking,
Working, and living, too;
Tired of books and people—
Everything but you.

Put out those sickening roses,
There in the mantel vase;
Fill it with clover blossoms.
Come with your saintly face

Nearer, till on my forehead
The spell of your cool hand lies;
Calm down my fevered pulses,
Sweet, with your tranquil eyes.

Sing to me, love, of heaven;
Not of the royal palms,
Not of the harps nor the spotless robes,
Not of the holy psalms;

Sing how the weary rest here,
Rest in the Saviour's love;
Sing how the precious promises
The souls of the righteous prove:

Sing till the glory enfolds us;
Sing till you seem to be,
Crowned and radiant, darling,
The angel you are to me!

BOOKS FOR FAMILY READING: CHEAP LITERATURE.—That the *best* books are the *cheapest*, because they not only last longer when well made, but leave the best and most important impressions on the mind, will hardly be questioned by any of our readers. Those who take the Lady's Book would not change it for any other periodical. We therefore do our readers a friendly service by directing them, for some of the best and cheapest books to educate and interest the household in those

charitable, moral, and religious duties which make the daily beauty of home life, to the publishers* of the works of the Rev. Drs. Chalmers, D'Aubigné, and Hamilton. The works of these three authors make quite a family library, the volumes of which we shall name in the Literary Notices of next month, if possible; here we have only room to say that the Memoir of James Wilson (brother of the veritable John, of the Notes), by Dr. Hamilton, is in this series, a book which has attractions for every noble, cultivated mind, and treasures for every tender and loving heart.

PLACES OF EDUCATION FOR YOUNG LADIES.

A NEW era in mental development has been gained within the last twenty-five years, by the better system of teaching now open for girls. Rev. Dr. D. W. Clark† truly says that, "in schools for young ladies, the pursuit of knowledge was (till lately) regarded as a misnomer; the elegant departments of literature, the fine arts, the embellishments of culture were all that was deemed requisite in the accomplishment of the most thoroughly educated of the sex." And Dr. Clark eloquently remarks: "Few reasons can be urged in vindication of this mistaken system. It is already demonstrated that woman's mind is capable of grappling with the same problems of science as the sterner sex, and that she rises from the struggle with intellectual powers invigorated and enlarged in the same way. If, then, the object of education is to discipline the intellect, to give it power, why should that discipline be denied to woman?"

"There may be specific studies which may lie without the line of a young lady's pursuits. It is the same with the young man. But in the mental discipline there should be the same breadth and comprehensiveness in the system of woman's education as in that for man."

Two Colleges—one in prosperous operation, the other in magnificent promise, seem destined to lead and guide this great work—the true education of women. The Wesleyan College at Cincinnati is the first of these, and the Vassar College at Poughkeepsie the other; the latter is not yet in operation, but the endowment, \$400,000, will give it advantages at starting that no other college for young women, in all the world, ever enjoyed. We shall refer to both these institutions in some future numbers.

GERMANY has lost one of her most eminent female scholars. Frau Dr. Heidenreich, *nee* von Siebold, died at Darmstadt recently. She was born in 1792, studied the science of midwifery at the Universities of Göttingen and Giessen, and took her Doctor's degree in 1817, not *honoris causa*, by favor of the faculty, but, like any other German student, by writing the customary Latin dissertation, as well as by defending in public disputation a number of medical theses. She took up her permanent abode at Darmstadt, where she was universally honored as one of the first living authorities of her special branch of science.

INNOCENT AMUSEMENTS.—Let all innocent amusements be sought after with assiduity and gladness, if in due subordination to more pressing or important duties; and especially with never ceasing reference to the Great Giver of all earthly blessings, of which a tranquil and contented disposition is the best.

* Messrs. Robert Carter & Brothers, New York.

† See the Ohio Educational Monthly. New series. Columbus. Edited by F. W. Hartt & Co.

MISS S. J. HALE'S BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, 1826 Rittenhouse Square, Philadelphia.

This school is designed to give a thorough and liberal English education, to furnish the best facilities for acquiring the French language, and the best instruction in music and the other accomplishments. The moral training and the health and physical development of the scholars are carefully attended to.

References: Mrs. Emma Willard, Troy, N. Y.; Henry Vethake, LL.D., Wm. B. Stevens, D.D., Wm. H. Ashhurst, Esq., Louis A. Godey, Esq., Philadelphia; Charles Hodge, D.D., Princeton, N. J.; and others.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.—The following articles are accepted: "Anniversary"—"Past"—"Three Pictures"—"Memento Mori" (the other poem declined for want of room)—"To Elsie"—"I ask no more"—"Barbarism"—"Green Pines of the South"—"Oil Wells"—"Under the Sea"—"Dreams"—"My Birth-place"—"How 'My Fate' was Blighted"—and "A Woman's Book."

These articles are declined, yet some are worthy of publication if we had room: "Tear Drops"—"The Last Look"—"The Landlord's Daughter"—"My Castle"—"A Vision"—"Sonnet"—"Leonora St. Clair"—"I know 'tis Madness," etc. (not original)—"Devices"—"I'm thinking of a blue-eyed lassie"—"There'll dawn a brighter day" (the other poem accepted)—"Spiritualism"—"I gazed on the Summer," etc.—"Song"—"The Boarding School Young Lady"—"Safe-sealing Envelopes—a Fiction"—"War and Wickedness"—"The Great Mistake"—"No Hope"—"Saints' Days" (we do not discuss sectarian questions in the Lady's Book)—"Apologue"—"Rival Parties"—"My two Uncles"—"The Fourth of July"—"Sonnet"—"My Visit to the Country"—"Magnetism versus Spiritualism"—"To Kate H." (pretty verses to send as a "forget-me-not" farewell to the private keeping of the beloved, whose criticism is always kind)—"Mary, my Mary"—"Annotations" (too "lofty" for our "feminine" work)—"Loulie Manning" (will be returned, with the other pieces, when three red stamps are sent)—"Worldly Friendship"—"To —"—"Lady Alda"—"Morning Rides"—"My Sister"—"The wrong Daguerreotype"—"Half a dozen offers"—"Operas"—and "A Single Misfortune."

Notice to Authors.—All MSS. must have a name, address—town, county, and State—and date legibly written on the first page, with stamps for their return, if not accepted.

Literary Aspirants.—We are constantly annoyed by young beginners sending us poetry and asking us to remit our usual price. We may add that we do not either pay for or return poetry. One thing more while we are upon the subject. It is folly for writers who have made no name to think of receiving payment for their productions. An article may be fit to publish without being entitled to compensation. A young writer should have a little modesty, and be thankful that he has the opportunity of displaying his talents before some hundreds of thousands of readers, without asking more or less pay in addition. If he write with unusual ability, he will be sought out, and his contributions solicited, and then will be time to put a price upon the productions of his brain. A little plain speaking at this time, when we scarcely open a letter offering a prose contribution without a request to know "our terms," will probably prove a blessing to other publishers as well as to ourselves.

Health Department.

BY JNO. STAINBACK WILSON, M. D.

A CASE OF CHOLERA INFANTUM.—The following case from our practice is adduced in illustration of the treatment of cholera infantum, and to show the happy effects of bathing and external applications under the most discouraging circumstances. We copy the report as made in one of our medical journals:—

"On the 27th of June, my little boy, a delicate child, six months old, and cutting his first two teeth, was attacked with diarrhoea. This did not receive any attention till Tuesday 1st of July. [Shoemakers' families, it is said, often go unphysicked.] The following symptoms then presented themselves: Frequent vomiting of yellow bile, with very profuse watery evacuations from the bowels, intense fever, and great heat of head and abdomen. About midnight he was attacked with violent general convulsions, with bending of the body backwards, which continued at intervals of from three to six hours, until the evening of the 2d. While the convulsions were at their height, and for some moments immediately preceding the muscular contractions, respiration seemed to be entirely suspended, and the little fellow appeared to be in *articulo mortis* (the article of death).

"*Treatment.*—First morning. A tepid bath, to be gradually increased to a hot bath after the excitement has been somewhat subdued by the tepid bath; the object being to stimulate the whole skin, and to produce a strong determination to the immense net work of blood-vessels spread through this membrane. Apply a mustard plaster over the stomach, to be followed by a wet bandage, wrung out of cold water, to the whole abdomen; bandage to be renewed as soon as it becomes dry or very warm; cold cloths to the head, to be changed frequently. Under this treatment the sick-stomach and vomiting subsided, and the discharges from the bowels ceased in frequency, but they were still profuse and watery.

"*Evening.* Fever has increased; restless, tossing from side to side, and biting at the fingers. Scarified gums; used warm, or rather a tepid bath, and cold applications to head and abdomen as before. *Non-medica pte.* [We use the term *medicine* in accordance with popular ideas. Yet this term does not by any means belong exclusively to drugs. Everything that has a remedial or curative action is properly a medicine; and therefore bathing, dieting, exercise, pure air, etc., may and should be considered among our best medicines.] After the bath the restlessness and fever subsided, and he seemed to be doing so well, that we ventured to retire to rest; but we were aroused about midnight by his convulsive struggles. Tepid bath immediately, with copious cold affusions to head while in the bath. Cold cloths to head and abdomen to be continued, and bath to be repeated whenever a convulsion comes on, or before the seizure, if there should be sufficient warning. By this treatment the convulsions were gradually diminished both in frequency and severity; and at five o'clock on the evening of the 2d, they took their final departure. The cold cloths were continued twenty-four hours longer, when the fever also yielded. The only medicine (drugs) given during the whole attack was three or four doses of a powder composed of *Hyd. cum casta*, Mercurial Chalk, and about the same quantity of chalk and ginger, with two half

grain doses of quinine on the mornings of the 2d and 3d."

Remarks.—It is to be feared that physicians, like the Syrian captain of old (2 Kings v. 1-14), in their desire to do some great thing, too often overlook the simpler, safer, and even more effective remedies which can be so readily obtained at all times and under all circumstances; my object, therefore, in publishing this case is simply to call attention to the fact that the most formidable diseases may be speedily subdued by water, pure simple water alone; for I am convinced that the drugs had but little if any agency in bringing about a result so satisfactory and so gratifying to a father's heart.

COLUMBUS, Ga.

Literary Notices.

BOOKS BY MAIL.—Now that the postage on printed matter is so low, we offer our services to procure for our subscribers or others any of the books that we notice. Information touching books will be cheerfully given by inclosing a stamp to pay return postage.

When ordering a book, please mention the name of the publisher.

From T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

THE SOLDIER'S COMPANION. *For the Use of all Officers, Volunteers, and Militia in the Service of the United States, in the Camp, Field, or on the March.* Compiled from the latest authorities, issued under orders of Simon Cameron, Secretary of War, and Lieut. General Winfield Scott, General-in-Chief of the U. S. Army. Price 25 cents.

THE SOLDIER'S GUIDE. *A Complete Manual and Drill Book for the Use of Volunteers, Militia, and the Home Guard.* Revised, corrected, and adapted to General Scott's Discipline and Drill of the Soldier and Volunteer in the U. S. Army, at the present time. By an officer in the U. S. Army. Price 25 cents.

From KING & BAIRD, Philadelphia:—

THE VOLUNTEER'S MANUAL: Containing Full Instructions for the Recruit, in the Schools of the Soldier and Squad, with one hundred illustrations of the different positions in the Formings and Manual of Arms, and the Loadings and Firings. Arranged according to Scott's System of Infantry Tactics, by Lieut. Col. D. W. C. Baxter, of the Second Regiment of National Guards, now in the service of the United States. Part I. Complete copies sent by mail, free of postage, on the receipt of 25 cents.

From RUDD & CARLETON, New York, through J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

THE PARTISAN LEADER. By Beverly Tucker, of Virginia. Secretly printed in Washington (in the year 1836) by Duff Green, for circulation in the Southern States. But afterwards suppressed. As a novel, simply, this story will be found somewhat dry reading. Taken in connection, however, with the fearful events which are now transpiring in our distracted country, it will be perused with absorbing interest.

From M. W. DODD, New York, through J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

MINNIE CARLTON. By Mary Belle Bartlett. This is

a beautiful and interesting little story of a moral character. It will be a pleasing and instructive addition to the library of any young girl who wishes to form a character based upon the true principles of excellence.

From ROBERT CARTER & BROTHERS, New York:—

MEMORIALS OF CAPT. HEDLEY VICARS, *Ninety-Seventh Regiment*. By the author of "English Hearts and Hands," etc. This valuable and interesting work, so suited to the present juncture, is offered to the public in a form and at a price to make it within the reach of every soldier. We hope they will all read it, and learn from the life and death of this gallant officer, how to be a true soldier of Christ strengthens one to be a true and brave defender of their country's honor.

THE SOLDIER'S TEXT-BOOK; or, *Confidence in Time of War*. By the Rev. J. R. Macduff, D. D. A careful selection of verses from the Bible, made by a careful student of the Holy Word, and well suited for its purpose as a soldier's *Vade Mecum*.

THE HAVEN AND PRIZE. By the author of "Memorials of Capt. Vicars." This is a little work, consisting of several short essays and sketches full of the devoted and earnest spirit and power of the well-known author. It cannot be too widely disseminated.

WE are indebted for the five following volumes to the PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL PUBLISHING SOCIETY, 762 Broadway, New York:—

MORAVIAN LIFE; or, *An English Girl's Account of a Moravian Settlement in the Black Forest*. Edited by the author of "Mary Powell." This is a charming book for any school-girl, and, from its simple, quiet story and admirable example, will have a most happy influence wherever it goes. The Moravian seminaries are truly Christian nurseries, and the chief object of their plan of education is not a showy enamel of accomplishments, but to lead the young to the highest and best aims through pleasant paths. The diary of a Moravian school-girl is as novel as it is fascinating. We commend it to all who are looking for birthday or holiday presents for girls from twelve to fifteen.

THE HOLY DAYS OF THE CHURCH. By Mary E. Bradley. A very unpretending but excellent little volume, "designed to give simple explanations of the Holy Days of the Church, adapted to children, and, indeed, to ALL who ask with regard to them, 'What mean ye by this service?'" It shows careful research, clearness of combination, and true devotional feeling and practical taste in the selection of the little poem for each day.

LIFE OF DR. FRANKLIN, the *Self-Educated Man*. Rev. John N. Norton is already widely known by his biographies of Washington and the Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church. He has now arranged the life of the boys' hero, Benjamin Franklin. The story of Franklin's early struggles is always fascinating to thoughtful lads, and next to that of Washington in general interest. There cannot be too many well-written histories of him, and Mr. Norton's gives new and interesting material. The style is clear and straight-forward, the incidents well arranged. It is published by H. B. PRICE, New York, and for sale at the Church Book Society.

THE LIFE OF BISHOP BERKLEY, by the same author, has great historical as well as personal interest. The character of the man described by Pope as "having every virtue under heaven," must be a valuable study. We commend this valuable series of biography in the course of publication by the Protestant Episcopal Sun-

day-School Union, not that we think they will reach the younger part of the community, for whom they are especially intended, but by being put in circulation in this manner they will find readers among the elder members of the family or the teachers of the Sunday-schools. Biography is the taste of maturity and thought, not the choice of the young.

THE LIFE OF HUGH LATIMER, by George L. Duyckinck, scarcely needs a commendation. The subject and the author speak sufficiently for its pathos and its power of kindling enthusiasm for the devoted martyrs and confessors of the Church. We regret that we have not space to quote the closing paragraphs of the volume, which are at once a eulogy and a prophecy. It is a fortunate thing that Mr. Duyckinck has the spirit and the leisure for these contributions to our best and purest literature.

Godey's Arm-Chair.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.—We present the illustrations in this number—Steel plate, Fashion-plate, and the pretty Farm-yard scene—as being worthy the notice of our subscribers. The truthfulness and beauty of our fashion-plates are everywhere acknowledged.

THAT DEAF AND DUMB WOMAN TURNED UP AGAIN.—Verily, this is one of the most accomplished impostors of the day. A letter from Fultonville, N. Y., says she has been there. Other publishers are also swindled, as she had three or four magazines for which she was soliciting subscriptions. "I paid her cash down \$2," says our correspondent. That is the whole secret. To save one dollar two are lost. Any one offering a publication cheaper than the published price ought at once to be suspected.

PROFESSOR F. L. O. ROEHRIG, 1813 Coates Street, Philadelphia. To schools wanting an accomplished teacher of Latin, we recommend this gentleman. He has recommendations from Bishop Odenheimer and others. He will also teach in families.

A COMPLIMENT TO OUR STEEL PLATES—from *City and Country, Nyack*:—

"No monthly magazine was ever published, in either this country or England, that gave its readers steel plates of equal merit with those furnished to the readers of this Lady's Book. The *London Art Journal* may form an exception, if it is a monthly—our impression is that it is issued only quarterly, however; and its price is \$6 a year. The large fashion-plate is praiseworthy, simply on its artistic merits, while there is probably no superlative that will express the delight of the ladies concerning it."

OUR valued contributor, Mrs. Haven, commences again with an admirable story in this number. She will continue to furnish a story monthly.

SOMEbody has sent us a religious drama. It has on one of the pages a description of the costumes to be worn by the several characters. The first is—"Angel: Auburn travelling garb underneath a white garment." Now, what is an "auburn travelling garb" for an angel?

OUR MUSICAL COLUMN.

In these times, all musical entertainments worthy the name are heeded, at once. At the Academy, and at various halls, "Volunteer Fund Concerts," are given, with no lack of patriotism or money, but a surprising absence of melody. Even the Germania is without its head.

Sheet Music—Our monthly bulletin comprises some new pieces, with new editions of several old favorites. For the convenience of purchasers we classify them, separating those for advanced performers from pieces not so difficult. We are enabled to offer also *day five* 25 cent pieces for \$1, or any music in the list to the same amount. This arrangement extends *only* to pieces named in this month's "column."

Easy Songs and Ballads: Through Cloudless Days, 25 cents; O Would that in the Quiet Tomb, 25 cents; Mary Vale, 25 cents; Because thou art here, 25 cents; The Passing Bell, 25 cents; Home returning from the Wars, 25 cents; Don't shut out the Moonbeams, 25 cents; O who would look sad, 25 cents; Black Eyed Nell, 25 cents; Only just a year ago, 25 cents; I've loved thee long 25 cents; He Sleeps beneath the Heather, 25 cents; Good Night, Fair Maiden, 25 cents; Poor Ben the Piper, 25 cents; Like the Strokes of Eastern Skies, 25 cents; Stand by our Flag, 25 cents; The Grave of Grimes, 25 cents; Mary Wayne, 25 cents; By the Banks of Hudson River, 25 cents; Bessy Green, 25 cents; Johnny Darling, humorous, 25 cents; In my Sweet Boat, 25 cents; The Yankee Girl, 25 cents; Lost Lizzie, 25 cents; Lost thee, Dearest, 25 cents; Inspirer of Prayer, 25 cents; Kitty, my Love and I, 25 cents; The Good Time has Come, 25 cents; Tyrolean Peasant Song, 25 cents; Were I a Soldier, by Stigelli, 35 cents; O Lady Touch Those Chords Again, 25 cents; How Swift the Blissful Moments Pass, 30 cents; Young Ellen Lorraine, 15 cents; Pretty Blue Star, 10 cents; National School Hymn and Chorus, 10 cents; Why are you Weeping, 10 cents.

Easy Pieces: Sunbeam Waltz; Ocean Pearl Schottische; Institute Polka; Ravine Quick Step; Flight Waltz; La Fleur Favorite, Quadrille, 35 cents; Patty Cake Polka, 50 cents; Maiden's Dream Waltz; Repeat Polka. Each 25 cents, with the two exceptions named.

Songs and Ballads for Advanced Performers: The Summer Book, 25 cents; Where Shall I Find Her, by Mulder, sung by Madam Fabri, 35 cents; I'm but the Withering Flower, 25 cents; Sweet Bride of Sleep, 35 cents; The Miller's Daughter—not very difficult, 30 cents.

Pieces for Practised Performers: Zouave, Mazourka brillante, 30 cents; Udollo Polka, 30 cents; Long Weary Day, Transcription, 35 cents; Good News From Home, Transcription, 50 cents; Beautiful Star, 50 cents; Little Gipsy Mazourka, 50 cents; Convent Bells, 35 cents; Twilight Whirlings, 40 cents. Address orders to Philadelphia, to J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

Is one of the actions during the Peninsular War, a colonel of the English army, by his bravery and resolution, achieved wonders in an action against greatly superior forces. In the dispatches and mention of the affair, he found all the *glory* was given to his superior officer. He was silent. One evening, in the presence of the commander-in-chief, this very action was discussed.

"By the way, colonel," said the General, "you were in that action. How did you distinguish yourself?"

"I *did*, covered with glory," was the reply.

WHAT OUR FASHION EDITOR CAN SUPPLY. Address Fashion Editor, care L. A. Godey, Philadelphia. Mrs. Hales is not the fashion editor.

Hair-work, patterns for all kinds of garments, and for women and children, jewelry, caps, bonnets, cloaks, mantillas, tablas, mantles, headresses, shawls, head-work, materials for wax and paper flowers, embroidery, collars, capes, worsteds, Shetland wool, infants' wardrobes or patterns for the same, stamped collars, orné balls, canvas for working, etc. etc.

"Why did you not pocket some of those pearls?" said one boy to another; "nobody was there to see." "Yes, there was; I was there to see myself, and I don't want to ever see myself do a mean thing."

"Godey's Lady's Book is so large and gives so much for so small a price that any one who cannot afford to buy it, is indeed poor."

We are obliged to the *Burlington (Wis.) Gazette* for the above. But we are sorry to say that it is those who can afford to pay that are the most inveterate borrowers.

Who is there that don't love a good laugh? The one who is a good hearty laughter is not "fit for treason, stratagem, and spoils." And nothing is so refreshing as hearty laughter. It clears the cobwebs of the mind. We think a good laugh early in the morning is to the sensible man what the early glass is to the toper: it sets him up. The *Georgetown Argus* agrees with us; it says:—

"A good laugh is one of the richest blessings ever enjoyed by anybody, and we always prepare ourselves for it when we read Mr. and Mrs. Rasher. Godey not only contains witty productions, but plenty that is instructive and entertaining."

DEAR GODEY: "I now take my pen in hand To inform you that I'm in the living land," And hope I shall always be glad to stay, Where I can hear every month from Mr. Godey.

I would like to scrape an acquaintance with you; But, first, let me tell you I'm no stocking-blue, Nor a body that's gifted with sense, by the way, Enough to please the *fastidious*, Mr. Godey.

No, sir! I'm a woman *as plain as your shoe*, And quite *past* the age of forty and two; Thirty odd years ago a month and a day, I first *knew* the man "Mr. Louis Godey."

I've tarried in York, and I've tarried in Penn, I've tarried in the State Illinois twice ten; Now I'll leave you to guess—Who d'you think I am, pray?

This matter-of-fact woman that writes you Godey!

We thank our fair correspondent for the above, but inform her that our name is not accented *Go-day*. It is *Gô-de*, accent on the first syllable.

MILTON was once asked, "How is it that in some countries a king is allowed to take his place on the throne at fourteen years of age, but may not marry until he is eighteen?"

"Because," said the poet, "it is easier to govern a kingdom than a woman."

ENIGMA from Brooklyn. Sorry we cannot oblige you, but we do not publish enigmas.

CONVEYANCING IN THE OLDEN TIMES.

(Extract from Kent's Commentaries, Vol. IV. p. 556,
10th Ed., note a.)

Edited by W. H. FORMAN, Esq., New York.

IN the *North American Review* for October, 1840, page 313, there is given a copy of an Egyptian deed in the Greek language, and under seal, with a certificate of registry in a public office annexed, and executed in the year 106 B. C., or more than a century before the Christian era. It was written on papyrus, and found deposited, in good preservation, in a tomb in Upper Egypt, by the side of a mummy (probably that of Nechutes the purchaser), and contains the sale of a piece of land in the city of Thebes. It has the brevity and simplicity of the Saxon deeds, so much commended by Spelman. It gives the names and titles of the sovereigns in whose time the instrument was executed, viz., Cleopatra and Ptolemy, her son, surnamed Alexander. It describes with precision the ages, stature, and complexion, by way of identity, of each of the contracting parties, as, for instance, Pamonthes, one of the male grantors, "aged about 45, of middle stature, dark complexion, handsome person, bald, round-faced, and straight-nosed;" and Semmutthis, one of the female grantors, "aged about 22 years, of middle size, yellow complexion, round-faced, flat-nosed, and of quiet demeanor." It then goes on to state that the four grantors (two brothers and two sisters) have sold out of the piece of land belonging to them in the southern part of the Memnonia, 5000 cubits of vacant ground, one-fourth part of the whole. The bounds "are on the south by the royal street, on the north and east by the land of Pamonthes, and Bokon of Hiermis, his brother, and the common land of the city; on the west by the house of Tephis, the son of Chaloman; a canal running through the middle leading from the river. These are the abutters on all sides. Nechutes the less, the son of Asos, aged about 40 years, of middle stature, yellow complexion, cheerful countenance, long face, and straight nose, with a scar upon the middle of his forehead, has bought the same for one talent of brass money. The vendors being the acting salesmen and warrantors of the sale. Nechutes, the purchaser, has accepted the same."

There seems to be no doubt of the authenticity and age of the instrument in the minds of the distinguished German, French, and English scholars, and profound antiquarians who have studied the subject.

THE *River Falls Journal* says: "If we ever marry, one of the main motives will be to have somebody to take Godey home to."

Our advice is, try it, when the times get a little better.

A PEASANT in Paris for the first time was very much interested in all he saw, and asked numerous questions of those with whom he spoke. One day he walked into a little office where there was only a table covered with writing materials and a chair. A young man was seated there, idle.

"Sir," said the peasant, "will you be kind enough to tell me what you sell here?"

"Certainly," said the man, wishing to revenge himself for the interruption; "we sell asses' heads."

"Why," said the peasant, with an air of great simplicity, "what good sales you must have had! I see only one left in the place."

THE name of "Marion" for embroidery has been several times published.

HAIR ORNAMENTS.—Ladies wishing hair made into bracelets, pins (which are very beautiful), necklaces, or ear-rings, can be accommodated by our Fashion Editor. A very large number of orders have recently been filled, and the articles have given great satisfaction.



We give the prices at which we will send these beautiful articles:—

Breastpins, from \$4 to \$12.

Ear-rings, from \$4 50 to \$10.

Bracelets, from \$3 to \$15.

Rings, from \$1 50 to \$3.

Necklaces, from \$6 to \$15.

Fob-chains, from \$6 to \$12.

The Charms of Faith, Hope, and Charity, \$4 50.

Hair Studs from \$5 50 to \$11 the set.

Sleeve Buttons from \$6 50 to \$11 the set.

HAIR is at once the most delicate and lasting of our materials, and survives us like love. It is so light, so gentle, so escaping from the idea of death, that, with a lock of hair belonging to a child or friend, we may almost look up to heaven and compare notes with the angelic nature—may almost say: "I have a piece of thee here, not unworthy of thy being now."

"HUMBLE as I am," said a bullying spouter at a mass meeting, a night or two ago, "I still remember that I'm a fraction of this great republic." "You are, indeed," said a bystander, "and a vulgar one, at that."

DOMESTIC PRAISE.—The *Bucyrus Forum* says: "We suppose ladies can get along without Godey, but it must be an awful get along—something like bringing up children without any milk about the house."

A YOUNG peasant girl in Kent once laid a wager that she dared go into an graveyard after midnight, and bring away a skull. One of her opponents in the wager was concealed by the others behind a monument to frighten her from the enterprise.

At the appointed hour, the girl went to the graveyard, and picked up a skull.

"Give me my head!" cried a sepulchral voice, from behind the monument.

"Take it!" she cried, flinging it to him. A second time she took a skull, and the concealed man made the same request. She noticed that the voice was the same, but flung him the second skull. A third one was found, and the voice cried again—

"Give me my head!"

"No!" she cried; "I want this one. One head is enough for a living man, and two is surely sufficient for a ghost."

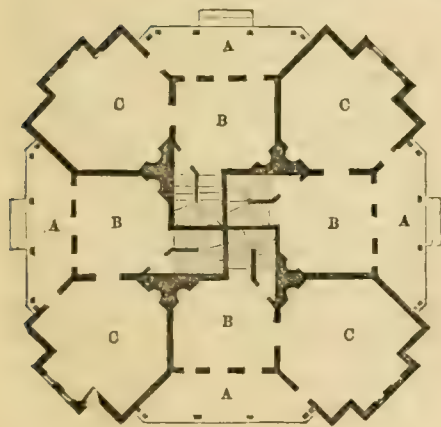
"THE Music, alone, is worth the subscription to Godey," says the Cambridge *Flag of the Free*, and we know it is. We give it in our book original, and the music stores get it after us.

GROUP OF FOUR COTTAGES.

Designed expressly for Godey's Lady's Book by SAMUEL SLOAN, Architect, Philadelphia.



PERSPECTIVE VIEW.



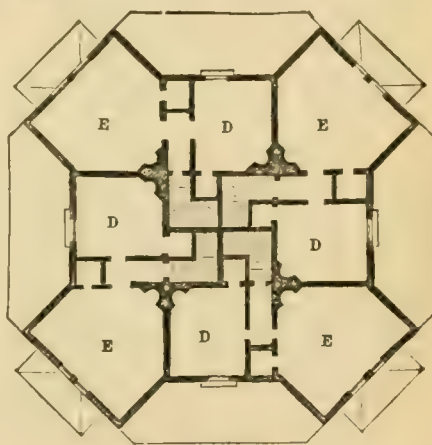
PRINCIPAL FLOOR.

THE following design differs essentially in character from any which precedes it, being a combination or group of dwellings so arranged that they can be occupied by four separate families, at the same time entirely distinct and private. This plan possesses much in its arrangement, each family having four apartments assigned to it.

First Floor.—Living-room, C; porch, A, opening to sitting-room, B, from which is a stairway leading to the chamber floor.

The chambers E D are conveniently fitted up with closets.

The architecture of the exterior is simple in character, partaking of the rural cottage style with form of construction.



SECOND FLOOR.

BELLINI's opera, "I Montecchi e Capuleti," was lately performed at Bucharest. At the bottom of the *affiche* was the following notice: "To avoid the lamentable effect at the end of the fourth act, Romeo and Juliet will not die."

This reminds us of an incident: A manager of a theatre advertised with great flourish of trumpets that he would bring out "Don Juan; or, The Libertine Destroyed," with new scenery dresses, and decorations, the scenery taken from views drawn on the spot, with the exception of the view of the Infernal Regions.

If the author of "Mr. and Mrs. Rasher" will give us permission, we will publish the name. Until then, friend *Journal*, of Condesport, we must be silent.

EXCAVATIONS were lately recommenced in Pompeii, and among the first discoveries made was a druggist's shop, containing pill-boxes in abundance.

PHILADELPHIA AGENCY.

No order attended to unless the cash accompanies it. All persons requiring answers by mail must send a post-office stamp; and for all articles that are to be sent by mail, stamps must be sent to pay return postage.

Be particular, when writing, to mention the town, county, and State you reside in. Nothing can be made out of post-marks.

- Mrs. C. B.—Sent ear-rings and clasps May 24th.
 Mrs. H. D.—Sent pattern 24th.
 Mrs. C. B.—Sent braid 25th.
 Mrs. N. A. P.—Sent patterns 25th.
 Mrs. G. M. H.—Sent patterns 25th.
 Miss A. M.—Sent hair cross 30th.
 A. W.—Sent chenille June 1st.
 Dr. G. W. G.—Sent turban hat by Adams's express 3d.
 M. A. H.—Sent millinery by Adams's express 7th.
 Mrs. E. R.—Sent ring 7th.
 Miss A. C. W.—Sent articles 7th.
 Mrs. S. B.—Sent infant's wardrobe patterns 7th.
 Mrs. J. G.—Sent box of patterns by Howard's express 11th.
 Mrs. E. A. D.—Sent patterns 12th.
 Mrs. W. R.—Sent patterns 12th.
 Mrs. J. H. B.—Sent patterns 17th.
 C. D. C.—Sent articles by Adams's express 17th.
 Mrs. E. C. B.—Sent Zouave jacket pattern 18th.
 J. K. J.—Sent Zouave jacket pattern 18th.

Chemistry for the Young.

LESSON XIX.—(Continued.)

417. CARBONIC acid is very noxious when breathed. It is evolved in many common operations, such as lime-stone-burning and brewing. It is also given off naturally in many parts of the world. The "grotto del cane" in the vicinity of Naples owes its danger to the presence of carbonic acid, which, being a very heavy gas, lingers near the floor of the grotto, and is fatal to dogs and other small quadrupeds, because they cannot avoid breathing it, whereas human beings, on account of their erect posture, remain elevated above the noxious level, and thus escape with impunity. In the island of Java there exists a large valley teeming with this gas, and covered with the skeletons of animals which have gone there inadvertently. The existence of this valley has given rise to the fabulous description of the upas-tree. It is true the upas-tree grows in Java—also that its juice is poisonous; but that the tree itself poisons the atmosphere for miles around, or at all, is untrue. The mephitic valley owes its noxious influence to carbonic acid.

418. Carbonic acid, although a gas as usually procured, may, nevertheless, be converted into a fluid or a solid. In combination it readily assumes the solid form, as we see in chalk, in marble, and numerous other carbonates. Marble is always found in the vicinity of mountains which once were fluid by heat. If chalk be fused in closed iron vessels, a substance resembling marble is produced.

419. All carbonates, without exception, evolve carbonic acid gas when another acid, such as the nitric, hydrochloric, sulphuric, &c., is added. If a substance,

on being thus treated with acids, effervesce and yield a gas, most probably the substance operated upon is a carbonate. If the gas whiten lime-water, extinguish flame, and do not smell like burning sulphur, the substance operated upon is *certainly* a carbonate.

420. Carbon unites with hydrogen in numerous proportions, constituting solids, liquids and gases. Essence of lemon and oil of turpentine are both compounds of carbon and hydrogen in precisely similar proportions; thus presenting us with the curious, although by no means singular fact, of identity of composition not corresponding with identity of properties. Pit coal may be regarded as a compound of carbon and hydrogen; so in like manner is coal gas; or, more properly speaking, the latter is a mixture of many compounds of carbon and hydrogen, of which olefant gas, next to be treated of, is the chief.

421. Mix one part of alcohol with two parts (measure) of oil of vitriol, in a Florence flask; attach a cork and bent tube, and distil by means of a spirit-lamp flame. Allow the first portions of the resulting olefant gas to escape, and collect the rest in the usual manner; so in bottles, over water, agitating it well with water to remove associated impurities. The term *olefant* has been given to this gas because when mixed with chlorine, and allowed to stand at rest for some time, an oily-looking fluid results. If, however, it be mixed with chlorine, and ignited, then a very different result takes place; a flame rapidly spreads through the vessel, and carbon is deposited.

422. Take a tall glass jar or bottle, fill it with water, and invert it over the pneumatic trough; pour in one measure of olefant gas, and two measures of chlorine; press a glass valve against the mouth of the jar containing the mixture, agitate the contents by inverting the jar two or three times in succession, and apply a lighted taper. Carbon will be deposited.

423. The diamond is carbon in a state of absolute purity, and crystallized; it is supposed to be of vegetable origin, and most probably was once in a pasty or liquid condition; inasmuch as many specimens contain imbedded within their substance bubbles of air, and even insects. The diamond, if immersed red hot into oxygen gas, burns; yielding carbonic acid, and thus affording complete evidence of its nature. By peculiar and graduated application of heat, the diamond may be converted into coke, although chemists have not yet been fortunate enough to solve the other problem, of converting coke into diamonds.

Fashions.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

HAVING had frequent applications for the purchase of jewelry, millinery, etc., by ladies living at a distance, the *Editress of the Fashion Department* will hereafter execute commissions for any who may desire it, with the charge of a small percentage for the time and research required. Spring and autumn bonnets, materials for dresses, jewelry, envelops, hair-work, worsteds, children's wardrobes, mantillas, and mantelets, will be chosen with a view to economy, as well as taste; and boxes or packages forwarded by express to any part of the country. For the last, distinct directions must be given.

Orders, accompanied by checks for the proposed expenditure, to be addressed to the care of L. A. Godey, Esq.

No order will be attended to unless the money is first received. Neither the Editor nor Publisher will be accountable for losses that may occur in remitting.

Instructions to be as minute as is possible, accompanied by a note of the height, complexion, and general style of the person, on which much depends in choice. Dress goods from Evans & Co.'s; mourning goods from Besson & Son; cloaks, mantillas, or talmas, from Brodie's, 51 Canal Street, New York; bonnets from the most celebrated establishments; jewelry from Wriggins & Warden, or Caldwell's, Philadelphia.

When goods are ordered, the fashions that prevail here govern the purchase; therefore, no articles will be taken back. When the goods are sent, the transaction must be considered final.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL FASHION-PLATE FOR AUGUST.

DINNER AND EVENING-DRESS FOR WATERING-PLACES.

Fig. 1.—Dinner-dress of white grenadine, with trimmings of mauve-colored silk and ribbon; the skirt has three *bouillonnés* of grenadine, separated by narrow ruffles of mauve silk, with a narrow ornament of ribbon on the lower edge. The upper portion of the skirt is caught up by bands of mauve ribbon, laid on flat. The ribbon ornament, *en rosette*, that edges the ruffles of the skirt, is repeated on the sleeves, which are demi long and wide. Corsage in a short, rather blunt point; *berthé* of grenadine, in *bouillonné* separated by narrow bands of mauve ribbon. Hair turned back over a cushion. Cap of blonde, flowers, and mauve ribbon.

Fig. 2.—Dress of Pompadour silk, the ground a dove-color, the pattern in black and gold. Around the bottom of the skirt are four flounces, alternately of dove-color and apple green, all set on with a heading formed by the flounce. The front breadth is in the very popular *tablier* or apron fashion, formed by alternate narrow flounces. The sleeves, which are a good shape, are ornamented with the same, and a heart-shaped *berthé* to correspond covers the upper part of the corsage. Watteau head-dress of lace, with a bandeau of mauve ribbon.

Fig. 3.—Dress for a young girl. Skirt of Pompadour silk, a white ground, with Napoleon blue stripes; between the stripes are pannels in natural colors. Zouave jacket and vest of fine white cashmere, trimmed with narrow black velvet ribbon and black lace; full bishop sleeve of white muslin.

Fig. 4.—Extremely simple and pretty robe, of India muslin, in a striped pattern, made up over a slip of pale rose-colored silk. It is ornamented by flat bands of the same, edged with Valenciennes. Sash and bonnet strings of rose-colored ribbon.

Fig. 5.—Robe of white satin, having the lower part of the skirt trimmed with a *bouillonné* of thulle, finished above and below with a *ruche* of thulle, bound at the edges with blue satin ribbon. Over the upper part of the skirt descends a tunic of white thulle *bouillonné* at the edge, and nearly covered by two deep rows of black lace. The tunic is raised up on the left side by a bow with long ends of blue velvet. The corsage low, and pointed in front of the waist, is edged at the upper part with a row of white lace. In front and behind there are folds of thulle, and beneath the folds there is a *ruche* of thulle bound with blue satin ribbon; from the under part of the *ruche* descends a narrow frill of black lace. A bow of blue velvet, encircled with black lace, is placed on the *ruche* in front of the corsage. The sleeves are

formed of two puffs of thulle, separated by a frill of black lace. The hair is dressed in frizzed curls in front, and in a bow behind. Headdress consisting of a plait of blue velvet, trimmed at the upper part with a narrow row of black lace, and at the back with two lappets, also composed of black lace.

CHITCHAT UPON NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS, FOR AUGUST.

We have been obliged to delay noticing the novelties in juvenile wear, and will now give the nursery its due place. For infants, lovely little cap bonnets in Valenciennes medallions, lined with white silk and edged with frills of Valenciennes, have a little bow of pearled ribbon at the top of the cap or a little on one side. The cape is flowing, and also covered with medallions of Valenciennes. For country wear, tiny capellines of white cambric, lined with blue, rose-colored, or maize silk beneath the insertings are worn; or plain Marseilles or *piqué*, with the brim and edges buttonholed in small scallops, either in white or some fast color. For cloaks, dimity, Marseilles, and *piqué*, either buff or white, trimmed with an endless variety of white braid an inch broad, or several rows of narrow or the moderate width, say half an inch, put on in waved, pointed, or square *Grecque* patterns. The same materials are much used in the little suits made for the street wear of boys from two to five years old. For the house there is a large variety of *sacque* patterns, very wide in the skirt, so as to allow the under petticoat of flannel; they may be either high or low in the neck; when high, they are accompanied by long sleeves. They are usually cut cross-wise of the stuff, which insures a better fit at the waist, and are trimmed all around with one or several rows of braid. Black velvet ribbon or flat silk gimp is largely used on unwashable materials, such as mohair, Italian (raw) silk, plaid alpaca, shepherds' plaid, and the like.

It is a good plan, for very young children, to have a tape running, put on flat on the inside, at the waist line, with a drawing-string to confine the fullness at the waist. For children of this age, in washable materials, a trimmed belt of the material is considered less stiff than one of leather. Very narrow leather belts, in fancy colors, with double clasps of enamel or mother-of-pearl. The black belts with a stamped gold pattern, or those with green, red, or Rus-colored ground are the neatest. For country wear, plaid gingham of good quality, plain linens, figured linens, plaid cottons, and any of the light materials in silk and cotton; silk and wool are very suitable.

The same materials are used in the Albert street dress, which is still worn, and more popular than ever. It is a short skirt, consisting of three widths of stuff, box plaited on to a pointed band, which is attached to a Zouave vest of white cambric or linen. Over this is worn a loose jacket, rather longer behind than in front, and sloped out on the hips. In shepherds' plaid of silk and cotton or silk and wool, braided by narrow black velvet ribbon, it is a very neat and serviceable dress, readily made, washed, and cared for. We must not neglect to chronicle the new Zouave suits for boys just introduced to jacket and trousers. The cut-away jacket has long been known, and to this and the shirt above described is added, instead of the plaited skirt or the long-worn knee-breeches, full Turkish trousers, which are loose and easy to the figure, and allow full play to the limbs of the restless little being. Blue and gray flannel is very suitable for this dress, trimmed with a simple pattern in

scarlet braid. We shall speak of the suits worn by lads in our next.

It may be remembered that we directed those who had been in the habit of shopping at the ever-to-be-regretted Genin's Bazaar to 303 Canal Street, where certain of its departments are continued under their original direction. We are indebted to Mrs. Myers, of this establishment, for a review of the different hats and caps in favor with the younger branches. The Tudor hat, with the high, turned-up brim, bound by black or colored velvet, with a band of the same, is a very suitable accompaniment for the above dress. It is to be had in Leghorn, split straw, and fancy braids. The half turban is also a good shape. The Continental is intended for quite a young child; its turned-up brim is tri-cornered—as the name implies, a point before and at each side; it is of split straw, richly trimmed with velvet and wide white ribbon; the side rosettes are of blonde velvet and ribbon. The straw caps, with patent leather visor of some light and pretty shade, and the gray Tudor felts, of the best quality, are intended for older boys.

The children's hat department, being a legitimate branch of Mr. Genin's original business, is still carried on by him in excellent taste, and with the best possible materials. All the above varieties are manufactured by him.

To return to 303 Canal Street. They have lately added a room for children's dress, where the Alfred suits, sacque, etc., already described, are to be found. We noticed in this department a pretty style for making up muslins, Chambray cambrics, etc., for little girls. The waist is full, gathered into the belt in a fan or sheaf pattern, and spreading, to the shoulders, following the outline of the gathers, is a ruffle two inches in width, placed bretelle-fashion, and running over the shoulders to the belt in front and back. The skirt and sleeves were ruffled to correspond.

Another pretty dress is a *chinee* gray silk, with three small flounces, each bordered by a roll of green silk. The flounces gradually diminish in depth. The body is cut square across the top, and low, especially on the shoulders. The mantelet to match has four rows of trimming, and fastens in front by a large bow of green silk.

To accompany these low-bodied frocks very pretty Zouave chemisettes are made, plaited all over, and having lappets at bottom to prevent them from working up.

Another of these graceful dresses is made of muslin, having a white ground with mauve lozenges. The skirt is ornamented with a *ruche à la vieille*, of muslin, overlapped at each side by a *ruche* of mauve ribbon. The body, plaited in the sheaf fashion, is trimmed all round by a small *ruche*, like that on the skirt. The mantelet, laid in flat plaits, is bordered by a similar *ruche*, and fastens with a mauve bow.

White silk bonnets with soft crowns are sometimes made for little girls, but the round hat described in the spring (the brim set up an inch or so in the crown) are most generally worn; the trimming, velvet blended with ribbon, and a plume of feathers or straw. Black velvet and white ribbon is very popular. The brim is generally bound with velvet. For walking, Bowden furnishes half high boots of cloth; for the house, slippers of several pretty styles. For street coats—Brodie's best coat is of a light but lustrous black silk, gored to the figure and coming quite to the bottom of the child's dress. It may be buttoned closely from the chin to the waist; the seams are corded. The round pelerine, sleeves, and pockets are trimmed with a double pinked

ruche of silk. The same coat is made of white or buff *pique*, with linen trimmings and buttons.

Brodie's elegant lace mantles are just in season. The real Chantilly laces imported by him are almost invariably in points or a half shawl, the reason being two-fold—a point is always in fashion; and again, a point flowered, or a scarf with full flowers in real lace, is beyond most American purses. Some of his Pusher laces, the present season, are so admirable in design and texture as to deceive even a practiced eye.

Besides the laces, there is a scarf mantilla quite low on the shoulder; the fulness between the shoulders in double box plaits; the point is tablier; it is trimmed with a volante of medium width, the edge being hemmed, with a cord. Large flat bow, or rosette with long ends at the back; edge with thread lace. There are a few white grenadine and *barige* mantles corded with white silk; of a wide bournous shape. Double shawls of white muslin are also a good deal worn. They sometimes have deep flounces of the same, which round off about a point with a deep hem, or occasionally they have several rows of narrow white and black guipure and velvet ribbon. The shawls of embroidered cashmere, trimmed with lace or guipure, are worn on silk dresses, and even on those of clear tissues when the color is rather dark. Lace shawls may be worn with any toilet, and are always an elegant addition. We have also seen some embroidered cashmere summer shawls, with black or carmine grounds, which, though double are light, as well as soft and warm. Summer shawls of grenadine, tissue, *barige*, etc., are quite pretty, with a cloud gray centre, and blue, mauve, apple-green, or rose sublime satin stripes on the edge; some have a *chinee* pattern in flowers.

In mourning, the distinguishing feature is a mixture of clear white with black; mauve and royal purple continue to be mingled with black also. We describe two handsome toilets in half mourning. The first, a robe of black silk, trimmed with *froncs* (close *bouillonnes*) of the same, fixed at equal distances by quillings of narrow black velvet ribbon. The corsage is high, buttoned up the front, and not pointed in front of the waist. The trimming which forms the epaulette, as well as that on the ends of the sleeves, consists of *froncs* similar to those on the skirt. Collar of lace. Undersleeves of thulle, trimmed with lace. Bonnets with a souple crown, composed of mauve-color silk. The front is edged with four frills of silk, pinked at the edges, two being formed of the same silk as the bonnet, and two of silk of a darker shade of mauve. Across the bonnet there are two frills, and two border the curtain. On each side is placed a quilling formed of a broad stripe of silk, of the dark shade of mauve, and the strips consist also of broad stripes of the dark silk, pinked at the edges. Undertrimming, a bandeau of white convolvuluses and white blonde at the ears.

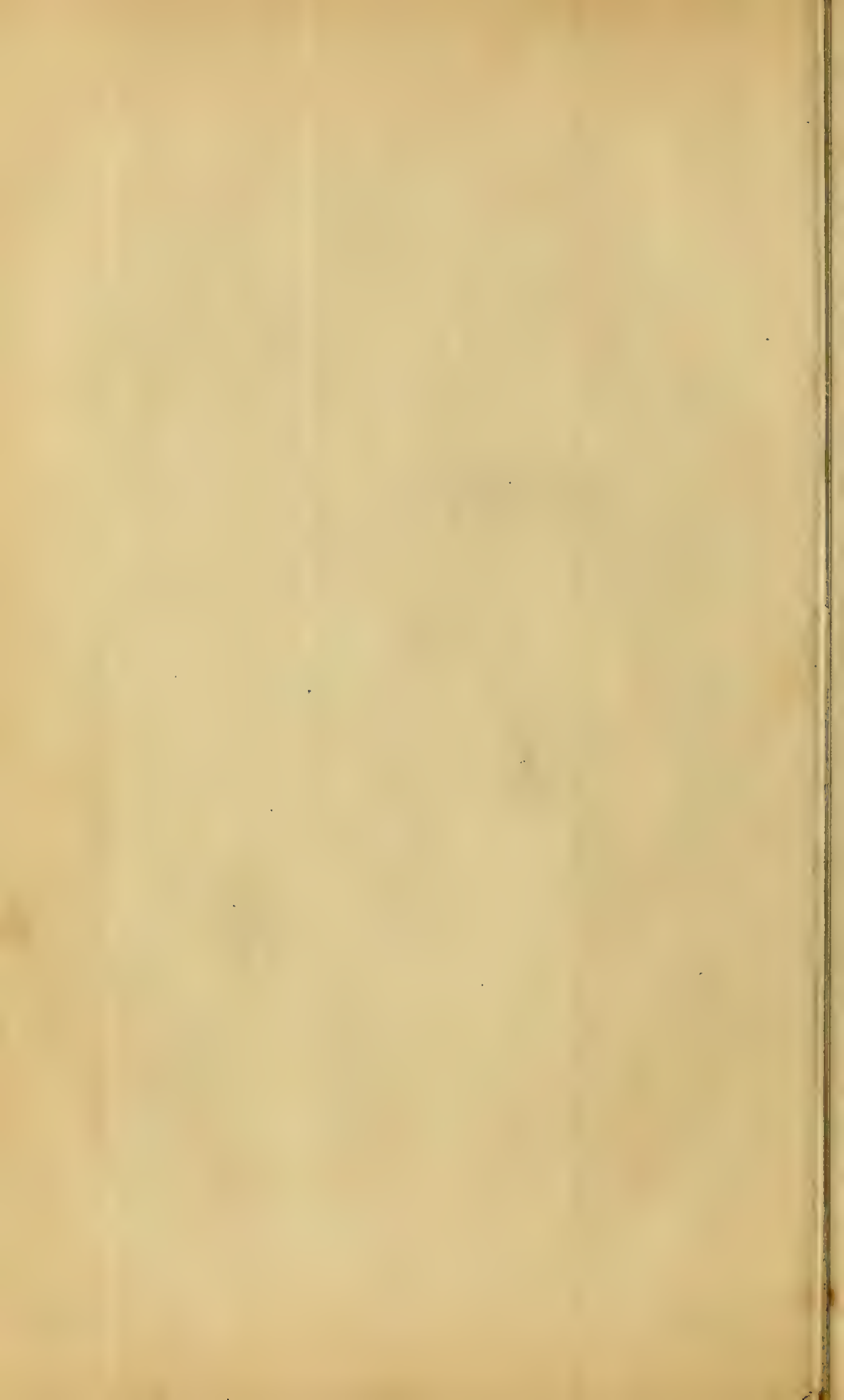
A dress for half mourning is made of light gray silk, trimmed at bottom with three flounces of about a hand's breadth, surmounted by very small flounces of a dark gray. This dress, all the plaits of which are turned backwards, spreads handsomely in the fan shape, and presents a decided train. All the flounces are cut in festoons. The body is plain, and fastens in front with dark gray buttons. Larger buttons are put down the front of the skirt. The sleeves, wide and gathered, have a jockey formed of one deep and one narrow flounce, and end in a loose band drawn slantingly and trimmed with two of the same frills.

FASHION.





GODEY'S FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER 1861.





BONNIE JEANIE POLKA.

COMPOSED FOR THE PIANO-FORTE, FOR GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK,

BY ROSALIE E. SMITH.

Con Spiritoso.

The first system of musical notation for 'Bonnie Jeanie Polka' is written for piano-forte in 2/4 time. It consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The melody is in the treble clef, featuring a series of eighth and sixteenth notes with slurs. The bass clef provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The system ends with a repeat sign.

Allegro.

The second system of musical notation continues the piece in 2/4 time. It features a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The key signature has one flat. The melody is in the treble clef, with a repeat sign at the beginning. The bass clef provides a harmonic accompaniment. The system includes a first ending marked '1st time.' and a second ending marked '2d time.' with a repeat sign. The notation includes various musical symbols such as slurs, ties, and dynamic markings like 'Ped.' and 'p'.

pp

mf

8 Va. loco.

f

Ped.

*

8 Va. loco.

f

Ped.

*

THE CORDOVAN.

[From the establishment of G. BRODIE, 51 Canal Street, New York. Drawn by L. T. VOIGT, from actual articles of costume.]



THE characteristics of these garments are so strongly marked, that no special comment is required. They are made of all fabrics suitable to the season, and the passementeries vary according to material and the price, so as to suit all requirements of different tastes and pecuniary means.

EMBROIDERY.



THE ALEXANDRINE.



MAUVE grenadine dress, trimmed with silk ruchings. Spanish corsage over a fine muslin spencer. Leghorn hat, bound with rose sublime velvet, and plume of the same color.

NEW STYLES OF APRONS.

MISSSES APRON.



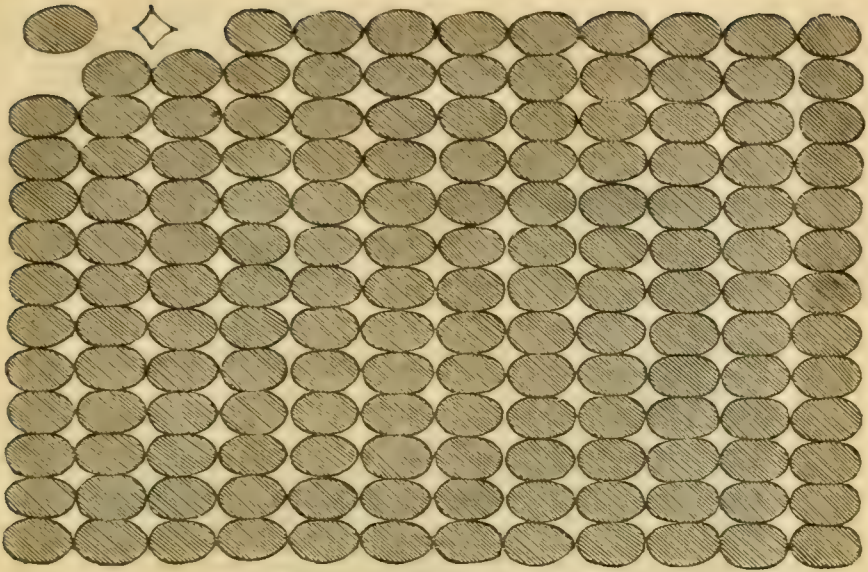
This apron is of black silk, trimmed with velvet. A very pretty style.

THE MATHILDE.

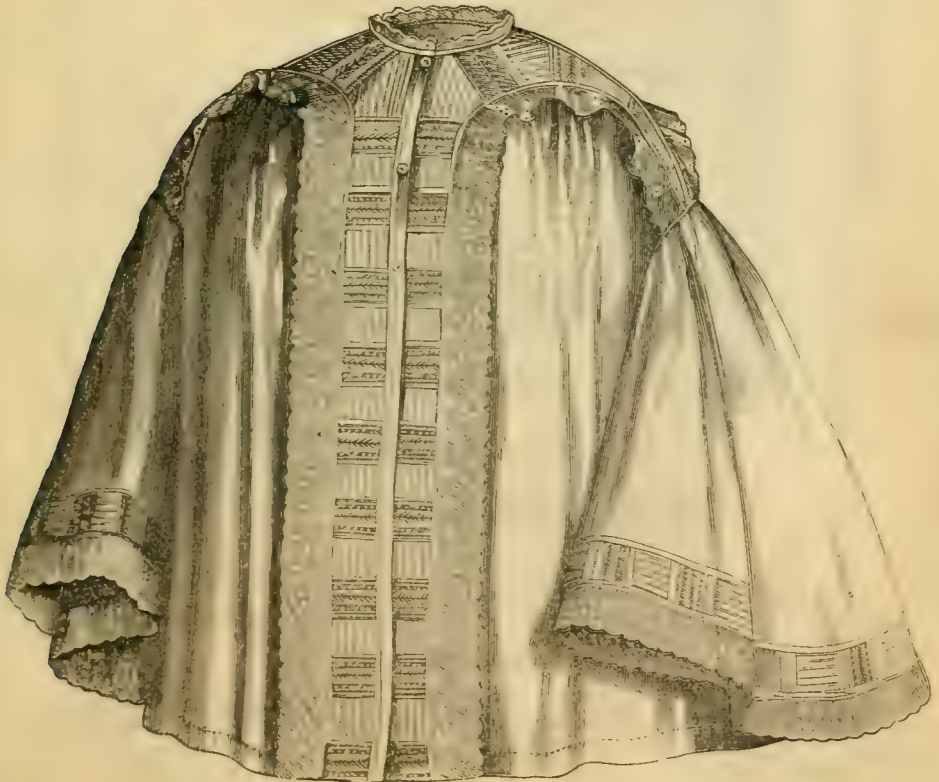


MADE of dark blue silk, with three bias folds, edged with a ribbon ruffle. The pockets are trimmed to match.

PATCHWORK.



THE BEAUTY.

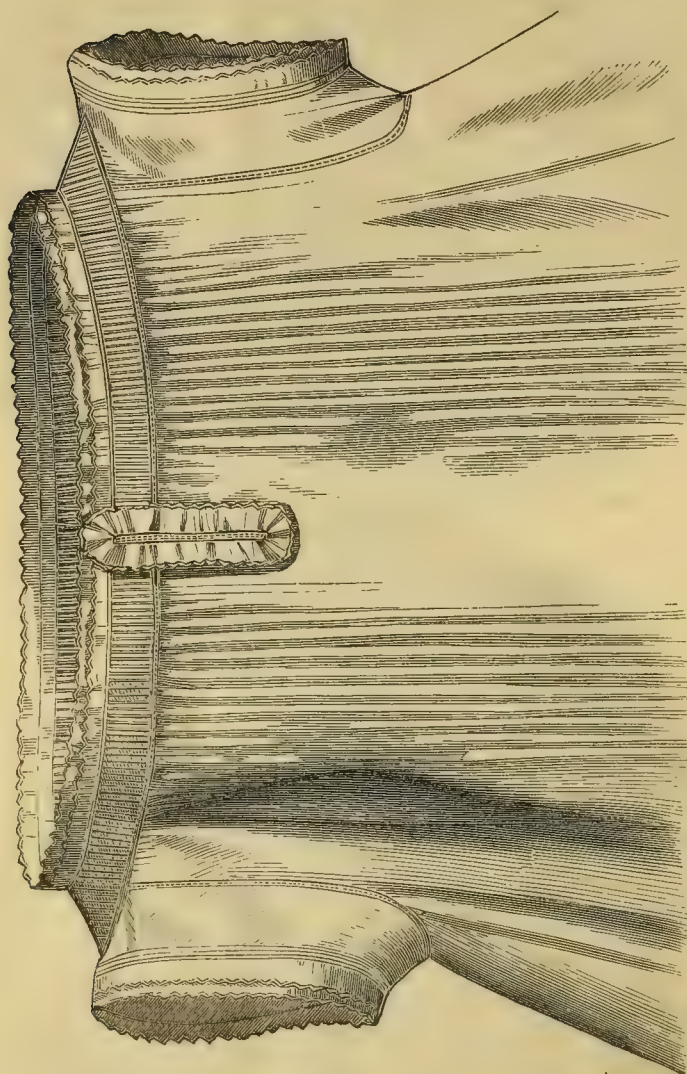


This very *recherche* night-dress is made of very fine French muslin: the yoke and front trimming is formed of insertion, small tucks, and flouncing. The style is something entirely new.

EMBROIDERY.



THE CLAUDIA CHEMISE.



The yoke is formed of small plaits, and the edge of the band is scalloped.

EMBROIDERY.



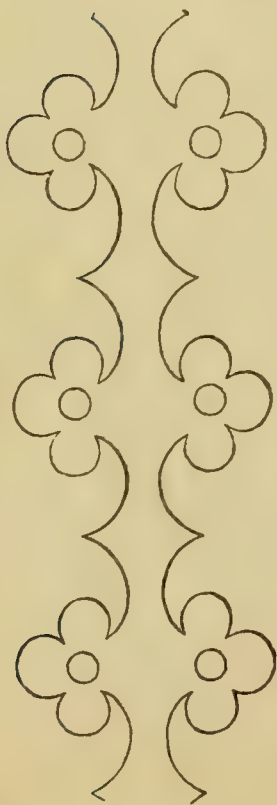
EMBROIDERY.



PORTION OF EMBROIDERED COLLAR AND CUFF.



BRAIDING PATTERN.



EMBROIDERY FOR AN INFANT'S SKIRT.



ALPHABET OF FANCY LETTERS.

(Concluded from August number.)



GODEY'S

Lady's Book and Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER, 1861.

THE HEIRESS'S RUDE.

BY MARY W. JANVIRIN.

CHAPTER I.

MORNING at Nahant!

Not that tardy hour when the sun has journeyed high above the sea—and exhausted pleasure seekers, scarce refreshed by a brief snatch of sleep after last night's revel in the dancing saloon, creep, pale and jaded, from their pillows, to yawn over a late breakfast; not later, when the long beach is left high and dry by the outgoing tide, and the level sands are covered with gay promenaders—nor when, still later, merry bathers, in picturesque costumes, meet amid the tumbling surf for the refreshing dip; but early morning, when the gate of the Orient was brilliantly barred with amber, gold, and fire, as it swung open to admit the day-god, who came, warm and flushed, from Aurora's arms, lingering a few moments upon the horizon's rim to make his kingly toilet ere he set out on his daily circuit—when the mists curled up sleepily from the ocean, and the waves, softly subsiding upon the beach, seemed sluggish and drowsy, as if they, too, had been kept up late o' night at some great hop, like the world of pleasureists congregated there beside the sounding sea.

Early morning at the Nahant House; and the sleepy waiters walked in a sort of nightmare, dreamy state through the deserted hotel corridors and halls, and opened and shut doors very softly; and, save these and the active, glancing little white-winged sea-gulls skimming from wave to wave below the high headland of the promontory and the gray beach, you would not have looked for other early risers, there, at sleepy, exhausted, fashionable Nahant.

But come with me to room No. 22, situate at the extremity of the first corridor; and, at this early hour, I will present to you a young lady—beautiful, admired, and quite *la mode* at this seaside resort, and yet so very unfashionable as to be fresh, rosy, and an early riser—Miss Lillian Vance, heiress.

The sun was not fully up, but Miss Lillian was, and in the freshest of morning toilets—the most becoming of muslin wrappers, and the daintiest of slippers; and, what seemed a little out of character at that matin hour when the business of the day was not supposed to be fairly awaked, Miss Lillian was deep in the mysteries of reading letters by the first rosy light of the dawn. This little lady must certainly have been an impatient one, that she could not restrain her curiosity which she was evidently indulging at the expense of her liquid blue eyes in poring over those missives; and yet this was not the first occasion in which Miss Lillian had earned the title.

There were three of them—the letters, I mean—that Lillian Vance read over for the dozenth time (she had read them all the night previous, after twelve o'clock, when the hop was over, and she had found two lying on her table, having been placed there by her maid, and the third, a small and handsomely superscribed note, had been slipped into her own hand by the writer thereof as he bade her “Good-night” at the door of her room), and then she laid them all down upon her lap as she sat by the window; and, in the morning dawn, Lillian fell into a musing fit, interspersed with soliloquizing after this fashion:—

"If one only knew that one wasn't liked for their money! Everybody knows that I am Miss Vance, the heiress; and I've been flattered, and followed, and petted so long, that I begin to doubt all mankind. I suppose I must have a husband some day—aunty would think it perfectly horrible if I should declare my intention of living an old maid—heiresses do get married as well as other people, and, when my time comes, I'll have to submit to the decrees of the inexorable sisters who weave the warp and woof of human fate. Harry St. Leger, now, he's a good fellow, spite of his conceit and affectations, his 'aws,' and 'reallys,' and 'pon my honors,' and I believe he's honest in his expressions of affection for me; and yet I can't, for my life, but think that my prospects of certain bank stocks and funds in New York have a *little* to do with this offer also; which suspicion would certainly hinder my becoming 'Mrs. Harry St. Leger,'—and Miss Lillian glanced at the open letter, written in a smooth, flowing hand, before her upon her lap.

"And here is '*votre humble serviteur*,' the exquisite Count Massillon Figaro, who is master of a magnificent estate and chateau in Burgundy (according to his own account), besides being proprietor of the most astonishing seal rings, curled locks, and moustache that have electrified the world of Nahant this age; and this illustrious foreigner ready to kiss my hand, fall at my feet, and proffer me the sharing of title, fortune, and the Burgundian chateau, provided I conclude to merge myself (and my fifty thousand understood, if not expressed) into the 'Countess Figaro!' And this is just the match that plain, republican-born, but title-loving aunty would urge upon me, were I to lay this flattering epistle before her. But no, no, my most illustrious Count Figaro! Tempting as aunty would see the coronet, my poor little head would be weighed down by it. The wares of aristocracy cannot be disposed of to democratic Lillian Vance; and your rings, and moustache, and estates in Burgundy must be urged elsewhere, and, I doubt not, with better success!" And with this sentence was decided the fate of the author of that pink, satin-smooth, scented note, with its heraldic seal, lying upon the daintily tucked *jupe* revealed by Lillian's open morning-wrapper.

"But Athol Haughton"—and the prettiest waves of blushes, doubt, and perplexity chased each other in rapid succession over the beautiful young girl-face lighted up by the flood of the full sunrise now pouring into the eastern window facing the sea—"I wish I knew what to

make of Athol. Proud as a king—always gentlemanly, attentive, and yet never obtrusive—it can't be that *he* is a fortune-hunter! And yet aunty throws it at me every day; talks of his poverty, says he's a poor young lawyer, almost briefless, and wonders how he can afford to stop long here at expensive Nahant, till I get angry and sarcastic, and tell her the land-lord won't send up his bills for *her* to settle; and then she sneers, and protests he must have borrowed the money at a high per cent. to be refunded when he has gained his object, viz., the hand and fortune of the heiress to whom he is dancing attendance. Oh, they are shameful—aunty's sneers and innuendoes!—and I don't believe one of them; and yet, and yet," and the perplexed air which overspread her face confirmed her words, even as her rising color betrayed her interest in the subject of her soliloquy—"one can't listen to such things without getting their mind tainted, though never so slightly. Why need aunt Sarah have thrust such ideas into my mind to engender suspicion of one whose daily conversation and whole bearing proclaim him true and honorable, and above the charges she has laid upon him?" And little Lillian Vance grew very indignant all alone there by herself in the flush of the August sunrise in her room at the Nahant House.

"It is so contemptible," she went on, turning over Athol Haughton's plain, but characteristic letter, in which he had frankly avowed his love, his poverty, his hopes and prospects, and then besought her affection in return, and lingering over its contents in a very tell-tale manner—"so contemptible to distrust him! I do not; and yet, strange contradiction, I do! thanks to Aunt Sarah for the fruit of the seed she has sowed!" and Lillian's red lips curled bitterly. "I wish there was some way of proving Athol, of learning if he would love me still the same, were my fortune to melt into a dream, wrecked, like many a ship that has sailed over yonder blue sea—some *ruse* I might practise, to ascertain the true nature of his heart! Now, if I could go to him in disguise—and she mused a little—"Ah, I have it! a plan occurs to me! a capital thought!" and her eyes brightened, and she clapped her hands merrily, and sprang to her feet, scattering the three letters to the carpet—"I have it! the nicest plan in the world!"

"Why shouldn't I?" she added, stooping to regain the letters, and bestowing them safely in the precincts of her writing-case, unconsciously placing Haughton's in the most secret corner. "Why shouldn't I do it? Nobody

will know; auntie shall not have an opportunity to be shocked, and lecture me on propriety; the secret shall be my own, and, at least, I shall be satisfied, and know who loves me for my fortune and who for myself!"

CHAPTER II.

SUNSET upon the land and ocean!

The day was over; such a day, long, sultry, close, as is the type of all sultry, close "dog-days" at the sea-side, when not a breath stirs the crest of the waters outside the line of the breakers, and the waves heave their panting bosoms shoreward with languid motion, and low, monotonous drone.

It was all over—the late breakfast, where belles, pale and languid from last night's dissipation, sipped their coffee with listless air and pallid appetite; the morning dip, when hoary old Neptune opened his still eager arms for blooming beauty, and new Venuses were born from out the deep; the forenoon naps in darkened chambers; the dressing for the event of the day, *à la* dinner, with its clink of glass and silver, countless tongues, troops of waiters, endless courses, overdressed mammas, and underdressed daughters, ogling and flirting, "to be continued," like newspaper romances, *ad infinitum*, of evenings, in the salons; the afternoon lounge through the parlors, halls, or bowling saloons, with couples at chess on the long piazzas or busy at bagatelle; all these were over—and now, at the sunset hour, as a soft, cool sea breeze sprang up, wooing heated brows to feel its touch, the tide of fashionable life poured out upon the piazzas and balconies, or to a promenade on the hard, dry sands, or among the wild cliffs and ravines for which the bold headland of Nahant is so famed.

Arm in arm, many couples sauntered along in the cool sunset hour; some bent simply on enjoying the refreshing breeze, and idly noting the glories of the western sunset sky; others setting out to explore the mysteries of the "Swallow's Cave," the "Spouting Horn," and the various romantic resorts among the cliffs; and a few remaining on the soft green sward in front of the house, watching the effect of the red sunset light striking aslant over the waters, and tinting every white-winged schooner, every light pleasure yacht, and every little fishing boat with its crimson glow.

Among the groups who had descended the bluff upon which the house is situated, and were walking along the strip of gray, shingly

beach below, were the three knights who have already figured in the lists of love as authors of the notes to our beautiful heroine, Lillian Vance, in which notes each had offered her the honor of his heart and hand. Harry St. Leger was endeavoring (*pour passer le temps*) to play the agreeable to a lively young lady of his acquaintance; the tall, exquisite Count Massillon Figaro, with well-oiled moustache, was bending to a *petite belle*, Blanche Duval, upon his arm, and repeating the *repertoire* of his estates and chateau in *la belle* Burgundy; but the young lawyer, Athol Haughton, walked by himself a little apart from the others, his thick chestnut hair lifted from his handsome forehead by the caressing fingers of the cool sea-breeze; his eyes bent out upon the waters, but with a dreamy, introverted expression in their gaze which betrayed that his thoughts were elsewhere, most likely with the beautiful girl who had latterly so filled his mind to the exclusion of briefs, writs, and all the *et cetera* of his legal lore.

And so each party kept on their walk adown the beach—the sunset glories fading, and twilight's gray settling down over the headlands, the beach, and the sea; when suddenly, advancing from behind an angle in an abrupt, sandy cliff, a strange, bent figure came hobbling toward them in the gloaming.

"Whom have we here?" cried a gentleman of the party, pausing and facing the apparition. "By Jove, this must be the shade of Moll Pitcher, the famous witch of Lynn, haunting her olden home here by the sea! Come, one and all, let us question if this be so! Halt, spirit or mortal, ancient witch or modern sibyl!" and he laughingly flourished his cane toward the figure slowly advancing over the rocks and sea-weed toward them.

The group closed around; and, in truth, it was a strange, *outré* figure who leaned her bowed form on a staff before them—a little, bent, withered old woman, trembling and tottering with age—her brown, wrinkled face concealed by a drooping, tattered hood, from under which gray locks streamed over the folds of a scanty red cloak thrown over her shoulders. And elegant gentlemen and fashionably dressed ladies stood regarding her with surprise.

"Charity, good people! Charity to a poor old woman, for the love of Heaven!" she implored in a feeble, trembling voice, reaching forth a shaking hand enveloped in an old loose glove.

"An excellent opportunity to air our generosity," said the gentleman who had first espied

her, drawing forth his *porte-monnaie*. "She looks a fit subject for charity, certainly. But only a beggar, and not a sibyl, after all. What a downfall of my ideal! But, my good woman, can't you tell fortunes? We mistook you for old Moll Pitcher, come back to give us each a peep into our futures!"

"Aw-yes, bless me! Can't you tell fortunes, goody-aw?" drawled Harry St. Leger. "For if it be in your power to unveil what the Fates have in store for me-aw, the sibyl's palm shall be crossed with gold-aw!" and he drew forth a coin. "'Pon me honor, I am dying to know the chances of my success with a certain fair lady-aw!"

The old crone took his outstretched palm, and seemed intently to peruse it; then, in a low, musing voice, she said—

"I see you at the feet of a handsome ladye love; but beware, sir; she will be poor as a church mouse. 'Riches take wings and flee away;' and when Poverty comes in at the door, Love flies out at the window," and she furtively watched his face, which unconsciously betrayed a look of perplexity and disappointment.

"Dash it-aw! What can the old woman mean-aw?" he muttered, half aloud. "One would think I were in love with a *seamstress*-aw!"

"She can hardly mean the divinity at whose shrine you are at present bowing—the fair Vance—eh, St. Leger!" exclaimed a bystander, "since report allows that the links of love's chain are well-gilded in *that* quarter—a cool fifty thousand, well invested, St. Leger."

"Riches take wings, and flee away!" muttered the young man *sotto voce*, retiring from the old crone's vicinage. "Lillian is a deuced fine girl-aw; but I must inquire more particularly into the bank stocks-aw."

"Come, Count, let us see what Dame Fortune has in store for *you* in the shape of a ladye-love," exclaimed one, urging the tall Frenchman forward.

The fortune-teller bent over Count Massillon Figaro's hand—a hand, which, if coarseness of shape be a type of plebeian birth, as some argue, certainly appointed the elegant foreigner's origin among the lowest canaille of the country he claimed for his nativity.

"Madame Sybille, let it be un bon destinie," said the Count, in bad French, but with a bow and grimace that would have done credit to "the connecting link between man and beast," a monkey of the chimpanzee species. "Oui—un bon destinie."

The old crone's hood drooped lower and concealed her face. "My gay gentleman has never

crossed water," she commenced in a mumbling tone, but sufficiently distinct to reach all ears.

"The d—euce!" exclaimed the Count with a start; but recovered himself, and with a bland smile, added, "Allons, proceed, madame! See you not my estates—my vineyards—my castle—chateau in Burgundy? And tell me, sybille, what fair lady-love shall I carry back with me to dwell there, my Countess?" and he temptingly displayed a handful of money as the price of the fortune-teller's predictions if uttered to his mind.

"A 'countess—castle—estate!' hum! hum! 'All is not gold that glitters!'" was the curt reply. "Take back your money, my gay sir! Your fortune is dark, and I cannot read it further," and she thrust it back into his hand. "Only one little piece will I keep, as your gift to a poor old woman," and she selected one bright silver coin, and turned away, as though she would depart.

"She is the *devil*! Come, let us leave the old hag," was the Count Figaro's elegant rejoinder as he turned, crest-fallen, away, forgetting his French in his mortification; and only recalled by the look of broad astonishment on Miss Duval's face. "Ah, pardonnez, Mademoiselle Duval!" he added with presence of mind. "Such canaille as yonder old woman are enough to make one forget the presence of his beautiful companion, and give vent to his vexation in strong language. Pardonnez, fair ma'm'selle, the hasty speech!"

"Fair specimens of foreign aristocracy and our native democracy!" exclaimed Athol Haughton, with an amused smile, gazing from the discomfited count to the little, bent old woman about moving away. "Here, stop a moment, my good woman!" he called out. "Though I do not care to dip into the mysterious future, here is my gift"—and he dropped a gold dollar into her hand. "You tremble; you are doubtless faint and weary. Hasten home, now, and make yourself comfortable with the fruits of this day's appeal to our generosity, and if you are in want again come to me up at the hotel yonder, and I will aid you."

With a sudden impulse the little old woman seized his hand and bent over it, looking at life-line and table of the smooth white palm with earnest scrutiny. "The Fates shall grant all good gifts to him whose heart is open to the aged and the poor," she said, in a voice quivering as by age and emotion; "a long life, and wealth, and happy love await you."

"Give me but the happy love, and long life to enjoy it, and the wealth shall follow of itself!"

exclaimed the young man, earnestly, struck by the inspiration of her prediction. "Are you so sure of the *love*, good mother?" he asked, hiding a little nervousness of manner under a light laugh and feint of doubt.

"I have said it—a long life, wealth, and happy love. Now, my kind gentleman, I give you an old woman's blessing." And, drawing the hood over her face and the scanty folds of her cloak about her, she leaned heavily on her staff, and hobbled away, the gold dollar held closely in her hand.

"Eccentric!" "Crazy!" "Love-cracked!" said the gentlemen; "Romantic!" "Singular!" added their lady companions, as the little, bent old woman in the red cloak went slowly over the beach, and, turning the angle of the cliff, was soon lost in the deepening shades of twilight.

"At any rate, the prediction accords well with my wishes," soliloquized Haughton, as he turned his steps up the path leading to the house, from whence issued the blast of the supper-gong. "A happy love! Well, this night I shall know my fate; and, sweet Lillian, grant me *that* boon, and I will be content with whatever else fortune awards me."

CHAPTER III.

EVENING at the seaside!

Without, the queenly moon and the maids of honor, the vestal stars, walking heaven's great throne-room and flinging a royal largess of silver upon the hushed earth and the murmuring main; the cool, soft sea breeze, so soft it kissed the cheek with lighter touch than a baby's wandering fingers; the faintest swell from the ocean, and the gentle dash of the waves upon the shore below; dark shadows brooding about the chasm of "Swallow's Cave," over the "Spouting Horn," and in every fissure and ravine of the long cliff-line skirting the promontory—all this without: but within, the blaze of light, the glitter of jewels, the rustle of silks, and the echoes of gliding feet from the dancing-hall, where the leader of the Germania Band flourished his baton to the circling measures of one of Strauss's waltzes, in which whirled young belles just "out" and belles of older laurels, as though to be a human spinning-jenny on an August night were the *Ultima Thule* of enjoyment.

"All the world" was at Nahant this season, and seven-eighths of that world were gathered on the night of this particular hop into the

dancing salon. There were gentlemen, tall, thin, and hirsute, of the Count Figaro type, and gentlemen of the reverse order, short, rotund, and smooth-faced; dapper exquisites, with large eye-glasses and astonishing neckties, who talked "horse" among themselves and "opewa" with the ladies; specimens of Young America, who had brought down their own turn-outs, affected the "fancy," and affectionately alluded to "the governor," at home, as a jolly old fellow of the Midas type, at whose touch everything had turned into gold, which, by some strange alchemy, had resolved into "rocks" for them; very youthful gentlemen, fledglings into society, with callow beards and tender susceptibilities; hardened fossil remains of humanity, known as old bachelors, revamped with new wigs and hair-dye, who revolved annually in their orbits, whose summer perihelion was a month at some fashionable watering-place; and, last, not least, we must not omit the corpulent papas, with purses plethoric as their persons, who outwardly smiled but inwardly groaned at the alarming draughts on the former necessary to sustain Kate, Fanny, or Maggie at this great, fashionable, all-the-world-patronized, but expensive Nahant. Nor in the category of these frequenters of this seaside resort must we forget to chronicle the list of gentler and most important feminine presence. Side by side with the corpulent papas were mammas, "fat, fair," and from forty to fifty, maternal and manœuvringly tender to the pretty dolls in Honiton, grenadine, and thulle, whom they had brought here to this great, fashionable bazaar beside the "sounding sea," to be disposed of to the highest bidder; there were ladies of "an uncertain age" (*vide* the fluctuations between their own report to the census-taker and the records of the family Bibles), who had compacted a friendly little agreement with the old gentleman of the scythe and hour-glass, by which he had kindly consented to skip them over a cycle in his rounds; belles, heartless, soulless, and hackneyed; and belles, young, fresh, and emotional, who will carry away, with recollections of hops and conquests, memories of cliff, sea, and shore, and the eternal anthem of the ocean; and, to complete the inventory, misses just out of pantalettes and into flirtations (to which latter they take as naturally as sea-gulls to the waves), who, ten years hence, will not carry heads half so wise upon their shoulders. And, mingling with all these—with the "fast" young man, the fortune-hunter, the purse-proud *parvenue*, the anxious, managing parents, the fashionable

butterfly belle, and the hundred and one strata that go to make up the great conglomerate known as society—were the thoughtful student, the elegant scholar, the polished orator, the learned statesman, the self-poised, unassuming lady and gentleman—the pure vein of clear, crystal quartz that impregnated the whole.

Standing a little apart from the crowd, not moody or uncompanionable, but with the grave air of one who thinks of other things than the whirling waltz or the changes of the quadrille, was the young lawyer, Athol Haughton. The other two *cavaliers d'amour* with whom, unknowingly, he had contested the prize had devoted themselves alike to the service of the beautiful Lillian, who, in a charming toilet, had never looked more bewitching or queened it more regally over her numerous admirers than on this evening; and, so skilfully she managed the silken reins of her lead, that to an impartial observer each seemed by turn the fortunate one who was to be *en advance* of all others in the race for her favor. Nor was the third wooer forgotten in the distribution of her smiles, for when the signal came for supper, and by a chance (?) happening she stood near Haughton, she adroitly ignored the elegant bend of his willowy figure with which the count announced his "*veri happie*" to escort "*Ma'm'selle Lillian*;" also the "*Come-aw, Miss Vance-aw!* An ice will cool us wonderfully-aw after this last quadrille-aw;" and, taking Haughton's arm, was led away to the supper-room.

"Dash it-aw! That's cooler than a vanilla-aw!" was St. Leger's smothered ejaculation, as he beheld this little bit of coquetry. "Expecting an acceptance-aw. Sweet on me all the evening-aw, and then to cut a fellow after *that* manner-aw! Well, dash it-aw! if the girl plays *that* game-aw, Harry St. Leger must turn his devotions elsewhere-aw. But I shall know soon-aw, for she bids me meet her on the piazza at twelve-aw. I wish I felt quite sure about the *stocks*-aw. Ought to have written down to New York and ascertained the precise amount-aw. That old fortune-teller seemed to know a thing or two out on the beach to-night-aw!"

"This Haughton isn't just the fellow one would like to have in his way to Miss Vance's favor," said the Count Figaro, in a low tone and very good English, as he gazed scowlingly after the pair who walked away. "But I've played my cards, so far, well, I reckon. She's promised to meet me at twelve on the piazza, and of course 'tis to accept me. Quarter past

eleven"—and he glanced at a repeater attached to a showy fob-chain. "I can afford to wait three-quarters of an hour longer for fifty thousand. Some men have to wait a *little* longer. Ha! ha! ha! But French counts don't happen along every day at Nahant, and the old aunt, I reckon, has snapped up at the bait full as quick as the niece."

"Miss Vance, Lillian, am I not to-night to hear the decision which is to make or mar my happiness?" asked Athol Haughton, a quarter of an hour later, as he led the young lady from the crowded supper-room. "It is only a little word; speak it, Lillian, and relieve the suspense which is unbearable." And he retained the hand which had rested on his arm as they emerged into the broad hall of the house.

"Meet me at twelve on the piazza, Mr. Haughton, and then I will render you an answer." And, with a hand pressure so slight that Haughton wondered afterward if he had not imagined it, she glided away, and was lost in the long hall turnings.

Punctually, when the stroke of twelve came from the clocks, and the hands of his watch denoted the hour, the young lawyer left the scene at the height of its festivity, and emerged upon the long verandah of the hotel. Sauntering along, he found it deserted save by two gentlemen whom he recognized as the Count Figaro and Harry St. Leger; each walking slowly back and forth, and avoiding the other's vicinage, and each glancing toward the doors now and then, as if awaiting the arrival of some one to join them. With an annoyed look, Haughton remained nearest the ladies' entrance; and inly consigned the two interlopers upon his midnight appointment to any other locality upon the headland of Nahant than that they then occupied, or to an intimate acquaintance with the scaly denizens of the deep below.

"Can that foreign ape and that conceited puppy, St. Leger, have overheard Lillian's words, and so come hither to annoy us?" he ejaculated half-aloud. "Both of them have been thrusting their attentions upon her all the evening. But it is five minutes past the time! Lillian would not trifle with me! No, some one comes; it is her! No, by Jove! what does *this* mean? The old *fortune-teller* of the beach again!" And he gazed in surprise upon the little bent figure which came hobbling toward them, leaning on her staff, just as she had done that twilight hour upon the rocks below. "What can she want *here* at such an hour?"

Count Figaro and Harry St. Leger had also

observed the advent of the little old woman upon the piazza, for a flood of light streamed from the open windows upon her faded red cloak and drooping tattered hood; and each paused in his pacing and glanced toward her. With a shuffling gait she retreated from the glare of the lamps, beckoning them to follow; and while Haughton mechanically moved nearer her, the other two also approached.

Uttering no word, but beckoning them closer till they all stood in a little group veiled by the shadow of a pillar, she suddenly drew forth her hand from the folds of the scanty cloak, and placed a bright, glittering coin in the palm of each of her companions; then, by an adroit movement, the tattered hood, the gray wig, and the old scarlet cloak fell to the piazza floor—and, bright, radiant, and with a sparkle of mischief in the dark blue eyes uplifted to meet their surprised glances, full in the moonlight before them stood *Lillian Vance*!

In an instant it flashed over them—her masquerade, the good or ill opinion each had elicited from her; and, in the coin each held, he recognized the gift he had bestowed upon the mendicant of the beach below. With a crest-fallen air, Harry St. Leger exclaimed, "Dash it-aw! Miss Vance, this is a pretty way to treat a fellah!" while the discomfited Count who laid claim to foreign birth, remembering the two truthful statements of the sibyl—"My gay gentleman, you have never crossed water!" and "All is not gold that glitters!"—and interpreting right the keen glance now flung upon him, gave vent to an expletive couched in sound English, though neither choice nor classical, then, with marvellous celerity, followed St. Leger in the direction of the hotel door.

But Athol Haughton remained; tempted, alike by his own desire, and the small white hand, sparkling with gems, drawn from the concealing glove and laid upon his arm. "Why, Lillian, what in the world prompted this freak? this strange masquerade?" he asked, in tones of laughing surprise.

"Oh, please don't catechise me too severely, Sir Father Confessor!" demurely replied the smiling girl, "lest I confess to such uncharitableness of suspicion as will cause me to fall in the scale of your estimation."

"Nothing can cause you to fall from the shrine on which I have placed you, dear Lillian!" was Haughton's lover-like reply, just as any lover would have protested under the circumstances. "Yet, I fancy that the interpretation of this ruse is quite plain to me—and can only selfishly add that, for my own sake, I

cannot bestow very serious pity on the two gentlemen who have so unceremoniously departed, vanquished, from the field. But, Lillian, I must now entreat that the sibyl's favor be not withdrawn—that the blessed fate she predicted for me, not many hours ago, may be assured to me! Beloved, is the happy love I desire *indeed* granted me?" and her little hand was fairly imprisoned.

Lillian's answer may be inferred from the fact that she did not endeavor very strongly to release her captive hand; and that when, a little later, she gathered up her masquerade costume to carry it up to her room, she said, laughingly—"Let me keep your gift to the poor old beggar-woman of the beach, Athol! It will be a souvenir of this day of days! a sort of golden talisman which decided my fate!"

Next morning, Harry St. Leger devoted himself assiduously to a wealthy belle, and before dinner was deep in the mysteries of an extensive flirtation; but the steamer "*Nelly Baker*" bore the elegant Count Figaro Bostonward, doubtless *en route* for other adventures elsewhere.

Early in the ensuing autumn, St. Leger read the announcement of Athol Haughton's marriage with the heiress, Lillian Vance; and, after the reading, he exclaimed—

"Dash it-aw! 'Pon me honor, the fellah's done well! Fifty thousand in good investments, for the stock was safe all the time-aw! Dash it aw! I missed a figure myself there-aw!"

And the whilom Count Massillon Figaro, looking up from his newspaper over a glass of prime old Burgundy (in whose depths *alone* was laid the foundation stone of his estates and chateau), which he sipped in the saloon of a gambling-house in a large northern city, muttered, with a scowling brow and an emphatic ejaculation—"So the fifty thousand's a goner! The girl's eyes were too sharp for me! Well, Jehn Jones, 'faint heart never won,' you know! Next year, you must try your luck at Newport or Saratoga! A new set of whiskers, a different style of make-up, a few Dutch, sour-kraut, lager-beer phrases, and you will turn out a German baron, 'Herr Von Stick-in-the-throat,' with a million kreutzers and a castle on the Rhine! The rhino is certainly in my line, anyhow—ha, ha!"

But human calculations oftentimes fail; or, as the French have it, "*L'homme propose, mais l'Dieu dispose!*"

Two months later, the city police effected a nightly descent upon a conclave of gentlemen deep in the pleasant tricks of "Knaves" and

"kings," which effectually put a finis to John Jones's *nee* Count Figaro's castle-building; and, next day, the rising young lawyer, Athol Haughton, on returning to dinner, remarked casually to his wife—

"Lillian, we had on trial to-day one of the most noted gamblers of our city. His face wore a strangely familiar look, and when one of his disguises was produced—a long, dark wig, and immense false moustache—I instantly recognized him as Count Massillon Figaro, the quondam lion of Nahant. Lucky is it for the well-being of our community that he will be sent up for several years, and employ his moments of elegant leisure in the aristocratic occupation of stone-cutting!"

"So it seems that *I* was not the only one who masqueraded at Nahant, Athol?" was Lillian Haughton's comment, with a smile.

HUMBLE FRIENDS.

KINDNESS to animals shows an amiable disposition, and correct principles. The inferior creation were given for our use, but not for our abuse or cruelty. Many of them add greatly to the comfort of domestic life, and also display qualities deserving of regard. The noble properties of the dog, the horse, and the "half-reasoning elephant," have long been known and praised. But among the lower grades of animals, especially if they receive kind treatment, traits of character are often discovered that surprise or delight us.

Cats, so frequently the objects of neglect or barbarity, are more sagacious than is generally supposed. The mother of four young kittens missed one of her nurslings, and diligently searched the house to find it. Then she commenced calling upon the neighbors, gliding from room to room, and looking under sofas and beds, with a troubled air. At length she found it in a family in the vicinity, where it had been given by her mistress. Taking it in her mouth, she brought it home and bestowed on it her nursing cares, and maternal caresses for a few weeks, then carried it back to the same neighbor, and left it in the same spot where she found it. It would seem as if she wished to testify her approbation of the home selected for her child, and desired only to nurture it until it should be old enough to fill it properly.

A cat who had repeatedly had her kittens taken from her, and drowned immediately after their birth, went to a barn belonging to the family, quite a long distance from the house. She so judiciously divided her time, as to ob-

tain her meals at home and attend to her nursery abroad. At length she entered the kitchen, followed by four of her offspring well-grown, all mewling in chorus.

Had she foresight enough to conclude that if she could protect them until they reached a more mature age, they would escape the fate of their unfortunate kindred?

A little girl once sat reading with a large favorite cat in her lap. She was gently stroking it, while it purred loudly, to express its joy. She invited a person who was near to feel its velvet softness. Reluctant to be interrupted in an industrious occupation that required the use of both hands, the person did not immediately comply, but at length touched the head so abruptly that the cat supposed itself to have been struck. Resenting the indignity, it ceased its song, and continued alternately rolling and closing its eyes, yet secretly watching, until both the busy hands had resumed their employment. Then, stretching forth a broad, black velvet paw, it inflicted on the back of one of them a quick stroke, and jumping down, concealed itself beneath the chair of its patron. There seemed in this simple action a nice adaptation of means to ends; a prudent waiting, until the retaliation that was meditated could be conveniently indulged, and a prompt flight from the evil that might ensue.

The race of rats is usually considered remarkable only for voraciousness, or for ingenious and mischievous inventions to obtain the gratification of appetite. A vessel that had been much infested by them, was, when in port, fumigated with brimstone, to expel them. Escaping in great numbers, they were dispatched by people stationed for that purpose. Amid the flying victims, a group was observed to approach slowly, upon a board placed between the vessel and the shore. One of those animals held in his mouth a stick, the extremities of which were held by two others, who carefully led him. It was discovered that he was blind. The executioners suffered them to live. It was not in the heart of man to scorn such an example.

Another of our ships, while in a foreign port, took similar measures to free itself from those troublesome inmates. Amid the throngs that fled from the suffocating smoke to slaughtering foes, one was seen moving laboriously as if overburdened. Climbing over the bodies of his dead companions, he bore upon his back another, so old as to be unable to walk. Like Æneas, escaping from the flames of Troy, perhaps it was an aged father that he thus carried upon his shoulders. Whether it was filial piety, or

respect for age, his noble conduct, as in the previous instance, saved his life and that of his venerable friend.

Sheep are admired for their innocence and meekness, more than for strong demonstrations of character. Yet the owner of a flock was once surprised by seeing one of his fleecy people rushing to and fro beneath his window, in great agitation and alarm. Following her to the pasture, where she eagerly led the way, he found a fierce dog tearing the sheep. Having put him to flight, he turned in search of the messenger, and found her in a close thicket, where she had carefully hidden her own little lamb, ere she fled to apprise the master of their danger. This strangely intelligent animal was permitted to live to the utmost limit of longevity allotted to her race.

The instinct of the beaver approaches the bounds of reason. Their dexterity in constructing habitations, and rearing mounds to repel the watery element, surpasses that of all other animals. A gentleman, who resided where they abound, wished to ascertain whether this was inherent, or the effect of imitation. He took, therefore, to his house, an infant beaver, ere its eyes were opened. It was an inmate of his kitchen, where one day, from a leaky pail, a small stream of water oozed out upon the floor. Out ran the little beaver, and collected sticks and clay, with which it built a dam to stop the passage of the tiny brook.

An Indian, going out to shoot beavers, saw a large one felling a lofty tree. Ere he gave the finishing strokes, he ascended a neighboring hill, throwing his head about, and taking deep draughts of air. The Indian, who steadfastly regarded him, supposed that he was taking an observation of which way the wind blew, as when he made his last effort on the tree he made use of this knowledge to shelter himself from injury at its fall. He then measured the trunk into equal lengths for the height of the house he was to build, and loading his broad tail with wet clay, made a mark at each division. Uttering a peculiar cry, three little beavers appeared at their father's call, and began to gnaw asunder the wood at the places which he had designated.

"When I saw this," said the Indian, "I turned away. Could I harm such a creature? No. He was to me as a brother."

Among the insect tribes, the ant sustains a good character for foresight and industry, having been cited by the wise monarch of Israel as an example and reproof to the sluggard.

When Dr. Franklin was on his embassy in

France, soon after the American revolution, he one morning sat musing over his solitary breakfast, and perceived a legion of large black ants taking possession of the sugar-bowl. His philosophic mind being ever ready for experiments, he caused it to be suspended from the ceiling by a string. They returned. The sweet food was above their reach. It was worth an effort to regain it. One placed himself in a perpendicular position, and another mounted upon his shoulders. Others ascended the same scaffolding, each stretching to his utmost altitude. Down fell the line. Yet it was again, and again renewed. Then the Babel-builders disappeared. Had they given up the siege? No. They had only changed their mode of attack. Soon they were seen traversing the ceiling, and precipitating themselves upon the coveted spoil, by the string that sustained it. Here was somewhat of the same boldness and perseverance that led Hannibal across the Alps, to pour his soldiers down upon astonished Italy.

Thus the spider that sought so many times to fasten its frail thread, and at length succeeded, gave a profitable lesson to King Robert the Bruce, when he ruminated in discouragement and despair on his failing enterprises.

Parrots are generally considered as senseless repeaters of sounds and words, that convey neither sentiment nor feeling. Now and then, there seems some variation from this rule. A parrot who had been reared with kindness, selected as his prime favorite the youngest child in the family. By every means in his power he expressed this preference. The little girl was seized with a severe sickness. He missed her in her accustomed haunts, and turning his head quickly from side to side, called loudly for her.

At length, the fair form, stretched in its coffin, met his view. In wild and mournful tones, he continued to utter her name. He was removed far from the room, but the shrill echo of his voice was still heard amid the funeral obsequies, pronouncing with frantic grief the name of his lost Mary. Ever afterwards, when the sound of the tolling-bell met his ear, the fountains of memory were troubled, and the cry of "Mary! Mary!" mingled with the mournful knell, till it ceased.

Since so many interesting properties are discovered in the inferior creation, where, perhaps, we least expected them, it is well to search for such traits of character as deserve our regard, and consider them as humble friends, that we may better do our duty to them, and please Him who has intrusted them to our protection.

DAGUERREOTYPES. IN THREE CHAPTERS.

BY C. A. H.

CHAPTER II.

"NONSENSE!" I said to myself, as I laid down a year-old newspaper for the second time, and then took it up again with the instinctive conviction that there was, after all, something there I ought to feel interested in. "Edith May! hum, hum—oh, it is that pretty girl I saw at Deerfield! and she is married at last—if it is the same one. That is why I couldn't lay the paper down."

The paper felt that its mission was accomplished, and no longer insisted on being looked at; but the train of thought which memory now took up and tried to weave would not be so easily dismissed. Inasmuch that I took occasion to propose, in a letter to Mrs. Morey, that we should arrange a meeting, in which I was determined to inform myself from headquarters on several different and equally interesting subjects. Nothing was easier; being no course of true love, Mrs. Morey ran smoothly to Boston on the Fitchburg Railroad, and, like a sensible woman, did up her shopping and sentiment at the same time. Like many other sensible women, she was extremely fond of talking, which was exactly what I wanted.

About Edith May, Mrs. Morey only knew that she was married at New York about six weeks after the time I was in Deerfield. She had never seen the husband; they went abroad immediately. Probably Edith had been piqued into accepting the first good offer. She had written two or three times only, and expressed herself happy and busy to the last degree.

With occasional questions from me, Mrs. Morey recited such memoirs of Mary Lyman as she knew would be interesting, and I wrote them off in my big scrap-book. She began where I left off; the evening I saw Frank Phillips go home with the two ladies, and when I was very sure he would not wait many evenings before he learned whether he had won the sweet heart of Mary.

Howbeit, events proved I was mistaken; Frank Phillips did not call again at Mrs. Morey's, nor but once at Mrs. Allen's before he left Deerfield for Burlington, Iowa. In that one interview with Mary he was calm and almost stern, as if every nerve had been tasked and mastered. There were no blushes or tremors between the

two; Phillips asked for nothing beyond a shake of the hand, and that hand he only held for half a minute, as if he were going to speak. Then he dropped it, bowed without saying even "good-by," and went away. This would have been rather a hopeful condition of things, on the whole, only that the first letter that came from him was simply an account of his journey, and expressions of friendly interest. He seemed to take it for granted that he should be answered, and Mary wrote a few friendly lines in reply. With the same "understanding, but no tongue," the correspondence continued. Mary read his letters aloud to her friends, and, indeed, took some pains to show them. They were very entertaining descriptions of western life, and made her hearers laugh heartily; but, being carefully and critically examined by all interested, nothing could be detected but a calm, gentlemanly, friendly condition. In vain was every word scanned to discover the burning heart that should have throbbed in every comma and semicolon; only a boarding-school miss could have fancied it under those quiet expressions.

Mary's cheek paled. Poor child! the conflict had begun; the war which every nature must carry on some time in life, and where the enemy takes the outworks and fights hand to hand in the citadel in all sorts of disguises, so that you scarce know foe from friend, that war was going on behind the pale cheek and the troubled eye. As the months wore on, the slight form became almost shadowy, and the full lips almost white. It was a good case of dyspepsia, and was treated, accordingly, with new scenes; a short journey to the White Hills in the glories of September, and rides on the beach after everybody that was anything had gone away.

The dyspepsia flew off like a bad spirit at dawn; the resolute and submissive soul, resolute to submit and not to quarrel with the inevitable, finally triumphed. Mary's cheek rounded, her full, dark eye became quiet and serene again, with a new expression; that one, alas! which may be read in almost every eye, of suffering and subjugation, or struggle.

Thus passed the autumn and winter succeeding Phillips' departure. Meantime the village was enlivened by a young minister, who had been dismissed from his "last place" on ac-

count of "his peculiarities;" and, being a relative of Mr. Allen's, found and made it pleasant to remain for a time and consider the various points of historical interest in the place. As he liked to listen to the old men's stories of what had happened a hundred years before they were born; of the Bloody Brook and the horrid "salvages;" to have the places pointed out where the regicide Goffe, like an avenging angel, led the hosts of the Lord against the black devils who assaulted them even in His temple; and where Captain Lathrop walked at the head of his company, convoying the carts that held the harvest, "when they were suddenly set upon, and ninety killed, not above seven or eight escaping;" and where "fell the flower of the County of Essex," said the old, old men, who spake of the English county then, at home, from which these flowers were culled, and where the parent stems were left bleeding. To these and such as these Arthur Lincoln was never weary of listening.

Arthur Lincoln was not in the least like the generality of ministers; he was refined, of course, and had a certain quietness appropriate to his profession; but he had not been long in the village before he was recognized as a mind of very different calibre from any that had ever filled a Deerfield pulpit. In short, he caused "a revival;" people rushed to hear him preach; sinners as well as saints listened with parted lips and motionless eyes; hard old lawyers and young children, girls and grandfathers, all were drawn up in this net, let down in the name of the Lord Jesus.

It is said that a Frenchwoman, if she is not married, becomes *une devoté*; something she must have to fill her heart. It was not because Mary was not married that she became so earnestly and deeply religious about this time, but perhaps it was partly because Arthur Lincoln's lips brought those gospel utterances to a heart very sore and in need of sympathy that she welcomed the glad tidings. His fervid eloquence in the pulpit was so far from being associated with specially scholarly habits or social reticence that there was scarcely a boy in the village with whom the minister was not on intimate terms. An adept in all cheerful sports, he was as much delighted to ride, swim, row, and skate, as he was to preach and pray. All healthy exercises he joined in with a zest that showed "a sound mind in a sound body." He was not merely "a woman's man," but a manly man, with a hearty, earnest interest in politics and social life. This kind of clergyman was a curiosity in that part of Massachu-

setts, and the few months he lived in the village he startled the inhabitants continually with his innovations on all their old habits of thinking.

With Mary's beauty and godliness, and, allowing a moderate amount of taste and susceptibility to Arthur Lincoln, it is not strange that he should have been at once attracted to her. All who have observed or experienced know that the wide, hopeless vacuity following a severed interest is more dreadful to bear than even the pang of separation. When I add that Phillips' letters continued, regular and friendly, I may as well say at once that the time came when Mary listened with a soothing sense of appreciation to Arthur's words of love. The spring opened; Arthur was to be installed in two weeks over a parish in Hartford, and was away from Deerfield. It had been settled that they should be married immediately after the installation.

One afternoon Mary was walking home by herself, and thinking with a kind of bewilderment on all that was to happen to her, and fearing that she should not be equal to her duties. Then she thought of Arthur's goodness; of his outspoken love, so frank and so tender; of his love that was ready to risk a refusal, and had held it a woman's right to give; of his patience and hopeful waiting when she had told him with blushes of pain and shame that she "had been, oh! far too deeply interested in one who did not think of her except as a friend;" how he had soothed her proud soul, that scorned itself for love unsought, and had said: "Dear Mary! I love you better for it!" and how his respectful tenderness and watchfulness had never ceased till the wounded self-love was healed. All this flowed like a cool river over her fevered heart.

"So let life be!—with him to guide me!—so help me, God!—as I try to make Arthur a true and loving wife!" The words were half whispered to her own heart and half to the evening air that blew softly on her glowing cheek.

Suddenly a passionate atmosphere gathered about her, and wrapped her as if in a cloud. She knew rather than saw that some soul joined hers in that mysterious sympathy which we all feel without defining. The same rush of her blood to her heart, to her brain, to her fingers' ends; the same—oh! more, a giddy sense of falling, she knew not and cared not where; then, as if mighty waters overwhelmed her, soul and body, she stumbled, trembling and blind, and a moment after fell unconscious into the arms of her companion.

When she woke to life it was to feel a heart

beating wildly and triumphantly against her own; to see dark eyes blazing with eager and passionate love. Not a word! only happy kisses, full of pent-up affection that would cease outpouring never, never through all eternity!

Mary thought only of the present; all the past had slid from her as she lay languid, and loving, and pale as a lily in his arms. Yes, here was her lover, indeed! her heart's heart was full, like his, to the brim; they flowed and interflowed with the happy current, with the marriage wine poured out from heavenly chalices. There was no sorrow, no past, no future; only the bewildering bliss of the present. She looked in her lover's deep, fond eyes; she "sucked the honey music" of their speechless vows; she had no room for thought or recollection; so, with kisses that spoke her deep love and that only, she lay flower-like in Frank Phillips' arms, and both were happy.

But "Call no man happy till he is dead," says the proverb. Phillips told her in a few rapid, half-articulate words of his long-cherished love, to which he had never presumed to give words; of his successful efforts, whose results were such as made him dare to ask her to share his destiny; and finally of his perfect and almost un hoped-for bliss as he read her varying face and the whirlwind of emotion in her whole figure; as he read her swaying and leaning towards him, just as a loving angel would sink into his bosom. "Oh, Mary! beloved! beloved! I guessed, I hoped; but how much more I feared! But when I saw your face! then I *knew* you were all my own!"

What could Mary say to this? The consciousness of all that was came slowly and surely to her thoughts. She shivered and turned deathly pale.

"You are exhausted; let us go into the house," said Phillips, leading Mary inside the gate, near which they had been standing. "Good-night, good-night till a happy morning!" He folded the half unconscious girl in his arms, to which she clung with automatic force. Looking at her face, from which all the blood had departed, and at her closed eyes, he rang the bell, and placed her motionless form on a sofa.

"No rude wind shall ever blow on my delicate flower," said he to himself, as he thought painfully how excitement had drawn her beyond self-control. He would not go away till Mrs. Allen's cold, surprised look told him plainly that it was better to leave the invalid with her friends. She did not understand the looks of things, at all. Mary opened her eyes,

looked at the door, then at him with an expression of entreaty, of distressful entreaty.

"I will call in the morning," said he to Mrs. Allen.

"If you please," answered she, curtly.

Little guessed he how memory and consciousness would rack that poor heart before the morning light. That morning light would, she knew, bring Arthur Lincoln; Arthur, whose first love she had been; Arthur, who knew all, yet who loved her entirely, confided in her fully; who was ready to embark with her on their life-voyage, with faith and hope filling every sail, and godliness at the helm! She had thought that must bring her to a heaven of happiness at last. And now!—with a shudder she felt the truth; every fibre of her soul and body shouted it. The lightest word, the little finger of Frank Phillips was and would be through all eternity a thousand times more to her than Arthur Lincoln could ever be.

In the long hours of that dreadful night, that rolled by on slow wheels, bringing even thicker and deeper darkness over her intellect, what wonder if her clouded brain half gave way under the pressure of conflicting passions and ill-defined duties. And what was her duty, after all? She whispered it to herself as she opened her eyes from the heavy sleep into which she had at last fallen. Alas! that was the very point Mary could not ascertain. To her womanly nature it never occurred to her that either of her lovers might have hearts elastic enough to rebound from the pressure of distressful emotion, and in her conscientious sympathy for them she forgot her own happiness entirely. Would Arthur accept a devotion such as she could give? And Phillips?—but that way lay madness! Back again to Arthur, to his disappointed hopes and life, for Mary had appreciated to the full that deep devotion which had sufficed to heal and to wreath with hope-blossoms the wounds of her own mortified pride. She guessed how keen would be his disappointment. At last the heavy night wore away, and the dreary, hopeless morning looked coldly in at the window. She rose and dressed. The performance of her usual duties soothed and calmed her. A strength born out of the urgency of the case nerved her. She had been tossed on the sea of her own passionate soul, and only dark clouds were above and around. Now a rift in the skies, cold, white, but clear, showed the light beyond; she knew what lay before her, and she became calm.

The two men came together. Mary answered the message immediately, coming into the

room with a face as white as the wrapper in which she was folded. Only the dark rings round her hollow eyes and the hair drawn back without braids or bands showed that she had not thought of her toilet or manner. She stood an instant in the doorway, then walked hastily forward and put out a hand to each of the young men. They both started and grasped the cold fingers, looking with fear and surprise at her and at each other.

For a few moments Mary stood tearless, and answered their inquiries only by waving them away with a gesture of dumb entreaty; then the floodgates opened, and her sobs threatened to suffocate her; still she shook her head, and clasped her hands over her heart in the agony of her endeavor at self-command.

The two men stood and looked at each other, meanwhile, with bent brows and faces of flame. Who was this other that came forward as if he had a right, grasping and kissing each the cold hand? Arthur guessed, and his heart sunk within him. Frank Phillips could not guess, and he wished the obtrusive and officious friend or kinsman at the end of the earth, that he might fold his bride to his heart and kiss away every tear.

Tears at length relieved Mary without weakening her; on the contrary, she grew calmer and stronger every moment. It was with a quiet voice now, though with an unnatural elevation of manner, that she said, looking first at one and then at the other—

"You see how it is, both of you. I cannot be yours, Arthur, for my whole heart is with Frank; nor yours, Frank, for my word is his, my sacred promise. But you, Arthur, do not want my empty hand; and so—farewell both of you; and God bless you and forgive me." She sprang away from them like a wild thing, and in a moment they heard bursts of hysterical laughter, and the hurried call of Mrs. Allen for restoratives. In a few minutes a woman came, and told them that Miss Lyman would not be able to see them again that morning; and then the two men, who had five minutes before come into the house with hearts blooming like Paradise flowers, went out, pale and tearless, to tread the mountains of desolation.

Mechanically the two walked on together in silence. An excessive and perhaps natural repulsion disposed each at first to turn his back on the other, and to go in opposite paths to the ends of the earth; aye, even through all eternity, never, never to jostle against the dark, unhappy spirit that had come between each of them and bliss! They looked at the blossoms

that had become ashes in their hands, and they pitied themselves with hot tears from bitter fountains. These "unmasked tears" softened each of their hearts, and instead of the natural repugnance turned them with a strange attraction towards each other; natural philosophers would call it "the attraction of repulsion."

Arthur, from his previous knowledge of the circumstances, as well as from his habitual self-control, was the first to gain full insight into the case, and to be deeply interested in his unhappy companion. He looked at Frank, he saw the bent brow and lips bitten till the blood came; he guessed at the stormy sorrow within, and he grieved for him. There was a bond of suffering between them; they loved the same woman, and she could not belong to either. Arthur must have expressed his deep pity and sympathy in his clear face, for the spasmodic working of Phillips' mouth ceased, and his eye melted from its frozen endurance; he turned and grasped the hand of Arthur with violence.

"Tell me about it! and then, and then I shall go back."

That expression, "go back," told all. Arthur spoke at once to the despair in the word; he told Frank the whole story, hiding his own grief, that he might minister to the stormy pride and disappointed affection before him. "It was but a compassionate regard she gave me. If she could have hoped, even, for your love, I could never have won her. You only can make her happy; and I totally and always withdraw any claim I may have had from our engagement."

As Arthur said this, he turned abruptly away, and left Phillips to his own thoughts. A bitter and angry rush, which no amount of Christian charity could sweeten, went through his whole being. They went their divers ways, two sad, angry, and unhappy persons.

The Frank Phillips whom Mary loved, who was, as the Italians say, "the core of her heart," was by no means a piece of perfection; he had an excessive pride and self-reliance, with an impression that the woman who was worthy of his love, and who loved him at all, must inevitably love him through temptation, uncertainty, desertion, time, death itself. In the revulsion of his hopes and the wreck of his pride, he had at first not even an inclination to gather the loose spars that might save him; rather sink. "Let the cold waters float over and destroy me, since all that I called love, faith, and truth has gone from me."

As for Arthur, the necessity of his calling was a mercy to him; in his accumulated duties

he found consolation, and in constant occupation he avoided the solitude he most dreaded. He could not and would not see Mary Lyman; he had learned that she was ill, then that she was recovering, then that she desired to see him; a whole week had passed—it seemed a forever. An interview was what Arthur had so much dreaded that he had exaggerated it with a nervous horror. He could give her up—he had done so; but to see her would be too much. Every memento of her, so dear to his heart, had been laid aside; he had tried to crush out of his future all thought of her, once its star and hope, its pride and ornament. This he owed to them both—the true lovers. He had tried to do as he would be done by. He felt that with them and their hearts he had henceforth nothing to do. Down the stream of time, stately and still, like two swans, they were to float abreast. He could only stand on the bank, but he need not watch their course. Why should she send for him? Why would they not let him alone with his desolation? And how unfeminine, too! Could she not see what must be passing in his heart? She, too, ought she not to shrink from looking at her own work?

All this time the man who had brought the message stood waiting; Arthur stood, also, with a face as calm as if he felt nothing. He said, presently, "I will go."

When he came to the house, he stopped mechanically at the great oak tree in front, where he and Mary had a hundred times sat, she with her needlework and he with such poems or beautiful prose as they both delighted in. Here, only a few days ago, they had finished Maud, and lingered over the sweetest love-song in the English language. There they had watched together the cloud-shadows on the distant landscape, and the gold of the sunset. Now the low moon shone across the tree and the house with a sharp, defining stare that mocked him. So had the beauty and mystery of his life gone, and left only cold, clear duty to guide him. He sat down on the garden seat under the tree. He would wait a little till this chill and agitation should pass. Why had Mary sent for him? he had thought it over a thousand times, yet no circumstances seemed to justify it. He unconsciously repeated this over and over, when the house door opened, and Mary walked straight down the path and to the tree under which he sat.

Mary looked very lovely; she had June roses in her hair and a vapory muslin hung about her like a cloud; her pale face had a sweet calmness in it as she put her hand in Arthur's

and sat down by his side, exactly as if the old love were on.

"You do not think me unmaidenly in this, Arthur; *you* will understand me! he does not." She drew herself up, as she spoke, with a proud expression on her face; then suddenly her hand trembled in his; she clasped them together, wringing them hard, and said, with a gasping utterance of the words—"Arthur! do you love me still? still?"

"God knows how dearly!" said he, in a low voice.

"Then take me, Arthur! you have my word, my hand, and my heart must come to you, I think—I hope! Oh, Arthur, let me tell you, and then you must decide. What good to make all so wretched!" Then, in words half-uttered and incoherent, she told her heart-story. It was strange to listen to her, and Arthur smiled bitterly to himself as he thought, "This—a tale for a lover to hear!"

She had had a short and stormy interview with Phillips. He had expressed at first so much love to her that she was in no way prepared for the mingled mortification and anger which he afterwards showed, and consequently neither understood nor forgave it. Each had such an unbounded wealth of love for the other, each had such an enthralling passion, each loved so fondly and one so madly—was there no disinterestedness, no devotion in it all? It was strange that a phase of this love seemed to border on hatred. As the vices are said to be the children of excessive virtues, so the love of these two, which had in it the quality of angelic happiness, came to be so mixed as to promise them only misery.

"He has gone away, Arthur, never to return again; he will never be anything more to me; he does not understand me. I feel like a boat tossed helplessly to and fro among billows."

Arthur turned away his face. She went on—

"Last night I was very unhappy; I felt that life, for me, was no way desirable; I wished myself dead and cold. Then I thought of you, and I resolved to tell all to you, as I would to God."

A shadow crossed the path behind them; neither of them noticed it. Mary went on rapidly, as she would have done if she had been kneeling at the confessional and waiting to be shrived—

"I am confused as to what is my duty; I know not how much my imagination is affected, or my judgment. I feel very sure that you would be a kind and safe pilot for me, that you love me and entirely understand me. Tell me,

then, as a friend, as a pastor, how is it? what ought I to do? Alas! I know not myself how I ought to feel."

As Mary uttered this incoherent rhapsody, she rose and stood before Arthur, with her sparkling eyes fixed on his and her cheeks rosy and radiant in the moonlight. He looked at her beautiful face, her hands clasped, and half bending in sweet humility before him; he saw the cup brimming before him and crowned with roses. What wonder, then, that he said, in a voice full of agonized feeling—"Spare me, Mary!" as he turned away and covered his face with both his trembling hands. In a few seconds the shudders that agitated his being to the centre ceased; the conflict was over, and victory won; he had obtained rule over his spirit. He made a slight motion for her to resume her seat.

"I think I do understand and read you truly, Mary; far more clearly than you do yourself. From a sense of gratitude and honor, you wish to devote yourself to me, and this, not because you love me, but because in your dismay and astonishment at Mr. Phillips' feelings, you have mistaken your own. But you are both mistaken; he loves you deeply and fondly, Mary, with the whole strength of his nature; and you, too, Mary, you do not understand yourself; you think you are parted forever. As well the sun from the dewdrop." He smiled, with a little derision, and to himself, as he looked anywhere but at Mary's face. "Therefore you must and will see each other again; it may be years first, but, Mary, he only is your other self, the being for whom you would die, and oh, so gladly live!" In describing the emotion of love, Arthur's voice trembled, and Mary sat motionless and waiting, with eyes fixed on his lips. He glanced at her and gathered courage. Not for a moment had he been deceived as to her feelings for himself; not once had he mistaken the agitated brightness of her face for the sweet, conscious trembling of love. No; he felt to his heart's core that it was nothing of the sort. "I take shame to myself, my friend, that in my wish for a warmer feeling I should have believed you felt it for me. And I say to you frankly that a marriage where mutual esteem only is the foundation would be misery to me. I have seen that you love another; I saw it in your eyes that morning, Mary; you never looked at me so; you never felt so towards me. Let him feel that, once let him know how truly and deeply you have always loved him, my life on it, there is no real barrier between you. It is because he is proud,

maybe; he disdains to say a word that may seem to influence you. But think, Mary, of the priceless worth of such a noble, true heart as his. In its weakness as in its strength, in its long endurance and patient waiting, so truly noble! I am not pleading for him, Mary; he would not ask nor wish it: I only ask you to listen to your own heart, and tell me what its throbbings say."

To this passionate appeal of a generous nature, to which few are equal, Mary listened with parted lips and fixed eyes. When he left off speaking, she clasped her hands over her face and sunk down to the very ground, murmuring the few broken words between tearless sobs—"He left me! he left me!"

"Never, never more, Mary, my own!" said a voice behind them; and, half suffocated with emotion, Phillips raised her prostrate form tenderly to his breast. "True love, true friend!" he exclaimed, with his lips kissing her pale ones into living crimson, and holding his right hand out to grasp that of Arthur.

But Arthur had gone home, "to suffer and be strong."

SUGGESTIVE READINGS.

CHARITY IN JUDGMENT.—Never let it be forgotten that there is scarcely a single moral action of a single human being of which other men have such a knowledge—its ultimate grounds, its surrounding incidents, and the real determining causes of its merits—as to warrant their pronouncing a conclusive judgment.

THOUGHT, THEORY, AND ACTION.—Thought and theory must precede all action that moves to salutary purposes. Yet action is nobler in itself than either thought or theory.

HOME INFLUENCE.—There is no selfishness where there is a wife and family. There the house is lighted up by mutual charities; everything achieved for them is a victory; everything endured is a triumph. How many vices are suppressed that there may be no *bad* example! How many exertions made to recommend and inculcate a *good* one!

STRENGTH.—Strength does not consist only in the *more* or the *less*. There are different sorts of strength, as well as different degrees. The strength of marble to resist—the strength of steel to oppose—the strength of the fine gold, which you can twist round your finger, but which can bear the force of innumerable pounds without breaking.

THE NIGHT OF TERROR.

My Aunt Tabby was a venerable person, and one to be held in long remembrance by those who claimed with her the tie of consanguinity, and even that of mere acquaintance. Do you ask more definite information concerning this worthy individual? I am prepared to give it, and perhaps will need a check on your part for being a little *too* definite; so let me record my apology in advance; the most of mankind are prone to dwell at length on what interests *self*, and I boast not to be above the rest of fallible humanity.

My father resided in the extreme northern part of the Granite State, and there in the old homestead (methinks I see it now, though years and years have rolled since my feet turned reluctantly from its portals) reared, more properly lodged, his many children, for the grave had closed over our maternal parent, and so female friend supplied her place; and, kind and faithful as a father may be, such ours truly was, he cannot, unaided, raise his family as he would desire. Some intimate acquaintances, with "the kindest intentions," suggested adroitly the propriety of seeking another helpmate; our father thanked them for their counsel, declining, however, to profit by it; but a more excellent idea did finally take lodging in his mind, and upon this he immediately acted. A maiden sister responded to the touching appeal, and forthwith Aunt Tabitha was established in our domicile, *à la carte blanche* to soften and bring to order a band of as wild, untutored, rattle-brained, fun-making, affectionate children as were ever congregated beneath one roof. Would that I might convey the impression made upon us by our hitherto unknown relative, whose arrival we had somewhat dreaded, having a vague, unpleasant idea that thenceforth we must bid adieu to all sports and laughing, and settle down into a kind of prison life. How vastly we were mistaken! But suffice it to say that Aunt Tabby added much to our usefulness in leading us to mental and manual improvement, and in no degree marred our pleasure.

My aunt was a Quakeress of the old school, and as gentle, and kind, and winning, and pious a soul as ever inhabited this lower world. Her attire never varied from the neatest gray silk, and her muslin cap and large neck-handkerchief were bleached to the last degree of

whiteness. Aunt Tabby was not old; some furrows, it is true, might be traced on her brow, and the hair that lay so smoothly beneath the white frilled cap was silvered over, but her eye sparkled with a light that advanced age knows not, and, physically and mentally, she was firm and active as in the days of her early womanhood.

Ah, my Aunt Tabby, how well I remember her! this heart must cease to beat ere I forget. In a thousand you might perhaps note many answering to my description, but I shall never find her like again; and I might visit the dear old home and call in vain for her or any that once made it a happy place. This is a changing world; men disagree, and love to dispute on numberless points, but not a dweller of earth raises a remonstrance to words that speak life a shifting scene. I may roam through the old homestead, meet strange faces and strange furniture, and then, passing out of the house, enter the garden, and beneath a weeping willow tree I find the narrow home in which my Aunt Tabby lies. Peace to her memory!

One night we were gathered as usual around the family fireside, with our father and aunt in their respective corners. It was the 31st December, 18—, I recollect well, though the memory of particular dates is not my forte, as may be proved by the time and patient labor it cost my father to teach me the period of Columbus's discovery. He had about relinquished the task in hopeless despair, when a singular, certainly a novel idea presented itself: our family consisted of fourteen souls—by this I was to remember the first two numbers; before the house stood nine fruit trees in a row—the third number; between us and the public road were two gates—the last figure, making 1492. I immediately caught at my lesson, offered to me in such an interesting manner, and the teacher congratulated himself on success. Alas! the subsequent week I was again sounded on the old yet unfamiliar question, and promptly answered, 1471; being reproved, I showed the minuteness of my calculation and strength of my reasoning by reference to the aforesaid objects. A storm had leveled two trees and one gate. But I have since learned that the era of past momentous events rests not on cherry trees and wooden gates.

To return. It had been snowing the entire

day in question, and at sunset a bleak, piercing wind sprang up, and as it whistled around the substantial farmhouse we drew closer to the cheerful fire within, and enjoyed our comforts, which seemed to be enhanced by contrast with the outward scene of cold and confusion. Aunt Tabby remained wrapt in unwonted taciturnity; emotion was visible on her brow, and a trembling in her frame.

"You are ill, Tabitha," said our father.

"No, Ephraim," she returned. "I am thinking on other days; an era in my life of which this night is the anniversary, and my nerves are not strong just now; it is a weakness, and will pass by. I have told thee of that time, Ephraim; we will talk of something else."

To most minds there is a charm in whatever inclines to the marvellous, and Aunt Tabby's mysterious words created in us a longing desire to hear more; but she seemed to avoid the theme, and how could we be gratified? A whisper to our indulgent father, and we were on the road.

"Tell thee of that time, child?" said Aunt Tabby. "I have never spoken of it save once; but this night I feel strangely disposed to favor thy request, and—thou wilt ask me no more."

We drew our chairs nearer to each other, thereby restricting the limits of the circle, and several furtive glances were cast around the apartment by the younger members of our party. Aunt Tabby gave the following narrative in the plain language of the Quaker, which I will of course discard, and by so doing divest the account of one attraction, at least to me, having always had a partiality for the primitive and solemn "thou and thee;" but I am no Quaker, and assumed manner is ever objectionable.

"I will say first," began our narrator, "that I lately heard one of you express doubts with regard to the fact that the hair may be and has been suddenly blanched by feelings of extreme terror. I know you trust my veracity, and I affirm that my own hair, black as a raven's wing, was, at five-and-twenty, silvered in a single night by emotions of mind sufficient to dethrone my reason, not only temporarily, as was the case, but also permanently, which kind Providence mercifully prevented. From my being so terribly frightened, you may perhaps imagine I had an excitable temperament, and was easily alarmed; but in this you are mistaken: my bent of mind lay in a different direction. Enjoying perfect bodily health, and possessed of strong nerves, I was proverbial among my young companions for boldness of

spirit and freedom from superstitious feelings of any kind. Perhaps I was a little proud of my distinction on this point, and here I would remark, 'Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.' I remember walking through lonely graveyards at nightfall without one sensation of fear, and surely there is no cause of alarm; the dead have never harmed any one, why should we fear their dwelling-place? And as for ghosts and apparitions, I do not believe in their existence. But there was one subject supplying to me inexhaustible food for terror; of a maniac, and even such reputed harmless, I entertained the most invincible fear. I have an indistinct remembrance of being greatly frightened by a crazy man, and whether this instance of my early childhood created the shrinking aversion, or it arose from my nature, I am not prepared to say; I only know that the mere presence of an insane person threw over me a chilliness, and gloom, and terror which I could never successfully combat, though I endeavored to do so, aware that my ultra feelings might reasonably be attributed to affectation. But I strove in vain, and finally ceased striving, and began to think myself the inevitable victim of a strange and incurable malady. I have wondered at the curiosity that leads one to wander through a lunatic asylum, when I would prefer, if obliged to choose, entering a menagerie of wild animals not securely caged. Perhaps you accuse me of want of pity for those mentally diseased. I hope you mistake. The Searcher of hearts knows how sincere and deep is my commiseration for the most miserable of earth; but I weary you, and yet all this is a necessary prelude to what follows:—

"My father lived in New York State, and I soon after Ephraim married and left home we received tidings from a relative who resided some ten miles distant of sickness in her family, with the request that one of us would come and stay with her until matters mended; which request was very natural, considering her situation, that of lonely widowhood. My parents could not leave home just then, and it was decided that I should respond to the call: I readily assented, for Aunt Franklin was a favorite with us all, and the cause of humanity would have induced me to lay aside every counter inclination, had there been such. A dilemma occurred. Who should drive me these intervening miles? Father was unable; Ephraim was gone, and mother feared that William Dorson, the hired man who had recently entered our service, might not be acquainted with

the road, which objection was removed by said person's making known he had 'lived all his life near widow Franklin's, and could go thither blindfolded.' So it was decided, and in the swift cutter, for snow lay on the ground, William and I started. Mother heated bricks for our feet and wrapped around us numberless blankets and buffalo robes, and, as we turned to go, remarked, 'I wish Ephraim was here to take you, Tabitha—' 'Don't you think I will drive her safely?' asked William, somewhat ruffled in temper. 'My allowing her to depart is sufficient answer; it is only natural that I should rely more upon a son than another,' said my mother calmly, and the ruffled feathers were smoothed. Mother was always just so gentle and good."

"True!" returned our father.

"Like you, Aunt Tabby," interposed one of the interested group.

"Much better, dear child, but to my story; I am long in reaching the part of interest. We rode some time; according to my custom in travelling, I was looking within, not around me; deep in reverie. I knew not how much space we had traversed until, on taking a survey, I perceived that the road was entirely strange to me; night was approaching, and there were unmistakable evidences of a snow-storm; indeed, momentarily, the flakes began to fall thick and fast.

"William," said I in surprise, 'where are we?'

"I wish we was to hum,' he returned for my satisfaction.

"Have you mistaken the road?'

"No, but don't you see the snow; it is getting night, and we are not half-way—'

"Half-way!' I repeated in astonishment; 'we should be at my aunt's now.'

"At L—— in three hours!'

"We are not going to L——.' I began to understand the drift of the matter.

"In his turn astonished he reined the horse tightly and exclaimed—'Aren't you going to widow Franklin's in L——?'

"No, to my aunt's at W——.'

"Well, I do declare," said he with such a comical air of surprise that I could not refrain from a burst of laughter, though our situation was not very mirthful in itself.

"What should we do? To return was impossible; to proceed equally so, for our journey would be purposeless. To seek a night's lodging by the way-side was the alternative chosen; but no habitation appeared in view. William knew a farmer who lived two miles further on,

and thither we directed our course. My heart grew somewhat sad at the prospect of sojourning with strangers when I had fully expected to lodge under the roof of my relative; but I did not forget to be thankful for the present anticipation, mindful that for 'every bad there is a worse.'

"Farmer Grayson and his wife received us kindly, and made us welcome to the hospitality of their roof and board, and I began to feel that the adventure was not so very disastrous after all. We spent a pleasant evening in conversation, and I grew to be well acquainted, comparatively speaking, with my host and hostess. Mr. Grayson was an oddity on some points; evidently possessed of a quick and penetrating mind that lacked culture, he had run into strange and amusing fancies; he inclined much to a political character, and had many favorites among the prominent public men from Washington downward. One thing occurred to mar my pleasure and that late in the evening. I went to the window to discover the state of the weather when I perceived a small lodge, I should term it, of very peculiar appearance in the yard, and was induced to inquire its use. Immediately the farmer, so jovial before, relapsed into mournful silence and drooped his head.

"None are exempt from affliction, my young friend," said the farmer's wife.

"I had thought this the abode of happiness," I responded, 'and that you two brooded over no present sorrow.'

"We bear calm faces and endeavor to bear calm and submissive hearts, for the Lord doeth all things well. But every house has its skeleton, and ours is a raving maniac in a beloved and only son.'

"A maniac!" I echoed, and my tone betrayed only the half of what I felt.

"Yes," she continued, 'such is the melancholy truth; we could not send him from us as many suggested, so we confine him near by: and yet, were he loose, he would doubtless spend his wrath on those who are nearest to him.'

"A maniac!" said I again, thinking aloud.

"But you need not fear," interposed the farmer, speaking for the first time, and it made me sorry to observe the change in his tone, now subdued and sad; 'the poor boy is chained, and can injure no one.'

"The discourse was turned; but ever and anon my mind reverted with horror to the chained maniac in the yard, until I forced myself to reason how unnecessary were my apprehensions when he was securely lodged and fastened. At time for retiring to rest, my

hostess conducted me above, and, as we went thither, I remarked if this were an old, rambling, many-roomed house, I might stand some chance of a midnight adventure of ghosts and apparitions. My companion laughed and bade me fear nothing of the kind, adding, 'We have no space for ghosts, having scarcely enough for ourselves; but if you are inclined to be timid, there is a vacant room in the lodge next our own and T—'s.'

'Oh, no!' I returned quickly, desiring no nearer proximity to the object of my terror. 'I was jesting on the subject; I boast a mind a little too strong to bend to superstitious fear—though, by the way, I am not disposed to place my mental powers above those of the author of *Rasselas*, who firmly believed in the visible presence of supernatural beings; but surely this was the weak and objectionable point of a mind otherwise strong and talented.'

'Mrs. Grayson departed, and I was soon in bed thinking of the new abode in which my body rested, and moralizing thereupon as respects the strange and unforeseen events that meet us in the journey of life, until slumber interrupted my reverie. I cannot tell how long I slept, but when I awoke I became conscious of painful bodily sensations; my head throbbled violently and the blood ran hot and fast through my veins. I was ill. The wind howled in a most dismal manner and imitated aptly the moaning of the human voice. Once I arose, actually believing for the moment that I heard a distressed person calling for succor. Again I slumbered, but restlessly; strange, wild, unearthly dreams disturbed me, and at one time I seemed to be moving about in a place with which I had no acquaintance; so vivid was the impression that I could hardly believe myself asleep, and I knew I was not awake. The oppressiveness became too much for the chains of Morpheus and I burst them. But more unaccountable was the waking realization than the thoughts of sleep. 'Where am I?' thus I questioned myself, but could give no reply. Certainly where I had never been, and lying, not in a bed, but on what seemed, from its hardness and narrow extent, to be a bench; a cold, damp air blew across my brow, and there was in the apartment a chilliness and gloomy darkness that I have always connected with vaults for the dead. I carried my hand to my forehead—it was still hot and feverish; then rubbed my eyes, imagining myself asleep; but no, all was stern reality, and I could only wonder and conjecture as to the manner in which I gained this singular abode. The moon's

pale glimmering stole through a small uncurtained window, and cast a melancholy and imperfect light, more dreary than total darkness. Half rising from a recumbent posture, I glanced around; there was no bedstead to be seen, nothing with which I felt familiar; a few chairs, as well as I could discover, were huddled together in one corner. I placed my foot on the floor, intending to make an exploring expedition in these strange, untrodden regions, for as yet I felt no fear, only surprise. The planks creaked, and sent back such a hollow, dismal sound I instinctively paused; then, ashamed at my weakness, made another attempt, and again sank upon the bench, but from a new cause, and now I must say I was afraid. At the lower end of the room I descried several figures, tall, white as the driven snow, and dressed in long, flowing robes: still and motionless, they stood and seemed to mock my unquiet state. What were they? My riveted and piercing glance gave me no clue to discovery. Perhaps, I thought, it is only the effect of an excited imagination, and I moved, though trembling violently, to examine the unearthly-looking figures; but as I advanced they advanced. I seemed to feel their cold and clammy touch, and, seized with terror, retreated to my bench. I longed for enlightenment; it was not my nature to rest without sifting an incomprehensible matter, but in the present instance I found myself unable to do anything; and, burying my face in my hands, prayed to be kept from the power of evil spirits, for it was the moment, and the solitary one of my life, in which I felt under similar supernatural agency. I longed for the morning, but was impressed with the belief it could not be more than midnight, though the hours thus far had passed on leaden wings. My senses were greatly agitated, my head ached, and my whole frame shook like the leaf in the breeze. But the acme of terror was yet to be attained. Oh! my children, may you never know by sad experience, and you cannot know otherwise, the sufferings of that long and weary night. As I sat thus amid the chilliness, and gloom, and oppressiveness of the strange chamber, I heard a faint sound below; it resembled the noise made by opening a door. My first emotion thereafter was one of relief, for I imagined that some of the family might be moving about; and I arrested the call which arose to my lips only to gain more certainty. I was not mistaken with regard to the sound itself, but no second emotion of joy did I feel. Again I listened, and again a footfall broke the silence, followed by the *clinking of a*

chain! A thought of horror passed my brain, and, seizing my whole attention, swallowed up every former source—at least the remembrance of every former source of apprehension. *‘The maniac has escaped his confinement, broken his bonds, and entered the dwelling.’*

“You may imagine, I cannot describe the awful terror that took possession of me then. There was a pause, and in the lengthy duration, for silence was only the comfortless relief of suspense, I thought perhaps I was mistaken—I had grown distrustful of my senses; but no, again the noise of feet, a soft and stealthy step, as of one seeking to elude observation; then came the chain, that horrible chain, and as it dragged along my fears increased. Ah, I was indeed learning how much the *brain* can bear. The sounds ceased, then recommenced, and came to me from the bottom of the staircase. Oh, if the madman should ascend!—and he did; the chains knocked against the upright board, another step, another clanking. I thought to bar the door, but knew not where to seek it. I arose mechanically to ascertain; my limbs refused to support me, and I sank powerless to the floor. I heard a low grumble; doubtless the unmeaning jargon of the maniac, occasioned by my fall. A cold sweat spread over me, I trembled so that my teeth chattered, and it seemed that the blood had ceased its wonted coursing, and was all collected in the seat of life, such was the fulness and oppressive weight at my heart. Again the horrible sound, now nearer. O that I were deaf! even if I must meet the madman face to face, just to be spared the agonizing pain of hearing his approach. The tread had grown heavy and the clanking of the chains reverberated through the house. The door was reached, thrown rudely open; I saw the maniac enter, and I saw no more. My senses reeled, I uttered one loud, wild, piercing shriek, and consciousness kindly forsook me.”

Aunt Tabby paused, and appeared deeply agitated. After a few moments resumed the narrative.

“When I regained the use of my senses I was receiving the tender and solicitous attentions of my relatives and the farmer’s family, and was under medical treatment. It was long ere my shattered nerves were made whole—indeed they have never been strong since. I lay ill for weeks, and during all that time the remembrance of the night of terror was so painful to me that I shrank from any allusion to it. I afterwards sought explanation, and though the cause was very inadequate to the

effect, and the source of my fright less frightful than I had imagined, I have never felt any disposition to laugh over the subject. I think of that night with sensations of horror to this day, and shall never fully recover from the effects it produced upon me. Thus ends my night of terror.”

“Aunt Tabby,” said one of the group, “tell us of the maniac, and what were those white figures?”

“A few words suffice to elucidate the whole affair. You will remember that my system was deranged by illness, which accounts in a measure for my ready yielding to delusive fancies, though any one must allow that my condition and the circumstances attending it were peculiar and calculated to awake some degree of fear. I had never been subject to fits of somnambulism, but in the restlessness of fever I did rise from my bed while slumbering, and wander to the room adjoining, an unfurnished apartment and used mostly for storage of heterogeneous articles. The ghastly white figures in long flowing robes were plaster busts of farmer Grayson’s favorite political characters, stolen adroitly from occupied rooms below by the farmer’s wife and consigned to the place of obscurity above stairs, and there they held silent and (to me certainly) impressive court, each one being stationed on a painted barrel whose height and ambulatory motion my imagination had increased and created. But the cause of my greatest terror was no maniac at all; merely a large, handsome and good-natured Newfoundland dog, loved and petted by the farmer’s family, that had broken the chain with which, from custom he was bound, and sought a night’s lodging in the old deserted room. Nero ever afterward manifested the greatest affection for me, perhaps aware of the terror he had innocently caused me. And thus you see the night of terror is no tale of ghosts and hobgoblin apparitions; but merely an account of simple things made frightful, because misunderstood and seen through the distorted medium of a feverish and excited imagination. Again I say, I hope it may never be your lot to suffer what I suffered during the long and dismal night of 31st Dec. 18—.”

OUR JUDGMENT OF OTHERS.—I observe that in our relations with the people around us, we forgive them more readily for what they *do*, which they *can* help, than for what they *are*, which they *cannot* help.

TO C——.

BY MARTIN V. MOORE.

When thy heart is sweetly dreaming,
 Visions best around thee gleaming—
 When with loved ones thou art roaming,
 Fairest flowers for thee blooming
 (Golden-vested, silver-vested, crimson flowers!)

In the quietly, blushing bowers—
 When amid the festive throng,
 Pleasures' thrilling, giddy song
 Breathingapture there
 In thine ear,
 With its heart-toned melody
 Swelling high—
 Think of me—Oh, think of me!
 While I smile in thought of thee!

When the heart, with fading glory,
 Sings a saddened sighing story—
 When its echoes, dear and lonely,
 Whisper "sorrow, sorrow only!"—
 When its hopes are wildly sighing,
 And its bright lamps faintly dying—
 When its tendrils closer cling
 Round the ruins mouldering—
 When its memories claim
 Mercy's flame
 When the lost-love incense burns
 In its urn—
 Think of me—Oh, think of me!
 And I'll weep in thought for thee!

Think of me, O ever dearest!
 Think of me, O ever fairest!
 Think of me at morn returning
 With her saffron glories burning,
 And at silent hours of even,
 When the stars grow bright in heaven,
 And when love with brighter beams
 Bathes thy soul in blissful dreams—
 When the spirit hies
 Where the skies
 Bend with glories ever new,
 Ever true—
 Think of me—Oh, think of me!
 And I'll think in dreams of thee!

Think of me when spring is coming
 O'er the valleys softly blooming—
 Think of me when summer flowers
 Gem the amaranthine bowers—
 And when autumn's golden glory
 Tells of winter's coming hoary—
 Think of me when low I sleep
 Where the pine and willow keep
 Vigil o'er my grave:
 As they wave
 To the sighing, passing air,
 With a prayer
 Think of me—Oh, think of me!
 While my spirit prays for thee!

THE HELIOTROPE.

BY HATTIE HEATH.

I HAD a gift—it was a little thing—
 A tiny pot of earth, in which there grew
 A tender plant, so frail, it needs must cling

To something stronger than itself, to hold
 Its green head up. I watched the fragile plant,
 And watered it, and tended it with care,
 Until I grew to love it passing well!

One day I spied a little clump of buds
 Asleep upon the bosom of my plant,
 And soon, sweet flowers, awaking, looked around
 With faces pale and eyes of misty blue,
 But such a rare and ravishing perfume
 Uprising from their hearts, it sent a rush
 Of thoughts athrough my soul, so wondrous sweet
 And beautiful, I ne'er could utter them.
 And ever and anon that fragrance steals
 So softly o'er my senses, that I think
 Sometimes I almost feel the presence of
 Some angel searching for the beautiful,
 And then I fear that he may take my fair
 Sweet flower.

I've likened it to many things,
 All lovely, true, and good. Sometimes it seems
 A timid maiden, clinging in her love
 And tenderness around a stronger one,
 Her soul all odorous with affection's bloom;
 Her "gentle words and loving smiles" fall on
 That strong one's heart as wondrously as doth
 This strange exquisite perfume on *my* heart.

But most it seemeth like the humble life
 Of some devoted, earnest Christian, who
 So unobtrusively spreads round herself
 An atmosphere of heaven, while constantly
 Doth rise the fragrance rich of fervent prayer,
 Like incense from a heart of purity.

And so this little flower its mission has,
 For daily doth it whisper to my soul
 Sweet thoughts of goodness, tenderness, and love;
 It speaks of all things true and beautiful,
 And makes me pray, "that thus *my* heart may be
 A censer full of richest incense, that
 Shall rise unceasing to the throne of God."

WAITING FOR RAIN.

BY FERRUSH FLINT.

Waiting for rain—

The maple buds with their tips of red,
 The violets with their hoods of green
 Drawn closely over each azure head—
 The tulips out of their silken screen
 Thrusting their glowing cheeks in vain—
 Waiting for rain.

Waiting for rain—

The ploughboy out in the dusty field,
 The mottled doves on the open barn,
 The water-fowl by the dull brook—sealed
 By last year's drift into a muddy tarn—
 Lifting their thirsty beaks in vain—
 Waiting for rain.

Longing for rain—

That we may walk 'neath the maples young
 And smell the violets down by the copses,
 And hear the robin with silvery tongue
 Calling out of the blossoming orchard tops
 Before I am all alone again—
 Waiting, watching, longing in vain—

Longing for rain,
 The blessed rain.

HOW MY FATE WAS BLIGHTED.

BY ELMA.

PRINTERS have no idea of the misery they cause by their errors ; I allude chiefly to their errors of printing. Most persons write for Mr. Jones, or Mrs. Jones, or the Misses Jones ; I confess to no such ambition ; I am writing my history for the printers to print, and the printers to read ; let them attend to my thrilling recital.

"Charles," said my sister, as she laid down the poems of Abel Chaunt, Esq., "why do you not write a book of poems?"

"My dear creature," I replied, "why should I write a book of poetry?"

"Because many young men are writing books of poetry."

"No reason at all, most unreasonable and unreasoning woman. If Trout, whom you so much admire, jumps into the river, must I do the same because I too am a young man of the same age as Trout?"

"But there is young Smith who has just put out a book of lyrics, and Mr. Tompkins's son, and Mr. Washington Green."

"My dear soul, a man must be born a poet. 'I was not born a poet,' said an amiable divine, 'and I thank Heaven that I never tried to make myself one!'"

"Now, Charles, what's the use of pretending? You know that you have written poetry, very sweetly, too."

"I have indulged occasionally."

"What could be grander than your 'Brigand'? Why, some of the lines are actually sublime."

"Well, it was pretty good," I said, pulling up my collar.

"Then 'Love's Last Dream'; why, Charlie, nothing can be more touching and tender."

"Rather weak," I said, affecting to despise "Love's Last Dream."

"Weak indeed, Charles; you say so, because, since you have grown so fat, you've become fearfully unsentimental. I know that it is very tender and touching; you should see it as I have, pasted on a piece of white satin and framed; then you would learn to appreciate it properly."

"My dear creature, where did you see 'Love's Last Dream' done up in satin and a

gold frame? Did I understand you a gold frame?"

"Yes, it is a gold frame."

"Where hangeth the said frame?"

"In the boudoir of Kate Appleton," Charles.

I said to myself, "How charming!" My heart, generally sluggish, gave a bound and a leap. Kate Appleton, the lovely heiress, so queenly, so courtly, so cold. "Loveth she poetry, Elizabeth?"

"She dotes on it, Charles, and has been heard to say that she will marry none but a poet."

"Ah, indeed, is it possible? My dear sister, you have given me a new idea."

"I am glad to hear it, Charles; you stood in need of the acquisition."

Be it known that my sister was not altogether pleased of late by my giving up all my poetical ways, and taking to the merest prose of a clerk's life—a clerk in a drygoods store. Start not, reader, I tried the Muse, but she positively refused to feed me. "Say clothes, then," I said to her, beseechingly. "No, not even clothes," was her positive answer. I could not go without my dinner; the usages of polite society demanded that I should wear a coat, therefore, giving up all idea of eating and dressing on literature, I took to calico by the yard, pins and needles by the paper, and ribbons in small quantities. It fed me and it clothed me; and know thou, that standing behind the counter in midsummer, in the dark store of Muslin & Silk, my employers, the divine spark of poetry expired within my weary soul, and I cried out, "Great Pan is dead!"

The lovely Kate Appleton walked in and out of the tomb in which I had buried my poetry. Sometimes she wanted a new dress. I felt honored in being allowed the privilege of waiting on her, and pulling down huge piles of goods for her inspection.

"Just let me look at that," she would say, pointing languidly with her fan to the article. The piece lay at the bottom of forty other pieces; I would drag, and tug, and pull; it was August—imagination, depict the rest.

"Oh dear, what a fright!" and the haughty head would toss back disdainfully. "Take

down that, if you please," pointing with the yard-stick to the shelf.

"This?"

"No, still higher."

"This?"

"Yes, that, sir." And down comes the next piece.

"Oh, what a fright! You've got down the wrong piece; I mean the very last piece on the top shelf."

Ah, what a pleasure it was to wait on the capricious beauty in August!

"That will do, that will do; I am too fatigued to look at any more; you've shown me a set of frights!"

"Some of these patterns are considered very beautiful," I ventured to remark.

"Indeed!" and she raised her eyebrows and looked at me. Then a cool "Good morning, sir," and away sailed the queenly Kate Appleton, her thin white drapery floating around her graceful form. Beautiful vision! but there was no time for apostrophizing; there were one hundred and one pieces to put smoothly on the shelves.

"Elizabeth," I would say at night to my sister—she was always my confidante—"I wish that I could marry an heiress."

"Well, now, Charles, what put that into your head?"

"Kate Appleton, my sister. I pulled down one hundred and one pieces to day for her inspection, and as she turned her back upon them all, I could not but think how much less trouble it would be for me to marry an heiress, her lovely self say, than to pass my life behind the counter of Muslin & Silk."

"Very true, Charles," sighed out my sister.

"Who knows? The peerless Kate may give me that comfortable living which the crusty Muse positively refused."

"My precious Charles, I fear not."

"Why?"

"She is so proud, so cold—a perfect icicle."

"I will melt her."

"You cannot, I fear; if you had only done as I wished you, and cultivated your beautiful gift of poetry."

"My dear creature, listen to my experience. I have a trunk full of poems, returned with 'many thanks, not available,' etc. Can I live on rejected manuscripts? Had I taken your advice, I should now be about the seediest-looking fellow going; my coat would be brown, once a beautiful black, my hat napless, my shoes out at the toes."

"Oh, Charles, how dreadful!"

"And true as dreadful; what a poetical appearance for Kate Appleton to fall in love with!"

After this little confidential outpouring to my dear sister, I took to dreaming about marrying Kate Appleton. Hope commenced to build a lordly castle, towering to the skies, hung it with festal garlands, and adorned it with glowing pictures. Poor, foolish Hope!

"Elizabeth," I said, "you must contrive to introduce me to Miss Appleton."

"If I can, if I may, my brother."

My sister was a daily teacher in the family of Mr. Appleton, and, after her duties were over, Kate sometimes invited her to a talk in her boudoir. Kate was the grown-up sister of the children whom Elizabeth instructed.

I had often heard of this boudoir filled with looking-glasses, crimson velvet lounges, and rocking-chairs, mother-of-pearl caskets, Bohemian glass toilet sets, sparkling in ruby and gold, tall vases filled with flowers of a rare perfume, pictures in massive gilt frames, gay plumaged birds singing away in golden cages, and books, with silver clasps and rich bindings, heaped up on the centre-table. Here it was that Kate Appleton dreamed away her life in luxury and repose, caring naught for the world without that lay beneath the shadow of poverty.

One day, when the books were closed, and the slates cleared away, Miss Appleton sent to request the pleasure of my sister's company in the gilded little boudoir.

"Comment vous portez-vous?" said Miss Appleton, as my sister entered.

"Very well, thank you," was the response in English.

"Y a-t-il quelque chose de nouveau?"

"I know of none, Miss Appleton."

"Miss Nugent, why do you not speak French to me? I prefer it to English. Did you go to teach the Russell children, yesterday?"

"Yes, Miss Appleton, I did."

"Did you see Charlie Russell hovering any where about?"

"I caught a glimpse of him in the library, Miss Appleton, in his robe, his slippers, and his smoking-cap."

"Poor, dear Charlie! how interesting he must have looked! Did he look interesting, Miss Nugent?"

"Not to my eyes, Miss Appleton."

"How strange! and your eyes are just the color of mine; to me, Miss Nugent, he always looks handsome and interesting."

"No man is handsome in my eyes who has not a good expression. Excuse me if Mr.

Charles Russell is a friend of yours ; but to me he looks like a bad, selfish young man."

"Oh, you are perfectly excusable ; he's not a very particular friend of mine—only a rejected lover, that is, rejected by pa, for I was not allowed to have a say in the matter. Did he look pale, Miss Nugent ?"

"On the contrary, he looked rather crimson ; his nose was red, and his eyes were red."

"Quelle bêtise ! what are you talking about ? Charlie Russell red ! why, it is his divine paleness that I so much admire ; he looks the poet."

"Is he a poet, Miss Appleton ?"

"Oh, sweet, sweet ! I have one piece of his in particular, which I dearly prize. The truth is, if ma and pa, and Uncle Felix, and Aunt Rebecca, and even old grandfather, aged ninety-two, who lives up on the hill, had not meddled in the matter, I might now have been married to Charlie. They almost tore me to pieces, like a pack of hounds, until they fairly drove poor, dear Charlie away from the house, and nearly set me mad. But, excusez moi, Miss Nugent, troubling you with my affairs. Are you personally acquainted with any poets ?"

Dear Elizabeth ! she replied at once—"My brother is a poet, Miss Appleton ; he writes divinely."

"Indeed ! how truly pleasant ! Give my compliments to your poet brother, Miss Nugent ; tell him to write a piece to Kate, for the *Literary Gazette*, and if I am pleased with it, I will bid you bring him here and introduce him to me. I adore genius, that is my weakness. Now, good morning ; the hour has arrived for me to take my ride ; do, as I pass by you in the carriage, look if my new pink bonnet is becoming ; and don't forget my message to the poet you have at home."

Need I say with what alacrity the piece to Kate was written and sent to the *Gazette*. Hope sang her sweetest songs around me : Joy rang her most silvery bells in my ears. Once introduced to Miss Appleton, the rest would be easy. I believed in my own powers to fascinate ; what man does not ?

The piece was published. With a beating heart I opened the yet damp paper : I turned to the poet's corner. Heaven and earth, what met me ! I give my production as it emanated from the press, including my own corrections, which, alas for my reputation, came only too late ! Was there ever so diabolical (excuse the word) rendering of a poet's thoughts ?

TO KATE.

World I were the *sparkling* rose (sparkling)
That dwelleth on thy breast,
Or the opal *wretch* that *smoothes* (brooch, glow-)
On that soft place of *rust* : (rust)
Or that pure *jint* upon thy hand, (gem)
Or *silly* in thy hair, (lily)
Or *harp* that holds the velvet land (clasp)
Around thy forehead's *stars*. (forehead fair)

It will very readily be perceived what a state I was in when this atrocious performance met my eye. To say that I was exasperated, would be using a word that by no means conveys my peculiar state of feeling. I bore it like an angel, when, on other occasions, the printers turned my roses into noses and my rills into gills, but this, this ! I could not, I would not stand it. I put on my hat with a slam, and strode off to the office of the *Literary Gazette*.

"I wish to see the editor."

"Certainly, sir, he's up stairs."

Up I went ; I opened the door ; there he sat, the wretch, the wretch ! He wore a jaunty sort of smile upon his face, he looked peaceful, happy, while I—"You, you, sir !" I sputtered out, holding the paper to him, and pointing to the article, "You, you, sir !" I could say no more—I choked.

He looked at me in amazement. "Be seated, sir ; take a glass of water ; are you ill ?"

"Ill, no sir," I thundered out ; "I have been shamefully treated."

"I am sorry to hear it, sir."

The wretch, how blandly he spoke ! I could have killed him on the spot.

"I wrote some very beautiful lines, sir, and sent them to this paper. How could I have imagined!"—again I choked.

"My dear sir, do not agitate yourself in that way : wait to speak until you have become calm."

"Calm, of what are you speaking ? Read this, sir, and then talk of being calm."

He read ; and, unmitigated wretch, he laughed until he fairly shouted again. "Well done, if this is not fairly ludicrous."

"Ludicrous, sir ! Is that your idea of the ludicrous ?" I felt as if I could have dealt him a blow and laid him at my feet.

He made an effort to look grave : "My dear sir, even after the proof has been corrected, errors will creep in ; writers ought not to mind these little things."

"Little things ; what is your idea of magnitude ?"

He smiled. "The truth is, sir, that authors are apt to magnify the importance of these

errors; readers, of course, correct as they go on: it is nothing, I assure you."

"Nothing. I've a great mind to chastise the printers, sir."

"Very well, sir, you will find them below."

I *did not* chastise the printers, though I have regretted it ever since. I proceeded to Mushu & Suk's, and passed a wretched day. At dinner time, Elizabeth rushed into my arms.

"Dear Charlie, what made you? she's enraged; it's awful poetry, and you can write so sweetly. She says that she has a mind to send her father here to give you a caning for your insolence. Oh, Charlie, what were you thinking of?"—and Elizabeth fairly sobbed.

I groaned aloud. "It's the printers, all the printers," I said, wildly dashing my hands over my aching head.

"I told her," sobbed out Elizabeth, "that you wrote such beautiful poetry, and I pointed to 'Love's Last Dream' hanging in the golden frame. 'He, indeed, write that!' she said, tossing back her head; 'Charlie Russell wrote that when pa refused him. It is lovely—purely Byronic in its passionate despair.' Oh, dear Charlie, it is all up with you, my brother."

"Yes, it's all up with me," I murmured, as I tore the poetry from the paper, and threw it into the glowing grate. We sat and watched the little heap of black ashes; Elizabeth with tears in her eyes.

"Thus die my hopes," I said; "con—"

"Don't curse, Charles," pleaded Elizabeth, mildly.

"Found the printers." Then I relapsed into a moody silence.

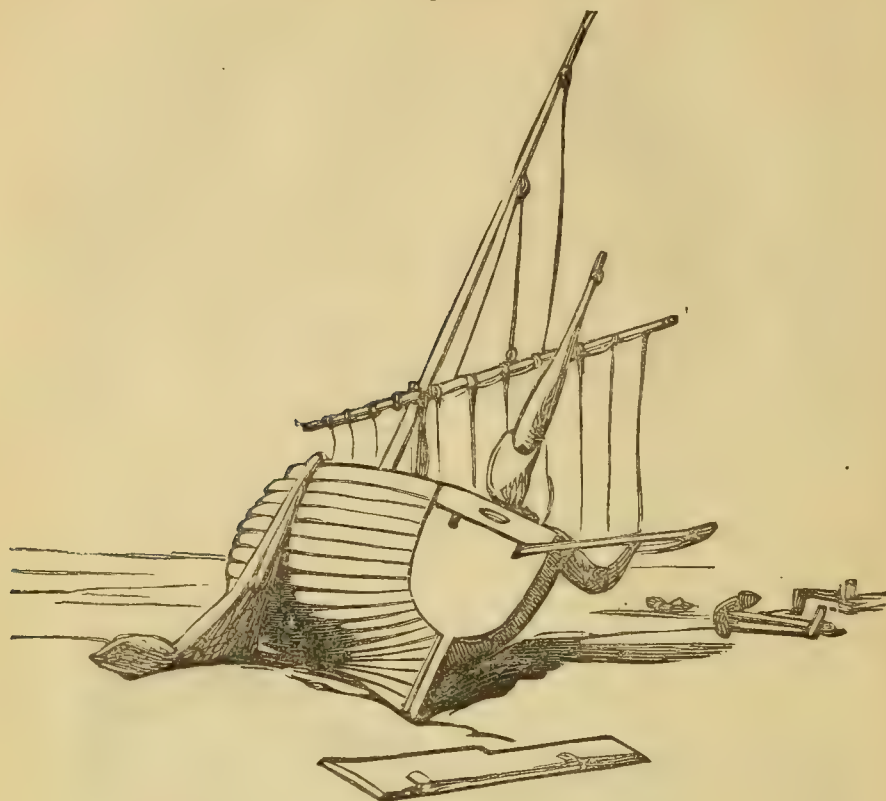
BROAD LINE DRAWING LESSONS.

Fig. 113.



Figs. 113 and 114 require no very special directions, except that the hair in the animal should not be slighted, and the lines in the vessel must be accurately copied.

Fig. 114.



TO AN ABSENT WIFE.

BY RIGEL.

AFAR from thee, my love, my wife,
 Slowly the moments pass;
 Ah, slowly falls each lingering sand
 From out life's mystic glass!
 How changed since thou wert by my side!
 The moments then went by
 Like flights of golden-plumaged hopes—
 Remembered with a sigh!

Earth, clothed in beauty though it be,
 Wears not the smile it wore;
 A dreary depth of sadness fills
 The blue skies, bending o'er!
 The birds no longer sing the same
 Glad songs they sung of yore;
 But plaintive tones of sadness steal
 Where all was joy before!

I sit and count each weary hour,
 So slowly lapping by,
 When calm and still the evening falls,
 And stars begin the sky;

Such eyes once kn't our hearts more close,
 Beneath our humble dome;
 But with thee went my Eden-time—
 The paradise of home!

Oh, speed along ye lagging hours,
 That keep us still apart!
 And come to me, my love, my wife,
 And nestle in my heart!
 Yes, ere another moon shall shine,
 To dim the evening star,
 Oh, come and rest thee by my side,
 By absence made more dear!

And thoughts that now, with drooping wing,
 Essay to soar above,
 Would mount on eagle-pinions then,
 Cheered by the light of love;
 Or, by thy voice wooed back to earth,
 Would deem such soarings vain:
 Far dearer than Ambition's meed,
 Love's ever bright'ning chain!

LOIS LEE.

BY ALICE B. HAYEN.

CHAPTER I.

"Nor to covet nor desire other men's goods, but to learn and labor truly to get mine own living, and to do my duty in that state of life unto which it shall please God to call me."

Familiar words, repeated again and again by the young girl whose head, supported on her hands, bent over the well-worn prayer-book, yet leaving no meaning, no echo behind. Now she looks out upon the sunshine again, upon the lonely quiet of Sunday afternoon in the country; a Sunday in June, with the softness of a summer sky overhead, lazy, fleecy clouds floating idly along, and flecking the velvet green meadows with light shadows as they passed; meadows golden with buttercups, and white with daisies, and purple with clover-blossoms; orchards where granite boulders reared their gray rifts under the gnarled apple-trees, twined with bridal wreaths of trailing blackberry-blossoms; pastures where the kine stood tranquilly ruminating in their abundant heritage; rich fields of bearded grain; groves of maple with their emerald foliage; glimpses of a far off winding stream; and a living fragrance in the air of clustering acacias, and blossoming wild grapes, and blushing wild roses, and fading haw blossoms by the roadside. The mould in the garden under the window, and the long, winding road was a deep, rich brown, from recent showers, and the emerald leafage more vivid by contrast; and it was the constraint of a deep, brooding stillness that gave such sweetness to the songs of the robins and orioles swinging on the slender branches of the cherry-trees, looking in vain for the blush of ripening fruit. "God's Sabbath stillness," yet it only mocked the feverish, restless heart, whose quick beatings flushed the child's cheek, whose longings gave such a strange brightness to the large hazel eyes dreaming over their uncongenial task.

"Not to covet;" so said her lips—and she turned again to the time-stained pages. "But I don't covet; I would not take one thing from another—but why was I placed so differently from those who pass here every day? I can't help knowing I am handsomer than they are—some of them."

Alas, poor child! many a coin of praise and flattery her pretty face had received as she

held out her hand for the toll-gate tribute. It was a sad mistake in Michael Lee when he sent his own rough boys to farm places and put his pretty niece to mind the gate, exposed to remark and comment, and perhaps to more pernicious influences still, in the momentary contact with the great people in the neighborhood. It was a picturesque spot in the richest portion of Pennsylvania, where city folks came to escape the summer heats, and build their villa-like cottages and substantial stone mansions in the heart of an old time rural people, who were scarcely yet reconciled to the neighboring railway or the transient population it had brought among them. Michael Lee, with others, grumbled not a little at the new-comers, though they made twice the travel through the turnpike gate, that might have grown rusty on its hinges but for them. He was getting old and rheumatic now, and liked better to work on among the docks and bean hills of his little garden than to strut up and down the porch steps, holding back the creaking bars and answering the questions of uncivil gentlefolk; so this summer he dived away in peace, and left business to his niece, who was quick and ready, and got smiles and bows where her slow, crusty uncle would have found another currency.

It was not to be wondered at that Michael's old eyes did not see the danger, though marvellous that his spinster sister's iron-rimmed spectacles had not discovered it. But to them Lois was "the child," still; they did not realize her rapid and early development; her wonderful fairness, the vivid coloring of her round cheeks, the softness of her hazel eyes, downcast when rude glances sought to read them, the snowy moulding of her neck and arms were lost upon them. If they had remarked it, they would have looked on her with less favor for this inheritance from a mother they had never fancied, whose "high notions" had brought their nephew to ruin, they said, and left his orphan child upon their hands.

A slow rolling echoed down the road, a ponderous, steady sound, and Lois knew before she saw the heavy carriage and large brown horses stepping along with stately pace the faces she should see as they passed. She snatched up the white sun-bonnet instinctively, and hurried

out. Afternoon church was over, and the family from Glenwood were returning to their nice little supper of broiled trout and snowy rolls, strawberries and cream, that finished up the day comfortably. Old Mr. Anthon, stout and a little flushed in the afternoon, good Mrs. Anthon, uncomfortably warm in a rustling silk dress and Leghorn bonnet of fabulous cost, the young ladies, with delicately gloved hands, and fleecy flounces, and miracles of chip hats, garlanded with flowers. One of them, no older than Lois, in her low-necked gingham dress and cape bonnet, a boarding-school miss, with a supercilious air imprinted on her face, looking out on poor Lois as if she had been a stake or stone on the roadside. The old gentleman, a trifling jocosé and affable, as became sixty and after dinner port, nodded admiringly, and drew a shrug and grimace from Miss Lillian Anthon, as the wheels rolled smoothly out of their momentary duress. Lois saw it, and the rich color mounted to her face, making her still more a rival to Lillian, with all her city elegance.

Black horses prancing down the road, and shining silver-plated harness, with medallion mirrors gleaming like crests above their heads, a low *coupée*, luxuriously cushioned, the color chosen with a thought of pretty Mrs. Grant's complexion. Mr. Grant, who had not been at the service, but had called to take his wife up at the church door, fixed his evil eyes on the innocent face, and said something in French to her. Nothing suited to the day, or fit for a maiden's ears, for his wife, unhappily familiar with his follies, murmured, "Don't be so naughty, James!" and they were gone.

More vehicles, roomy family carryals, shining new rockaways, heavy, double-seated wagons, with plain farmer folk, bringing up the rear; still Lois stood there, bowing to some, answering smiles from others, or downcast and flushed at rude words or uncivil stares. She was used to it, yet she began to revolt from it; something in Lillian Anthon's shrug, in Mr. Grant's bold glance had made her office unusually irksome. Yet it was her lot. "To do my duty in that state of life," something whispered. And her uncle had been kind in his gruff way; and so was Aunt Eunice, if she was so strict and insisted so stontly on the catechism. Aunt Eunice had one unfailing precept, that idleness was the parent of all evil; and by the reverse, "industry the mother of all the virtues." She had not much opinion of book knowledge, and considered it high time that Lois began to earn her own living. With

Aunt Eunice her education was ended, now that she had been taken from the district school and had a daily routine of household duties assigned to her; the ironing-table was considered by her of far more advantage than the piano, and the click of knitting-needles the embellishment of elegant leisure when the more stirring household tasks were accomplished. But Lois had found her own excitement in the stream of passers-by, now that it was her business to attend them. She unconsciously imitated those whom she admired, and shrank from others, even though, like Mr. Grant, they noticed and flattered her. Their dress, and conversation, and demeanor, their comments on each other became food for reveries, when Aunt Eunice had quenched her outward demonstrations of interest with—"Ia, child, do you s'pose I haven't got nothing else to do but look at *Miss Anthon's* bonnet? Of course *Miss Grant's* a happy woman. Ain't she rich? Rich people ain't got nothing to trouble 'em." And then Lois would subside into her corner, where she could wonder over the troubled glances and faded sweetness of Mrs. Grant, and speculate upon ways and means of earning finery to rival Lillian's.

"I hate her," she said passionately to herself, as she walked slowly back to the humble sitting-room, with its Windsor chairs ranged in precise order, and its painted floor. "I have never harmed her in any way; why should she look at me so! I'm as good as she is—and as pretty, if I had her clothes. Her brother isn't so proud; he can stop and speak civilly."

Yes, more than once he had reined in his bright bay horse and chatted with Lois—dangerous interviews, and perhaps at the bottom of all this discontent. His cheery "Hurry up, hurry up; don't keep a fellow waiting" was the most cheerful summons that she knew, unless it was the old Quaker gentleman's "Lois, thee's wanted." They were her two chief friends, the gay young man and the quiet, sharp-eyed, but always kindly Jonathan Fox. He did not pass through the gate on "First Day"—but Harry Anthon, sad to record, made it an opportunity for exercising his spirited bay. Presently the light vehicle trolled into sight, anticipating the slow pedestrian march of Michael and Eunice from afternoon church; and to-day it had two occupants, its handsome dark-haired owner, and a plainer, quieter youth, who looked at the little maiden with more than ordinary curiosity as she came down upon the road.

"Old folks at home, Lady Bird?"—that was Harry Anthon's greeting. "How long since

they passed? She should have a blue ribbon to tie up her bonny brown hair, so she should! Hi, hi, Dash! stand still, old fellow! Saw your officers on the road"—and he nodded towards the village. "I say! do they ever let you out for half an hour? What do you think of roses now, Jas?"

"Oh, would you like one? shall I get you one?" Lois said, eagerly, for she thought he spoke of the creeper trained over the door. There was another rose-tree, nearer the ground, the branches bending down with the weight of snow white clusters, yellow at the heart. "Do you like roses too, sir? Here is one just budding out; I think buds are the sweetest." She plucked them quickly, and came back to the wagon. "A red rose for Mr. Anthon, and the white one for you, sir. I wish buds would never open."

"It is a pity they do," the young stranger said, simply, looking down into her face, as he took the white rose. "I thank you for it." The tone of his voice was very deep and pliant, and his eyes had a soft light, far pleasanter than Harry's bright admiring glances. At least she remembered it longer, and recalled it oftener.

"Good-by, Lois, till next time"—and away they dashed. The stranger, looking back, he scarcely knew why, saw Lois standing full in the sunlight gazing after them. Her bonnet had fallen back, and her white neck and arms gleamed from her dark dress.

"Isn't she a stunner? Didn't I tell you so?"—and Harry gave a long inhalation, his cigar half almost gone out. "No peaching now, old fellow; I mean to make her fond of me next year."

"Marry the maid of the toll-gate? how romantic!"—and there was a look half jeering, half of inquiry, as his friend spoke.

"Marry! who said so? No, nor break her heart neither. It will amuse me, and she will get over it; it's horrid slow here in vacation!"

"If I thought you seriously intended to make that child love you, just for your own amusement, I would pitch you out of the wagon!"

"Would, hey? pitch ahead, Don Quixote!" and there the conversation stayed; but now and then Jasper Arnold looked down and saw the white rose-bud in his button-hole, and thought of the sweet face of the girl who had gathered it for him.

"Any brothers?" he said, after a time.

"Brothers? whose brothers—what brothers?"

"Why, the maid of the toll-gate." He threw in a slight scornfulness to keep down the blush

of consciousness that he felt springing up like flame.

"Nary! lives alone with old uncle and aunt, old jailors though. Great fun to circumvent 'em!"

"Not if I can help it," his companion said to himself. Clearly the child ought to be warned; not that Harry was unprincipled, but he was evidently selfish, which was almost as bad, and at all events the chivalrous young gentleman would not have her happiness trifled with. He had no sisters of his own, said to say—how often he longed for them! and this very yearning for the sympathy and companionship which had been denied him made Jasper as pure and brave a knight to the whole feminine world as a story-book could desire.

So, even while Lillian Anthon at the tea-table opened her battery of smiles and coquettish graces upon him, he was planning how he could convey the needful warning without startling or wounding the young girl she looked upon as an inferior, almost oblivious of the little flirt who so openly set traps for his admiration.

"I would not grieve her for the world; she has such an innocent sly way, for all her talk with Harry. She must lead a very lonely life, and her face is like a picture."

Meantime evening had ended the task of Lois; for her uncle went out to stray travellers after the night set in. Looking through the open window, any such wayfarers might have seen the shining candle-stand placed in the middle of the room, and Lois seated on a low chair, with hands folded demurely, reciting the dreaded catechism, opposite to her the rigidly upright Aunt Eunice, looking sternly over large silver-rimmed spectacles, only used on Sabbath days, if wandering thoughts betrayed the child into error. And then, without so much as a good-night kiss to soften the hard outlines of her daily life, Lois was dismissed to the low-roofed chamber, sacred to such wonderful reveries as never had entered into the conception of the ancient maiden, whose sole romance and excitement lay in the "Book of Martyrs."

The moon came up slowly, round and fair, silvering the far off river, and making enchanted shadows. Lois leaned on the window-seat, and watched its stately progress. She was no longer the bond child of humble life, but rich, caressed, living in a stately mansion, wandering over the beautiful islands of the sea, or the sunny lands where the vine and olive ripened; and through all her dreams, a deep manly voice echoed kind words, only kind, not loving words, for the bud had not yet unfolded.

Harry Anthon brushed away some fallen blood red rose leaves, and trod carelessly upon them as they fell; but in the chamber of his friend a white bud leaned against the rim of a toilet glass, carefully placed there, and slowly unfolding.

CHAPTER II.

"THEE's quite a young woman, Lois," said friend Fox, as he waited for change from the pocket of the blue check apron. "What is thee going to do in the world?"

"Oh, I only wish I knew, sir!"—and the eager eyes told the restlessness within.

"Thee's in the way already, I doubt not!"—and he drew the Lisle thread glove slowly over his soft white hand. "Thee will help Eunice and Michael, and grow up and marry some farmer lad, and make the best butter in the county."

"I hope not, sir!" The picture was particularly distasteful in its monotony.

"Thee doesn't fancy marriage?"

"But I'm too young to think of it. Oh, you are only teasing me!"—for she saw the slow smile in the sharp black eyes that seemed to look her through. "I don't like farms!"

There was a toss of the bright head that spoke quite as plainly as words. Lois was already rebelling against destiny.

"Thee's young, child!" said friend Fox, disapprovingly. Perhaps he had had his own early struggles against a straight-coat and broad brim. "Thee 'll subside!"

And he shook the reins mildly over his stout well fed pony, and went on his way in deep meditation, with his eyes fixed on the ears that never were known to prick up with the excitement of fear or curiosity.

It was a busy day at the gate—the ground just right for working, and Michael, delving happily, paused now and then to jerk a stone aside, or leaning on his hoe watched the full lines of peas in blossom, and beans just putting forth tendrils. It was a heavy misfortune to Eunice if the washing was not out, the tubs and porch scrubbed, and the rubbing board hung up before dinner was on the table; and to accomplish this, Lois became both cook and chambermaid to the house. Aunt Eunice had tried her at washing, but, though docile at every other task, Lois revolted utterly from this. The porch could be seen from the road-side, and what if Henry Anthon should chance to spy her at such a menial employment—besides, it

hurt her hands! With all the rest of her tasks Lois had preserved these plump shapely hands in their comeliness, but the hot water "drew" them, and the rubbing blistered them! and the artful child managed to be so slow and stupid that Aunt Eunice declared she was less a help than a hindrance, and discharged her from the post.

Withal her fifty-seven years, Eunice Lee was not the woman to have washing dragging about all day, and by her excellent management the clothes were ready for Lois to fold before tea time; so she had very little space to go on with any new romance she might be weaving. But the days were long, there was a full hour of light remaining after tea, and Lois petitioned for a walk.

It could not be for exercise; her feet had scarcely rested all day; but she longed to get away from the domestic atmosphere, and then there was the least shadow of a possibility that she might encounter some one on the road. Not that she owned this motive to herself distinctly, or knew exactly why the road towards Glenwood looked the pleasantest as she came out of the house. Her walks were oftenest in that direction; the country-seats were scattered all along, and she enjoyed keenly the sight of their beautiful grounds, and luxuriant foliage, and trim hedges. If their owners could only have known what happiness it would have given the child to walk in the winding paths or look through the crystal walls that sheltered the brilliant tropical flowers and ripening purple grapes! But no one dreamed of such a courtesy, and so she stole along as often before, thinking how very good and happy people ought to be who were surrounded by such beauty, and who had abundant leisure to enjoy it.

She liked "The Rest," Mr. Grant's place, better than any other—it should have been called "Unrest," to shadow out the lives of those who dwelt there; but it looked a Paradise, outwardly, with its vine-wreathed porticoes and many ground-floor apartments with open casement windows: the lawn smooth shorn, the shrubbery luxuriant, the flower-borders gay with roses, and geraniums, and fuchsias. There was a break in the hedge, where the thick shade of the trees prevented a free growth, and here Lois stood absorbed, not even startled by an approach until there was a footfall close beside her. She turned quickly, to find Harry's friend, and then there was a little awkward greeting, constrained with both; for she knew now that she would have been disappointed if they had not met, and he was

at a loss how to execute his self-appointed mission, since an opportunity had come. It was not an agreeable task to instil suspicion into an innocent mind, and of one whom he called friend, too!

So, though he joined Lois as she started forward quickly on her walk, he could not say at once, "Don't allow yourself to love Harry; he would never marry you." He did not believe love or marriage had ever entered into her thoughts, so he talked of flowers instead. He had a fine gardener's bouquet in his hand, of such flowers as she had just watched longingly, and he put it into hers abruptly, with—

"I know you like flowers; and you must give me another of those white roses some day."

"But they are so common; not like these lovely buds, so full, such lovely colors. Oh, I thank you so much! You can't care for mine after these."

"But I do," Jasper said; "it is the sweetest rose in the world to me. I knew it the moment I saw it, and I have not seen one before in years!" There was a choking in his throat as he remembered where he had last gathered them, and could see as plainly as if it had been yesterday the trim, old-fashioned garden at his grandfather's house, and a pale, delicate woman moving slowly down the gravel walks, wrapped in a crimson shawl, and smiling on him as he brought her hands full of those snow white roses with their golden hearts. "My mother used to like them," he said, by way of apology for his sudden silence.

Lois looked up with sudden interest. "Is your mother dead, too?"

"Yes"—and his deep voice faltered again; "I am an orphan like yourself."

"But maybe you have some brothers and sisters—how nice that must be!"

"I think it would be! No, I have none. But people who have them don't seem to care about them—I have often noticed that. My friends tease and bully their sisters, or neglect them; I do not believe I should do so."

"Oh, I know you would not!" Lois said, earnestly.

The unconscious championship struck him pleasantly. He looked down with a smile. Only when he smiled was his face handsome; he had just arrived at that unpleasant age when a lad's features are too large for his face and his complexion is rough, and the silken down upon the lip shades the face instead of adding manliness. The large frame and the large features needed softening; they gave very little token of what manner of man he might be—

come till he smiled, and then the face was lighted by an earnest, loving spirit.

"This is my way," Lois said, presently. "I suppose you are going back to Glenwood."

"No, not now; I was—" and here he hesitated. Should he speak of Harry? "No; there was not time now," he said to himself: he would try to see her again, and she would believe more in his unselfish interest when she knew him better.

We are ashamed to say that Lois conveyed her flowers through the common sitting-room under cover of her apron. Why, she could scarcely tell, except that she wanted them all to herself, and did not care about answering any questions; neither did she mention to her Aunt Eunice that she had been surprised under her favorite apple-tree in the orchard, two evenings afterwards, by seeing some one strolling up through the tall grass from the brook, fishing-rod in hand, and that, being tired after his hot afternoon stroll, Jasper Arnold had seated himself on a block of granite to rest. Lois often sat there with her work, when her uncle had finished his afternoon nap and professed his willingness to tend the gate awhile; and when her new friend had made this discovery, he availed himself of it, always intending to speak about Harry, but the opportunity never seemed to come. On the contrary, he did talk a great deal about himself, not egotistically, but as a relief, when he found Lois was interested to hear. She never forgot his white rose, so long as a bud remained, and thus he naturally told her about the old house where they grew, and where his father's picture hung, all he had ever known of his father. His mother's death, the loss of the grandparents, who in some sort made up for the mother he had wept for so passionately. His school life, his college career thus far, even his plans for the future, where he should voyage, and what he should see. He brought her the books of travel that had given him his great desire to visit foreign lands, and "Childe Harold," for he was just of an age for that gloomy hero. So Lois had real glimpses of the land of her dreams, and thought with more distaste than ever of a farm and premium butter making.

Vacation was nearly over when they met, so there was but three weeks in which to make all this friendly progress, but it was not all accomplished under the convenient screen of the gray granite boulder. How he obtained his footing with Michael Lee one can scarcely say, but Aunt Eunice was won by a string of delicious trout, carelessly offered in return for

a glass of water which he had called in to beg. The next that found their way to her neatly laid table he was invited to stay and partake of, and so the acquaintance was established.

"Such a quiet, sensible lad, so different from those upstart Anthon's," Michael grumbled. And he had won their confidence so far that Lois was allowed to take a real wood walk with him, the first such expedition she had ever made. She could scarcely credit her senses when she heard the bold request and permission granted, or her own happiness when she found herself in the leafy birch wood, fragrant with the tender shoots of the winter green, free, alone with him for a whole long, heavenly afternoon. Poor child! she should have known from its mantling fulness that the cup was to be taken from her hand.

Jasper had been so kind, so brotherly all that afternoon. He had helped her to gather innumerable treasures, besides the huge branch of scarlet columbines, and wild geranium, and other woodland beauties. They were resting now in a lovely spot Jasper had often visited before; it was one of those natural openings where the undergrowth had been browsed, or died out years before, and there was a carpet of grass and moss, and last year's rustling leaves; a fallen tree made a rustic seat, and overhead the trees almost met to canopy it, leaving only flickering gleams of golden sunshine, and rifts of deep blue sky. They were going to have a nice long talk, for somehow they had not said much on their ramble, neither did they now, for Jasper was making a bracelet of fairy-like links from the moss stems, and Lois was thinking how different everything had been since she had known him.

"There, hold out your hand"—and Jasper clasped the rustic ornament on her round white arm. "You have a beautiful arm, Lois; Lily Anthon would give all her pocket-money for it; and you have good, loving eyes, too," he said, looking up into them from his low seat on the moss. "And—I'm going away to-morrow."

So the full cup received its rude shock, and behold its sparkling drops poured out upon the ground. She did not say anything, but while he still held her hand, great hot tears plashed down upon his.

"I wish you had never come here"—and she drew away from him, and wiped her eyes proudly. "I did very well—I was lonely and forlorn, but it will be ten times worse now."

"But you are going to study the books we have talked about, and learn the things you have always wanted to know."

"No use—why should I? I don't care now—"

"Don't, Lois, don't; you make me miserable"—and suddenly there flashed upon this self-deceiver the knowledge of his sin. There was a mote in Harry's eyes, and a beam in his own. But why could they not be brother and sister always? Why not tell her that he would write, and that he would come and see her again some day; in short, offer her just such comfort in desertion, and such a false position for their future confidence, and her deeper grief, as Harry would have done.

No, he was too frank and honorable for that; and besides his lips were sealed by a compact of which she must know nothing. He could not keep them from a sudden tremulous quiver when he saw her distress, though he controlled with a man's bravery the strong desire that he had never felt before to wind his arms around her, shower kisses and loving words upon her. It moved him strangely to see that he was really loved, to see tears shed at his absence, to know that this feeling was not counterfeit, but called out for himself alone.

"Don't think I mean to forget you, Lois; I do not, indeed. You shall certainly see me again some day."

That was promising very little. He would be ungrateful indeed to such a loving, trusting little friend, to leave her without such a hope. But she only shook her head, and getting up quickly from her seat hurried along one of the woodland paths. The brightest of all her dreams was ended, and the future looked so tame, so barren; she did not care what would become of her! she would not listen to his repeated calls; there was an angry hardness in her heart as if he had intentionally hidden the necessity for his going, yet she had known it all along.

The brilliant day had ended in clouds and showers, as our life's chief holidays often do; she flying along the path scarcely conscious of her own rapid movements, only longing to be alone with her trouble, where she should not be ashamed to sob it out, and be self-reproachful and unhappy, for the parting was pain to him as well, casting about for wise words that would neither be cold nor treacherous. When they were on the very verge of the deep shadowy woods, he made her pause for a moment, and forced her averted eyes to look once more into his own.

"I want to remember you, just as you are, Lois, for you will be so changed before I see you again. We shall both be changed," he added, slowly; "everything will be changed."

(To be continued.)

SUNSHINE AND SHADE; OR, THE GOVERNESS.

BY FANNIE WARNER.

[Entered, according to act of Congress, in the year 1861, by LOUIS A. GODEY, in the clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

(Concluded from page 150.)

CHAPTER XIII.

CONCLUSION.

"Sorrow, and grief of heart,

Made him speak fondly, like a frantic man."

"These tidings nip me: and I hang the head,
As flowers with frost, or grass beat down with storms."

"If it were now to die,

'Twere now to be most happy; for, I fear

My soul hath her content so absolute,

That not another comfort like to this

Succeeds in unknown fate."

Two months elapsed. The last of August found Edith making preparations to return home. Her school-room duties ceased with Matty's death; for Mary evinced such an aversion to her books, which were a constant reminder of her sister, that Mr. Ellis ordered them to be put out of sight, and the music lessons only were continued. Edith had maintained her cheerfulness, and her pleasant words and sweet smiles were, as ever, dispensed on all around her. But the old light had faded from her eye and the color from her cheek, and often, when Mary and her father were at Matty's grave, from a fear of intruding she would remain in the house or walk on the lawn, always in deep thought.

It was toward the evening of a warm day, within one week of Edith's departure, that she returned with Mary from the Indian mound. They had been gathering flowers to sprinkle over the still deeply mourned-for Matty, and wearied with her wanderings among the flower-beds, and overcome with the sultry heat, Edith threw herself on the sofa in the library, while Mary went down to the gate at the foot of the lawn to watch for her father, who had taken his accustomed Saturday evening ride to Chestnut Grove. The doors were all thrown open to admit any air that might be stirring, and taking off her hat Edith brushed the heavy bands of hair from her white temples, and placing one hand beneath her cheek threw the other carelessly over the back of the sofa and fell asleep. Mr. Ellis returned by the way of the negro-quarter, and resting a moment beneath the shade of the sycamore that waved above the mound, he proceeded to the house, and, step-

ping upon the piazza, entered the library. He stopped short on seeing the sleeping form before him, then softly approached the sofa and gazed upon the fair face of the sleeper with much the same expression as he had regarded the flowers on New Year's night. He drew a parallel. She, then so brilliant, so gloriously beautiful, as with burning cheek and sparkling eye she stood surrounded by Nora's friends, now so wan, so pale, so spiritless; so like those flowers which early in the day had looked so fresh and lovely, reflecting their blushes in the bouquet of roses, but which he had found in the library thrown carelessly aside drooping and faded. With a sudden impulse he dropped upon his knee, and without thought of the consequence, imprinted an ardent, burning kiss upon her eyelids, cheek, and lip. His chestnut curls fell over her face and brushed her eyelids, and with a quick start she awoke; looking around in bewilderment, her cheek, which always flushed when his eye was upon her, became a bright vermilion. She attempted to rise, but taking her hand he drew her gently down again, and with so much earnestness, but oh, such hopelessness, said—

"Edith, if you would *only* give your love to me!"

His soft brown eye, now so burning, so passionate, rested on her face, from which the blood slowly receded, leaving it pale as before, and after looking into them with a startled, wild expression, she slowly raised her hands, and placing them upon his shoulders, said—

"Do you mean it?"

"Mean it, Edith! it has been the cry of my heart *for months*."

She bent her head lower, still lower, until her breath fanned his cheek, and with that look which had once before lighted her face, and filled his heart with inexpressible happiness, she said—

"And it has been yours for months."

His arms were around her; their cheeks rested together, and for a moment they forgot all else in their sudden tumult of bliss. Pressing her closer, still closer to his bosom, he raised

her face, so quietly happy, to his own, beaming with such unutterable joy, and said—

"Speak, dearest."

"What shall I say?"

"Tell me that all this time you have *not* been pining for Frederick; that it was *not* the dread of his becoming insane that prevented your giving yourself to him."

"Who told you that, dearest?"

"His mother."

There was a pause; at length she said—

"Now you speak to me, darling."

"And what shall I say?"

"Tell me that all this time you have not regarded me only as *your ward*," she replied, archly.

"Did Frederick—?"

"No, dear, I heard your conversation with him the evening before he left the Bluff."

"And did you love me even then, my precious one? And was it from a fear of betraying your secret that you avoided my society? Ashamed to confess it, dearest?"

"I did not wish to foster an unrequited love," she replied, averting her burning face.

"And I tormented myself with the belief that you had conceived an unconquerable aversion for me! And you pined with the thought you were nothing to me but a ward! But for that awakening kiss, darling, we might have been separated forever. I will always bless the impulse that impelled me to the act."

A light step on the piazza notified them of Mary's approach, and with becoming modesty Edith drew from her lover's embrace; but he drew her back to his side and said, "No, darling! Mary will rejoice in the knowledge that you are going to remain with us, comfort us, and be yourself happy. Come here, my daughter!" he said, addressing Mary, who entered the room and regarded her father and Edith with a surprised, inquiring glance. She approached, and with his unoccupied arm he drew her to the sofa, and said, "Miss Edith is going home next week."

"I know it, papa."

"But, dear, she is coming back, as Matty requested, to remain with us always."

She did indeed rejoice, and her first happy laugh since Matty's death caused Aunt Cilla to shake her head, and with a look of apprehension say to Nelly—

"Crazy! sure's yer born."

But "the shadow creeps and creeps, and is forever looking over the shoulder of the sunshine." At length, after making her repeat over and again her love for him, and sealing each vow

with a lover's kiss, he remembered his budget of letters, and with a reluctant hand drew them forth, saying, "But, Edith, love, I have something here that I fear will cast a shadow over our happiness"—and he handed her a letter. She recoiled, and with one bound shrieked, frantically—

"Mother! Read it!"

He tore off the envelop, the black lines of which had told the sad news, and, laying her head against his shoulder, he held it there while he read the letter through.

"Yes, my poor, precious bird, your mother is—"

"Dead?" she screamed.

"She died of heart-disease," he answered, the tears, which refused to visit her own eyes, gathering in his.

She looked at him with a stony glance. He took her hands, which seemed turned to ice, and begged with words of love that she would speak to him; but her eyes moved not, and not a muscle of her rigid face relaxed. He read aloud the letter from her sorrow-stricken sister, hoping that its words of heart-breaking woe would melt her to tears; but she did not seem to hear him, and in a frenzy of despair he entreated her, with kisses and protestations of love, to look up to *him*, reminding her that the hour in which she knew that she was bereft of a mother had given to her one who would be more than father, mother, or any other earthly friend. Hour after hour he sat by her side, striving by every art and word of endearment to rouse her, but in vain; her faculties seemed suddenly paralyzed by the shock of her mother's death; and as the night waned, and she evinced no sign of returning animation, he became beside himself with grief and fear, and was about to dispatch a messenger to town, when Aunt Cilla said—

"Massa Jacob, s'posen yer unbox de portrait ob young missus, dat come dis mornin', and show it to Miss Eden; p'raps it may bring her to."

Mr. Ellis caught at the suggestion; and, breaking open the box, produced the portrait, so lifelike as to make even himself start, and, after gazing a moment on the beloved lineaments of his child, placed the picture on the foot of the sofa, and then, calling for more light, he raised Edith so that her gaze would fall directly upon it. Holding his breath in suspense, he awaited the result, scarcely daring to hope that it would be a happy one.

A sudden, violent spasm passed over her face, then her eyes closed, and her whole frame

seemed convulsed. A movement, and the long pent-up tears burst forth, and as Mr. Ellis bent over her trembling with emotion, agitation at the sight of the portrait of his daughter mingling with the agonizing suspense of the last few moments, she threw her arms around his neck, and on his bosom sobbed out her hysterical grief.

At length the force of her grief was spent, and after a few soothing words, Mr. Ellis gave her into Aunt Cilla's charge.

"Bress her heart! I'll put her to bed and talk to her 'bout her mudder; dat'll make her cry, and de more she cry now de more she won't cry arter awhile."

"No, Cilla," said Mr. Ellis; "you had better keep her perfectly quiet."

"Humph!" said the old woman, when her master closed the door. "Young massa'm sleepy, I reckon. Who eber hearn tell ob a body bein' kep' quiet when der inard feelin's are all ob a rile like a pot ob boilin' soap? I didn't, nohow."

The next morning there was an utter prostration of both mind and body, rendering Edith incapable of physical action or mental effort. But the second day, when she met Mr. Ellis, she told him that she must start immediately for home, and seemed so firm in her determination that he did not strive to divert her from her purpose.

"When will you be ready, Edith?" he asked, drawing her to him.

"To-morrow," she replied.

"Can you not wait one day longer, darling?"

"O no! Gracy has no one with her but brother George, and I *must* go," she answered, the tears starting afresh at the mention of her sister's name.

"Very well, dearest; we will be ready also."

"We?"

"Yes, my poor bird, Mary and I. Did you think I would send you home?"

She pressed his hand in token of her thanks, and a faint smile lit up her face so white and haggard. Mary was wild with delight at being allowed to accompany her father and Edith, and as she assisted in packing the trunks, Edith's subdued grief could scarcely restrain her girlish spirits.

The next day the carriage bore them to Augusta. Mrs. Morgan's astonishment was infinite when they presented themselves before her, and without bounds when she learned that they were to leave that evening for the North.

"But, Jacob, why need you go? Our mer-

chants are going every day, and why not place Miss Edith in charge of one of them?"

"I do not wish to do so. Miss Edith will return with me as—"

"As what?"

"My wife."

"Your wife?"

"My wife!"

Mrs. Morgan was for a moment staggered; but she saw that the thing was inevitable, and she was too politic to raise vain opposition or even to express disapprobation. Mr. Ellis had learned her opinion of governesses some months before, and he had doubtless not forgotten it; and after a moment of reflection, she said—

"Well, if it is to be, why not at once?"

"At once?" repeated Mr. Ellis, in a tone of inquiry.

"Yes, let the ceremony be performed here this afternoon."

"Would *she* consent?"

"If she takes the right view of the matter, she will not hesitate; the expediency of such a course cannot be questioned."

After a momentary hesitation, Mr. Ellis replied—"No, Martha; I cannot suggest marriage to her while she is so crushed beneath the weight of her recent great bereavement."

"Then when do you expect to return?"

"I cannot determine; she must decide. I design leaving Mary with her while I make a flying visit to Canada."

Passing over the journey, the sad meeting of Edith with her brother and sister, we again meet her in the retirement of her brother's farm. Nothing about the place has changed since she last crossed the threshold. The foliage is becoming tinted with the brilliant colors of the northern autumn, which it was assuming when she left home a year before. Vag still sits on his perch and picks the crumbs from his mistress's hand; the work-table, with its basket and books, still stands by the window, and the rocking-chair by its side, but the seat is vacant and the busy needle is plied no more. Nothing changed, nothing altered! and yet to Edith it seemed another spot. "Home was not home without her mother." She visited the white marble tablets above the spring-house, and as the shade of the willow moved slowly hither and thither over them, she remembered and related to Grace how that a year before, when she had looked back to catch a last glimpse of her friends, and saw her mother standing alone with the dark shadow resting over her, she had felt a secret, indefinable foreboding of a darker shadow in the future.

Mr. Ellis returned from Canada after a three weeks' absence, and after a long conversation with Edith, called Mary to him, and said—

"Mary, I am going home in a few days; will you accompany me or remain with Miss Edith until I return for her in the spring?"

After some hesitation, she replied, "Which do you wish me to do, papa?"

"I would prefer you to remain here, my daughter; you would find it very lonely at the Bluff, and you know that it is not pleasant at your Aunt Martha's, now your cousin sees no society."

"But, papa, won't you be very lonely without me?"

"I will miss you very much, my daughter, but the prospect of meeting my two treasures"—he smiled, and threw an arm around each as he repeated—"my *treasures* in the spring will keep me cheerful."

Spring came, and one day when Mary and Grace had gone forth to seek for the early violets and crocuses, leaving Edith alone, Mr. Ellis arrived. Oh, that was a joyful meeting between him and his beloved Edith! and with ineffable love he gazed into her sparkling eyes and pressed her cheek, now tinged with the roseate hue of health! and with what a glad smile he said, "Your native air has done much for you, my darling. Whenever you suffer from disease, I shall know the panacea to restore you to health!"

The meeting between himself and Mary was no less joyful, and when after her first great gladness she returned to the door to pick up her crocuses and violets, he looked after her with a father's pride, and wondered that he had never before discovered her exceeding beauty. He looked from her to Edith, and back again to Mary; the caskets, he thought, were indeed lovely, but the gems of mind and heart which they contained were to him more lovely far.

George had concluded that it was not good for man to be alone, and when he learned that it was Edith's unalterable purpose to take Grace to Georgia with her, he expedited matters with a young friend of his sisters', and two weeks after Mr. Ellis's arrival a double wedding was celebrated at the little farm. With feelings of regret, George parted with his sisters, but a mischievous smile played around Edith's mouth as she whispered in his ear, "Any fears of shabby treatment?"

In New York, where they stopped a few days on their way south, Edith met Charles Howard

at the house of Mr. Acton. They met as friends, but no look on her part gave token that there existed in her mind a remembrance of the past. His wife's beauty more than equalled her expectations, and, during the evening they passed together, she frequently found her eyes wandering to the fair waxen face, the loveliness of which was half concealed by a wealth of floating ringlets. Mrs. Howard was tall, much taller than Edith, with a figure of considerable *embonpoint*, and a dashing, imperious way about her that showed her to be a petted, spoiled child of fortune. Twenty months had wrought a wonderful change in Charles Howard's appearance! an accumulation of flesh had destroyed the intellectual expression of his countenance, and rendered his movements heavy and indolent in the extreme; his eye had lost its sparkling, animated expression, and its somewhat bleared appearance aroused a suspicion in Edith's mind that he was no stranger to the wine-cup. He seemed totally oblivious of the presence of his wife, and devoted himself to Emily (Mrs. Acton), whom he playfully called "aunt," and to Grace, whose sudden assumption of dignity when he addressed her aroused for a moment the old mirthful look which used to play over his face when exceedingly amused. But after the first greeting he seemed to avoid Edith, scarcely glanced at her, and she turned from his altered face to that of her own noble-looking husband, and thanked the destiny which, a year and a half before, had led her from his then dangerously fascinating society, and given her a heart all nobleness and truth, and which would be faithful even unto death.

A period of four years had elapsed. To Edith and her husband they had been years of intense, unalloyed happiness; but now their home circle is to be broken, and on Edith's brow rests a cloud of sorrow. The mansion at Beech Bluff is thrown open, and from its portals issue two brides, Mary Ellis and Grace Stanford no longer, but Mary Ward and Grace Elton. A few more days and the sisters will be separated by the broad waters of the Atlantic, and no wonder that their faces are bathed in tears and they linger at the parting.

Mary has chosen an humble sphere, but she will be near her father and Edith, and with a face all smiles and blushes she bids them a brief good-by. As the wife of Mr. Ward, the soul-stirring, eloquent preacher, to whom she has given her fresh young love, she will "*be better*;" and, with her sister's words ringing in her ear, and her father's blessing on her head,

she leaves his roof, and with a brave heart goes forth to share the trials and labors of the Baptist preacher.

Nora's melancholy was of long continuance, often accompanied by partial insanity; but her parents did not lose hope that her mind would be restored, until one day a letter from Fred, accidentally falling into her hands, revealed to her that he had seen Cavelli in Italy, a member of the chain-gang. He had bought an office under government, committed a fraud, and been sentenced to the galleys for life. From that moment she became a hopeless maniac, and, subsequently, when the news of Fred's death reached home, Mrs. Morgan's reason tottered on its throne; but after months of illness, during which she was brought near to the door of death, she arose from her couch, not a maniac, but a Christian, bowing to the will of the Almighty.

Fred died in Florence of the slow Italian fever, often so fatal to foreigners, and in the full possession of his intellect, blessed God that he should not live to be insane. Among his effects was found a small box addressed to "Edith Ellis." In the presence of her husband she opened it, and disclosed a few withered flowers, and a frail, delicate chain of the golden gum-shell-lac.

Years have passed; but Edith's eye is still undimmed, her step as light, and her voice as musical as when she first looked out upon the "goodly heritage of the house of Jacob," and her cheek has not become stranger to the blush which then made it so beautiful. But her married life has not been all sunshine, for, beside Matty, on the Indian mound, sleeps a fair babe, whose little light went out ere it had flickered a single month. Dear, precious babe! how the mother's heart yearned for the soft cheek which, for such a brief period, was nestled to her breast, and then so ruthlessly snatched away by death! Long months she mourned her loss with a quiet, uncomplaining grief, scarcely ever mentioning the name of the little one, but with such heart anguish as she gazed on the green turf that covered her darling, that in bitterness of spirit she was often led to exclaim, "My child! my Edith! why was I not permitted to keep her! why was she taken from me?" But at length she ceased to ask "why;" and now, over the memory of the lovely bud, transplanted from earth to heaven, beams the light of a sure faith, that she shall one day behold it blooming, a perfect flower, in the sunlight of Paradise.

OLD MAIDS.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

DEAR MR. GODEY—Your well-known interest in whatever tends to improve the condition of our sex leads me to solicit a place in your pages for a short article in favor of that much-abused class—old maids. Doubtless quite a number of these are constant readers of your popular magazine (I am personally acquainted with several such), and will thank you, as well as myself, for anything we may do to promote their happiness and lessen their trials.

I never could understand why these words should be so generally used as a term of reproach; why a lady might not remain single, if she choose, earning her own livelihood or otherwise, according to her circumstances, and yet be entitled to the respect of her own and the opposite sex. But it is a sad truth, that when a lady is no longer young and is unmarried, she is not always treated with the same consideration as her married friends of the same age; and a sufficient explanation of any peculiarities of dress, manners, or conversation is supposed to be contained in the following words, "She is an old maid." Perhaps she has been compelled to labor for years to support those bound to her by the ties of nature, and the days of her youth have been devoted to the care of the sick or the aged; perhaps no one has sought her as a life-partner, and she has too much modesty or too little courage to do the seeking herself; or her ideal of happy married life may be such, that she refuses to accept even of wealth and rank, if he who offers them cannot command her highest respect and warmest love; whether duty, interest, or happiness guide her, it is all the same, her title is undisputed—old maid it must be.

I have sometimes wondered when and by whom the words were first used so contemptuously: it might have been by some disappointed wooer; or, perhaps, by some jealous woman; or—but it is no use to guess; I never shall know the facts of the case. I have also wondered why the very men who speak slightly of old maids should censure so severely the conduct of those young girls who are plainly endeavoring to obtain a husband. Are they not educated to believe that happiness and honor are found only in the married state, and that to be old and single is a disgrace? Ah! very true is the proverb, "Consistency is a jewel." Some of our authors, too, will discourse eloquently and touchingly on the evils of sacrificing our daughters to mammon, and

depict the misery of the mis-mated in soul-stirring words, and then will describe some hapless elderly maiden in terms which cannot fail to excite ridicule, and must leave the impression on many minds that an unloving and unhappy marriage is better than no marriage at all.

What are the characteristics of old maids? Are they not generally called over-nice, peevish, discontented, and sometimes stingy? But have we not read and heard of dissipated husbands, unhappy children and a miserable home, produced by a deficiency, in the wife, of neatness and exactness, the very qualities that are so disagreeable in an old maid? I will not say that wives are always so influential in producing unhappiness as they are represented to be; but is it not a pity that there is no way of establishing an equilibrium in regard to these qualities—a pity that those who have so much neatness, nicety, or particularity (no matter what name we call it) all to themselves, cannot share it with those whose deficiency in this respect affects, not one only, but a whole household. As to the charges of peevishness and discontent, they are probably well-grounded in some instances, and so they would be if applied to any other class; we are all exposed to trials and disappointments, and young and old, rich and poor, married and single, are too apt to exhibit an impatient spirit—a want of contentedness with our lot in life. That old maids are as benevolent as any class of society, I confidently affirm: they contribute their full share for the various charitable purposes of the day, and often practise a self-denial worthy of imitation by those who thoughtlessly speak evil of them. If, in a large family of brothers and sisters, one of the latter remains unmarried, is it not considered her peculiar privilege, and even duty to go from house to house among her kindred, whenever sickness or trouble calls? When the parents become old or infirm, this daughter is supposed to find her true sphere of labor with them. These maiden aunts are often the guardians of the young, and there are some noble hearts, willing and proud to acknowledge their indebtedness to them for much that has made their manhood useful and happy.

Candid reader, have you not known and do you not know some of this class worthy of your esteem and love? women of good intellect, good common sense, and good hearts? If so (and I cannot doubt it), never again speak contemptuously of old maids. The truly polite never willingly injure a sensitive heart; the truly noble acknowledge merit, wherever found.

To those of my readers who are really of the

sisterhood, and those who expect some time to enter the ranks, I give an earnest invitation to unite with me in endeavoring to show to the world in general, and our calumniators in particular, that a happy and useful old maid is, not the exception, but the rule.

A VESPER.

BY KELWAY.

Slow fades the summer light,
Soft falls the dew,
Faintly the stars of night
Glimmer to view.
Gentle and merciful,
Thou who wast crucified,
Bring, Oh thou Holy One,
Peace to my heart!

Earth, like a weary one,
Sinks to repose;
Cool comes the zephyr on,
Shutting the rose.
Gentle and merciful,
Thou who wast crucified,
Bring, Oh thou Holy One,
Peace to my heart!

Bells on the valley side
Tinkle and cease;
Darker the shadows glide,
All is at peace.
Gentle and merciful,
Thou who wast crucified,
Bring, Oh thou Holy One,
Peace to my heart!

THE RETURN.

BY WM. F. WOOD.

CRYSTAL streamlet, sweetly flowing
Where my early days were passed!
Like your waters I am going,
Sadly, to the sea at last:
To that ocean, dark and dreary,
Whence no pilgrim comes again;
Where the spirit, worn and weary,
Finds repose from care and pain.

Crystal streamlet, like thy waters,
I have passed through sun and shade;
Won the smiles of earth's fair daughters,
Seen their joys to sorrow fade:
Like the bubbles on thy bosom,
Glancing in the morning ray,
Hope's illusions bud and blossom,
Sparkle sweet and pass away.

O'er the world I long have wandered,
Now, a stranger, I return;
(Hope, and health, and manhood squandered,) Life's last lesson here to learn;
Calmly on thy shore reposing,
I am waiting for the day
Whose still twilight, softly closing,
Steals the trembling soul away.

ACTING CHARADE.—LOVE-SICK.

BY S. ANNIE FROST.

Characters.

JOHN JONES, the tyrannical papa, who separates the adoring lovers (if he can).

CHARLEY MOORE—EMILY JONES, the adoring lovers whomn't be separated, and being the best judges in the matter win.

MRS. JONES, who wishes that folks would try to get along comfortable.

DOLLY, who thinks it's a shame, that she does.

LOVE.

SCENE 1.—MR. JONES'S parlor, furnished as a parlor should be. Curtain rises, discovering CHARLEY pacing up and down, MR. JONES seated in majestic dignity at the centre-table, MRS. JONES seated languidly in an easy rocking-chair, and EMILY standing disconsolately behind her pa.

Charley. May I demand, sir, the cause of this refusal?

Mr. Jones. Certainly, my friend. You are aware that my daughter will inherit a large fortune—

Emily. I had rather have my Charley!

Mr. Jones. Emily, be quiet! Now, sir, when your father left you and your affairs to my guardianship, he left barely sufficient to pay your expenses through school and college; consequently, you have nothing now but—

Charley. Youth, energy, health—

Mr. Jones. Tut! tut! let me finish. Youth, yes, you are just nineteen, and Emily fifteen.

Emily. I was sixteen last month.

Mr. Jones. A pretty pair of lovers, truly, to try to elope from—

Emily (dramatically). Tyranny! Take my fortune, rapacious man, but (sobbing) give me my Charley!

Mrs. Jones. Emily, my dear, don't cry; it makes your nose red.

Charley. Unfeeling!

Mrs. Jones. On the contrary, Charles, I am all feeling. Can't you sit down, now? I have reached such a pitch of nervousness, with watching you march up and down, that I shall certainly have hysterics if you keep on any longer. Emily, my dear, don't snifle.

Emily. Thus is it ever! On the one hand unfeeling indifference, on the other crushing tyranny. Still, still will love triumph, Charley!

VOL. LXIII.—20

Charley. My life! (Rushes towards her.)

Mr. Jones. Stand back, sir! Emily, if you can't keep quiet, go up stairs. Now hear me, both of you. You, Charles, have betrayed my confidence in the most shameful manner by endeavoring to elope with my daughter; therefore, having proved yourself unworthy of a home here, you will to-morrow return to college, to remain until you are of age.

Charley. Eternity!

Mr. Jones. As for you, Emily, as you are such a mere child—

Emily. I ain't! I won't be snubbed so. I am old enough to love—

Charley (enthusiastically). Love!

Mr. Jones (contemptuously). Love! Mrs. Jones, has Emily any occupations suited to so romantic a disposition?

Mrs. Jones. I don't know, I'm sure. She reads and plays, I suppose! Dear, dear, I wish you would hurry and give them that lecture! Such a noise! I don't see why folks can't get along more quietly! I do! I never elope, and cry, and make a noise. Emily, my dear, your hair wants brushing.

Emily. Talk not to me of hair! (Sobbing.) Pa's going to send my Charley away.

Charley (trying to reach her). My angel Emily.

Mr. Jones. Stay where you are, sir; no, on second thoughts go where you ain't, to your own room, and get ready for to-morrow's journey.

Mrs. Jones. Dear, dear, how you forget! His trunk is all packed, and so is Emily's. It would have been much more comfortable to let them go, and saved all this fuss.

Emily (suddenly throwing herself on her knees beside her mother). Plead for us, angel mother. Speak the dear promptings of maternal love. Doom not your child to utter misery and anguish. Soften the obdurate heart of yon hard man—

Mr. Jones. A very pretty way to speak of your father, truly. Get up, you young idiot!

Emily. Never, till I win your consent to my wedding my love, my heart's idol!

Charley. It's no use, Em. He's as cross as two sticks.

Emily (screaming). You, too, desert me!

Mrs. Jones. Gracious, Emily, don't do that

229

again! It's not at all ladylike to yell in that way. My head will certainly split, if somebody don't do something soon. O dear, dear! if I had known what a trial girls were, I'm sure I would never have been married. I haven't had any quiet since you came home from boarding-school.

Emily. Then let me leave you, to follow my chosen one.

Mrs. Jones. To college. Dear, dear, I'm sure that's not at all proper; they wouldn't let you any way.

Mr. Jones. You have heard me, Charles. My decision is unalterable; therefore, prepare for your journey.

Emily (springing up). Oh, Charley, I have an idea!

Mr. Jones. I doubt it.

Emily (aside). Gracious, I forgot pa and ma. Never mind, I'll tell Charley. (*Aloud, cheerfully.*) Good-by for the present, old fellow (*holds out her hand*).

Charley. "What change comes o'er the spirit of her dream!" (*takes her hand.*)

Emily (bending forward). Whisper, let me whisper to you, Charley.

Mr. Jones (jerkng them apart). Go up stairs, sir! Go, I say! (*Exit Charley.*)

Emily (laughing). I know! I've hit it!

Mr. Jones. I verily believe you are insane, Emily. Mrs. Jones, I trust to you to keep these two young fools apart until to-morrow. (*Exit Mr. Jones.*)

Mrs. Jones. Dear, dear, I do hope it will be quiet now. Emily, my child, sit down.

Emily (walking up and down). And he won't go at all, then; he can't! Oh, it's getting to be just like a novel. Pa's so jolly cross; and I can manage ma, I know. I must write to my dear Matilda, and tell her all about it. I'm sure it's a great deal more romantic than her mother's ducking that man that serenaded her with dirty water, from the window. Oh, I think it is fun alive to be in love!

Mrs. Jones. Emily, will you oblige me by sitting down, quietly?

Emily. Yes, ma, I'm going to find Charley.

Mrs. Jones. But, my dear— (*Exit Emily.*) Well, I do hope they won't make any noise. My head is dizzy with the excitement (*yawns*). Dear me, what a trial girls are, especially if they fancy they are in love! I'm sure I never had such foolish ideas. (*Closes her eyes, and speaks very languidly.*) I am glad it is quiet at last. [*Curtain falls.*]

SICK.

SCENE 2, same as SCENE 1. *Curtain rises on the unoccupied parlor.*

Enter DOLLY.

Dolly. Well, I never did! No, never! I'm sure I didn't ever! There's that poor, dear Miss Emily just a-dyin' about Mr. Charles, and her pa's as savage to 'em as a meat-axe. Laws me, just s'pose it was Daniel; how'd I feel! It's a real shame!

Enter EMILY and CHARLEY.

Emily. He can't turn you out of doors if you are sick, you know, and then you can't go to-morrow.

Charley. But so suddenly.

Emily. But you must have something sudden. Brain fever, or—oh! I know, sun-stroke. That's it—go out without your hat, and get a sun-stroke.

Dolly. Oh, Miss Emily, how can you be murdering of him that way?

Emily (aside to Charley). Shall I tell her?

Charley (aside to Emily). Better not; she's so jolly green she might let the old folks see the fun.

Emily. Hark! there's pa, now. Go, Charley, it's awful hot in the garden. Run! (*Exit Charley.*)

Emily. Now for an attitude of desperate grief, or pa will suspect something. (*Sits down.*) Dolly, my good Dolly, listen to my woe!

Dolly. Land, Miss, you're grinning all over your face!

Emily (taking out her pocket-handkerchief). That won't do! Dolly, do you go to my room and pack up the things you unpacked this morning.

Dolly. You ain't a-going to try it again?

Emily. Ain't I?

Dolly. Well, I never did. (*Exit Dolly.*)

Emily. Footsteps approach! I hear my father's voice (*assumes an attitude of dejection, and covers her face*).

Enter MR. and MRS. JONES.

Mrs. Jones. There she is now! I'm sure you needn't have made me come down for nothing. (*Emily sobs.*)

Mr. Jones. You told me they were together. *Mrs. Jones (sitting down).* Well, they are not, so what is the use of shouting at me. Emily, don't make that noise.

Emily (hysterically). My love! Banished!

Charley (behind the scenes). Let me—die—at

—the—feet—(*Enter, staggering, with his hands pressed to his forehead.*)

Emily (*starting up*). Charley! (*Charley falls upon the sofa as if fainting.*)

Mr. Jones. What is the matter? Charles!

Emily. Charley! he faints! Water! (*Aside.*) He does it beautifully.

Charley (*gaspingly*). The sun! Large spots float before my eyes! I sink! Save me—(*falls back again.*)

Mr. Jones. Sun-stroke! Fool; been in the garden without any hat.

Charley (*aside to Emily*). Shall I become delirious?

Emily (*aside to Charley*). O yes, only be real funny.

Charley (*starting up, sitting on the sofa*). See, there, there, before me stalks the phantom! Stop! He heeds me not—Emily! they tear her from me.

Emily (*giggling*). I am here!

Charley (*aside to her*). Cry, you little goose! (*Aloud.*) Hag! stand aside! Where is my love?

Mrs. Jones. Dear, dear, I'm afraid Charles is sick.

Mr. Jones. A sun-stroke, madam, is no joke. (*Aside.*) Have I been too harsh? He is poor Henry's only boy, and even if poor—he—(*Aloud.*) Charles, my boy.

Charles (*laughing*). They think we will obey! Ha! ha! never!

Emily. Oh, Charley, won't you speak to me? It's Emily, your own Emily! Oh, he will die! *Charles* (*falling back*). I faint! Air! Water!

Emily (*aside*). Fire! Earth! he might as well call for all the elements.

Mrs. Jones (*calling*). Dolly, bring some water here.

Charles (*faintly*). My dream of love, my dream of fame is over! I see visions—look! angels, one fairer than all, my Emily!

Mr. Jones. Poor boy, how he loves her!

Emily (*aside*). Go it, Charley!

Enter DOLLY, with water.

Mrs. Jones (*taking the water*). Go for Dr. Hall, Dolly. (*Exit Dolly.*) Emily, my dear, here's some water; sprinkle Charles.

Emily. Blest fount of hope! Give me the water (*sprinkles Charles*).

Charles. I revive! I live again! (*Aside.*) Stop, Em, you're deluging my shirt front.

Emily (*aside*). Be delirious some more.

Charles. One, two! How many hours before the owl hoots? Cæsar was great—ha, ha! Julius was but man! To-morrow! Must I leave Paradise—the air my jewel breathes!

Mr. Jones. Poor boy! Charles, do you not know me?

Charles. Knowledge, they say, is power.

Mr. Jones. Quite flighty! Why don't the doctor come?

Emily (*aside*). Charley, I'm going to faint.

Charley (*falling back again*). What blinds me? Dazzling light dances before my eyes.

Emily. He dies! Charley! (*Faints into Mrs. Jones's arms.*)

Mrs. Jones. Dear, dear, here's Emily sick, too. [*Curtain falls.*]

LOVE-SICK.

SCENE 3.—*Curtain rises instantly, discovering stage as before, with the actors in the same positions.*

Mr. Jones. I am not marble. Emily! (*Takes her in his arms.*)

Emily (*faintly*). Father! Charles?

Mr. Jones. Will soon, I trust, be better. I see his heart is yours, my child, and wait but till you are of suitable age, and I will no longer oppose your union.

Charles (*springing up*). Eureka! Emily! Hurra! (*Emily rushes to his arms.*)

Mr. Jones. What! this is a very sudden recovery, sir.

Charles. Because my sickness was from the heart, and your words remove it. Forgive us. We are both sick.

Emily. Love-sick.

Mr. Jones. Wayward children! Well, well, I don't see what I can do. (*To audience.*) Are you willing? All plays conclude so, and Mrs. Jones, you see—

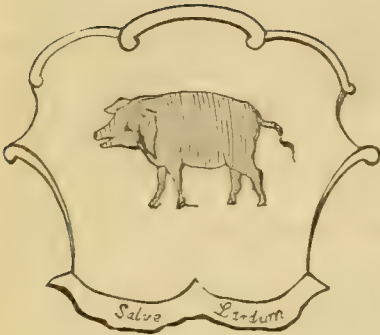
Mrs. Jones. Must have a little quiet.

[*Curtain falls.*]

MORAL AND INTELLECTUAL VIRTUES.—Aristotle treats of moral and intellectual virtues separately, but he did not think that they could exist separately. Moral virtue implies the due regulation of our moral nature with all its appetites, instincts, and passions; these, therefore, must be in subjection to the reason. Again, the reason does not act with all the vigor of which it is capable, unless the moral nature is in a well-regulated state. Hence man's moral and intellectual faculties reciprocally act and react upon each other: every good resolution carried into effect, every act of self-control and moral discipline, increases the vigor of the pure reason, and renders it more able to perform its work.

MR. AND MRS. RASHER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MISS SLIMMENS."



CHAPTER XIII.

A SEA VOYAGE.

You don't say so! Flummery married to Mrs. Yellow Dock's daughter! That's all *your* doings, Rasher. If you hadn't interfered in the shameful manner you did to break up the match when it was on the very point of going off, he might have been my son-in-law instead of that odious woman's. And she's always pretended she wouldn't allow him to have one of *her* daughters on account of his immorality. Didn't I tell you it was sour grapes? She snatched him up at the first chance, which she never would have got at all if poor Flummery hadn't been broken-hearted about Cerintha, and so desperate that he didn't care what he did. Rather calculating in his desperation? What do you mean? Got a couple of hundred thousand for throwing himself away? O yes! of course you'll put that construction upon it. You're always thinking of money, Rasher, always; you're nothing but an account-book, a perfect ledger. Who keeps you always thinking of money? I'm sure I don't know; you can't accuse me of it. Only so that I have all I want I don't care where it comes from, nor how it's made. Of course I have to have plenty of it to gratify my tastes and keep up appearances, but I don't care about the money; all I want of it is to spend it. It's very unreasonable of you to intimate that I make an account-book out of my husband. I can't abide business, and the pork business above all. All I ask of you is to provide the necessities of life for your wife and children; yet a person would think, to hear

you talk, that I made a slave of you. Whenever I say we've got enough, you'll quit work and be glad of it? I haven't asked you to quit work; as long as you're active and hearty I see no reason why you should give up business, and as for our having enough, I've never seen the time when I had half what I wanted. There's the Joneses go to Europe every season, and have gold instead of silver spoons. There's plenty of our neighbors live better than we do, and we must be very easily satisfied to settle down on what we've got at our time of life.

I'm as bad as the farmer's wife, who only wanted to be comfortable? Oh, don't tell any of your vulgar anecdotes, husband; they're all out of fashion, and only provoke me. We *might* have been contented with a fish shop, but we wasn't; we have riz in life, and I see no reason why we shouldn't keep on rising until we—"bust!" There it comes again! always hinting about bursting up, and failing, and ruin, and such trash, which I don't believe at all in, only you keep it to scare me, as folks keep dark closets to shut up children in. And big folks, too? There, there! I wouldn't refer to *that*. What I was going to say when you put it all out of my head telling me about Flummery's getting married. Poor Cerintha! how she *will* feel when she hears it! Only three weeks since he was almost united at the altar with *her*. What I was going to say is that *next* summer we must have a country-house. It's all very nice coming to a watering-place, and only decent of you to bring us here, after getting Cerintha into such a scrape, and I shall want to come every season; but I shall want a country-house besides. Lots of our friends are getting them. It's real stylish to have one, whether you ever use it or not. We could go to it for a few weeks before Newport gets crowded, and when it gets real crowded, and jammed with company, we could come here. I could give a *fête sham-peter* to pass away the time; Fitz-Simmons says they're delightful. "What's a sham Peter?" Why, it's a—a—you know what; out of doors, you know, a—"sham like every other fashionable nonsense, but what's Peter got to do with it?" O dear, you're so queer, my love. Peter hasn't anything to do with it but to wait on the company, as usual. It's an outdoor party, you

know, with a band of music on the lawn, and a place to dance, and refreshments in a tent—oh, it's lovely! and such a chance for the young people to flirt! A kind of a barbecue? What a gross idea, my dear! If you were to give a sham-peter, you'd serve up nothing but little pigs, roasted whole? Oh, get out! you take solid comfort in making all my little plans look ridiculous.

It's real nice here, isn't it? I'm sorry you have to go back to the city, husband; though we shall get along very well without you, especially with Peter and the carriage; and it's necessary you shouldn't neglect the business if we're ever to do what I've set my heart on; and I suppose, after all, it's about as cool in your warehouse and in the great big shut up house at home as in these little hot rooms, and the dining-room so crowded, and the ball-room so melting of an evening. And as you don't care for company, and never dance, I suppose it's just as well you should go; you'll never be a fashionable man, and I'm not certain but the girls will make a better impression without their pa than with him. They're very popular already. It's rumored about here that your profits last year were over a hundred thousand, and I shall take no pains to do away with the impression, I overheard somebody asking Mrs. Gregory who we was, and she said we were the "new family." I'm sure she needn't talk; they're only a year old themselves. She did some real ridiculous things here last summer. I hope I shall have tact enough not to make myself such a laughing-stock as she was. The coat-of-arms on our carriage is very much admired. Every time it comes round to the entrance I can see, by peeping through the curtains, the gentlemen looking at it and talking about it. What makes you always wink and smile whenever any one says anything to you about it? It seems to me I should be comparatively a happy woman if you would leave off winking. Of all your habits, I do think it's the most offensive. It's positively rude and horribly low. Did you ever see Mr. Fitz-Simmons do so? or Flummery? O dear! speaking of Flummery, I suppose he'll bring his bride right here to spite us and hurt Cerintha's feelings. He thinks she and I had a hand in playing him that trick, and, now all hope is over, I guess it's best to let him keep on thinking so. If the story gets out at all here, of course it'll be that we gave him the mitten, and it will be a feather in Cerintha's cap to have had the refusal of Mr. Flummery. A goose-feather? No, it won't, not by a great deal. You won't find many people to agree

20*

with you in your prudish ideas about young men; and if you don't live to regret the day when you broke up the match between your child and an eligible person like Flummery, then I'm mistaken. I'm tired of talking; but you are the strangest man! Actually invited that clerk of yours to the house, and tried to get Felicia to admire him; and all the time driving away the very best match in the city.

Would I like to go a bathing? Yes, indeed; we had dresses made a-purpose before we came away. I've heard so much of the ocean turf, I think it must be splendid. I wouldn't like to get drowned, and you know I am a little cowardly; but if you say it's safe, I'll venture to go along with you. I could hardly keep from screaming yesterday as we sat in our carriage and saw the turf break over their heads in the way it did. The girls thought it delightful, and they're engaged to go to-day with a party. You're a good swimmer, and I'd rather go with you the first time. Used to be a perfect duck when you was a boy? Well, you're a duck now, my dear, when you're good, and don't bother me, and don't wink or cough in company, and let me have all the money I ask for. There, there! please don't muss my morning-dress; it's the prettiest of them all. That's another trick I wish you would give up—hugging and kissing your own wife. I've told you frequently 'twas all out of date. If you was going to stay in Newport, I should make you promise that you wouldn't hug me before people, that you wouldn't wink, that you wouldn't say "Marier," nor carry a silk pocket-handkerchief, nor eat your fish with a knife, nor refer to swine while you was here; but as you leave to-morrow, it's not worth while to try and worry you into it.

I thought I should sink through the floor last evening when you told Mrs. Douglass, when she asked how long we were going to stay, that you supposed I'd want to go the whole hog. You thought I'd sink through it when I was dancing with young Spangler? Well, I guess I'm about as light a dancer as most women of my weight. You can't bear to see me enjoy myself because you don't dance yourself. Better leave it to my girls? There's another of your notions. People now-a-days consider the mother has the best right to the attentions of the young men, and that it's the daughter's place to keep in the background. Not but that young ladies are forward enough; they know as much at ten as they ought to at twenty, and they're as pert as pepper, every one of 'em. I heard Delia Krout telling Spangler that he

looked as if he was waltzing with a big pumpkin, because I'm rather plump, and had on my yellow satin—the envious thing wanted him all to herself; and he whispered to her that it was the fairy pumpkin that could be turned into a carriage and horses whenever he wished, and they both tittered. I sha'n't invite Spangler to ride with us again while we're here, you may bet. Need'n't *stew* about it, if the young men do call me a pumpkin? Now, that's just like you, Rasher; instead of having the spunk to get mad when your own wife is made fun of, you turn in and ridicule her, too. You're willing to pull Spangler's nose if I wish it to prove that I ain't a pumpkin? Of course I *don't* wish it; have the whole hotel laughing at us. But you needn't go to making puns when my feelings are injured. Time to go to the beach? I'll be ready in a minute.

What is it? Why, it's my life-preserving jacket, that I bought before I left the city. Please blow me up, my dear, before we go in. "With pleasure—time you returned the compliment." What do you mean? "I've been blowing you up for twenty years, and you're willing to return the favor for once." You seem to stand it pretty well. O dear! how curious I look! I don't think the costume is as becoming to me as to those slender young ladies over there. And this jacket puffed out under my arms. I wish I had the courage to go in without it, but I hav'n't; I'm almost a mind to back out now. I'm so heavy, I shouldn't stand a good chance in case of an accident. "Get on swimmingly." Ah, but that's the very way I don't want to get on. Ugh! how delightful the water feels—so cool, so delicious—ugh! it makes me shiver. Wait a minute, till I get used to it. I'm sure I shall like it very much after I've learned how. "Why are we like pickled pork?" We ain't, I'm sure, and you needn't ask. "Because we're in brine." Well, I believe the water is salt, sure enough. How disgusting! if I'd thought of that, I believe I wouldn't have come. How can poets and authors talk so much about the majestic ocean when it's nothing but a great puddle of nasty brine! I wonder if that's what makes everything so salty that the sailors have to eat at sea? I don't see why so much nice water was spoiled by putting salt in it. O dear, Rasher, don't go in any farther! I'm getting my feet wet, and I shall catch cold. O my! oh! oh—hold on to me tight. "Look like a bar-maid!" In what respect, I'd be pleased to have you inform me?—"said mermaid." Well, what's that? something worse still? "Fish woman." La, I remember now;

but I don't believe in 'em, do you! "Rather a scaly set." That's my opinion, and as for their combing their hair with their fingers and singing songs to get men to drown themselves, it's all bosh. "Why need not sailors eat hard biscuit on windy days?" I'm sure I don't know. "Because they can have fresh rolls." If you was burst up in a steamboat or falling out of a balloon, I think you'd have time to make a conundrum, husband. Here we are, up to our waists in the ocean, and you're at it the same as usual.

There's a wave coming in. Now, then, what am I to do? Duck? how? A goose would know how. I suppose it would, as the water is its natural element, but it isn't mine. Well, hold on to me, and say "duck," at the right time. Rasher—oh! Rash—er!

Rasher. Good gracious! the undertow has carried her under. If that isn't an underhanded trick in old Ocean! Marier! my dear wife, are you gone? are you drowned? Help! help! Oh, what will my children say when they hear their mother is lost! And I persuaded her into it. There! she's come to the surface, way out of my reach, and the wind blowing off shore like mad. It's a fortunate thing she's got on that jacket. It floats her like a buoy. Oh, Marier, that ever I should live to see the day you went to sea, floating off as calmly as a cork on a fish-line! Good Heavens! how she bobs! she looks like a buoy; but she'd be mad if she heard me say so, when she belongs to the other sex. There goes a boat after her. I wish I was in it. Why don't they pull harder? The wind's a carrying her out faster than they can row. I'll give 'em a thousand dollars if they save her, I will. Yes, Marier, I forget all your failings when I see you in that dreadful situation. There's one consolation, you can't sink while that life-preserver holds out; but you may be carried out to sea to perish of hunger and thirst. I'll give 'em two thousand dollars if they get her; I will—if she is a scold. They are overhauling her, they're overhauling her! they've got her! they have! goodness, won't they have a lift, two hundred and eighty pounds. She's in; they've put about. Drive down to where the boat lands, Peter, to be ready to take her home. Never mind my best suit; bring it along.

Here they come; she's alive, she's setting up; she puffs a little, but she's all right. Oh, Marier, here you are! how are you? What did you put out alone in that style for? I thought you'd sailed for Liverpool, sure. You are like a piece of roast pork—all dripping.

Hurrah, boys! I'll never forget you. Take my purse, and divide it between you. If it ain't enough, come up to the Ocean House, and I'll give you a check for more. Here's my watch, too, take that—and my bosom-pin. I've got my wife back, and I don't care for the trash. Ha, ha, ha! Marier, how do you like sea-bathing? You'll sea no more of it. You're a little pale—but that's because you hold so much water. You'll be all right by dinner-time. I guess I must have swallowed some brine, too; it seems to be running out of my eyes. Ho! ho! a capital joke, wasn't it—that little trip out to sea? Drive on, Peter, fast. You've saved your bacon, my dear, and will be all the sweeter for a little salting.

CHAPTER XIV.

A WELCOME LETTER.

WELL, girls, I'm glad your pa has gone back to New York. He's all right in his place, but I'm afraid he's rather of a drawback to us in a place like this, where one has to live constantly on show, as it were. There's a great deal depends on the next few weeks; you've just come out, and you've got your reputations to make as belles and heiresses. I want your first season at Newport to be a decided success, so that you can begin the winter in the city with flying colors. Your pa has left us a pretty liberal supply of means; he's a good man to his family, but he's sadly lacking in gentility, and keeps me nervous when he's with us, for dread of his mistakes. Guess he's as good as we are? I suppose he is, Felicia, and I don't blame you for standing up for your father; you and him are always flying up in defence of each other. He's *good*, no doubt, but he isn't genteel, and never will be, if he lives to the age of Mathulaseh; it isn't in him. I didn't have much better advantages than him when I was young, but I've a natural tact for society, and I flatter myself nobody could tell that I didn't go to boarding-school when I was a girl. Cerintha, what are you pinching Felicia for? If you think it worth while to ridicule your own mother, you can try it. If I didn't coax your pa to open the purse-strings, you'd have a hard time getting your fingers in so freely, so you'd better be careful who you treat with disrespect. Young ladies think it an accomplishment, now-a-days, to flout their own parents. I don't see what has made the change. When I was a child, I durstn't set down before my father and mother unless they told me to,

and now, when folks do ten times as much for their children as they used to, they get saucy and impertinence for it. I can't see what makes the difference!

Felicia, put on your *violet* grenadine. As I passed Miss Krout's room, I heard her tell her maid she was going to wear a *violet* grenadine; she's so yellow she'll look horribly in it, and I want you to wear yours for contrast to spite her. There ain't many who can wear it as well as you; it's a very trying color, but you look as fair as a baby in it. You've got a beautiful complexion, though you are not as handsome as your sister; and those dimples in your shoulders almost pay you for being so dumpy. You're not going to wear that *fichu*, are you, and hide 'em? I sha'n't consent to it. Your face isn't so pretty that you can afford to hide your neck. I want you to make the most of your time when you're here. You're new, now, and have the name of an heiress, and if you don't make a match that'll pay me for the trouble and expense I've had with you, I shall be disappointed. Cerintha would have been off my hands before this, if it hadn't been for her pa. She'd have been the most fashionable bride here, and would have helped you amazingly. I should only have had one on my hands, instead of two to manœuvre for, and have had the *prestige* of being Flummery's mother-in-law. Needn't make any matches for you? O no, I suppose not! You intend to go home and marry your pa's clerk, don't you? Your face is as red as fire. I tell you now, that as long as I live you'll never do a thing of that kind. You shouldn't have come one step with us, adding to the expense as you do, you should have remained at home with the housekeeper, if I'd suspected such a thing. What do you suppose I brought you to Newport for? For the sea air, you suppose? Well, if that isn't a good joke! I bought you eleven new dresses, two mantles, three summer shawls, four bonnets, ten pairs of shoes, two riding-hats, two new parasols, three fans, twenty pairs of gloves, then lace handkerchiefs and trifles *add infantum* to take the sea air in, I suppose! Really, I think you could have had change of air on your Aunt Rasher's farm, with three or four lawn dresses, a straw hat, and a stout pair of walking shoes, if that had been *all*, and your board bill saved besides. Don't make a fool of yourself, Felicia; you can never have but one "first season," and you had better make the most of it.

That girl is her father over again, and I expect she'll disgrace the family yet. Your tis-

sue, with the pansies *brocaded*, will be sweet for dinner, Cerintha, with your turquoiseset. There goes the summons now, and you're far from ready; but I don't mind being a little late, since our seats are always saved for us. There'll be a better chance to show your clothes. There's a new arrival to-day, and I want you to look your best; I heard all about him this morning, when Mrs. Gibson and I sat in the parlor talking. She knows him; he bowed to her as he passed us, and she told me who he was—a real catch. Is he handsome? Pshaw! what a silly question! Hurry, my dear. No, he isn't very handsome nor *very* young, but he's *perfect* in his manners, and belongs to a real old Knickerbocker family. He's a widower with two children, both boys and away to school, so they'll make no trouble to a step-mother. Mrs. Gibson says he's rather conceited and a little quick-tempered; but them are faults very easily overlooked. Your pa is quick-tempered, but it doesn't prevent his making a very good husband. Mr. Von Wagoner is wealthy and exclusive. Put these sprigs in your hair, Felicia. That's superb, Cerintha, that headdress with that dress; Miss La Mode's taste is *exquisite*.

Are you all ready? Let me shake out them folds—so. Where's my own handkerchief? Now, behave your prettiest, to-day, girls, and see who will be the fortunate one. Only remember one thing; he's particular, and you mustn't let him see your trying. Retiring quietness to-day, my loves.

Mrs. Gibson tells me that Mr. Von Wagoner inquired after you, who you were, and so on, Cerintha. She says he was struck with the quiet elegance of your demeanor. I'm prouder of that compliment than any other you ever received; it shows, if he thinks so, that you've outgrown every difficulty. You're afraid he won't like *me* as well as he does you? You make yourself very pleasant to your mother, miss. I guess I can manage my own cards. I'm so fussy? Well, he won't want to marry *me*, fortunately, and if *you* suit him, I guess matters will be smooth enough. We're *rich*, please remember, and I presume Mr. Von Wagoner, pride and all, doesn't despise a fortune. Didn't I tell you myself to be very quiet before him, and to shrink rather than advance? He's used to being courted, and it don't take with an old bird like him. I'm not a fool, and if you mind my instructions, you'll be on the safe side.

Don't dance to-night, Cerintha; at least only a quadrille or two; let the schottisch and

waltzes alone, and be very particular about partners; that is, if Mr. Von Wagoner is present.

Here comes Peter with letters. I should think you corresponded with half the young ladies you know in the school. And here's one for me from your pa; I hope it's got a good big check in it. Open it, Felicia, and read it to me. It bothers me to read hand-writing, and your pa's is so curious. However, they're usually short, if not sweet. What! isn't there a check in it? How careless he is! Well, if there's any news in it worth reading, just let me know. (*Felicia reads*):—

MY DEAR WIFE: Felicia's favor of the 12th came duly to hand. She can draw on me at sight for a couple of kisses in pay for her kind wishes. I'm getting along as well as could be expected, keeping house alone. Evenings dull, but short; go to bed early. Suppose you expect a remittance; but you must check yourself, if you do. The only drafts honored now-a-days are those on the soda-fountains, and some of them have busted. Warm weather here—tries men's soles and livers too—enuff to set iron pigs a running. Thermometers all gone up and quit business. Our old friends, C—— Brothers, have added themselves to their stock of "cheap clothing;" they've become a pair of suspenders; but let them hold up their own acts as stout as they've a mind; everybody thinks 'em guilty of breeches of promise. Shouldn't have invested so much in these dull times, their operations were two expantensive. However, I am sorry to say, they're not alone. H. & M., the tea merchants we know, have gone by the board—not the tea-board. They've been in hot water for some time. Smith's chair factory is on its last legs. In fact, my dear wife, no firm, new or old, is considered really stable, except the liveries. Most firms are anything but firm. Under such circumstances do you think it strange that even pork should be over-done?

I don't want to alarm you, nor the dear girls, but I'm afraid I must say, it would be better for you to leave your present quarters; they may be dear to you, but they're too dear for me. In short, Marier, how would you like to go back to the old three-story brick?

You had better pack your trunks and return as soon after receiving this as convenient, if you've money enuff to pay bills; if not, telegraph. I'd come after you, but can't leave very well at present.

My heart aches for our poor children. We're used to it, but they ain't; they're dainty as spring chickens. Oh, Marier! don't scold. If

you knew how I feel! You've told me all my life of my failings, and this is the worst failing of all. That pretty gilt sign—Timothy Rasher—that I was so proud of, must come down from over the warehouse door. You'll never be troubled by the business you have despised any more. I'll explain particulars when you reach home. Men will say I've been Rasher in my speculations than I should have been; that's what hurts me most. Everybody'll have his cut at me now, till I'm all used up—not a slice of me left. I've always considered it a slippery business, and now, indeed, I find myself in a pretty mess. All I ask, Marier, is that you will put up with it as bravely as pos-

sible. If you're hard on me, I shall be more down in the mouth than ever. Poor Gerintha! it'll be bad for her. I guess Flummery will be tickled to think he's out of the scrape. But I must close. Hoping to see you soon, and to congratulate you upon your husband's going out of the pork business,

Yours in distress, TIMOTHY RASHER.

P. S. I tried hard, but I couldn't "save my bacon."

P. S. Even the barrels in the warehouse are in tiers.

P. P. S. *Don't* scold, Marier; it isn't my fault, it's my failing.

THE LANDES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

THE department of the Landes comprises the territory extending from the Gulf of Gascony and the mouth of the Adour to the borders of the Pyrenees, containing a population of about two hundred and thirty thousand inhabitants. On the right bank of the Adour is situated the country of the Landes, or heaths. The river seems placed by nature to form a barrier against the progress of sterility, and guard the beautiful country on its left bank from the invasion of the sands.

On one side of this majestic river, as far as the eye can reach, it rests only on forests of pine, whose sparse foliage falling and drying on the ground allows of no vegetation beneath it. Large ponds, formed by the rains, spread around their stagnant waters, impeding in their natural course to the sea by the sands, which heaped up continually, till the hand of man found a way of arresting them. This is done by supporting the downs or mountains of sand with hurdles of osier, and then planting the seeds of pine, broom, and other trees of rapid growth, which, intertwining their roots, give consistence to the sand, and fix it in its place. Villages have in this manner been saved from destruction, and the results will be the acquisition of valuable pine forests, furnishing timber, rosin, tar, and pitch; besides which, though producing little in the way of grain, it is rich in game, fish, honey, and wax, and the celebrated wild pigeons so highly prized by the gastronomers of France.

If you cross the Adour the scene changes as if by magic: valleys and plains of exuberant fertility, hillocks covered with vines, neat cheer-

ful habitations, a lively people, briskly moving, dressed in gay-colored stuffs, everywhere the signs of abundance and prosperity. But all this wealth of nature creates no envy in the breast of the frugal inhabitant of the heaths. He even takes pride in his poverty, that gives him quiet and independence; he loves his scattered habitations, which the owner and his family share with their domestic animals. A few flocks of sheep pick their scanty pasture among the furze, guarded by shepherds, or cou-siots, as they call them, clad in sheepskins, and mounted on stilts which raise them four or five feet from the ground, and with the aid of a long pole they can traverse immense distances. Their owners are lords of their dependants, can move their residence at pleasure without fear of law or arms, free to remain quiet, or lead a wandering life as best suits their inclination.

As I incited my driver to talk of his wild country, on which he dilated with love and pride, he spoke frequently of a person whom he called the "Solitary of the Heaths." The name excited my curiosity, which was increased by learning that he had been a man of the world, who, in consequence of the death of an only son, had quitted the world to bury himself in the heaths.

I was not disposed to neglect the opportunity of seeing a person as singular as the country he inhabited. So, disregarding the difficulties of the road, or rather the want of a road, and trusting to the skill of my guide, I penetrated into the wildest part of the country.

Amid this waste of sand, where scarce a stone

can be seen, I was surprised at the sight of a splendid chateau built in the time of Louis XIII. It must have cost an enormous sum, and standing in this desolate country, had a most singular effect. We next passed an iron manufactory, the only metal found in this country.

As we arrived at the summit of one of the sand hills, I observed a cabin, larger and better looking than the rest. It was the abode of the solitary; he was not in the house. A farm servant showed me in, and went to seek his master. The appearance of the house gave a good idea of the master. There was order, taste, and even elegance in the midst of the greatest simplicity. The bedchamber was hung round with maps; the bedstead was of painted wood, the feet placed each in a bowl of water to guard against insects; a book-case separated from the wall, the feet guarded by the same contrivance, a table, and a few chairs completed the furniture. As the solitary approached, in a little car of antique form, drawn by oxen, I hastened to meet him and introduce myself.

I was received with politeness and cordiality. My host insisted on my remaining the night, promising to show me the next day all that was worth seeing, and to conduct me in the evening to the post-house; and observing that I desired all the information that I could get respecting a people so new to me, my host became animated and communicative.

"I live," said he, "among a half savage people, where linger yet those virtues that seem incompatible with a high degree of civilization. A liberal hospitality, conjugal faith, respect for religion and for age; but unfortunately these excellent qualities are allied to faults, and even vices, the ordinary fruits of great ignorance. The inhabitants of the heaths are generally inclined to intoxication, to jealousy, and the grossest superstition. I am endeavoring by every means in my power to ameliorate the condition of these good people, particularly by establishing schools, which I hope will diminish their ignorance and superstition; for you would hardly believe that the greater number of these shepherds do not know under what government they live, nor to what part of France they belong; and to induce them to submit to vaccination, I was obliged to let them believe it was a charm against evil spirits."

The next morning my host entered my room with his gun in his hand. He had been out shooting pigeons. After breakfast, he proposed an excursion.

We had not gone many miles when we stopped to look at a flock of sheep pasturing on the heath, guarded by two cousins in the service of the Solitary. These men, mounted on their stilts, were leaning on the long pole which they used as a cane, and knitting caps similar to those they wore on their heads. They wore a long tunic of sheepskin, their naked feet rested on their stilts, and their legs were incased in coverings of fur tied on with red garters. By their side was a large basket containing their food, a pan for frying cruchades, a sort of paste made with the flour of millet fried in lard, a package of sardines, and a jug of wine, their provision for the forty days they were to be absent from the farm.

The Solitary entered into conversation with them, and I observed that the old Gascon language, still spoken in that country, was much more melodious than the more modern patois of the rest of the province. Wishing to give me a sample of their agility, he said a few words to one of them, who went off immediately, and in five minutes had gone over at least three hundred rods, passing over the four-foot fences without seeming to notice them. When he returned, he seated himself on the ground, rose again to his stilts, with no other help than his pole, and finally picked up as he went along some small pieces of silver strewed on the heath.

We left the shepherds to visit a family under the protection of the Solitary. We found in company with them a dozen domestic animals, who seemed to have as good a right there as their masters. A large apartment, with an upper room reached by steps of logs, was hung round with pictures of saints, and rough cooking utensils. A man more than eighty years old sat actually in the chimney, eight children stood round a table, the mother, with an infant in her arms, was distributing the cruchades, the eldest daughter (whose beauty was uncommon in a country where the women, generally ugly, are made more so by their unbecoming dress) was milking a cow in the middle of the room, while the head of the family, seated on the mantelpiece, was preparing for the oxen small bunches of oats and straw, seasoned with a little salt.

The good people received their patron with exclamations of joy, and finding that they were going to a wedding at no great distance, we determined to accompany them. The inhabitants climbed to their upper apartment to dress, and Anika came down looking very pretty,

indeed, in a low corset of coarse cloth, showing a well turned neck, and a cap with long lappets and scarlet points, in lieu of the ugly headdress worn on working days.

On our way we met a funeral, and according to the custom of the country, turned back to accompany it a little way. This gave me occasion to learn that when an inhabitant of the Landes dies, all the relations, even the most distant, attend the funeral, and the oldest woman recites aloud the funeral prayers, having first exorcised the demons to drive them from the grave.

The wedding feast, though differing much in elegance, resembled in its main features that of a higher class. The young people danced as gaily, perhaps more so, though it was to the music of the bagpipe and the voices of the old women, who are there held in particular respect. The dance, called *farandole*, was more deficient in decency than in grace. The dance is followed by a feast in the open air, at which they drink with so little discretion, that even the women and sometimes the children find it impossible to get home.

The preliminaries of marriage have, however, a strange peculiarity. When a young man wishes to marry a girl, he goes at night to the house of her father, accompanied by two friends each carrying a large pitcher of wine. He asks an interview, which is never refused. All the family rise, and seat themselves at table. Cruchades and omelettes are served; the pitchers are emptied; while they relate stories of men of the sea, ghosts, and magicians, without saying a word about the object of their visit. At daybreak, for the feast must continue until then, the young lady rises and places the dessert on the table. This decides irrevocably the fate of the lover; for if among the dishes a plate of nuts appears, he must consider himself refused, and forever excluded from that house. He is a "nut gallant," is a common expression in this country to signify a rejected lover. As the Solitary gave me these details, he pointed out two young men who had been thus dismissed by the pretty Anika.

It was late when we set out on our way to the post-house, attended by twelve consiots carrying torches, without whose help we could not have discerned our way, or got through our difficulties. As they were mounted on their stilts they looked more like giants, waving their torches, than peaceable shepherds. We arrived in safety, and I parted with regret from the Solitary of the Landes.

THE BOY AND THE MAN.

BY S. A. K.

FRIEND TOM, if you had been in Winterfield some fifty years since, at the old brown school-house on the hill, you might have seen little Ned Thomson, a pale, sad-faced boy, whose clothes were cast-off garments, filthy and tattered; his school-books a few torn and dirty fragments of a spelling-book and Testament. His seat is with two or three other lads who, like him, came from the town almshouse. Now and then, when it is convenient, they are heard in their lessons. When the master is out of humor, he flogs them; as they have no friends, the blows that should be bestowed upon the esquire's, the deacon's, and the doctor's children fall upon the poorhouse boys, as they are orphans, and it will not do to offend the village aristocracy. Poor Ned, though sensitive and high-spirited, is bright and intelligent, but he is the continual butt of sneers and ridicule. Why is life so bitter to thee, little Ned? why is thy spring-time so gloomy and baleful? Ah, he hears the reason every day from his school-mates, he hears it in his dreams, he hears it in the whistle of the wind, in the roar of the mountain stream, when all nature is silent, the hissing whisper haunts him, the "pauper boy."

A few years before a lovely and amiable orphan girl had tripped with merry heart along the streets of Winterfield. Her parents, once in good circumstances, had died years before, and left her penniless. She did have work at the farm-houses, and was as light-hearted as though she were a duke's daughter. A stranger came to Winterfield, handsome and smooth-spoken. Poor Nellie had a loving, affectionate, and trusting heart; he won her love and she married him. It was the sad, old story; he soon deserted her, and went no one knew whither.

For years she toiled, gentle and uncomplaining, to support herself and her boy, little Ned, until New England's scourge, consumption, laid its stealthy but sure hand upon her; she lingered not long a martyr. One morning she was found with her arm around her sleeping boy; there was a sweet smile upon her wan face, but she was cold and dead. Ned was an orphan, and Nellie was with the bright angels. They buried the emaciated form in an obscure corner of the village graveyard, among briers, near nameless and forgotten graves. The place was forgotten soon by all except Ned. There was no place for him except at the poorhouse.

Tom, did you ever see Dr. H—, of Winterfield? Perhaps not; he died years ago; his

tombstone over in the old Winterfield burying-ground is even now gray with age. There was a true shepherd of his flock. He saw that there was a soul in Ned, and a mind far above the common class. The poor sensitive boy had heard no kind words since Nellie's death, and the friendly encouragement of Dr. H—— taught him to hope for a better day.

Ned mingled little in the usual sports of boyhood; he loved better to pore over the good parson's books, to wander over rugged hills, to stand beside the plunging cataract. He loved to gaze upon nature, wherever the Almighty hand has moulded power and sublimity.

While still a youth, Ned hearing that the selectmen of Winterfield were going to bind him away, out to a brutal, drunken butcher, ran no one knew whither, and Winterfield forgot Ned, the poorhouse boy. Some fifteen years passed, and the people of Winterfield began to hear of an orator that had arisen from obscurity in the wild backwoods of a western State. His name was upon the whole nation's lips. His mighty voice thrilled the heart of the people as a bugle stirs the heart of the warrior. Wherever wrong triumphed, there was he ready to throw himself into the breach; his burning accents sent dismay into the mercenary bands of corruption.

The people of Winterfield saw it announced that the great western orator and statesman was to speak in their village. The old town hall was crowded. What was it that so moved the hearts of the village? It was not alone his wondrous eloquence; Ned Thomson, the pauper boy, stood before them. He greeted them kindly; he sought out the burial-place of his mother, and erected to her memory a handsome monument.

His head is now hoary, his hand trembles, his voice has lost much of its power; the venerable statesman and orator will soon go the way of all the earth; but his name will have a place upon the historic record; it will be remembered as among the most brilliant of his generation.

LAYS OF THE ANCIENT CHRONICLES.

THE FAIR INGEBOG.

I.

SHE heard the ripples fall—
Fair Ingeborg, as in her convent tower
Lonely she sat, and watched from hour to hour
The creeping shadows lengthen on the wall.
Softly they wash the beach;
Not with the fierce tides of her native North,
Where half the year the vessels go not forth
From storm-beleaguered ports no foe can reach

A missal in her hand
Divides by times her musings and her gaze;
Part on the page, and part beyond the seas,
With longings for her far-off fatherland.

A calm light in her eye!
As in unfathomed depths, their rocks below
The clear, cold waters of the fiord show
The purple reflex of the mid-day sky.

Fair hair and amber bright!
As beechwoods on a winter afternoon,
When low behind them sinks the setting sun,
And every bough seems garlanded with light.

A bride, but not a wife!
A queen without a kingdom or a crown!
Rejected in her youth, ere rightly won,
And banished to a loveless convent life

Slow wore the weary days,
But still she sat and watched, and knew the hour
Ever grew nearer when the convent tower
No more should hear her sorrowing or praise.

II.

But, listen! upon the sands—
With a louder tramp and a nearer beat
The galloping hoofs of a courser fleet—
And reined at the gate he stands.

A monarch within the selle;
With waving plume at the saddle-bow,
And a red flush on an angry brow,
Like a bale-fire upon a fell.

And loud rang his haughty command:
"I come for my ladye, my bride and my queen;
For I covet no wife from my council, I ween,
But take her with my right hand!"

Then Ingeborg rose with speed,
And came with her eyes of quiet grace,
And a meek light in her lovely face—
And he placed her upon his steed.

And long they rode and hard;
For the king spared neither spur nor lash,
And the flint stones glint as they onward dash,
Till they reach the council-board.

Then strode King Philip in,
And cried with an oath, "Your prating cease!
I give my realm and my people peace
For Ingeborg is queen."

It is probably unnecessary to mention that this ballad refers to the first wife of Philip Augustus of France, whom he divorced to marry Agnes of Merania, and whom the Pope's interdict compelled him to reclaim, in anticipation of the decree of the assembled council.

THE WAY TO CONVINCE.—When we would show any one that he is mistaken, our best course is to observe on what side he considers the subject—for his view of it is generally right on *this* side—and admit to him that he is right so far. He will be satisfied with this acknowledgment, that he was not wrong in his judgment, but only inadvertent in not looking at the whole of the case.

NOVELTIES FOR SEPTEMBER.

Fig. 1.

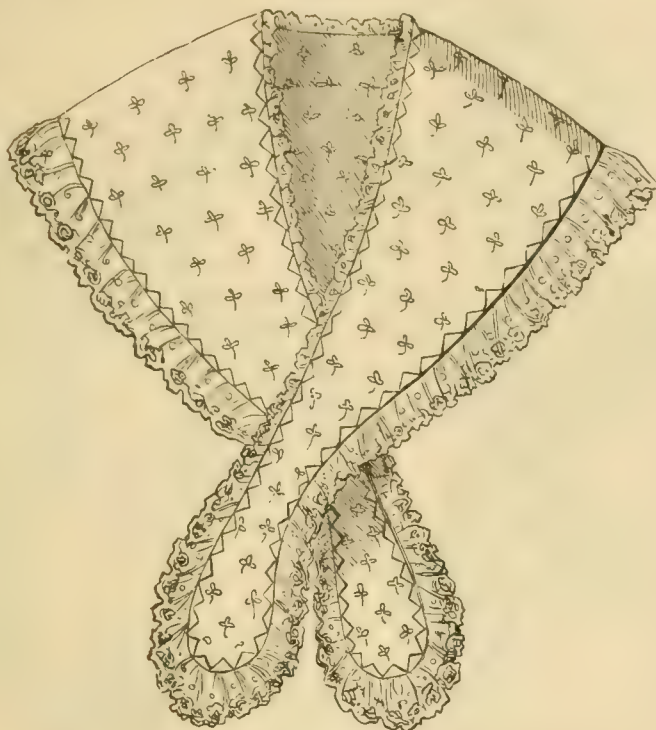


Fig. 2.



Fig. 3.



Fig. 1.—Worked muslin fichu. A pretty style.

Fig. 2.—Casacque of embroidered muslin, to be worn with a muslin skirt for morning, or *négligée*. Puffings of muslin, with wrought flounces, or ribbon of some light shade may be drawn through the puffs, and bows of the same fasten the garment.

Fig. 3.—Headdress of *tulle de soie*, black velvet, and full blush roses with foliage. The hair is turned back from the forehead, and the headdress set well on the back of the head.

Fig. 4.—Breakfast cap, of white muslin and

Fig. 4.



embroidery, with knots of ribbon holding the frill back from the face.

Fig. 5.—Headdress for evening wear; a full wreath of daisies mounted with rose-colored

Fig. 5.



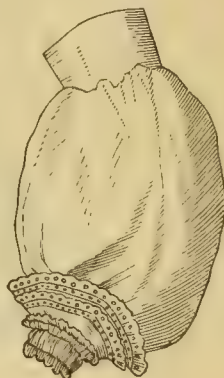
ribbon, a flat bow of the ribbon on the forehead, with a bow and flowing ends behind.

Fig. 6.



Figs. 6 and 7.—Two styles of closed under-sleeves. Fig. 6 is of cambric, with a pointed

Fig. 7.



cuff embroidered, the sleeve in one very full puff. Fig. 7 is of lace; the cuff is finished by a puff, with edging of lace.

Fig. 8.

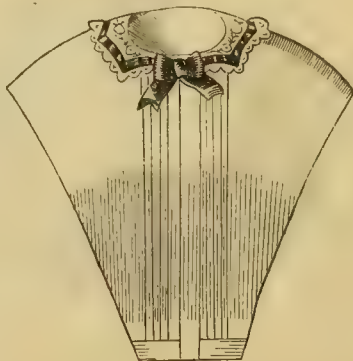


Fig. 8.—Habit-shirt and collar, for an open dress. The shirt has five narrow tucks each

side the square plait in the middle. The collar is in five decided points, and between the embroidery and the Valenciennes edge is an inserting with a black velvet ribbon. Bow of the same.

Fig. 9.



Fig. 9. A very simple style of dress, suitable for any kind of material.

PATTERNS FROM MADAME DEMOREST'S ESTABLISHMENT.

No. 473 Broadway, New York.

The *Nina* corsage is a low body for full dress, specially adapted to the elegant Pompadour silks now in vogue. The body is plain, and



ornamented with a scarf cape, which crosses the shoulder, and gradually decreasing in width, terminates at the belt in pendent ends. Round the neck a wide pointed blonde is laid flat upon the silk, a narrow blonde edging being placed upright above it. The short sleeves consist simply of a puff and scalloped frill, edged with white blonde.

The *Belle* sleeve makes up elegantly, especially in the new light figured poplins which are so much admired. A short pointed cap,

placed over a deep puff, forms the upper part of the sleeve; the lower part having a wing



and cuff, ornamented with tassels, the entire effect of which can hardly be reproduced in an engraving.

The *Georgian* is an elegant sleeve in silk, grenadine, or English *barège*. It is plain, half flowing, and cut up square on the front of the



arm, so as to display much of a dressy under-sleeve. On the top of the sleeve are three pointed puffings, placed over a double pointed cap—the five points finished with tassels. The puffings may be gathered or laid in plaits, according to the thickness of the material.



ROBE.

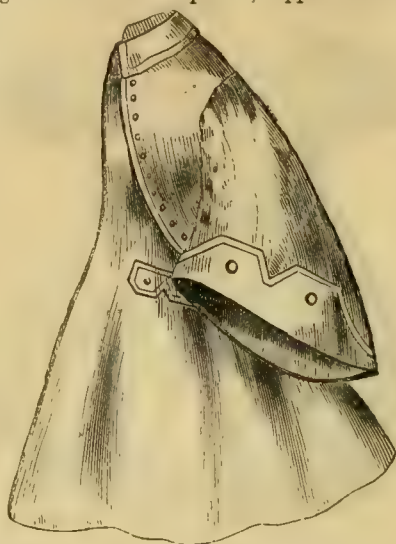
LAMP SHADE OF GREEN TULLE TRIMMED
WITH ROSES.

This is a new and very elegant pattern, and has the advantage of being very easily and quickly made.

Have made at a lamp store a frame of iron wire in the form of a tulip. This is your foundation. Cover this frame with green tulle; three thicknesses makes the best effect. When it is strongly, firmly, and neatly covered, edge it with a puffing of rose-colored ribbon, carrying a row of the ribbon down each rib of the frame. Then make roses of paper, three shades of pink, and buy leaves of green, a shade or two lighter than the tulle. Make the roses and leaves into clusters, as in the engraving, and sew them firmly to the tulle.

THE PRINCESS PALETOT.

THE Princess Paletot is one of the most elegant of the fall designs for misses, from ten to thirteen years. The back is fitted to the figure and cut in squares; lappets with the



skirt set on underneath in box plaits. The front is a French sack shape, with a sort of cut-away over it, that joins the fitted back, really giving the effect of a pretty Zouave, with the skirt so adapted as not only to make a finely fitting coat, but very stylish street wrapper for a young lady. It may be made in fine French cloth or silk, according to taste—in cloth, will require three yards.

BAG, OR POUCH, FOR ZOUAVE JACKETS.

MANY of our readers having asked for patterns of the little bags, or pouches worn suspended from the waistband underneath Zouave jackets, we give a representation of one sent from Paris, which we have had engraved. These little novelties may be made in embroidered velvet, poplin, or silk, and sometimes in fur; in a word, they should be made of a material to correspond with the dress with which they are worn. Their origin is somewhat Scotch and somewhat Oriental.



BOOT NEEDLE-BOOK.



This is made by cutting out two shapes in card-board of the same size, and covering them with bronze kid, colored leather, or satin, velvet, or silk, any of these materials being suitable. It is ornamented with gold thread in the pattern given. A row of very small pearl buttons is placed up the front, or else a row of gold or black beads. A bow of ribbon

is placed where the buttons commence. Both the shapes are worked the same, and the inside are lined with silk. The tops are finished with a fringe, and the two tied together with a bow of ribbon, having the leaves for the needles inserted between them, and leaving them so as to open.

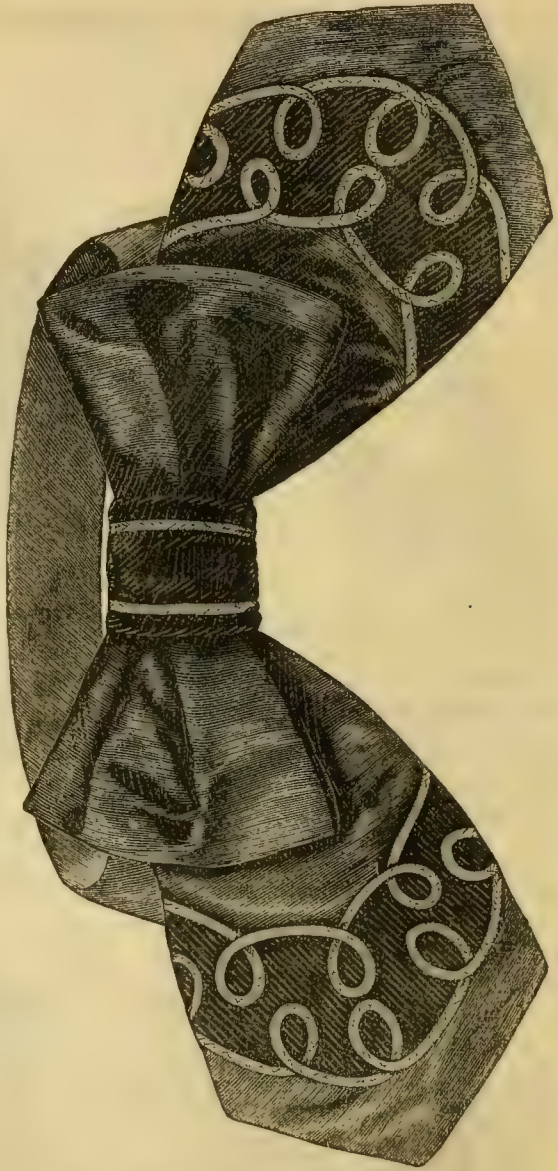
NEW STYLE OF INFANT'S CROCHET BIB.



EMBROIDERY.



NECK-TIE OF SCARLET SILK,
WITH BLACK VELVET INSERTED, AND BRAIDED WITH GOLD BRAID.



NAME FOR MARKING.



KNITTED ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS.

MICHAELMAS DAISY.

This flower may be knitted, with two stitches for the width of the row, but it is much quicker to work it in a chain of crochet; it is generally variegated, either in two shades of red, or two shades of violet. The variegation is produced by working with two threads of Berlin wool, one of a deep, the other of a light shade, of the same color.

Make a chain of simple crochet, about a yard in length, then cover a piece of thin wire, as long as you can conveniently manage, with one thread of Berlin wool, and begin to sew this wire along one edge of the chain, leaving about an inch of wire at the beginning; when you have sewn about an inch, cut the chain, pull the thread through the last stitch, bring your wire round, sew half the second edge, then bring round the wire that you left at the beginning, sew it to meet the other, letting the wires cross each other, twist them and the wool together tightly, to form a stalk, and turn up the two little petals, first cutting away one of the wires close to the twist, to prevent the stalk being too thick when finished.

Wind a piece of yellow wool on the end of one of your fingers, pull it out thus doubled, and twist a bit of rather strong wire over it, twist the wire very tight, and make with this wool a kind of little ball, which must be covered

with a piece of common net (dyed yellow if possible), tie the net as tight as possible over the wool. This forms the Daisy.

When you have made a sufficient number of petals to form two or three rows, each row being made rather larger than the first, you must sew them all round the little heart, and proceed to make the calyx as follows:—

Make a chain of twelve stitches with the crochet needle, using green wool, not split; work two rows in double crochet, increasing two stitches in the second row. Sew this calyx under the petals, fasten up the open side, and gather the stitches of the lower extremity, cover the stem with green split wool.

BUD.—Make a small ball of any color, then take fifteen or twenty bits of split wool, the same colors as used for the flower, each about an inch long, tie them tightly as a little bundle; fasten this on the top of the little ball, to which you must first fix a wire; bring down the ends of wool in alternate stripes of dark and light shades, tie all these ends round the wire, and cut them close. Wind a bit of green wool, as a very small ball, immediately under the bud; then with green wool, not split, make a row of herring-bone stitches from the little bud to about half way up the colored one. This makes a very pretty bud, looking as if just ready to bloom.

LEAF—like that of the Heart's-ease.

EMBROIDERY.



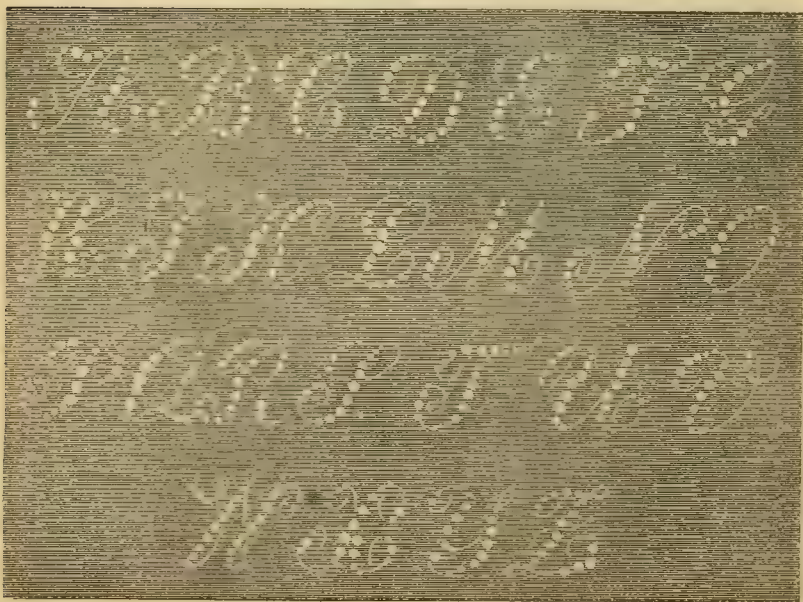
WATCH-POCKET.

THIS is a very beautiful novelty in leather-work. The pocket is made of a network of fine wire, which is covered with silk, and then crossed with bars of leather. Upon this are fastened the garlands of leather flowers—anemone, roses, four-o'clocks, Marguerites, etc. The handle is made of a garland of the same flowers, firmly fastened to a stout iron wire. Two rows of chenille finish the edge, and the lining is of rose-colored satin quilted in diamonds.

HOOD.

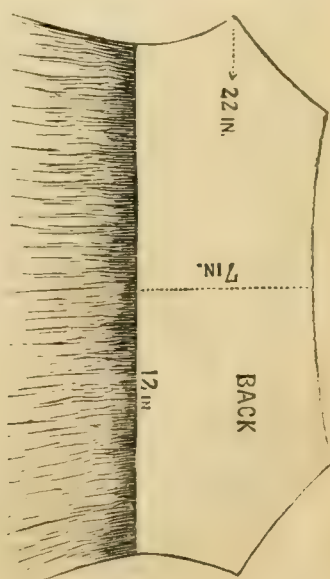
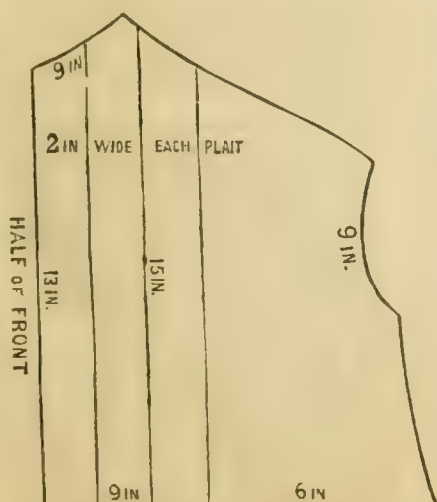
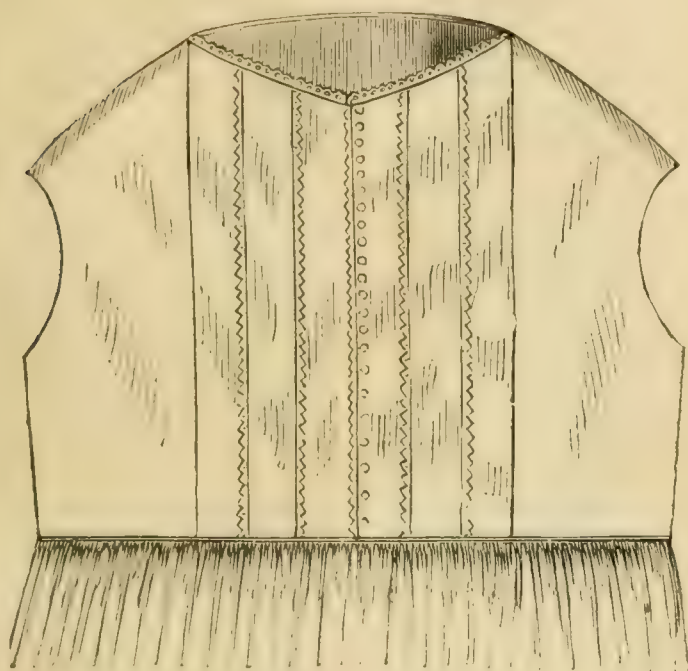


FANCY ALPHABET FOR A SAMPLER.



NIGHT-DRESS,

WITH TAPE TRIMMING INSERTED IN THE FRONT.



The sleeve is plain, gathered into a narrow band, edged with tape trimming, the same as the neck.

Receipts, &c.

FISH.

DIRECTIONS FOR CHOOSING FISH—COOKING IN DIFFERENT WAYS—MARINADE—PRESERVING—UTENSILS, ETC.

The cook should be well acquainted with the signs of freshness and good condition in fish, as many of them are most unwholesome articles of food when stale or out of season. The eyes should be bright, the gills of a fine clear red, the body stiff, the flesh firm yet elastic to the touch, and the smell not disagreeable. When all these marks are reversed, and the eyes are sunken, the gills very dark in hue, the flesh itself flabby and of offensive odor, it is bad, and should be avoided. The chloride of soda will, it is true, restore it to a tolerably eatable state, if it be not very much overkept, but it will never resemble in quality fish that is fresh from the water.

A good turbot is thick and full-fleshed, and the under side is of a pale cream-color or yellowish white; when this is of a bluish tint, and the fish is thin and soft, it should be rejected.

The best salmon and codfish are known by a small head, very thick shoulders, and a small tail; the scales of the former should be bright, and its flesh of a fine red color; to be eaten in perfection, it should be dressed as soon as it is caught, before the curd (or white substance which lies between the flakes of flesh) has melted and rendered the fish oily. In that state it is really *crimp*, but continues so only for a very few hours.

The flesh of codfish should be white and clear before it is boiled, whiter still after it is boiled, and firm though tender, sweet and mild in flavor, and separated easily into large flakes. Many persons consider it rather improved than otherwise by having a little salt rubbed along the inside of the backbone, and letting it lie from twenty-four to forty-eight hours before it is dressed. It is sometimes served *crimp*, like salmon, and must then be sliced as soon as it is dead, or within the shortest possible time afterwards.

Herrings, mackerel, and whittings lose their freshness so rapidly that unless newly caught they are quite uneatable. The herring may, it is said, be deprived of the strong rank smell which it emits when broiled or fried, by stripping off the skin, under which lies the oil that causes the disagreeable odor. The whiting is a peculiarly pure-flavored and delicate fish, and acceptable generally to invalids, from being very light of digestion.

Eels should be alive and brisk in movement when they are purchased, but the "horrible barbarity," as it is truly designated, of skinning and dividing them while they are so, is without excuse, as they are easily destroyed "by piercing the spinal marrow close to the back part of the skull with a sharp-pointed knife or skewer. If this be done in the right place, all motion will instantly cease." We quote Dr. Kitchener's assertion on this subject, but we know that the mode of destruction which he recommends is commonly practised by the London fishmongers. Boiling water also will immediately cause vitality to cease, and is perhaps the most humane and ready method of destroying the fish.

Lobsters, prawns, and shrimps are very stiff when freshly boiled, and the tails turn strongly inwards; when these relax and the fish are soft and watery, they are stale, and the smell will detect their being so instantly, even if no other symptoms of it be remarked. If bought alive, lobsters should be chosen by their

weight and "liveliness." The hen lobster is preferred for sauce and soups on account of the coral; but the flesh of the male is generally considered of finer flavor for eating. The vivacity of their leaps will show when prawns and shrimps are fresh from the sea.

Oysters should close forcibly on the knife when they are opened; if the shells are apart ever so little, they are losing their condition; and when they remain far open, the fish are dead, and fit only to be thrown away. Small plump natives are very preferable to the larger and coarser kinds.

Preparatory to the dressing, the fish should be carefully gutted, and afterwards cleaned thoroughly by the cook from all appearances of blood, particularly scraping the blood that lodges about the backbone, and cutting the fish open for some distance below the vent. If, however, the fishmonger does not clean it, fish is seldom very nicely done, for common cooks are apt not to slit the fish low enough, by which, and not thoroughly washing the blood, etc., from the bone, a very disgusting mass is left within, and mistaken for liver; but fishmongers generally wash it beyond what is necessary for cleaning, and by perpetual watering diminish the flavor. It should, in fact, be handled as little as possible, and never left in the water a moment after it is washed. In washing it, the best way is to hold the fish firmly by the head with your left hand, and scrape off the scales or slime; wash it once in clean cold water, and either dry it with a towel or hang it up and leave it to drain.

Some kinds, as whiting, bass, cod, and haddock, eat firmer if salt be put into their gills, and they be hung up a few hours before dressing.

Fish are either boiled, fried, or broiled. Salt may be added to the water in which all kinds of fish are boiled, and the flavor of sea-fish is much improved by boiling it in sea-water. Fish should boil gently or rather simmer after it has once boiled up, and the water should be constantly skimmed.

Instead of dissolving salt in the water in which fish are to be boiled, some cooks prefer to steep the fish in salt and water from five to ten minutes before putting it in the kettle to cook; the necessity of using salt in boiling fish is thus avoided; less scum rises, so that the lid has not to be taken off so often to skim it, and the fish comes to table not only nicer, but with a better appearance.

Almost all cookery books direct that fish should be put into as much or more water as will cover them. This is also a very bad way; if the fish be a little more than half covered with water, and gradually brought to boil, then well covered down with your saucepan lid, and boiled gently till done, it will eat much richer, have a finer flavor, and be more firm than if cooked the old way, or rather drowned in water, which only soddens fish, and takes away the fine firmness so much prized.

To render boiled fish firm, put a small bit of saltpetre with the salt in the water in which it is boiled; a quarter of an ounce will be sufficient for a gallon.

To determine when fish is sufficiently boiled, draw it up upon the fish-plate, and if the thickest part of the fish can be easily divided from the bone with a knife, the fish will be done, and should be at once taken from the water, or it will lose its flavor and firmness.

By most cooks it is considered better to put all fish on in boiling than cold water.

An oval pan is best adapted for frying fish. Olive oil is best to fry in, but dripping or lard is commonly used.

It should boil before the fish is put in it, and be kept gently boiling until the fish is of a yellowish brown color, when it should be taken out and drained.

To broil fish, have a clear but not fierce fire. Dry the fish in a cloth, season it with pepper and salt, and flour it, then put it on a gridiron, having first rubbed the heated bars with suet, otherwise the fish will stick to them and be broken; it should be often turned in broiling.

In the dressing of flat fish, as *cutlets*, the fillets should be lifted from the bones, and the spine which runs through the centre of the round sorts should be extracted.

The *stewing of fish*, and dressing it in fillets and cutlets requires considerably more care in the cookery, as well as cost in the ingredients, than either of the previous modes; and as a preliminary to the operation, a gravy should be got ready, to be made in the following manner: Take out all the bones, cut off the heads and tails, and, if this should not be sufficient, add an eel, or any small common fish; stew them with an onion, pepper, salt, and sweet herbs; strain it, and thicken it to the consistence of cream, flavoring with a slight addition of wine or any other sauce. The French employ the commonest sorts of their wine as a *marinade*, or sauce, both for the boiling and stewing of fish.

MISCELLANEOUS COOKING.

TO STEW BEEF.—It should be put in a pot with just sufficient cold water to cover it, and closely covered. After boiling three or four hours, according to the size of the piece, cut in small pieces, not larger than dice, two or three carrots and heads of celery, with a little sweet herbs, and put them into the pot along with pepper-corns, mace, and a couple of large onions stuck full of cloves, and let it then simmer by the side of the fire for two or three hours, taking care to skim off any fat that may appear on the top.

By this time the meat will probably be tender enough; when take out the whole onions, mince them, and fry them in butter, to be mixed in the gravy made by the meat, which season with salt and Cayenne, or Chili vinegar, to which add some mushroom or walnut ketchup. Thicken the gravy with a little flour, and brown it, if necessary, with a spoonful of sugar slightly burnt, which, besides imparting its color, adds an agreeable flavor. Such is the most simple mode; but the sauce may be much improved by a glass or two of port wine and a spoonful of curry powder; if the odor of garlic be not objected to, a clove boiled in the stew will be found to give it a fine flavor. Garnish with vegetables.

A FAMILY STEW OF BEEF.—Take any piece of beef good for stewing, cut it into small pieces, slice two or three large onions, and put them into the stewpan with two ounces of butter or good beef-dripping. When melted, dredge in some flour, add the meat also dredged with flour, and enough water to keep it from burning. When the gravy has drawn, fill up with boiling water, let it come to a boil gently, skim the pot well, then add a spoonful of mixed spices and a bay-leaf or two; set the pan by the side of the fire to stew slowly for a couple of hours. Eleven pounds of meat will take four hours. This dish may be thickened like Irish stew, with potatoes, or it may be served with the addition of chopped vegetables of all kinds, previously fried.

STEWED BEEF-STEAKS WITH OYSTERS.—Cut the steak rather thick; brown it in a frying-pan with butter. Add half a pint of water, an onion sliced, pepper and salt, cover the pan close, and let it stew very slowly for one hour; then add a glass of port wine, a little flour,

and a dozen or two of oysters, their liquor having been previously strained and put into the stewpan.

With *Cucumbers*, it may be dressed the same way, only using white wine instead of port; the cucumbers to be stewed separately in a little gravy or broth, and added to the beef five minutes before serving; fry the cucumbers, and stew them in the water poured into the pan after the fat is poured off; if stewed with the steak they will make it hard.

A distinction should always be made between *Rump-steak* and *Beef-steak*, as the latter is very inferior; but a slice cut from the sirloin is most excellent.

TO STEW MUTTON.—Cut some slices rather thick out of any part of mutton; put them into a stewpan with some pepper and salt, an onion or two, a sliced carrot, and a little shallot; cover the steaks with broth, and let them stew from twenty minutes to half an hour, but not longer, or they will become hard; cover the stew-pan close, and when the steaks are about half done, turn them. Before serving, add a little butter rolled in flour, and a spoonful or two of mushroom ketchup.

AN IRISH STEW.—Cut six rather thick chops from the loin; when the square ends of the bones are cut off, these will probably weigh two pounds; lay them in an iron pot, and put four pounds of sliced potatoes, placed in layers, with the chops, and half a dozen small onions, with about a quart of water; cover the pan closely, and let them stew on a moderate fire for two hours, or until the potatoes have become nearly a mash, and absorbed all the water and gravy of the meat; the chops will then be found very tender, and the potatoes rich with the fat. The stew should be eaten hot, but without any kind of sauce.

MACCARONI CHEESE.—Wash six ounces of macaroni, put it in plenty of boiling water and a good deal of salt, let it boil half an hour, drain it in a colander; grate a quarter of a pound of rich cheese, place the macaroni and cheese in alternate layers, in a shallow quart pie dish, letting the cheese come on the top; fill the dish with milk, in which a little butter has been melted (but the milk must scarcely be seen in the dish), and upon this again place some small bits of butter; it should be placed in a very hot oven, where it will bake at the top and bottom equally in half an hour.

A CURRY OF MEAT OR RABBIT.—Cut six onions in very thin rings, fry them in butter till quite brown; put them in a warm stew-pan. Cut the meat, or rabbit, or poultry in small joints, fry it brown, but quickly; put it on the onions; mix a tablespoonful of curry powder with a teaspoonful of flour and a teaspoonful of salt, a quarter of a pint of vinegar, and a quarter of a pint of port wine; mix all thoroughly and smoothly, and pour it over the meat, then stew very slowly for one hour; dish it up with rice round it.

LEMON DRESSINGS.—A quarter of a pound of beef suet chopped very fine, half a pound of bread crumbs sifted through a colander, six ounces loaf sugar powdered and sifted, the peel of one lemon chopped very fine. This peel must be taken from the lemon without having any of the white attached. The juice of the lemon strained, three eggs, with their whites beaten well and strained. These ingredients must be well mixed together, but each ingredient separately; boil them half an hour in well-buttered cups, tied down with a cloth. Sauce of melted butter, sugar, and brandy.

TO COOK OYSTERS.—Having selected some oysters of the largest size, drain off the liquor in a fine cloth, and

when dry dredge them lightly with flour. Then cut up two or three large onions very small, put in a saucepan a bit of butter, and when it melts throw in your onions. After they have been there two or three minutes add the oysters, and simmer them gently, seasoning with pepper and salt as they are in progress. When slightly browned, take them off the fire, suffer a few drops of vinegar to moisten them.

HOW TO MAKE CORN BREAD.—Almost every one is interested now in knowing how to make corn bread most palatable, since so much more of it will be used in these straightened times. The following is said to be an excellent receipt: Scald at night half the quantity of meal you are going to use, mix the other with cold water, having it the consistency of thick batter; add a little salt and set it to rise; it will need no yeast. In the morning the cakes will be light and crisp. Skimmings, where meat has been boiled, is best for frying them with. Fry slowly.

TRACLE PUDDING.—Three tablespoonfuls of treacle, one of flour, and a little ground ginger, mix all together; line a basin with paste, spread some of the mixture on with a spoon, then put a layer of paste with the mixture spread over, until the basin is full. Either baked or boiled is very good.

VERY RICH SHORT CRUST FOR TARTS.—Bake lightly, with the least possible handling, six ounces of butter with eight of flour; add a dessertspoonful of pounded sugar and two or three of water; roll the paste for several minutes, and blend the ingredients well, folding it together like puff crust, and touch it as little as possible.

CHINA AND GLASS-WARE.

THE best material for cleaning either porcelain or glass-ware is fuller's earth; but it must be beaten into a fine powder, and carefully cleared from all rough or hard particles, which might endanger the polish of the brilliant surface. In cleaning porcelain it must also be observed that some species require more care and attention than others, as every person must have observed that china-ware in common use frequently loses some of its colors. The red, especially of vermilion, is the first to go, because that color, together with some others, is laid on by the Chinese after burning. The modern Chinese porcelain is not, indeed, so susceptible of this rubbing or wearing off, as vegetable reds are now used by them instead of the mineral color. Much of the red now used in China is actually produced by the *anotto* extracted from the cuttings of scarlet cloth, which have long formed an article of exportation to Canton. It ought to be taken for granted that all china or glass-ware is well tempered; yet a little careful attention may not be misplaced, even on that point; for though ornamental china or glass-ware is not exposed to the action of hot water in common domestic use, yet it may be injudiciously immersed in it for the purpose of cleaning; and, as articles intended solely for ornament may not be so highly annealed as others, without any fraudulent negligence on the part of the manufacturer, it will be proper never to apply water to them beyond a tepid temperature. An ingenious and simple mode of annealing glass has been some time in use by chemists. It consists in immersing the vessel in cold water, gradually heated to the boiling point, and suffered to remain till cold, when it will be fit for use. Should the glass be exposed to a higher temperature than that of boiling water, it will be necessary to immerse it in oil. Having thus guarded

against fractures, we naturally come to the best modes of repairing them when they casually take place, for which purpose various mixtures have been proposed; and it will here be sufficient to select only those which excel in neatness and facility. Perhaps the best cement, both for strength and invisibility, is that made from mastic. The process, indeed, may be thought tedious; but a sufficient quantity may be made at once to last a lifetime. To an ounce of mastic add as much highly-rectified spirits of wine as will dissolve it. Soak an ounce of isinglass in water until quite soft, then dissolve it in pure rum or brandy until it forms a strong glue, to which add about a quarter of an ounce of gum ammoniac, well rubbed and mixed. Put the two mixtures together in an earthen vessel over a gentle heat; when well united, the mixture may be put into a phial and kept well stopped. When wanted for use, the bottle must be set in warm water, when the china or glass articles must also be warmed and the cement applied. It will be proper that the broken surfaces, when carefully fitted, shall be kept in close contact for twelve hours at least, until the cement is fully set, after which the fracture will be found as secure as any part of the vessel, and scarcely perceptible. It may be applied successfully to marbles, and even to metals. When not provided with this cement, and in a hurry, the white of an egg well beaten with quicklime and a small quantity of very old cheese, forms an excellent substitute either for broken china or old ornamental glass-ware. It is also a fact well ascertained, that the expressed juice of garlic is an everlasting cement, leaving no mark of fracture, if neatly done. These are fully sufficient for every useful purpose; but we may still further observe, in respect to the cement of quicklime, that it may be improved if, instead of cheese, we substitute the whey produced by boiling milk and vinegar, separating the curd carefully, and beating up with half a pint of it, the whites of six eggs, adding the sifted quicklime until it forms a thick paste, which resists both fire and water.

THE TOILET.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE HAIR.

CURLING the hair in strong and hard paper has a very injurious effect; and twisting, plaiting and tying it tightly in knots at the back of the head, prevents the circulation of the fluid, strains the scalp, and necessarily injures the roots, besides contributing to induce headache and cause irritation of the brain. The more loosely the hair can be folded or twisted, and the less it is artificially crisped, the better is it for its free and luxuriant growth.

Ladies who curl the hair should use for the purpose, soft paper or silk, which will prevent the hair cracking and other injuries that might result from hard *papilottes*. Those who simply wear the hair in bands or braids, ought to twist or fold it very loosely at night, when retiring to rest. It should then always be liberated from forced constraints and plaits. It must be well combed and thoroughly brushed every morning, and afterwards nicely smoothed with the palm of the hand, which gives it a high gloss, after oil has been applied. In order to add to its length and strength the ends should be tipped at least once a month, to prevent the hair splitting.

M. Cazenave, physician to the hospital of St. Louis, Paris, in his treatise, translated by Dr. Burgess, gives the following general directions for the management of the hair:—

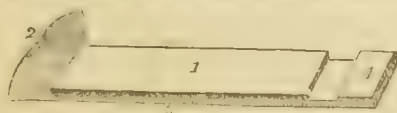
"Pass a fine-tooth comb, at regular intervals every twenty-four hours, through the hair, in order to keep it from matting or entangling; separate the hairs carefully and repeatedly, so as to allow the air to pass through them for several minutes; use a brush that will serve the double purpose of cleansing the scalp, and gently stimulating the hair-bulbs. Before going to bed, it will be desirable to part the hair evenly, so as to avoid false folds, or what is commonly called, turning against the grain, which might even cause the hair to break. Such are the usual and ordinary requirements as to the management of the hair. There is, on the other hand, a class of persons who carry to excess the dressing and adornment of the hair, especially those who are gifted with hair of the finest quality. Thus, for example, females who are in the habit, during the ordinary operations of the toilet, of dragging and twisting the hair, so as almost to draw the skin with it; the effect of which is, in the first instance, to break the hairs and fatigue the scalp, and finally to alter the bulb itself.

"The fine-tooth comb is also too freely used, especially when the hair is divided: a part that the most particular attention seems to be bestowed upon. These separations, and the back of the neck, whence the hair is drawn in females, towards the crown of the head, are two parts which first show sign of decay or falling off of the hair."

MISCELLANEOUS.

ONE HUNDRED POUNDS OF SOAP FOR ONE DOLLAR AND THIRTY CENTS.—Take six pounds of potash, seventy-five cents; four pounds of lard, fifty cents; a quarter of a pound of resin, five cents. Beat up the resin, mix all together well, and set aside for five days, then put the whole into a ten gallon cask of warm water, and stir twice a day for ten days, at the expiration of which time you will have one hundred pounds of soap.

TO MAKE A CHEAP AND USEFUL KNIFE-BOARD.—It is very certain that the common knife-board wears out the



knives very rapidly, and a friend of mine told me the other day he had long discontinued the use of it for one far better, which he described to me as follows. Have a board made like the engraving, with a head to it (No. 2); and a flat board four or five feet long, by one foot wide (No. 3); on which place, or, more properly speaking, fix securely, some buff leather (No. 1) the whole length with the exception of the last foot, which may have, at the further or right-hand side, a smaller bit of the same material (No. 4), for the purpose of cleaning the backs of the knives, a process which tends more than anything else to destroy the board. This board, which may be manufactured for a trifle, or if you are ingenious enough to make it yourself will be even still cheaper, will prove very satisfactory, and then you

"Need not to eat your food with knives

That bear upon their cheek

The mark which shows that they are cleaned

At most but once a week;

Nor let them cut pears, onions, cheese,

Fish, poultry, cakes and meat,

And then be on the table laid

To flavor all you eat."

VOL. LXIII.—22

SILK A PROTECTION AGAINST INFECTION.—A silk covering of the texture of a common handkerchief is said to possess the peculiar property of resisting the noxious influence and of neutralizing the effects of malaria. It is well known that such is the nature of malaria poison, that it is easily decomposed by even feeble chemical agents. Now, it is probable that the heated air proceeding from the lungs may form an atmosphere within the veil of silk, of power sufficient to decompose the miasma in its passage to the mouth, although it may be equally true that the texture of the silk covering may act mechanically as a non-conductor.

TO PLATE IRON.—Iron may be plated by three different modes. First—By polishing the surface very clean and level with a burnisher; and afterwards by exposing it to a bluing heat, a leaf of silver is properly placed and carefully burnished down. This is repeated till a sufficient number of leaves is applied, to give the silver a proper body. Second—By the use of a solder: slips of thin solder are placed between the iron and silver, with a little flux, and secured together by binding-wire. It is then placed in a clear fire, and continued in it until the solder melts; when it is taken out, and, on cooling, is found to adhere firmly. Third—By tinning the iron first, and uniting the silver by the intermedia of slips of rolled tin, brought into fusion in a gentle heat.

TO POLISH BRASS ORNAMENTS INLAID IN WOOD.—File the brass very clean with a smooth file; then take some tripoli powdered very fine, and mix it with the linseed oil. Dip in this a rubber of hat, with which polish the work until the desired effect is obtained. If the work is ebony, or black rosewood, take some elder coal, powdered very fine, and apply it dry after you have done with the tripoli, and it will produce a superior polish. The French mode of ornamenting with brass differs widely from ours; theirs being chiefly water-gilt (*ormolu*), excepting the flutes of columns, &c., which are polished very high with rotten-stone, and finished with elder-coal.

GOLDEN VARNISH.—Pulverize one drachm of saffron and half a drachm of dragon's blood, and put them into one pint of spirits of wine. Add two ounces of gum shell-lac and two drachms of Socotrine aloes. Dissolve the whole by gentle heat. Yellow painted work, varnished with this mixture, will appear almost equal to gold.

BRONZE ORNAMENTS.—First varnish the work to be bronzed, and allow it to dry until it is "tacky." Then lay on the pattern (which should be cut in good foolscap paper), and apply the bronze (dry) by means of a small velvet cushion; allow the coat to become thoroughly dry and then varnish again.

MOULDING IVORY.—Take three ounces of spirits of nitre, and fifteen ounces of spring water. Soak the ivory in this about a week; it may then be colored any desired hue with alcohol stains. It is then to be moulded or worked to the desired shape, and hardened by wrapping it in white paper and covering it for twenty-four hours in decrepitated common salt.

LEATHER VARNISH.—Take five and a quarter pounds of shell lac, three and a half pounds of resin, and also three and a half pounds of turpentine; one pound of lampblack, three gallons of alcohol, and half a gallon of linseed oil. Melt the gums in the oil by gentle heat; let the mixture get cool, and then add the other ingredients. It should be allowed to stand two or three weeks before using.

Editors' Table.

THE FRIENDS OF WOMAN.

"I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed" (GEN. III. 15), was the sentence of the Lord God against the Tempter in Eden.

Three sure events in the history of mankind were embodied forth in this emphatic declaration of the Almighty. The Devil was to be and from that time always has been at "enmity" with woman; his "seed"—that is, fallen angels and wicked men—are also her enemies. Her friends were to be "her seed," Christ, "made of a woman," and his "seed," or servants, who are God's angels and good men.

Thus was pictured forth the conflict between good and evil, which has ever since the Fall raged on earth; the great efforts of the adversary of God and humanity have everywhere, among all nations and in all ages, been put forth to degrade the female sex and thus destroy the moral influence of woman. The "craft and subtlety" of the arch enemy of human happiness prevailed the world over till the gospel was preached, and still prevails in every heathen land; the companion of man is wretched, degraded, ignorant, and despised.

It is not, however, woman's enemies that we shall now discuss; we wish to pay a merited tribute to one of her especial friends, and embalm in our pages the memory of a good, great man, who deserves the esteem and reverence of our sex.

THE REV. PERLEE B. WILBER, late President of the "Cincinnati Female College," was one of the true friends whom God raises up to help women.

REV. D. W. CLARKE says: "While others were theorizing (about colleges for young ladies), the late President Wilber, by the patient labor of seventeen years, gave to the world a practical illustration of what may be accomplished in the education of girls; indeed, the whole history of the institution during the period of seventeen years, has been one of progressive development and success. Up to this date (1860), 2,379 ladies have been enrolled as students upon the college books, representing nearly every State in the Union. Of these, 279 are now enrolled as regular graduates of the institution. Many of them are well known as writers of the highest order of talent, or women abounding in every good work. Not a few of them are 'in the itinerant work,' as the wives of Methodist preachers, doing good service in the cause of Christ. Some have become missionaries of the cross."

This Wesleyan College for Young Ladies is said to have been one of the first chartered institutions of the kind in the United States; that is, colleges for girls founded by religious denominations. It was the forerunner of an almost countless number, which now honor every State, and many of the large cities in the West and South. Similar literary institutions are more often found under private patronage and secular influence in the Northern and Middle States. The friends of woman's enlightenment have been signally prosperous. President Wilber's example and success was one of the causes that stimulated this movement in the churches.

We have before us a handsome volume,* the contents wholly selected from the writings of the graduates of this college. The literary merits of the articles are of a high order and sound morality, and would do credit to the students of any college for either sex. The opening article is a "memoir" of President Wilber, written by Miss Rachel P. Bodley, who was a pupil of his, and has been many years an assistant in the college. Her tribute to his character is a gem of its kind, giving prominence to his manly wisdom and Christian principles by showing the manner in which he trained his pupils, and not by eulogiums on his talents and virtues. She thus describes his peculiar excellences as a teacher:—

"His avowed and primary object as a teacher was to prepare those who were intrusted to his care for the responsibilities of active life, to fit them, not alone to shine in society, but to resist its temptations, to avoid its allurements, to fulfil its obligations, and to bear well the burdens and trials of life. He considered woman not as an angel to be adored, neither as a toy to amuse, nor yet as a drudge and slave; but as a human being, with a mind and heart capable of unlimited development. He sought constantly to induce habits of order and punctuality, looking at the ultimate interest of the pupil more than to momentary or present enjoyment. In the class he was clear, methodical, and observant, severe to the indolent, complacent to the diligent, gentle and considerate to the diffident or weak, and careful over the interests of all. Our departed friend was a good man."

Yes, he was the *friend of woman*, her careful, consistent, Christian friend; there can be no doubt of his goodness. A bad man is never her friend; he cannot be; his *master* is at "enmity" with her. But all good men who honor goodness in woman, and, like the late President Wilber, endeavor to raise the standard of education, and elevate the character and condition of the feminine sex, these are our FRIENDS.

SLANG PHRASES,† OR AMERICANISMS.—A British reviewer says of this unique work that it is rather "*tempting reading*," because it "offers us a bit of comic dialogue or a Yankee story on every other page." Still, the critic pronounces that far the greater portion of words and phrases supposed hitherto to be "American slang," are real English speech of the olden days, and legitimately belong to the Anglo-Saxon race.

We are glad to find this result is true from the examinations of the reviewers. We do not admire "slang;" a homely word sounds better if it has had its origin in the needs of the people, and not in the whims of conceit or vulgarisms of bad taste. So we agree with the writer that "the words and phrases which are really the most interesting, and which may with most propriety be classed as genuine Americanisms, are those that bear in their origin the impress of a new country; these have all the racy flavor of the backwoods and the prairie, the

* The Alumna: an Annual. Published by the Alumnae of the Wesleyan Female College, Cincinnati, 1860.

† A Glossary of Words and Phrases usually regarded as Peculiar to the United States. By J. B. Bartlett. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co.

settler's log hut and the free hunter's life." A few specimens will exemplify this.

A "corduroy" road could exist nowhere but in a forest clearing, in no other country could the traveller strike "a bar line." Western life is full of these metaphors, always with a touch of the picturesque, even in their most ludicrous adaptations. If a man changes his quarters, he is said to "pull up stakes." If a fair lady loses her temper, or if she breaks her promise, she is said to "fly off the handle," like a faithless axe, as serious a disappointment as a lost love to many a settler. If there seems to be a little affectation of demeanor on the lady's part, she is said to be "playing possum." When a gentleman gets into difficulties, he is said to be "up a tree." A person gets a hint to mind his own business by being told to "hoe his own corn" or "paddle his own canoe."

Mr. Bartlett's book has met with much favor in London as well as in this country.

GOOD TASTE is the genius of the toilet.

The girdle of Armida, spoken of by Tasso, was of amazing power and influence amongst mortals. Hear the poet how he sings:—

"But far above all her rich attire was seen
The magic girdle of the enchantress-queen;
This was her pride
Her skill, all skill excelling, could supply
To transportation things as really
Soft as air, tender as skin, as these combined;
Repulses and re-encumbers kind;
The ready tear, the ready smile to beguile;
The desp'ring accent, and the melting smile."

Her "rich attire," and even her "magic girdle" would have been of little effect had not these harmonized with the style of her beauty and been suited to the occasion. The enchantress must have had good taste. A pleasant writer gives this description of the dress of French women:—

"As you look from your windows in Paris, observe the first fifty women who pass; fifty have noses depressed in the middle, a small quantity of dark hair, and a swarthy complexion; but then what a toilet! Not only suitable for the season, but the age and complexion of the wearer. How neat the feet and hands! How well the clothes are put on, and, more than all, how well they suit each other!

"Women, while shopping, buy what pleases the eye on the counter, forgetting what they have at home. That parasol is pretty, but it will kill by its color one dress in the buyer's wardrobe and be unsuitable for the others. To be magnificently dressed costs money; but to be dressed with taste is not expensive. It requires good taste, knowledge, and refinement. Never buy an article unless it is suitable to your age, habit, style, and the rest of your wardrobe. Nothing is more vulgar than to wear costly dresses with a common delaine, or cheap lace with expensive broadcades."

WOMAN'S MISSION TO WOMAN.—The Philadelphia Branch of this Union Society has been organized with a Board of Thirty Collectors and a larger number of members than we could reasonably anticipate in these troublous times. The one hundred collectors required to sustain the plan for five years are now pledged, and if the blessings of Heaven continue with us, we hope to prove to our generous friends that we have done much good with the means intrusted to our care. Still, we need more help, and every tribute to the cause will be thankfully received. All those who have sent or may

send their donations and names to us will find the record in the Lady's Book, and also will receive a copy of the "Report of the Philadelphia Branch." The following kind notes encourage us to hope that many friends will yet come forward with their good gifts:—

Savings of a farmer's wife and daughters for their heathen sisters, \$3.

Mrs. Clarke, Breeding, Fayette Co., Pa., \$1.

DOVER, N. H., June 8, 1861.

DEAR MRS. HALE: Inclosed are \$4 for the Woman's Missionary Society, which you will please credit to friends in Dover, N. H.

Yours truly,
ANNIE A. LITTLEFIELD.

TRANSPARENT SENTIMENTS.—In the "Memoirs of James Wilson" is a very pleasant letter to his young daughter, in which he thus comments:—

"You have no idea what troubles my friends and I have had with your letters—how we turned them upside down, and read them from the other side, holding them up to the candle. In the latter way your sentiments really became quite transparent. However, there are some little tid-bits of which the meaning is more than doubtful still, though I am sure that they have a meaning both broad and deep."

Truly do we sympathize with the difficulties thus pithily described. We have had many manuscripts sent us that required closer scrutiny than Miss Wilson's letters, without even finding any clue to the "tid-bits" which doubtless were embodied in the story. Perhaps we decline to publish these "doubtful" manuscripts, when, if the "sentiments" had been made "transparent" by good chirography, the article would have been accepted. So we hope our friends will not give us the trouble of holding up their pieces to the candle before we can be sure of their meaning.

To insure a legible sheet, use *white paper and black ink*. Fancy paper is only fit for three-cornered notes and billet-doux; and *blue ink* should never be used except when writing to an enemy, or describing sea-sickness or the dyspepsia.

MISS S. J. HALE'S BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, 1826 Rittenhouse Square, Philadelphia.

This school is designed to give a thorough and liberal English education, to furnish the best facilities for acquiring the French language, and the best instruction in music and the other accomplishments. The moral training and the health and physical development of the scholars are carefully attended to.

References: Mrs. Emma Willard, Troy, N. Y.; Henry Vethake, LL.D., Wm. B. Stevens, D.D., Wm. H. Ashurst, Esq., Louis A. Godey, Esq., Philadelphia; Charles Hodge, D.D., Princeton, N. J.; and others.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.—We have accepted the following articles: "Annie's Violets"—"I know a beautiful woman"—"Emily Owen; or, Dreams and Realities"—"Et en Arcadie Ego"—"Auntie's Merry Christmas"—and "She had a grief to hide."

These are not needed: "Hope"—"A Hot Day"—"Farewell to my Harp"—"The Evening Shadow," etc. (the poem gives promise of talent, but the writer can do better)—"Whatever I Love will Die"—"My Uncle Obed" (the story has merit, and is worth publishing if we had much room)—"Lend me your Ear"—"Sonnet from the German"—"Lady Helen"—"Elmwood"—"A

* By Rev. Dr. Hamilton. See Literary Notices.

Long Ride"—"Favors"—and "At Cleveland." We have other MSS. on hand that will be reported next month.

In the Editors' Table of July a mistake occurs. Page 81, 2d column, ninth line from the top, for A. Porter read A. Parton, Hudson, N. Y.

Notice to Authors.—All MSS. must have a name, address—town, county, and State—and date legibly written on the first page, with stamps for their return, if not accepted.

Health Department.

BY JNO. STAINBACK WILSON, M. D.

WORMS.—As the thousands of mothers who honor our "Health Department" with a perusal cast their eyes on the heading for this month, we imagine that we can hear them exclaiming, "The very thing we have been looking for—worms. Do tell us all about these troublesome parasites, the curse of childhood, and the source of endless anxiety to mothers."

Well, mothers, we must admit that there are but few children entirely free from worms; but we think that it is a great error to attribute nearly all the diseases of children to this source, and yet this error is very prevalent. Let a child get sick from any cause whatever, and many people unhesitatingly charge the evil on worms; indeed, with not a few people, there is scarcely any cause for disease in children except worms.

Now we believe, with all due respect to the knowing ones, that worms are very seldom the *original* cause of disease; it is only when they accumulate in large numbers that they give rise to sufficient irritation to excite disease; but when a child gets sick from any cause the worms become restless and uneasy, their quarters become unpleasant, they begin to stir about, and thus increase the excitement caused by the original disease. If, under these circumstances, a worm pokes his head into the throat or nose in his efforts to escape, all the mischief is forthwith charged upon him, when the fact is he is not guilty of originating the disease. All that can be justly charged upon him is that he, in his attempts to carry out the first law of nature, self-protection, in his efforts to get out of the diseased child, has stirred about so extensively as to increase the existing irritation. We believe, then, that worms are injurious only in two ways: First, by aggravating diseases originating from other causes; and second, they may, when existing in very great numbers, interfere with the proper nourishment of the child, and become a source of disease in this way, while in some cases their very numbers may be so great as to excite sufficient irritation to originate disease.

Cause of Worms.—While worms exist, in all probability, in almost all children, it is only in those who indulge freely in sweetmeats, and who are feeble and delicate, that they do harm, unless a child should happen to fall sick from some other cause. The cause, then, of the collection of worms in large numbers may be said, in a few words, to be derangement of the digestive organs from improper eating, and from bad habits of living generally.

Symptoms.—There is not a single reliable symptom of worms, or combination of symptoms except to see them. The symptoms commonly considered sufficient to indicate their existence are feverishness, fulness of the abdomen, offensive breath, starting in sleep, picking at the

nose, etc. etc.; but every one who knows anything of diseases must know that all these symptoms may and do exist in many disorders with which worms have nothing to do; and yet many people, from such evidence as this, unhesitatingly fall to giving the most drastic and dangerous drugs!

Treatment.—The main thing in the treatment of worms is to improve the general health by bathing, pure air, exercise, proper diet, and some of the preparations of iron.

COLUMBUS, Ga.

Literary Notices.

BOOKS BY MAIL.—Now that the postage on printed matter is so low, we offer our services to procure for our subscribers or others any of the books that we notice. Information touching books will be cheerfully given by inclosing a stamp to pay return postage.

When ordering a book, please mention the name of the publisher.

From HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, through J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia;—

EXPLORATIONS AND ADVENTURES IN EQUATORIAL AFRICA; with Accounts of the Manners and Customs of the People, and of the Chase of the Gorilla, the Crocodile, Leopard, Elephant, Hippopotamus, and other Animals. By Paul B du Chaillu, Corresponding Member of the American Ethnological Society; of the Geographical and Statistical Society of New York; and of the Boston Society of Natural History. With numerous illustrations. We have experienced more than common gratification in turning the pages of this fine large volume. The explorations and adventures are in the western portion of Africa lying immediately under the equator; a portion hitherto but little explored, and concerning which we have had no information whatever. The enterprising author of this work, who seems to possess to their fullest extent the American characteristics of energy and perseverance, made his journeys unattended by any other white companion, forming friends among the chiefs and kings through whose domains he passed; penetrated far into the interior of the country, and had the satisfaction of unfurling the American flag at a point hundreds of miles beyond the limit of any previous travels of white men in this region of the country. This narrative of his adventures is evidently a revise of a journal which must have been faithfully kept by him throughout all his travels; and it is this very fact that has enabled him to give the world so really readable a book. We have a vivid account of his first and subsequent gorilla hunts, and we can enter into the spirit of the narrative throughout, whether it relates to the chase of the buffalo, snake killing, or the more trivial though unpleasant matters of his encounters with mosquitoes, ants, and flies. Natural history is greatly indebted to him for his labors in his behalf; as he has added sixty new birds and one-third as many animals to the list of those already known in that country, bringing stuffed specimens of these and many others to this country. Price \$3 00.

A DAY'S RIDE. A Life's Romance. By Charles Lever, author of "Charles O'Malley," "The Dodd Family Abroad," "Maurice Tiernay," etc. A most amusing, whimsically written book, giving the adventures of

Algernon Sydney Potts, the son of an apothecary, who, having most refined sensibilities, and a mind above his father's calling, goes forth into the world in quest of his fortune. After a most unpropitious beginning, he continues on his journey, being mistaken at various times for a government agent, a prince in disguise, a mountebank, and a member of a secret political society, in which last character he undergoes a year's imprisonment, and meets at last a fortune which, to say the least, need not be crumbled at. The story is an excellent hit at snobbery. Price, 50 cents.

THE FIFTH READER of the *School and Family Series*. By Marcus Willson, author of "Primary History," "History of the United States," "American History," and "Outlines of General History." In the preparation of this Reader the editor has pursued a new and commendable plan, dividing the book into a number of distinct parts, each part comprising well selected articles relating to a certain subject. Thus we have Herpetology, Physiology and Health, Botany, Philosophy, Geography, Chemistry, Ancient History, etc., each occupying its own proper place in the work, the whole interspersed with choice miscellaneous matter. The illustrations are numerous and of superior excellence.

From RUDD & CARLETON, New York, through PETERS & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

THE SEA (LA MER). From the French of M. J. Michelet, author of "Love," "Woman," "Women of the French Revolution," etc. A singular, fanciful, characteristic book is this. Ranging from science to poetry with the free license of a most prolific imagination, it pleases, charms, and instructs the reader at will. It is the third and the best of Michelet's works which have been translated into English; and though it betrays the refined sentimentality which peculiarly marks his writings, yet in this it is not carried to the same wearying and sometimes objectionable extent, as in the two which have previously appeared. Price \$1 25.

From ROBERT CARTER & BROTHERS, New York:—
LIFE IN EARNEST. Six Lectures on Christian Activity and Ardor. By the Rev. James Hamilton.

THANKFULNESS, and other Essays. By the Rev. James Hamilton.

THE MOUNT OF OLIVES, and other Lectures on Prayer. By the Rev. James Hamilton.

EMBLEMS FROM EDEN. By the Rev. James Hamilton, D. D., F. L. S.

THE HARP ON THE WILLOWS. By James Hamilton, D. D., F. L. S.

These five little works by Dr. Hamilton form a portion of Carter's Cabinet Library, which is a valuable one if all the volumes in it are as full of evangelical truth and beauty as these. Their titles sufficiently indicate their contents. The lessons inculcated in them are of the highest importance, and the style is simple, animated, and arousing. The last volume mentioned gives an interesting account of the separation of the Free Church from the Established Church of Scotland.

THE ROYAL PREACHER. *Lectures on Ecclesiastes*. By James Hamilton, D. D., F. L. S. An interesting exposition of the saddest and gloomiest book in the Bible—the outpourings of the man to whom human wisdom and wealth were given with an unsparing hand, and who debased the gifts of God by using them as instruments for his own glory and pleasure.

LESSONS FROM THE GREAT BIOGRAPHY. By

James Hamilton, D. D., F. L. S. This volume consists of a series of essays on incidents in the life of our Saviour. They are full of suggestion, and written in the style peculiar to Dr. Hamilton, animated, picturesque, and full of feeling.

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE OF JAMES WILSON, ESQ. F. R. S. E., M. W. S., of Woodville. By James Hamilton, D. D., F. L. S. James Wilson, brother of the celebrated Christopher North, was noted for his ardent love of Natural History, especially of Ornithology. This volume gives an interesting account of him.

MEMOIR OF RICHARD WILLIAMS, Surgeon; Catechist to the Patagonian Missionary Society in Terra del Fuego. By James Hamilton, D. D. A very touching narrative of the conversion and devotion of a most noble and self-sacrificing nature. Williams was an English surgeon, who left a good and increasing practice to go as missionary to the neglected inhabitants of Patagonia. He loved them because so few cared for them, and for the sake of our common Saviour, and went among them, apparently to accomplish nothing there but to suffer and die. But such an example cannot be fruitless. His death will do what his life might not have done, and draw attention to those forgotten people.

THE GOLD THREAD. *A Story for the Young*. By the Rev. Norman MacLeod, D. D., Glasgow, Scotland. This beautiful story, with its exquisite illustrations, cannot fail to please and interest those to whom it is addressed. The allegorical meaning running through the book is so presented as to make naturally a strong impression on the mind of the young reader.

From T. O. H. P. BURNHAM, Boston, through J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

THE SEMI-ATTACHED COUPLE. By the author of "The Semi-Detached House." This book was laid upon our table and ought to have been noticed a month or two previously, but by accident was mislaid. The story is of a couple who by incongruity of temper, misrepresentations and misunderstandings, fail to agree so well in their married life as seems so desirable and necessary both for their own happiness or for proper appearance before the world. Trouble and sickness come, however; and, as a matter of course, everything is settled between them in a most satisfactory manner. Some of the minor characters in the book are quite as interesting as the hero and heroine. The love episode between Colonel Beaufort and Eliza Douglas, if so it can be called, when the gentleman has no idea of being in love until the very last moment, is not the least interesting portion of the book. Lady Portmore, a married woman and a flirt, whose lovers, according to her own account, are legion, who in a great measure is the source of disagreement and misunderstanding between husband and wife, is quite a character, though perhaps in a measure over-drawn.

From the Editor; THOMAS H. PEASE, New Haven, Publisher:—

THE ANARCHIAD: *A New England Poem*. Written in concert by David Humphreys, Joel Barlow, John Trumbull, and Dr. Lemuel Hopkins. Edited, with Notes and Appendices, by Luther G. Riggs. Price, in flexible binding, 25 cents; muslin, 50 cents.

We have received from the author, T. APOLEON CHENEY, Esq., a copy of an interesting and valuable publication, entitled "Contributions to the Thirteenth Annual

Report of the Regents of the University of the State Cabinet of Natural History of the State of New York." The subject of this publication is the ancient monuments in western New York, and it comprises the results of explorations made by the author in the year 1859. It contains much curious and interesting information with regard to the remains still existing of the earthworks, mounds, tumuli, and other works, evidently of a military character, erected, probably ages ago, by the aboriginal inhabitants of the New World. Mr. Cheney deserves the thanks of our antiquarians for the investigations he has made, and for the light he has thrown upon a subject which, if not of primary importance, is certainly one that cannot be otherwise than attractive to the greater portion of the American public. The volume, which, we learn, has been embodied in the thirteenth annual report of the Regents of the University of New York, is copiously illustrated by engravings, and by a map of the district explored.

Godey's Arm-Chair.

GODEY FOR SEPTEMBER.—"The Widow's Mite," a beautiful engraving, and a subject that all are acquainted with.

Our Fashion-plate—double as usual, and we think a very beautiful one, and what is more a truthful one. Did our subscribers only know the trouble and research to produce a truthful fashion-plate, they would even give us more credit than they do. It is easy enough for others to publish fashions, because they take the most gaudy-looking figures, disregarding whether they are the mode or not—like the members of a celebrated fire-engine, who were for having the machine painted any color, so it was red.

OUR MODEL COTTAGES.—Every number of the Book contains one of these original designs, prepared expressly for us by the celebrated architect, Samuel Sloan, Esq. There have been books of cottages published by some of our large houses, containing not more than twelve original designs, the price of which is \$5. Here our subscribers get the same number for nothing. The *Jefferson Sentinel* says: "This department in the Lady's Book is greatly improving the architecture of the country, and though too much adapted to the suburbs of cities has its uses in all places." Just so with our music. We give twelve original pieces every year, the store price of which would be \$3. Verily the subscribers of the Lady's Book get a great deal at very little cost.

"THE THIRD OF A CENTURY."—We did not know that we had been publishing the Book so long, until reminded by the *Augusta Farmer* of the fact:—

"The June number closes Volume LXII, indicating nearly a third of a century, during which our old bachelor friend Godey has been engaged in the pleasing and useful task of furnishing chaste and refining instruction to the ladies of this country. May he continue in the good work another third of a century, with the same success as in the past!"

Bachelor? Where, friend *Farmer*, did you get that idea from? It is not complimentary to call the father of five children a bachelor.

"Love," says a French writer, "is like the moon; when it is not growing, it must be dwindling."

THE REV. EDWARD C. JONES, A. M.—That truly faithful worker in a good cause has presented us with his Twelfth Annual Report of the Mission in the County Insane Hospital, and other departments of Blockley. He is truly a good Samaritan. The Rev. Dr. Stevens says:—

"This is an important mission, for it carries the glad tidings of salvation to nearly two thousand five hundred souls. No class of persons more need religious teaching, and it is the special mission of Mr. Jones to carry the Gospel to the poor. His labors at Blockley have been much blessed, the need of such ministrations very great, and it is highly desirable to sustain this effort on such a footing as will enable the missionary to labor with singleness of heart and eye in the large field to which he has been providentially called."

AN ARTICLE FOR THE TIMES.—The editor of the *Green Bay Advocate* takes the same view of fashions that we do. It is not necessary that the material should always be what we describe; let it be what you can afford. But you can have it made up fashionably by consulting our plates and descriptions. Hear him:—

"Godey's Lady's Book must ever be welcome to the ladies, for they must be clothed, and if the times will not allow the materials to be expensive they can yet be made fashionably and tastefully, and Godey's will show them how to do that."

STEWART.—We write this name with great pleasure, and we wish particularly to refer to the owner of it. Stewart, the conductor of the cars on the Switch-back Railroad at Mauch Chunk, is the one we refer to. In the first place, this is one of the most remarkable rides in the country—a journey of many miles by gravitation among the Company's mines at Mauch Chunk; but the value of this ride is enhanced by having so pleasant, gentlemanly, and jocosely a conductor as Stewart. The ride would lose half its pleasure to us and our young ones if Stewart should turn up missing on our annual tour.

We call the attention of all dealers in periodicals to the paragraph at the top of the first page of our cover. It will there be seen at what a cheap rate of postage they can procure the Lady's Book by mail.

The effect of this is to entitle regular dealers in newspapers and periodicals to the same abatement of the rates of postage (without paying quarterly or yearly in advance, but upon the receipt of their packages) as is now made for regular subscribers, under section 117 of the standing Regulations.

HAIR DYE IN FOUR DIFFERENT COLORS.—The most perfect article of this kind, manufactured by the celebrated Berger, of Paris, is now for sale in this city by Fouladoux, in Chestnut Street above Fourth. It will color the hair black, brown, light brown, or of a very light almost faxen color. There is no deception in this, for we have seen the article tried, and pronounce it, without any exception, the very best hair dye we have ever seen. Those who order will please specify what kind they want—as one case only contains one particular dye. In addition to the above, Mr. Fouladoux manufactures wigs and fronts, and furnishes every article in the hair line.

"HAPPINESS," it has been finely observed, "is in the proportion of the number of things we love, and the number of things that love us."

OUR MUSICAL COLUMN.

MIDSUMMER is seldom productive of much in the way of music, if we except the never-failing melodies that nature gives us—the absorption of the sea-side, the choruses of birds, and the distant anthem that sounds from the spheres—can any hear it? But this mid-summer the record is more easily told than usual. Our Academy is closed, and its walls echo no more to the strains of "Un Baiser" for the "Casta Diva." The bats may have taken up their abode there, for aught we know. At Fairmount, one of the loveliest spots by nature that ever received the enlivening and harmonizing touches of art, the green is deserted by the gay throngs who used to listen there to the, alas, too sombre and sentimental outpourings of Carl Seitz and his conscientious band of Germania performers. And there is neither sign nor token that we may welcome back a different order of things for some time to come.

The Bohemian Jeanie Polka, which we publish in the Book this month, comes to us from Bermuda. It is a graceful and pleasing piece of music, and our friends should give it their attention. We shall always be glad to hear from our fair and far-off correspondent.

Music Accepted—The Serenade, by O. M. Brewster. Fifth presentation in the December number. Next month we shall publish in the Book another of Mr. Everest's adaptations, Softly Night.

Music Declined—The Inconstant, Hail to our Flag, Social March, Dreams of thee, and Midsummer Night's Carol. We should be pleased to hear from two or three of these correspondents again, with other pieces, as those they send bear evidence of talent, but are not quite finished enough for our purpose.

Everest's Vocal Instructor—This is an admirable publication, sheet music size, 32 pages, designed to furnish a short and simple method of instruction in the art of reading by note and the cultivation of the voice. The author is our well known contributor, Mr. C. Everest, a practical teacher, and one well skilled in the art of imparting instruction. The price is one dollar per copy, on receipt of which we shall be glad to send the work, post free, to any address.

New Sheet Music—Messrs. Firth, Pond & Co., New York, have just issued, Annie of the Vale, song and chorus by J. R. Thomas, author of Cottage by the Sea, 35 cents; The Passing Bell, song, Holloway, 25 cents; Union Forever, new patriotic song by Crowell, 25 cents; By the Seaside, Holloway, 25 cents; Hinkley Galop, by Helmsmüller, with beautiful lithographic portrait of Miss Hinkley, 40 cents; and A. W. Berg's Variations of the Red, White, and Blue, 35 cents.

Mr. J. H. Hadley's (Albany) new list comprises a Grand Te Deum in E, by Barnekov, for four voices, 40 cents; Song Should Breathe of Fruits and Flowers, Solo and Quartette, 30 cents; I am Thine, Song by Merz, 20 cents; Be Off With You, Now, a beautiful Irish ballad by the author of Star of the Evening, 25 cents; Kitty Moore, a sweet, sprightly song and chorus, 25 cents; and Lucy's Flitting, Scotch Ballad, by the author of Jessie the Flower of Dumbhane, 25 cents. Also the Favorite Flower Quadrille, by Fradel, 35 cents.

Hail That Great and Glorious Banner, is a new national song and chorus, by George W. Hewitt. Lithographic title. Price 35 cents.

One of the finest songs for the times is Stigelli's Were I a Soldier, published by Firth, Pond & Co., at 35 cents.

We can send any of these pieces, post paid, on receipt of price. Address orders to Philadelphia, to

J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

FLORA'S INTERPRETER; AND FORTUNA FLORA. Illustrated By Mrs. Hale. Published by Chase, Nichols & Hill, Boston, 1861. New and enlarged edition. Over sixty thousand copies have been published. For sale at our office.

We wish to call the attention of our readers to a *new edition* of this elegant little work.

It appeared originally in 1832. The novelty of the plan, and the beauty of the selections recommended it at once to persons of æsthetic taste. The demand for it has been steady, and this is the third time an opportunity for a revision has been given. It was published in England with great success; the English publisher acknowledging that it so completely meets every requisite that nothing could be found to improve it. To impart refinement to the games and amusements of the young is an important service. And the most lively medium for this purpose may be found in flowers and poetry. The poetry in this little volume renders it a very interesting book, if it be considered under no other view than a mine of beautiful thoughts, and replete with the best stanzas of our best authors. The *Fortuna Flora* at the end may furnish many an evening's entertainment, when the merry circle meets and sportively endeavors to dive into the mysteries of futurity. With as much reason as higher and more philosophic minds, kings and statesmen have amused themselves with the *Fortes Virgiliae*.

WHY DON'T THEY SUBSCRIBE?—Here are two notices that show how our editorial friends are bothered. The first from the *Cambridge Chronicle*:—

"When our sanctum is honored with the presence of any of our female acquaintances or relatives, as it is sometimes, it is hardly safe to put the *Lady's Book* where they can see it, for if we do it is almost certain to be *borrowed*. We shouldn't mind this, if when they returned it they would not ask the favor of allowing them just to cut out an elegant engraving of a spring bonnet, or a white muslin mantle, or some such article. They remark, in a manner which we cannot resist, that they presume we don't *wear such things*, and, therefore, such engravings can be of no possible use to us. Well, we assent; and then they want to cut out a short piece of music, presuming, perhaps, that we don't *wear that* neither. So we lose the music, too. It's too bad, but we admire their taste, notwithstanding."

"We admire their taste, too," but would much prefer that they would make up a club; the amount would be but a trifle for each, and then they would have a just right to "cut out an elegant engraving."

The other from the *Topeka Tribune*:—

"Although we do not make a practice of loaning, yet several of our lady friends have such a passion for sewing and reading the *Lady's Book* (their smiles take away our decision) that there is no alternative but to let the sweet creatures peruse to their hearts' content."

CALEB WHITEFORD, of punning notoriety, once observing a young lady earnestly at work knotting fringe for a petticoat, asked her what she was doing. "Knotting, sir," replied she. "Pray, Mr. Whitford, can you knot?" "I can *not*, madam," answered he.

ALLITERATION.—"Rich, Refreshing, Rare, and Redolent is the *Lady's Book*, affording food for every mental taste." That is the sentiment of the *Woodstock Sentinel*.

SUBURBAN VILLA.

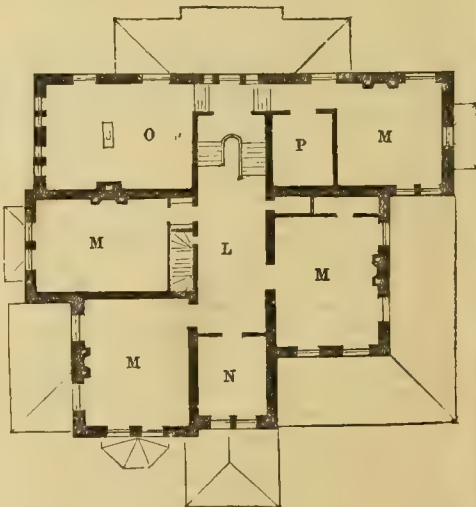
Designed expressly for Godey's Lady's Book by SAMUEL SLOAN, Architect, Philadelphia.



PERSPECTIVE VIEW.



PRINCIPAL FLOOR.



SECOND FLOOR.

In the architectural contribution for the present number we present a large villa, bold and striking in design, and possessing a simplicity of character which gives a pleasing effect to the combination. The material of the exterior is stone, with joints pointed; tower of the same material, whose large windows and balconies, in connection with the broad projecting verandah, rising as it does above the surrounding roof, give it a truly picturesque appearance. The building is large and extensive in its arrangements, comprising upon the *first floor*, vestibule A, opening into large hall B, D dining-room,

E drawing-room, F library, G kitchen. The *second floor* has five chambers, with dressing-room N and bath-room P, with well lighted attic rooms above.

THE TOOTHACHE.—Pulverized alum and salt, mixed and applied to the hollow of a tooth, on a piece of cotton, is said to be a certain cure.

WHAT is the difference between a cat and a document? One has *claws* at the end of its *paros*, and the other has *pauses* at the end of its *clauses*!

HOW THE JAPANESE RESTORE FADED FLOWERS:—

"After a bouquet is drooping beyond all remedies of fresh water, the Japanese can bring it back to all its first glory by a very simple and seemingly most destructive operation. I had received some days ago a delightful bundle of flowers from a Japanese acquaintance. They continued to live in all their beauty for nearly two weeks, when at last they faded. Just as I was about to have them thrown away the same gentleman (Japanese gentleman) came to see me. I showed him the faded flowers, and told him that, though lasting a long time, they had now become useless. 'Oh, no,' said he, 'only put the ends of the stems into the fire, and they will be as good as before.' I was incredulous; so he took them himself and held the stems' ends in the fire until they were charred. This was in the morning; at evening they were again looking fresh and vigorous, and have continued so for another week. What may be the true agent in this reviving process, I am unable to determine fully; whether it be the heat driving once more the last juices into every leaflet and vein, or whether it be the beautiful supply of carbon furnished by the charring. I am inclined, however, to the latter cause, as the full effect was not produced until some eight hours afterward, and as it seems that if the heat was the principal agent, it must have been sooner followed by visible changes."

The *Kokomo Times* lets off the following unique notice. It reads like a boast:—

"Godey's Lady's Book, the queen of its class, the pattern after which all the lady's magazines 'cut,' the belle that engages its would-be rivals and then runs off, twelve times a year, and leaves them behind."

ENGRAVING ON STEEL.—If steel be heated and then cooled suddenly, it becomes hard and brittle; but if cooled slowly it is rendered soft so that it may easily be cut with the small tools employed by the engraver, who takes advantage of this quality to prepare plates for his use. Sheets of steel of the required size and thickness are placed in a box upon a bed of iron filings and pounded oyster-shells, then another layer of the same materials is placed upon the plate, and so on alternately till the box is quite full. The case thus charged is exposed to the greatest heat it will bear without melting, for several hours. The whole is then allowed to cool very gradually, and usually the result is a uniform softening of the steel making it suitable for the use of the engraver. The outline of the subject to be represented with the form and place of the lines which are to mark the shades of the engraving, are lightly traced on the polished surface of the plate with a point. Then a tool, called a graver, corresponding in size and form to the line required to be traced, is pushed forward, like a gouge, to cut the plate, by which means little pieces of the metal are scooped out. The strokes or lines, which are gradually increased in number, produce, according to their thickness and position, tints more or less varied, and the most perfect engraving of this description is, in fact, but a reproduction of the lines on the plate.

KEROSENE EXPLOSION.—We are sorry to be again obliged to caution our subscribers against this destructive article. At Scranton, Pa., two persons were killed by the explosion of a kerosene lamp. Our caution also extends to all other explosive materials.

HAIR ORNAMENTS.—Ladies wishing hair made into bracelets, pins (which are very beautiful), necklaces, or ear-rings, can be accommodated by our Fashion Editor. A very large number of orders have recently been filled, and the articles have given great satisfaction.

We give the prices at which we will send these beautiful articles:—

- Braostpins, from \$4 to \$12.
- Ear-rings, from \$4.50 to \$10.
- Braedlets, from \$3 to \$15.
- Rings, from \$1.50 to \$3.
- Necklaces, from \$6 to \$15.
- Fob-chains, from \$6 to \$12.
- The Charms of Faith, Hope, and Charity, \$4.50.
- Hair Studs from \$5.50 to \$11 the set.
- Sleeve Buttons from \$6.50 to \$11 the set.

HAIR is at once the most delicate and lasting of our materials, and survives us like love. It is so light, so gentle, so escaping from the idea of death, that, with a lock of hair belonging to a child or friend, we may almost look up to heaven and compare notes with the angelic nature—may almost say: "I have a piece of thee here, not unworthy of thy being now."

CURIOUS COURTSHIP OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.—The following extract from the life of the wife of the Conqueror is exceedingly curious, as characteristic of the manners of a semi-civilized age and nation:—

"After some years' delay, William appears to have become desperate; and, if we may trust to the evidence of the 'Chronicle of Ingelbert,' in the year 1047 waylaid Matilda in the streets of Bruges, as she was returning from mass, seized her, rolled her in the dirt, spoiled her rich array, and, not content with these outrages, struck her repeatedly, and rode off at full speed. This Teutonic method of courtship, according to our author, brought the affair to a crisis; for Matilda, either convinced of the strength of William's passion, by the violence of his behavior, or afraid of encountering a second beating, consented to become his wife. How he ever presumed to enter her presence again, after such a series of enormities, the chronicler sayeth not, and we are at a loss to imagine."

A BEAUTIFUL IDEA.—An Indian philosopher being asked what were, according to his opinion, the two most beautiful things of the universe, answered, "The starry heavens above our heads and the feeling of duty in our hearts."

PHILADELPHIA AGENCY.

No order attended to unless the cash accompanies it.

All persons requiring answers by mail must send a post-office stamp; and for all articles that are to be sent by mail, stamps must be sent to pay return postage.

Be particular, when writing, to mention the town, county, and State you reside in. Nothing can be made out of post-marks.

Mrs. G. C. B.—Sent articles by Howard's express June 22d.

Mrs. P. A. B.—Sent Zouave pattern 22d.

J. T. McP.—Sent Zouave pattern 22d.

M. L. S.—Sent Zouave pattern 22d.

E. D.—Sent Shetland wool and vest chain 26th.

E. W.—Sent ring 26th.

W. B. H. F.—Sent ring 26th.

Miss J. A. H.—Sent Zouave jacket 28th.

W. H. C.—Sent package by Adams's express July 2d.

J. C. L.—Sent patterns 12th.

Mrs. J. H. B.—Sent patterns 12th.

Miss C. L. G.—The best cure for a felon that we know of, is a poultice of house lime and soft soap, changed every two hours. If this be applied when the pain first commences, it will draw the felon from the bone in the course of twelve hours, and relieve the patient.

Mrs. G. S.—Black silk dresses should be lined with lead or slate-colored muslin, and not with black. Black muslin causes the dust to adhere to the dress.

Mrs. G. A. P.—You tell us that your potatoes when boiled become mealy on the outside, and yet when served on the table are hard in the middle, and you ask us what will prevent it. We can tell you. When the water begins to boil, pour a dipper of cold water in the pot. That will retard the cooking, and they will cook through.

Chemistry for the Young.

LESSON XX.

Chlorine, Bromine, Iodine, Nitrogen, and their Compounds.

MATERIALS AND APPARATUS REQUIRED.

424. PNEUMATIC-TROUGH, or any convenient substitute; glass jar; pater pan, phosphorus, and hot wire; lime-water; liquor potassæ; bromine; iodine; tapers affixed to wires; nitrate of ammonia; copper shreds or turnings; test-tubes; nitric acid; mixture of equal weights common salt and black oxide of manganese; oil of vitriol, spirit-lamp, flask, and bent tube (see 115).

425. With chlorine we have already become somewhat conversant as a collateral agent. Let us now prepare some, with the view of making ourselves further acquainted with its nature. Proceeding, therefore, as directed in paragraph 321, generate sufficient chlorine to fill half a dozen small (say four-ounce) wide-mouthed bottles. Let each of the bottles be closed by means of a flat glass plate laid across its mouth, and put to stand on the table.

426. Remark the color of the gas—yellowish-green—whence the term chlorine is derived. Remark, too, its odor, taking care not to breathe the pure, undiluted gas, which would be attended with extreme danger. Bear this odor in mind for comparison with that of iodine and bromine, to be mentioned hereafter.

427. Holding a bottle full of chlorine securely down on the table—or, better still, allowing a second person to do it for you—slide off the glass valve, rapidly drop in a sprig of parsley, or any other green vegetable, and replace the valve; watch how rapidly the green color disappears. Hence, for the substance operated upon, chlorine is demonstrated to be a bleaching agent. In like manner it is demonstrable that chlorine is able to bleach tincture of litmus, sulphate of indigo, and, indeed, nearly all organic coloring matters.

428. Into another bottle holding chlorine, pour a little water (quite cold), replace the glass valve, and agitate well. Remark how the chlorine becomes absorbed by the water, which, in its turn, acquires the color, taste, and smell of the gas. Prove now that this solution of chlorine is a bleaching agent, like the gas itself.

429. Take a little quick-lime and sprinkle it with

water. The lime will become very hot, and presently fall to powder. When this powder has become cold, throw a little of it into a bottle full of chlorine, replace the glass valve, agitate well, and remark how completely the chlorine has become absorbed. The result of this operation is ordinarily known as chloride of lime, a substance which has already been employed in the course of our experiments.

430. Mix a little of this chloride of lime with water, and prove that it is also a bleaching agent, but far less immediate in its action than chlorine or its watery solution. It is, however, far more manageable than that agent, as we shall presently see.

431. Take a piece of blue cotton, paint on it any device at pleasure, with a mixture of citric acid and gum; allow the tissue thus prepared to dry, and, when dry, immerse it in a weak solution of chloride of lime. Gradually the portions touched with citric acid and gum will become bleached before the other parts of the tissue are affected. This very process is used in the operation of cotton printing.

432. Will chlorine burn? Will it support combustion? Fix a taper to the end of a wire, ignite the taper, and immerse it into a bottle containing chlorine. The gas does not take fire, neither does the taper burn. Arguing from this experiment alone, both questions would be answered in the negative.

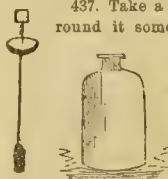
433. But moisten a piece of paper with oil of turpentine; put it into a bottle containing chlorine, and close the valve. The paper will most probably take fire.

434. Into another bottle of chlorine pour a little solution of potash or soda; replace the valve, agitate, and remark the rapid absorption.

435. Into another bottle full of chlorine project a little powdered antimony; rapidly close down the valve, and take care not to inspire the fumes evolved.

436. Into another bottle of chlorine immerse a bit of phosphorus, placed, with all the precautions before mentioned, in a small deflagrating ladle, properly mounted with disk and cork; most probably the phosphorus will spontaneously take fire.

437. Take a small bit of charcoal, and wind round it some thin copper wire, so that the charcoal may be inclosed in a sort of cage. Straighten the other end of the copper wire, and mount upon it a disk and cork. Ignite the charcoal thoroughly, and immerse it in a bottle, or, still better, a jar of chlorine. The result of this will be most curious. The burning charcoal will certainly become extinguished, but most probably the copper will take fire.



438. One point, all important in connection with the subject of chlorine analytically considered, has already been, I trust, firmly impressed on your memory, namely, its tendency to unite with solutions of silver salts. This, indeed, is the property which we commonly take advantage of in chemical analysis. Two other gases already treated of, namely, carbonic acid and sulphurous acid, can also form insoluble precipitates with silver solutions. But—

439. Carbonate and sulphite of silver are soluble in hot nitric acid; insoluble in hartshorn (liquor ammonia). Chloride of silver is insoluble in hot nitric acid (26); soluble in hartshorn (27). In addition to a soluble silver salt as a separator for chlorine, also slaked lime (429), potash, soda, and lastly ammonia might be added,

all being agents capable of effecting the removal of chlorine.

Fashions.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

HAVING had frequent applications for the purchase of jewelry, millinery, etc., by ladies living at a distance, the *Editor of the Fashion Department* will hereafter execute commissions for any who may desire it, with the charge of a small percentage for the time and research required. Spring and autumn bonnets, materials for dresses, jewelry, envelopes, hair-work, worsteds, children's wardrobes, mantillas, and mantelets, will be chosen with a view to economy, as well as taste; and boxes or packages forwarded by express to any part of the country. For the last, distinct directions must be given.

Orders, accompanied by checks for the proposed expenditures, to be addressed to the care of L. A. Goden, Esq.

No order will be attended to unless the money is first received. Neither the Editor nor Publisher will be accountable for losses that may occur in remitting.

Instructions to be as minute as is possible, accompanied by a note of the height, complexion, and general style of the person, on which much depends in choice. Dress goods from Evans & Co.'s; mourning goods from Besson & Son; cloaks, mantillas, or talmas, from Brodie's, 51 Canal Street, New York; bonnets from the most celebrated establishments; jewelry from Wriggins & Warden, or Caldwell's, Philadelphia.

When goods are ordered, the fashions that prevail here govern the purchase; therefore, no articles will be taken back. When the goods are sent, the transaction must be considered final.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL FASHION-PLATE FOR SEPTEMBER.

Fig. 1.—Walking costume of Havana-colored moiré, with front breadth gored, the plaits only commencing at the hips. The skirt is trimmed with plaited velvet, put on *en tunique*, brought round at the side, and finished with a large bow with embroidered ends; bows up the front of dress; body plain, and trimmed to suit the skirt; sleeves tight, with a velvet cuff and buttons, and trimmed at the top with a jockey bound with velvet. Pearl-colored silk hat, ornamented with *appliqué* lace and rose sublime flowers.

Fig. 2.—Breakfast robe of mineral gray cashmere, with embroidered spots worked on it. The robe is lined, lined, and faced with pink silk; tight waist, with small cape pointed both before and behind; rich cord and tassel. French breakfast cap, bordered with a muslin ruche. Linen collar and cuffs.

Fig. 3.—Walking-dress of rich green silk, with narrow sounce at the bottom. Two others are put on in diamonds with a band of the silk, bound on each edge with black velvet placed above them. The waist is pointed both before and behind. The upper part of the sleeve is full, but is close at the wrist. Leghorn bonnet trimmed with white feathers, and lined with black velvet; wine-colored strings and flowers.

Fig. 4.—Dinner-dress of pearl-colored silk, with three flounces headed with black velvet; round waist, half high, trimmed, *en platron*, with black velvet; rich chemisette of muslin. The sash is of the same material as the dress. The sleeves consist of a velvet jockey, two

large puffs, and a volant. Coiffure of white lace and flowers.

Fig. 5.—Wine-colored silk walking-dress, trimmed with narrow flounces, put on in bunches, headed with black velvet and bows, put on a *volant*; sleeves loose, and trimmed to suit the skirt. Embroidered collar and sleeves. White Eugenie velvet bonnet, trimmed with black velvet, black lace, and white flowers.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

(See engraving, page 181.)

Fig. 1.—Buff *piqué* suit, trimmed with black braid. Gray straw Tudor hat, trimmed with blue velvet and a tuft of feathers at the side.

Fig. 2.—Light cloth jacket, with Magenta neck-tie, and white pants.

Fig. 3.—Pink and white silk dress, trimmed with pink ribbon; body low, with high muslin chemisette. White felt hat, with soft curling pink plume.

Fig. 4.—White dress, with small flounces scalloped with blue; blue sash, net, and boots.

Fig. 5.—Magenta poplin Zouave and skirt, bound with white silk or poplin. Black velvet Tudor hat, with a Magenta thistle feather.

Fig. 6.—Dark blue silk dress flounced; low neck, with high muslin chemisette. Brown felt hat, bound with brown velvet, and long white plume.

Fig. 7.—Poplin dress of the new color called *rose sublime*, trimmed with black velvet. Hungarian hat, with a tuft of feathers.

Fig. 8.—Mauve poplin Zouave and skirt. A mauve velvet hat, with long white curling plume.

CHITCHAT UPON NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS, FOR SEPTEMBER.

THERE has never been a season since the Lady's Book originated a monthly fashion report in which there have been so few preparations made for the autumn. As yet there is scarcely an importing house that can show any novelties, or any manufacturing establishment that is bringing new styles into notice. Some few items may be gleaned here and there, however, by those who are at the fountain-head of the stream. First of all, there are in the ribbons intended for the fall two decidedly new colors, which will be the rage. The *Azurline*, a bright blue, as its name denotes, so intensely blue that all other shades of the same color look yellow beside it. It is the old Napoleon blue, heightened, and it will be found very becoming to an ordinarily good complexion. Brunettes will rejoice in its companion, "the Sublime," as the French call it; "Rose Sublime," as our importers have happily designated the shade. It is a ruby scarlet, an intense color, to be compared to nothing so perfectly as the shade a cluster of fully ripe currants takes when held in the sunlight. These colors are often mixed with black, to bring them out more fully, and when placed upon a black straw or crinoline bonnet, or mingled with black velvet or lace on a white one, the effect is excellent. Magenta and Solferino will be allowed a temporary rest. Red scarlet contrasted with vivid green, and flame-color worn with black are also prominent.

For instance, a rice straw bonnet, with a wreath of scarlet geraniums and green leaves placed quite on the back of the crown and fastened by a knot of black lace, or a black lace barbe, raised by a knot of rose sublime ribbon, with a cape of the same shade in silk, covered by black lace and a bow and flowing ends of black vel-

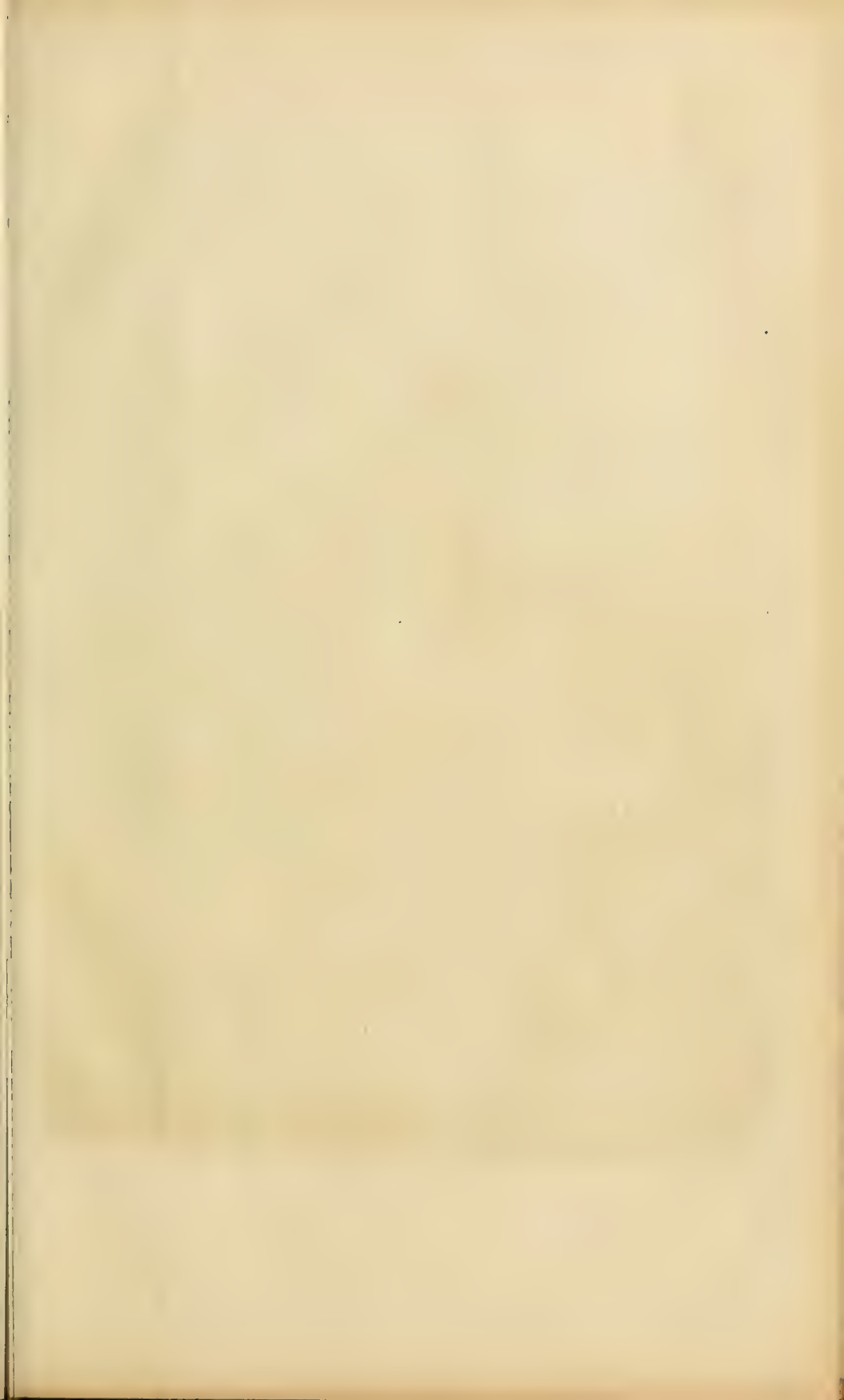
vet ribbon. Bonnet of black crinoline with straw stars, a trimming composed of *coques* of black lace, with flame-colored ribbon between each; inside the brim black sloop berries and flame-colored nasturtiums, with foliage. Belgian straw bonnet, covered with a black silk net, from which small elongated olives hang all round. The bandeau inside is composed of a large *ruche* of flame-colored silk, pinked at the edge, supported by another *ruche* of black silk; voluminous tufts of large corn poppies are put at the sides so as to completely fill up the cheeks of the bonnet. Below these *thulle* lappets are seen. The curtain is black silk with a plaited head and a bow of black ribbon formed of two long loops and two long ends hanging down. The whole outside of the bonnet has no other ornament than the net which covers it and hangs down as a fall in front and on both sides. On one side, however, placed upon the net, there is a voluminous tuft of poppies. Strings of ribbon, black, with red edges, and a stripe of straw-color in the middle. Straw bonnets trimmed with ribbon (plain black ground with bouquets of cherries worked on it), branches of cherries, white blonde and black lace. The trimming of this bonnet consists of a ribbon which goes round it and comes to the left hand side, where it forms a large bow in which branches of cherries are inserted. The end of this ribbon hangs down at the side. The curtain, of plain *thulle*, is covered by another, all of blonde, which forms three flat plaits; one on each side and a third in the middle. The inside of the front is covered with narrow black lace. On the forehead there is a bandeau composed of ribbon knotted in the middle and *crumpled* at the sides. Blonde down the cheeks.

Caps are made either with a loose crown or a round one in the Charlotte Corday style. One of Mme. Alexandrine's caps was made of Mechlin *thulle*, with a deep trimming turned back on itself, a lilac ribbon crossed the head and was tied in a long bow on the left hand side, while on the right there were bunches of white and colored lilac.

One of her richest headdresses is a torsade of flame-colored ribbon ornamented on the right hand side with a knot of gold wheat ears and behind by a smaller knot from which a long white feather falls towards the left. One was quite round, of camelias of equal size; another, composed of a torsade of black velvet starred with gold and intertwined with a gold cord, terminated on the right hand side in two handsome tassels and dandelion puffs spangled with gold; another was of red and white pinks mixed with fern-leaves; another of large blue hortensias with silver hearts; another of red hyacinths with pale foliage; another of a *Magenta* velvet torsade, a Chinese tassel and gold chains; another of pansies and tea-roses; another of blue and white ribbon rolled with a silver torsade, and having two silver tassels and blonde *agrafes*. We have never known headdresses so universally adopted, from the simple lace *barbe* to the artistic creations of Alexandrine or the importations of Madame Tighman. We noticed this particularly in the review of a *trousseau* prepared recently for a lady of this city. The morning caps and headdresses formed a conspicuous and expensive part of the preparations. Each dress had its appropriate accompaniment. The mob, or Charlotte Corday cap, was the shape selected for morning wear; to be adopted as soon as mademoiselle could write herself madame. The lingerie was of the most delicate and finished style, large use being made of grass cloth for tucked skirts, jackets, etc.; linen cambric puffs, separated by Valenciennes inserting and edge, took the

place of the yokes; in the night-dresses the puffs were longitudinal and extended to the waist; collars and cuffs of Valenciennes lace. Among other novelties, the most dainty of nightcaps had a bow exactly on the top, quite forward, of mauve-colored ribbon. The wedding-dress was of rich white corded silk, the skirt seven yards wide, with demi train; the bottom was ornamented with a double *ruche* of *crêpe acrophane* set on in alternate squares and points of about twelve inches deep, corsage pointed, with a *berthé* formed by two rows of rich point lace, headed by a *crêpe* *ruche*, narrower point lace in the neck, drawn by a silver cord, the centre ornament a spray of orange buds and blossoms; veil of *thulle*, very ample and entirely bordered by a corresponding *ruche* of *crêpe*, which sustained it in its place. Wreath, mounted diadem-fashion, of white clematis, very fine and close, a spray of orange buds in the centre, and a *câche* *prigné* of orange buds at the back of the head. Among the reception dresses was one of lilac silk, skirt gored, and very wide; each gore was distinguished by a band of violet-colored velvet, cut crosswise, corded with white silk and edged with blonde lace. Every two bands approached each other in the centre, narrowing as they rose, and were looped under each other in the form of a bow at the height of twenty-four inches from the bottom of the skirt. Corsage low and pointed, trimmed with a pointed *berthé* in violet velvet, edged in the same way. Between the point of the *berthé* and the top of the corsage was a stylish velvet bow, trimmed to correspond. Sleeves, a full puff of *thulle*, caught up by bands of trimmed velvet. Valenciennes edging in the neck, drawn to shape by violet chenille. A *robe de chambre* of the style called *Marquise*; the front is gored, à la *Gabrielle*, the back straight and full, set into a plain yoke on the shoulder by three or four square wide plaits, which are not confined by the girdle, which is a cordelier, fastened under the arm on each side, and knotted in front. From the knee there is a single flounce, running all round, headed by a *ruche* of rose-colored ribbon. Sleeves loose and ample, edged simply by a *ruche* of ribbon. Material, fine plaid of black and white silk. There were some pretty muslin spencers, with the flat plaiting or *ruche* in the neck that is now so much worn, the plain place between the groups of plaits filled by bows of exceedingly narrow ribbon, also the new style of closed undersleeves, white, with a tongue of black lace and velvet extending half way to the elbow, at the back of the arm. We have designs of these in preparation.

We must not forget to notice the popularity of the *Aneline* shawl and the trimmed shawl. The latter is a square of lama (fine Cashmere wool) silk, French *crêpe*, or grenadine, either plain or richly embroidered. The trimming is a deep border or flounce of lace; in winter materials, plush, velvet, and quilted satin will be used for borderings. In color they vary in every shade, black being perhaps the most popular. They are very well suited to autumn wear. The *Aneline* shawl is also of lama or grenadine; the middle of a marbled pattern and the colored border finished by a rich fringe. The *Pekin Aneline* shawl is of a soft, fine woollen texture, which drapes gracefully about the figure; the border is a real Chinese pattern, executed in light colors. The *Pekin Bournous* is a Zouave wrap for evening; the material Canton *crêpe*, the pattern in colored embroidery, with rich silk tassels. Brodie's taste and ingenuity are already at work to supply the autumn wraps which are always worn in heavier materials. FASHION.







GODEY'S FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER 1871





"WHO'LL WINK FIRST."

SOFTLY NIGHT.

BEAUTIFUL GERMAN MELODY, BY WEINGAND. ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO-FORTE, FOR CODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

BY C. EVEREST.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1861, by C. EVEREST, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

Andante.



1. Soft - ly night a - round is creep - ing, All the earth to rest is laid; Grief it -
2. Though a - round these clois - ters night - ly, Spir - its awe the tim - id breast, Yet the



rit.

rit.

a tempo.

espress.

self lies calm - ly sleep - ing, heart, when slumb'ring light - ly, Sleep - est thou, Knows no ill, be - lov - ed maid? to break its rest, my lute's soft num - bers, hear zeph - yrs gent - ly steal - ing, Float - ing On - ward.

espress.

on the balm - y air. waft my song to thee. Yet, my lute, if I - da slum - bers, Do not wake my la - dy fair. May its tones, my love re - veal - lug, Fill thy dreams with thoughts of me.

THE ALBUERAN.

[From the establishment of G. BAODIE, 51 Canal Street, New York. Drawn by L. T. VOIGT, from actual articles of costume.]



THE material is arranged in diverging plaits from the waist ; these plaits, five in number, are, as in the plate, banded by a passementerie, which matches in style that which ornaments the shoulders. In some garments this confining transverse piece is omitted, as the wearer's taste may elect. There are slits in the circular front for the arms. The materials are various in which this style is fashioned.

LATEST FASHIONS.



Fig. 1.—A breakfast Zouave, made of black cloth and trimmed with quilted silk.

Fig. 2.—Loose sack, made of rough cloth and trimmed with black velvet. For street wear.

NEW STYLES OF APRONS.

THE ROSALIE.



It is composed of Solferino silk, with a black lace inserted as a border. Tabs of lace bordered with silk are placed on each side to cover the pockets.

TUNIC APRON.



It is composed of black silk, with flounces bound with white ribbon put on in tunic form, with graduated flounces on the front breadth.

HEADDRESSES.



Fig. 1—This coronet is composed of a black velvet coronet standing high in the front, and is trimmed with black velvet leaves velvied with gold, and mixed with gold tondrils or aprica. It is studded all round down on the inside with gold tondrils. The leaves, which may be purchased in sprays, as also the gold tondrils, should then be prettily mounted on the coronet, leaving the inner edge, the flowers, being, especially arranged high in the centre, and narrowing towards the sides.

Fig. 2—This coronet is composed of black velvet, with a row of large pearls fastened on

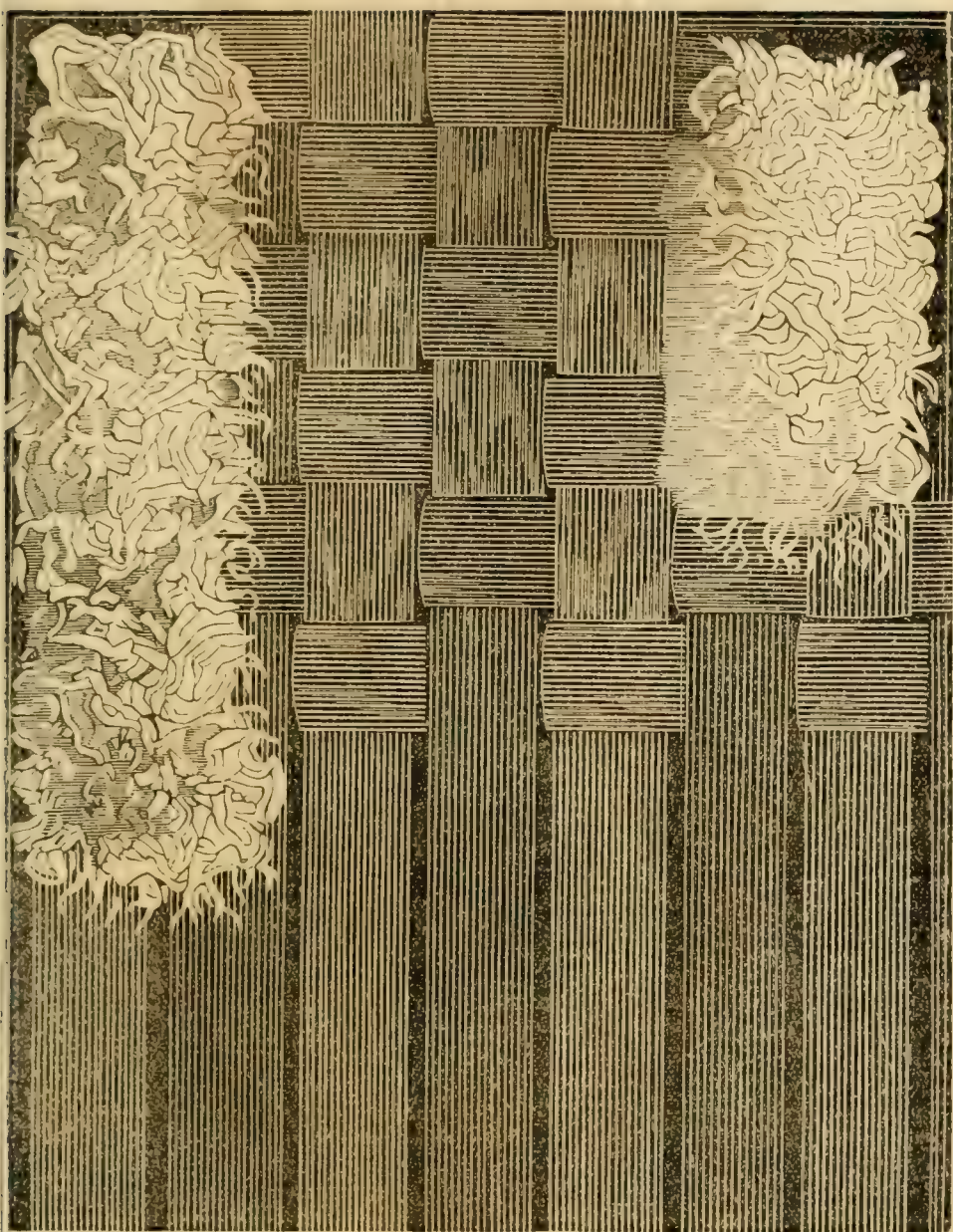
EMBROIDERY.



DRAWING-ROOM WORK-BAG.

(See description, Work Department.)





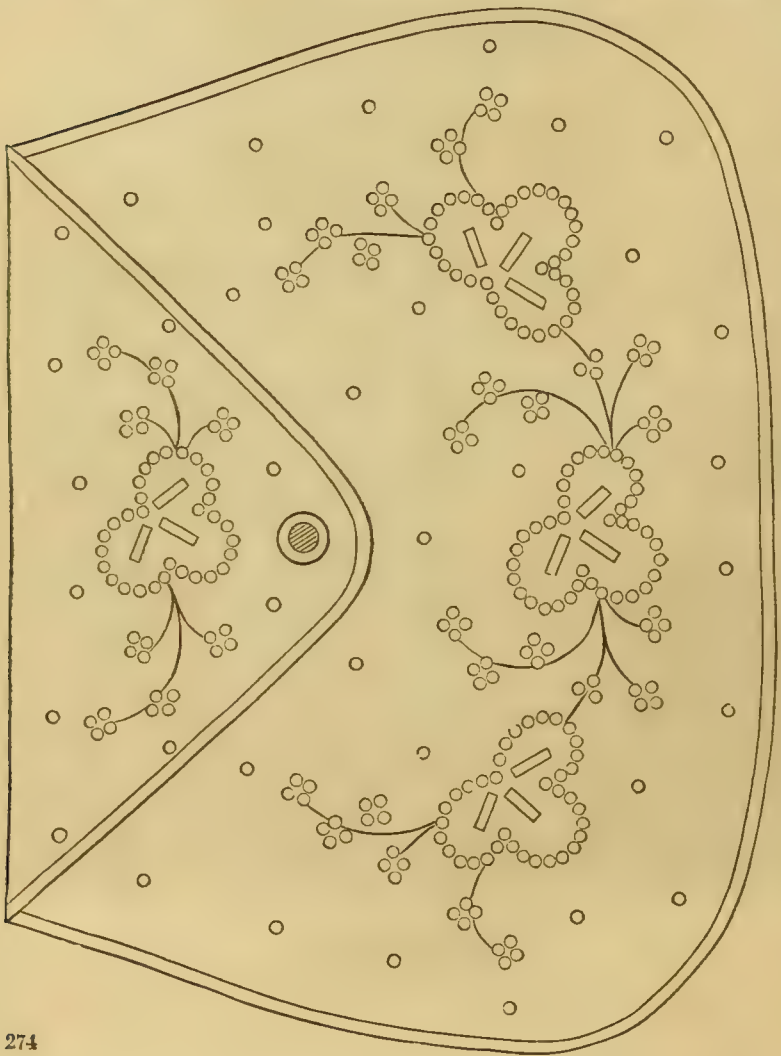
FIRE-STOVE VEIL.

(See description, Work Department.)

NAME FOR MARKING.



VELVET SACHET, TO BE WORKED IN BEADS AND BUGLES.



GODEY'S

Lady's Book and Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER, 1861.

SPICES.—NUTMEG, CLOVE, CINNAMON.

DURING the memorable period when Rome entered on the slope of her long decline, certain merchants of Arabia brought to the great port of Egypt some packages of a curious fruit, found, they said, in the Indies, but in what particular place they knew not. They were delivered to them by traders of the Red Sea, who received them from others on the borders of the East; and as they passed from hand to hand, the countries which produced them remained entirely unknown. To supply the void in their knowledge, the ancients invented many fables; but it was not for several ages that Europe discovered the real sources of the new luxury that ministered to her appetite. The fragrant nut, the red clove, and the perfumed cinnamon were mingled in the delicate *ragouts* that regaled the Roman epicures, but the place of their growth was hidden in mystery.

Such continued long to be the case. Spices were brought from Ceylon and from the Indian Archipelago, chiefly overland, by one caravan after another, until the trader, entering the gates of the Eternal City, was ignorant whence his burden was derived. Long, indeed, after the commencement of the Christian era, during the flourishing period of Venetian commerce, the islands of the East were known only through rumors swelled into romance or the reports of merchants disposed to exaggerate in fanciful language the wealth and the wonders of a region concerning which there were none to contradict them. Marco Polo, in the fourteenth century, and John Batuta wrote various accounts of the Oriental islands; yet it was not until 1506 that Portugal gained a direct intercourse, discovered Sumatra, conquered Malacca or the Malay

Peninsula, and then explored the Spice Islands lying in that vast sea which rolls between Borneo and New Guinea.

The Spice Islands, properly so called, consist of Amboyna, the Bandas, Zernate, Tidor, Bat-chian, with many others too small to be noticed in detail. They are of great beauty, rising in the form of irregular cones from the sea, green and verdant, and displaying landscapes among the most picturesque in the world. None of them are very large; but in the costliness of their products they excel every other region. The spices they produce were at one time so highly prized in Europe that merchants gained three thousand per cent. on their original cost. The Portuguese first, and the Dutch next occupied the islands, establishing a system of monopoly which has been their curse. In order to enhance the value of the cloves and nutmegs, they rooted all the trees except those in three or four islands, forbidding the people to sell to any other nation, and punishing with the utmost cruelty any infraction of this law. History has to record no more revolting horrors than occurred in the Molucca group. In some of the islands all the people were slaughtered, and not a vestige of the original population allowed to remain. Some sketches of this system may be introduced in a later portion of this article. Let us now describe the precious commodities which tempted the Dutch to heap such odium on their name as a colonizing nation.

The clove-tree, though introduced by naturalists into other parts of the world, is peculiar to the Indian Archipelago. Of all useful plants, it has, perhaps, the most limited geographical distribution. It was originally confined to five



THE CLOVE PLANT.

islands, but is now allowed to be grown only in Amboyna, where it is *not* indigenous, and produces far less than in the parent soil; such is the blindness of monopoly. It has been described as the most beautiful, the most elegant, and the most precious of all known trees. In form it resembles the laurel, with the height of a common cherry-tree. A straight trunk rises about five feet before throwing out branches. The bark is smooth, thin, and firmly laid on; the wood is hard and close-grained, but of an ugly color, which prevents its employment in cabinet work. About May—which, in the native country of the clove, leads in the rainy season—the tree sprouts abundantly, and, the young leaves multiplying, all the plantation displays a mass of foliage of the most tender tints of green. The blossoms then begin to form, followed by the fruit; at first of a beryl-color, changing to primrose, deepening into blood-red, and varying thence to crimson, when it is fit for gathering, though scarcely ripe. Indeed, the mature clove loses much of its flavor and fragrance. Five varieties are distinguished—the common, the female, the long, the royal which is very rare, and the wild, which is worthless. From the first three a rich essential oil is extracted, valuable to the chemist. The cloves, called by the Chinese “odoriferous nails,” are most abundant where dark loam prevails, resting on a stratum of dusky yellow earth, intermixed with stones. The best situations are at a moderate distance from the sea, under the shelter of hills. A uniform method

of cultivation is practised in Amboyna, where it is a foreign plant; but in its native islands, where it has been all but extirpated, whole forests grow without culture, producing a rich fruit, and flourishing for a hundred years untended by the care of man. Much depends on the quality of the soil, the abundance of moisture, and the absence of a worm which occasionally heads in a plantation, destroying thousands of trees in a season.

Where it is cultivated, the tree is propagated either directly from the “mother cloves,” or by transplanting the young shrubs that spring up spontaneously from seeds scattered by the wind. This plan is preferred, the plants raised by the other method being observed to yield more leaves than fruit; and, growing very straight, are difficult to climb in the gathering or harvest season. The planter cannot reckon on success until his trees have reached a height of five or six feet, as in the early stages of their progress they are delicate, requiring to be shaded from the sun and sheltered from the wind. Gradually they are exposed to the open sky, with a few palms scattered among them. Care must be taken to prune the branches, to weed the ground, and keep the plantation sufficiently open to the heat and light, or the hopes of the proprietor may be blasted by a crop of wild cloves.

About October, the aspect of Amboyna, which is crowded with clove-plantations, is singularly picturesque. The whole island, with its central hill and bold volcanic peak, its mountains traced by the tracks of scorching lava streams, its shores belted by graceful woods of palms, its plains, diversified by piles of verdant hillocks, appear at intervals, painted with tints of crimson, growing amid masses of rich green foliage, and absolutely dazzling under the splendor of a sun never clouded all that season in an oriental sky. Then commences the harvest. The natives, divided into gangs and attended by Dutch overseers, crowd the plantations, and the ground is swept clean as the floor of an English granary. There is no wind to shake down more leaves, and the whole remains exquisitely neat. The picking is next begun. The nearest clusters are taken by the hand, the more distant by the aid of crooked sticks, men climbing among the branches and showering down the fragrant harvest to the ground. Particular care is taken not to injure the trees, as when roughly handled they sometimes cease bearing for years. When gathered, the cloves are piled on hurdles, and submitted for several days to the action of smoke from a slow wood fire. They are then

dried in the sun, turning black in the process, in which state they are fit as an article of commerce. Some few of the cultivators scald them in hot water before they are smoked. The inferior sorts are merely dried in the sun; these may be discovered by their shrivelled appearance. The dealers generally mix them largely with the better qualities. A good tree, well cultivated, produces about twenty-five pounds; though, as two-thirds of them are generally barren, and many others poor bearers, the average of a plantation does not exceed five pounds. Occasionally, nevertheless, instances occur of far greater fecundity. One tree is told of by writers entitled to credit which bore 1,100 pounds. Another was known long to exist in the west of Amboyna which, in the year 1748, yielded 140 pounds. Its trunk was eight feet in diameter, and the natives, assigning it an age of one hundred and fifty years, held it sacred. Such, however, are extraordinary instances. The produce of an acre is usually about 330 pounds, which, calculating them at the price now paid for them in England, is worth about sixty guineas. There can be no doubt, however, that, under a liberal system, the produce of cloves in the Moluccas might be increased to an infinite degree. The demand for them, however, has diminished in Europe, while among the people of their native country they have never been consumed. At one period, spices were eaten at every meal, sweetened in preserves, and spread upon cakes, or pickled in vinegar with honey. The excessive use of them has been pronounced injurious to the constitution, though when the sailors of the north ate them every morning, masticated them instead of their tobacco, mingled them in their spirits, the scurvy was kept out of the vessels.

Next to the clove, the nutmeg is the most curious of spices. Its geographical distribution is far more extensive. Flourishing to perfection in the Moluccas, it thrives well in New Guinea, Borneo, and the little-known island of Ceram; but the Dutch have endeavored to confine its cultivation to Pulo Aye, Banda, and Nera. Nutmegs of fine flavor are produced on the western borders of the Archipelago, and have been found also in Australia, though tasteless and without value.

The nutmeg-tree (*Nux Myristica*) grows on its native soil to the height of forty or fifty feet, with a well-branched stem, somewhat resembling the clove in appearance. A smooth bark, ash-colored, with a deep shade of green, incloses a red, succulent wood, full of a crimson



NUTMEG.

sap, which forms an indelible dye, though not applied to that purpose, since to obtain it it is necessary to destroy the tree. The leaves are like those of the pear, but larger and sharper, with the under surface a dark green and the upper gray, a characteristic in trees of the nut tribe. When pounded or bruised they yield a rich aromatic odor.

Coming to maturity about its ninth year, the nutmeg-tree usually lives to the seventy-fifth. The manner of its natural propagation is exceedingly curious, and baffles all the efforts of the Dutch to extirpate it from the islands. A certain blue pigeon, called by the Malays the nutmeg-bird, by the Hollanders the nut-eater, feeds on the pulpy covering, called mace, which envelops the fruit. This only being digested, the nutmegs are scattered over the islands, abundantly supplied with a kind of guano manure, and groves of trees spring up as though by magic where the inveterate watchfulness of the Dutchman had previously not left a root. When they are three years old the saplings are transplanted carefully, and interspersed throughout parks of palm, whose shade they require. There is a law in Banda against hewing down any of these trees.

The nutmeg bears fruit all the year, though April, July, and August are the regular harvest seasons. The plantations display an aspect of unequalled beauty. Millions of little white heads sparkle on the trees, betokening the fruit in its first stage. At the same time flowers—like the lily of the valley, advanced a stage beyond—glitter amid the green foliage, and from these small red pistils spring, expanding gradually throughout nine months into the

perfect fruit. The nut, with its covering of mace, has the size and appearance of a nectarine. Round it runs a furrow, like that on one side of a peach. The outer coat is smooth, and green during the early stage of its existence. As it ripens, a flush overspreads it, like that of the apricot. At length this covering, which resembles the thick rind of a walnut, bursts and discovers the rich crimson coat of mace, exhibiting through its interstices a glossy black shell, the last covering of the nut. Under the heat of the sun these breathe out the finest perfumes—

A rich fruit's rind,
Fragrant and sweet, and fluted by the wind*.

They are then gathered, and the rind thrown away, while the nuts are carried to the stores to be separated from the mace. This is dried in the sun for some days, changing its gorgeous crimson into a dull red, and ultimately a dusky yellow.

The nuts have to be cured with much attention, a certain insect always breeding in them, which it is necessary to extirpate. They are daily smoked on hurdles, over a slow wood fire, during two or three months. They are then freed from the shells, dipped in lime-water, and are then fitted for the market. Such is the planter's task in the Moluccas. In the island of Pinang, however, in the Straits of Malacca, where the cultivation has been introduced, a far more laborious process has to be pursued. A deep-red friable soil, a well-sheltered, well-drained, yet well-irrigated spot, must be chosen. The stumps of trees must be removed, the nests of white ants extirpated, the ground trenched, manured, and nuts perfectly ripe selected for seed—those of a spherical form being the best—and placed in the earth twenty-four hours after being gathered. Then the "nursery" must be continually weeded, smoked with bonfires, and thinned; the young shrubs, transplanted to the plantation and set into large holes, covered over with sheds filled up with manure and burnt earth, and supplied from time to time with liquid fish manure. The ground must be kept loose, that the roots may spread. Very curious processes have been found by Dr. Oxley to improve the tree and enrich the flavor of its fruit—dead animals buried near, blood poured on the earth, fish and oilcake—but not the much-lauded guano, which is injurious. Besides these accurate details of attention, the trunk of the tree should, once a year, be washed with soap and water, to keep it clear of moss.

In weeding the plantation, also, much discrimination is to be practised. Certain grasses are destructive, certain others beneficial to the nutmeg-tree, which, it will thus be seen, is in a foreign soil a tender subject for culture, though, when once brought to maturity, it thrives long and well, rewarding the planter by an abundance of the fragrant nuts so highly prized in Europe. Formerly they were eaten at dessert, preserved in syrup, like the cloves, or pickled in sweet vinegar.

In drying the nuts, great care is taken not to shrivel them by the application of excessive heat. Having been cured, they cannot be too soon sent to market; whereas the mace is not valued in London until, after being kept a few months, it has lost its crimson tinge, which deepens into a golden color.

The produce of nutmegs in the Banda Isles is about six hundred thousand pounds annually, and of mace a fourth of that quantity. Of cloves, about three hundred thousand pounds are exported to Europe, China, Bengal, and the United States. As, however, we have already said, the monopoly which has ever restricted the culture of spices confines the amount of their produce, the islands having been watered with human blood to preserve the privilege of exclusive trade.

A visitor to the London Docks may observe the bags of cloves there piled. When once ready for sale, it requires little care, keeping well, and not easily injured. They are now sold at a comparatively low rate, though formerly considered the most costly articles of commerce. Among the first direct traders to the Spice Islands were the companies of Magellan, who gave at the rate of £12 for about six cwt. of cloves. These were sold at 3,000 per cent. profit in England. To enhance the price, the Dutch destroyed myriads of trees, paying small pensions to the native chiefs to carry on the process year by year. The Moluccas, indeed, contain the only farms for the culture of nutmegs and cloves. The natives tend the plantations, collect the produce under inspection, carry it to the stores, receive a fixed price—about 3½d. a pound. A considerable contraband trade also exists, though the smugglers expose themselves to immense peril—death being the punishment of a plebeian, banishment the award of a native noble. To complete these precautions, a squadron of lightly-built galleys annually visits all the islands in the group, to enforce the regulations, to seize and punish offenders, to compel the destruction of illegal plantations, and uphold the exclusive privileges of the Dutch. In

* John Stebbing.

consequence of this demoralizing, tyrannical, wasteful system, the Molucca Islands have degenerated from age to age, until they now exist as a monument to the grasping cupidity and blind ambition of Holland.

Next in order among these familiar accounts of spices, the cinnamon introduces itself. The



CINNAMON.

name means Chinese wood, and it has been disputed which is the native country of the tree. Certainly, it appears to have flourished from the remotest period in China, though in Ceylon, also, the natural adaptation of the soil to its

cultivation, with many other circumstances, lead us to suppose it was indigenous there. Certain it is, also, that the ancients knew the virtues, and enjoyed the flavor and fragrance of this curious product. It was known to the Greeks and Romans under a name closely similar to that we bestow on it, but was so rare and costly that none but the wealthy could purchase it. Some say it was at first used by birds in the construction of their nests, and collected in this form, none knowing where and how it grew. That it came from the East was generally supposed, but, as with nutmegs and cloves, its native place was a great mystery.

In 1506, it was discovered to flourish wild in Ceylon; and thenceforward that island was highly esteemed on account of its production. In 1770 an improved quality was obtained by cultivation by the Dutch governor. The chiefs at first resisted the attempt, which shocked their prejudices, and vast numbers of trees were destroyed by the natives, who went out at night and poured boiling water over them. This feeling, however, gave way before the perseverance of the Europeans, and Ceylon was gradually covered with cinnamon gardens.

Thousands of acres, unvaried by any other cultivation, are covered by plantations of this elegant and aromatical laurel. The general aspect is that of a vast laurel-copse, with a few trees of extraordinary growth shooting up to the height of forty or fifty feet, with a trunk twenty inches in diameter.

JOSEPHA ASHTON'S NEW SILK DRESS.

BY EDITH WOODLEY.

It was late in October, and though the air was keen and frosty without, a bright, bickering fire diffused a genial warmth through the sitting-room of a rambling old farmhouse, which had evidently been constructed with a view to convenience rather than architectural beauty.

The room looked very cheerful in the ruddy glow of the firelight, which searched out every nook and corner, and would have made the one solitary candle in the well-burnished candlestick unnecessary, had it not been that one of the two persons sitting near the fire was busy with her needle. This was Josepha, the only daughter of Joseph Ashton, the proprietor of the adjacent farm, which, though hard and rock bound, was productive from being care-

fully cultivated. She was now seated on one side of a small light-stand, while opposite her, in a low rocking-chair, sat a comely-looking woman engaged in knitting a seamed stocking, which had arrived at that hopeful state towards completion called the "toeing off." The confidence and affection manifested by each towards the other might have made them mistaken—as, indeed, they often were—for mother and daughter. But Josepha Ashton had long been motherless. The rosebush which she and her brother George so carefully planted one bright May morning had the last summer for the eighth time shed its white blossoms on the turf beneath which their mother was calmly sleeping.

The ties which bound the two together—Josepha Ashton and Rhoda Ellis—sitting on either side of the little maple light-stand, were not those of consanguinity. They had first found root in the warm and kindly heart of her who now sat in the low rocking-chair, and who had watched with affectionate solicitude over Josepha's infancy and childhood. She had been in the family ever since Mr. Ashton's marriage, and, on account of Mrs. Ashton's failing health, was soon obliged, in addition to the duties of domestic service, to assume those of the housekeeper, which were carefully and efficiently performed.

"What will George and Josepha do, if you go away?" was the question which Mr. Ashton asked her when, soon after the death of his wife, she spoke to him about leaving.

"Sure enough, poor things! what can they do with nobody but a stranger to take care of them, and for them to tell their childish sorrows to?" And, as she spoke, tears sprung to her eyes.

"If you could only stay," said Mr. Ashton.

"I *can* and *will*!" And Rhoda Ellis took off her bonnet and shawl in a very decided manner.

The subject was never again mentioned.

There were not wanting those who soon began to whisper among themselves that Rhoda Ellis would make Mr. Ashton an excellent second wife. The subject at last, after being a good many times discussed, was mentioned to her. The way, however, in which it was received prevented it from being renewed whenever she was present. There was a solemnity, even severity in the manner she spoke of what she termed their foolish and wicked gossip, which, if persisted in, might be the means of driving her from a place where she could minister to the wants of two motherless children who had learned to love her. It both surprised and abashed them, for they had not looked for anything of the kind from the lips of the easy, good-natured Rhoda Ellis, as she had always been called in the neighborhood.

"You *might* know, if you don't," said she, in winding up her remarks, "that Mr. Ashton has no thought of a second wife; and if he had, it isn't I, or, as to that, any one in *this* part of the country who could fill the place of such a woman as Ella Ashton was."

But Rhoda Ellis, to say the least, was one of the best of housekeepers, being always ready for the performance of whatever came within the province of her duties.

For the last two years she had been silently and gradually yielding the direction of the

household affairs to Josepha, who was now eighteen. Rhoda was very proud of her, and she had reason to be.

"She has the same ways her mother had," she would often say; "and, if she isn't called handsome, her looks suit me."

And, as Josepha sat there, plying her needle, with the crimson flashes of the wood-fire brightening her complexion, rich and pure with the hues of health, and shimmering over her shining hair, parted back from her forehead with a wavy, undulating grace, almost any one who had seen her would have been ready to echo her remark. Yet, after all, it was her bright, sparkling smile which gathered the dimples round her red lips, and sometimes broke into one of those sudden ringing laughs, sweet as gushes of bird melody, that did more than aught else to brighten the faces and warm the hearts of the home circle.

This evening the lighting up of her countenance was more frequent and more brilliant than usual, for her mind was full of fond and pleasant thoughts of her absent brother, who was now daily expected. Now and then she spoke of him to Rhoda, who was quite as proud of him as she was of Josepha, and loved him almost as well. And she and his father and sister had reason to be proud of him; he had just left college, having graduated with the highest honors; and then he was so handsome, so frank, and so noble-minded; he was generous, too. It is true that he was apt to be thoughtless, which caused him in some instances to be too lavish when his father's somewhat straitened circumstances were taken into view; but these indiscretions were readily forgiven. "It does him so much good to be generous," Rhoda would say. It probably would have done him less good if he had been sensible of the unceasing toil and careful economy to which his father, in his great reverence for learning, had cheerfully submitted to secure to him the benefit of a liberal education. It was very possible that, like the parents of Dominie Sampson, Mr. Ashton might have a hope—though, like theirs, it was certainly not founded on any uncommon seriousness of disposition manifested by his son—that he "might wag his paw in a pulpit yet." Even Rhoda Ellis, though not exactly conscious of it, was stimulated to exertion and sustained under many personal privations by a lurking ambition which pointed to a similar result. As for Josepha, with that cheerfulness and buoyancy of spirits which are the natural gifts of youth and health, no toil was too severe, no self-sacrifice

too great if they could be made conducive to her brother's comfort and enable him to maintain that degree of fitness and propriety in his dress which would impart respectability to his personal appearance and save him from being an object of mirth to his fellow-students; for even her limited experience had taught her that a threadbare coat, a napless hat, and dilapidated shoes made their wearer, in the eyes of the gay and thoughtless, a legitimate subject for banter and ridicule.

"I have been thinking," said Rhoda, "that you had better buy the silk for your new gown before long; the last time we were over to the village we saw a piece of silk at Smith's store that would just suit you, and if you don't make sure of some of it soon, it may all be gone."

"I don't know but that I ought to give up having it," replied Josepha.

"Well, I know that you hadn't. You are eighteen now, and there isn't a girl in Mapleton but what thinks she must have a silk gown when she arrives at that age. Even Job Brockle's daughter had one then, though she has to earn every inch of her clothing by going out to work. And then we've both of us been trying so hard for full six months to scrape together the wherewithal to buy it with."

Just as she finished speaking, they heard some one enter the outer door, and the next moment that communicating with the sitting-room was unceremoniously thrown open, giving entrance to a lad of fourteen. He was tall of his age, had a thin, freckled face, large gray eyes, and a wide mouth. The habitual cast of his countenance was sad and wistful, but the moment he saw Josepha it was irradiated with a smile, the effect of which was almost magical, so entire was the transformation it wrought in the expression of his features, particularly of his eyes and mouth. With a shambling gait, greatly enhancing the general awkwardness of his appearance, he walked up to where she was sitting, and handed her a letter.

"Thank you, Natty," said she. "Did you get it at the post-office?"

"Yes 'm."

"And you've walked a whole mile this sharp, frosty evening to bring it to me." And as she spoke she glanced at his thin, insufficient clothing, which exhibited rents so large and numerous as to make it safe to conclude that whoever had the care of it did not realize the truth of the old adage that "a stitch in time saves nine." "Take a chair, Natty, and draw up close to the fire."

"I shouldn't mind goin' as fur ag'in," he replied, taking a chair and placing it near one corner of the fireplace, "for the sake of gettin' a few sich words as I 'm al'ays sure of if I do anything to obleege you; and as for being cold, what do I care, when jest a glimpse of your face, which al'ays seems to have a whole heap of sunshine in it, makes me feel so glad and warm here"—placing his hand on his side—"that it's enough sight better to me than Mr. Hardley's new greatcoat is to him."

"I don't doubt it a bit," said Rhoda.

"Have you had any supper, Natty?" inquired Josepha, who noticed that his eyes often rested on a covered dish near the fire, containing some hash intended for her father, who had gone to the mill.

"None to speak of; Miss Hardley ain't willin' I should eat much at night, 'cause she says 'twill make me sick if I do, and then there 'll be a doctor's bill to pay."

Rhoda Ellis put aside her knitting, for she understood the look which Josepha gave her, and left the room; in a few minutes she returned with a large plate in which were plenty of doughnuts and a smaller one containing several thick, substantial slices of cheese. Having put them on a little round table, which she drew close to Natty's side, she took from a cupboard a large custard pie, that crowning delicacy of a country bill of fare, at least in the estimation of the younger members of a family. Rhoda Ellis, who, had she possessed the means of following her own generous impulses, would have been the Lady Bountiful, not only of Mapleton, but the whole country, hastened to place a piece of the custard on Natty's plate, of dimensions so ample that the angle dipping into the heart of the pie had none of that provoking acuteness common to that particular part. With its rim of flaky crust and golden-hued surface, looking more delicious from being flecked with brown, the sight of it might have made the mouth of a boy of fourteen water who had been subjected to a regimen far less severe than poor Natty.

"There," said Rhoda, "you must eat all the pie, and as many of the doughnuts as you can; I'll warrant 'em not to hurt you. The cold, frosty air will take care of that."

Alonging look at the tempting food, a bashful, sidelong glance at Josepha, who apparently was wholly absorbed in the contents of her letter, and then, taking heart of grace, he no longer hesitated to obey Rhoda's command.

"I told you that you must eat all of the pie," said she, seeing him, in the nice, gingerly

manner which he thought so great a delicacy deserved, cut it into two equal parts, one of which he carefully put aside.

"Yes, Natty, eat it all," said Josepha, looking up from her letter.

And he did eat it all, and by the time he had finished, his lips and cheeks, which had looked pinched and blue with the cold, had turned red, and his eyes looked bright and beaming. When he left, he had mittens on his hands and a nice warm comforter round his neck.

"Is the letter from George?" inquired Rhoda Ellis, as soon as Natty was gone.

"Yes," replied Josepha, rather absently, as if her thoughts were busy on some perplexing subject.

"I am afraid," said Rhoda, "that he isn't coming home as soon as he expected, or he wouldn't have written."

"Yes, he is. I will read the letter to you." And she read as follows:—

MY DEAR SISTER: I am passing a few days with Aubrey Chester, who, as you have often heard me say, was my room-mate the last two years we were in college. I could not well refuse his pressing invitation, as I would willingly have done, knowing as I did that accepting it would involve the necessity of inviting him to return my visit. I took an early opportunity to request that he would accompany me when I returned home, which he assented to without hesitancy, as I very well knew that he would, from certain allusions I had heard him make relative to the charm of those social gatherings peculiar to the country, such as apple-bees, huskings, quiltings, etc.

When at home, Aubrey is accustomed to living in almost princely style, which will suggest to you the necessity of doing what you can to make things decent and comfortable, for when the best is done that can be, the contrast will be sufficiently glaring. It is impossible for me to go into the minutæ of what ought to be done, or even what cannot well be left undone. All that sort of thing I leave to the ingenuity of you and our good, kind Rhoda, possessing as I do unbounded faith in the abundance of your resources, which in time of need never appear to fail you, and which in the paucity of my own inventive powers I never should dream of. I will barely name *one* thing which cannot be omitted; the spare chamber, which, of course, must be appropriated to Aubrey's use, *must* be papered. It ought to be painted, too; but Rhoda's skill in the art of renovating is such that the painting may possibly be dispensed

with. I dare say that paper which will answer the purpose can be obtained over to the village for a dollar a roll.

You may expect to see us in just a week from the date of this letter. I am aware that I ought to have let you know sooner; but, somehow, there have been so many things to engage my attention that time slipped away imperceptibly. I would say a few words relative to the expediency of some addition to your wardrobe did I not know that a girl of eighteen never fails to have such articles of dress on hand as are proper and becoming in a case of emergency.

Thus far Rhoda Ellis had preserved a grave silence, but this allusion to Josepha's dress was so great a tax on her equanimity that she could no longer retain the appearance of composure.

"I should like to know where he thinks the articles come from," said she, with a voice and look of great indignation. "I never knew anybody to be so thoughtless as he is. This is the second time we've got enough together to buy you a silk gown, and now 'twill all have to go into the spare chamber for the sake of one who is a stranger to us, and who has ways and means enough to enjoy himself without coming to such a poor place as this is."

"Don't think about the silk gown," said Josepha; "I gave it up the moment I read the letter, and even before it came I hadn't, as you know, exactly made up my mind about having it."

"But you wanted to have it, for all that; I know all about it." And she gave her head a little toss, a way she had when anything occurred to make her angry, which, to her credit, was very seldom.

Josepha did not contradict her assertion; she did wish for the dress, and not only that, she needed it; but self-abnegation was a virtue which had already become familiar to her, and, after a short struggle with that desire which any young girl similarly situated would naturally feel to appear attractive in the eyes of others, she bravely and cheerfully dismissed the subject from her mind.

"On the whole," said she, speaking up in her bright, cheerful way, "it is fortunate that we had some motive for getting the money together. Had it not been so, we should now be without the means of complying with George's request, and the room does want renovating and brightening up. I was thinking the other day, when looking at the dull, lead-colored paper, how gloomy it made the chamber look."

"Well, Aubrey Chester won't care whether it's the color of lead, or of gold. For my part, I think you are of much more consequence than the spare chamber is."

"Oh, I can do quite well with this," and Josepha rose as she spoke, and held up the winter dress she had been making for herself, in which she had set the last stitch. "Only see," she added, "what a warm, rich brown it is!"

"Well, it is a good color, nobody can deny that; and it's a nice fine, soft piece of cloth, too." And as she examined it, the look of good humor which, above all others, was the characteristic trait of her countenance, displaced the cloud hovering on her brow.

A degree of self-complacency, too, might have been observable, and well it might be; for the cloth was of her own manufacture, and colored with moss Josepha had gathered, plenty of which could be found adhering to the large blocks of granite lying round the fields and pastures.

"As there's a good deal to do, and a short time to do it in," said Josepha, "we must set about it at once. If father isn't going to make use of the horse, you and I must go over to the village as soon as we can, after breakfast. I think it will be best to go round by Aunt Sally Farnsworth's—it won't be much farther that way—and see if she won't come home with us, and help about papering the room. Aunt Sally is one of those who can turn her hand to anything, you know."

"Yes, and if we can only get that done, I sha'n't care for the rest. If money is hard to get at, where there's a farm as well cultivated as your father always cultivates his, there's no fear but that there'll be a plenty to eat and drink."

"And that which is good, when you're about," said Josepha; "how is the maple-sugar—isn't that getting low?"

"No, we've a plenty to last till the time comes round to make it again."

Mr. Ashton's return from mill, with his wagon loaded with bags of wheat flour, and rye and Indian meal, was the signal for Josepha to put the tea to draw, while Rhoda hastened to make some toast. This, with the warm hash, some slices of cold ham, with the addition of doughnuts and custard-pie, such as had given strength to Natty, and rejoiced his heart, were ready by the time Mr. Ashton had stabled his horse, and deposited his bags in the store-room.

Mr. Ashton's personal appearance was such as would have caused the eye of a stranger to single him out in a mixed assembly. While

necessity had compelled him to labor almost unremittingly with his hands, the expression of his countenance, and those lines indicating intellectual power, showed that he had not suffered his mind to lie waste. As he took his seat at the table which had been placed in comfortable proximity to the fire, Josepha held up her brother's letter.

"From George," said she. "He says we may expect to see him next Tuesday."

"We shall all be glad to see him."

He said this very quietly, but Josepha knew, by the ruddy glow which it sent to his cheek, that the thought of his coming warmed his blood. By the time he had finished his supper, she had, in her own pleasant way, omitting only the allusion to her dress, made known to him the different items contained in the letter.

"I shall be glad—heartily glad to have his friend Aubrey come with him," said he. "Besides, the hospitality which he has accepted, should be reciprocated; but as to the chamber, dingy as it is, I believe it must remain so; I've only the means of raising money enough to pay the taxes, and never in my life, except in case of sickness, have I suffered them to remain unpaid the first time they were called for."

"Papering the chamber is our affair," said Rhoda, who in her secret heart, notwithstanding her recent, somewhat angry demonstration, would have preferred living on bread and water for weeks, rather than to have George disappointed. "As long as I can get well paid for all the knitting I can do," she went on to say, "if it is a slow way of earning money, I guess when added to what Josepha gets by making netting fringe, which everybody, now-a-days, must, to be in the fashion, have to trim the window and bed curtains with, that we can buy a few rolls of room-paper, and have something left in the locker."

"Well, daughter, you and Rhoda can do just as you think best about it," was Mr. Ashton's answer.

Josepha and Rhoda rose an hour earlier than usual the following morning, that they might have time for the dairy-work before breakfast; so the sun was not more than half an hour high when they were ready for their drive to the village. Early as it was, Sir White Stockings had been harnessed to the old square-top chaise full fifteen minutes, during which, with the morning sun shining on his glossy coat, he had stood hitched to the gate-post, indulging in a delicious nap.

Sir White Stockings, notwithstanding his

aristocratic prefix, meekly performed his daily duties as horse of all work; having never been known, in a single instance, to falsify the docility warranted—as those said who professed to be judges—by his white feet, which had suggested his name. Had it not been so, Rhoda Ellis, who had great confidence in her knowledge of managing a horse, would have insisted on driving; but now, without reluctance, she yielded the reins to Josepha, who, in common with most young persons of either sex, was ambitious to exhibit her skill, and who cherished a secret hope that they might meet numerous vehicles, so as to render it the more conspicuous.

The day had arrived, near the close of which George Ashton, accompanied by his friend, Aubrey Chester, was expected home. Josepha, in her moss-colored gown, relieved round the throat with a plain muslin ruffle, and with a complexion brightened by exercise and expectation, was going round from place to place, taking a final look to make herself sure that everything was in order. Last of all she and Rhoda went to see if all was just as it should be in the spare chamber.

"I couldn't have been made to believe," said Rhoda, "that the new paper would make the room look so much better. Those sprays of red roses, with their buds and green leaves, look almost like real ones, and the blue ground is exactly the color of the sky. And how well the fringed netting on the curtains looks; it is white as the driven snow. If Aubrey Chester wants a better or a pleasanter room than this is, according to my mind, he's hard to please." And as she spoke, she adjusted the cushion of the great easy-chair, and grouped the peacock feathers over the looking-glass, so that their rich colors would show to more advantage.

"At any rate," replied Josepha, "we have done our best, and if George is only satisfied I sha'n't care."

"I hope nothing has happened to make them put off coming, now we are all ready for them," said Rhoda.

"That will soon be decided," was Josepha's answer. "The stage has turned the corner, and will be here in less than two minutes." And she hastened down stairs, so if they *did* come, she would be ready to welcome them.

They were not long held in suspense; the stage-coach soon began to diverge from its onward course, and just at the right point to describe a graceful curve on the little smooth expanse of swarded ground which fell with an easy slope from the farm-house, and to bring up exactly opposite the front door. A few mo-

ments more and George Ashton and Aubrey Chester stood on the door-step. George was too impulsive to stand much on ceremony in the manner of introducing his friend, but there was a sincerity in the way he was welcomed which made him feel very much at home.

"He isn't half as handsome as George," said Rhoda, the first opportunity she had of speaking apart to Josepha. "Do you think he is?"

"No, indeed; I have never yet seen any one who was; but I like his looks." As she said these last words her voice dropped to a low key, as if she was speaking to herself rather than to Rhoda.

"Well, I can't say that I exactly *dislike* them, but as he was the means of your not having the silk gown, I have a kind of pique against him, and have made up my mind that I won't like either his looks or behavior; and I don't mean to change it till I have time to see more of him."

Josepha only smiled at the air of determination which Rhoda put on, as she well knew that when most resolutely bent on being angry a kind word, or look even, was sure to propitiate her.

It was not her sisterly fondness that made Josepha assent to Rhoda's remark relative to her brother. George Ashton *was* handsomer than Aubrey Chester; yet there were few persons who, on being well acquainted with the latter, would not have been too well satisfied with his looks to notice that his features were less finely moulded. His frank, open countenance, his pure white brow, on which was set the unmistakable seal of intellect, his clear, beaming eyes, and above all his mobile mouth, which, of all the indices of character, has been said to be the truest and most reliable, formed an ensemble which left nothing to be desired.

He had been at the farm-house about a week, and he and Rhoda Ellis were the best of friends, although for the first two or three days she had carefully and persistently nursed her pique against him, when Mrs. Sally Farnsworth, as she often did, rode over to pass the day. She was Mr. Ashton's only sister, and for many years had been a widow. It is not unlikely that she had some curiosity to see Aubrey Chester, and it is certain that she wished to know how the spare chamber looked with its new paper, now that everything was restored to order.

"Well, Josie," said her aunt, smoothing down the folds of her rich chintz gown, preparatory to taking her seat in the arm-chair, always appropriated to her use whenever she

made them a visit, "I find that you and your brother, and the other young college spark are all going to be invited to Susan Winn's wedding."

"I am glad to hear it," replied Josepha; "for I've no doubt but that George and his friend Aubrey will very much like to go."

"And shouldn't you like to go too?" said Mrs. Farnsworth, giving Josepha a sharp look.

"Certainly, if it would be convenient; but it won't be."

"Now, Josie, I desire to know how you can tell so long beforehand?"

"How long is it?"

"Let me see: to-day is Wednesday, and the wedding is to be Thursday. 'Twill be just two weeks from to-morrow, then; so you see that you will have plenty of time to get ready in, if you've ever so many furbelows to make."

"As to that, aunt, you know I never wear many furbelows; I don't look well in them."

The entrance of George and Aubrey prevented Mrs. Farnsworth from pursuing the subject, though she by no means felt satisfied. She, therefore, after awhile, at a moment when Josepha was busily employed with some little task imposed by her brother, left the room, making a sign for Rhoda to follow her.

"Come," said she, as soon as she had closed the door, "let us go up into the back chamber. There's something I want to speak about to you."

Rhoda, with her curiosity a good deal excited, followed in silence.

"There's nobody round who'll be likely to overhear what we say, is there?"

"Oh no," replied Rhoda, "there's no danger of that. The partition between this room and the spare chamber is rather thin, but Aubrey Chester isn't there now. He went out a minute ago, and I saw him going over to the maples."

"Now, Rhoda," said Mrs. Farnsworth, "I want you to tell me, if you can, what there is to prevent Josie from going to Susan Winn's wedding."

"There isn't anything that I know of. Why do you ask?"

"Because, when I told her this morning that she and her brother and the young college spark that's here were to have an invitation, she said right off that it wouldn't be convenient for her to go; so I kind of thought that there might have been a little misunderstanding with her and this Aubrey Chester."

"To my certain knowledge there never has been anything of the kind."

"What can be the reason, then? It can't be

for the want of something suitable to wear, for she couldn't wish for anything handsomer than that dove-colored silk you told me she was going to have."

"Oh, I know all about it, now! Strange I didn't think when you first asked me."

"Well, if it's no privacy, I should like to have you tell me."

"It's nothing but what you may know, though Josie and I, too, thought 'twas best not to say anything to her father about it; for 'twould make him feel unpleasantly to know that all the daughter he has can't dress as well as other girls of her age and station. You know, as well as I do, that it's no easy matter for your brother to keep square with the world, nor won't be, till he has the means of paying up the rest of the money he was obliged to hire for George's college expenses." And without further circumlocution, Rhoda informed her why Josepha was obliged to give up having the silk dress.

"I wish I could have known it a week sooner," said Mrs. Farnsworth, when Rhoda had finished her narration; "for, then, I had enough by me to purchase the silk and trimmings too, but a neighbor called on me the other day, and wanted to borrow ten or a dozen dollars for a month or two, so I let him have it. As for what corn and grain I have to spare, it must all go to pay the hired man. If Smith would only take that nice piece of flannel I made last summer—there are full twenty-five yards of it—in exchange for the silk, there would be an end to the trouble; but there's no use trying him, for I spoke to him about taking it in the way of trade, only about three weeks ago, and he said it wouldn't be salable. I can't think of anything else I have to spare, but I'll look round after I go home and see if I can't find something."

"Who knows but that you may?" said Rhoda.

"I hope I shall, for 'twill be too bad for Josie, who is so industrious, and so self-denying, to be obliged to stay moping at home for the want of a gown that's fit to wear, when her brother and the young man from the city are the means of depriving her of it. I haven't forgot the time when I was young."

"Nor I, either; and I can't help hoping that something will turn up yet, so that she can go."

"Amen," said a voice the other side of the partition, though not loud enough to be heard by Mrs. Farnsworth and Rhoda.

Though Rhoda Ellis was not mistaken in

thinking that she saw Aubrey Chester going towards the maples, it was less recent than she imagined; and when she and Mrs. Farnsworth sought the back chamber as a safe place for their private conversation, he had had time since he returned to nearly finish a long letter, which the evening previous he had commenced writing to his sister. A few words which he overheard, while they excited his curiosity, at the same time caused him to believe that by hearing more he might think of some plan by which to remedy the little piece of family injustice of which he had been the innocent means. For this purpose, all he had to do was to remain where he was; for although, on all ordinary occasions, Rhoda Ellis was fairly entitled to a place in the category of those who speak gentle and low, that "excellent thing in woman," she had so set her heart on Josepha's having a silk dress when she was eighteen that she could not yet calmly look her disappointment in the face. The theme, therefore, as usual proved exciting, causing her, without her being aware of it, to raise her voice to a higher key than was at all necessary; while Mrs. Farnsworth, nearly as much stirred up as her warm and single-hearted interlocutor, spoke in tones equally loud and resonant.

Aubrey's first thought was to ride over to the village, purchase the necessary quantity of silk, and hire Natty (he and Natty had several times met, and had become good friends) to take it to Mr. Ashton's. But this idea was quickly abandoned. He had already found that there were too many sharp, prying eyes, and too many nimble tongues in Mapleton for a transaction like that to remain a secret, and a girl of Josepha Ashton's spirit and delicacy must not be made the subject of invidious remark, such as commonly spices a choice piece of gossip.

"Ah, I have it," said he to himself, when he heard Mrs. Farnsworth lamenting the unsalableness of her piece of flannel. Having quickly formed a plan, of which the piece of flannel was the nucleus, he at once commenced putting it in operation. In a few moments the subjoined paragraph was added to what he had already written to his sister:—

"This letter will reach you to-morrow evening. In your answer, which must be immediate, for it may be too late for my purpose should I fail to receive it next Saturday, please commission me to purchase some flannel, such as is manufactured by farmers' wives and daughters. The number of yards must not be less than twenty-five. You will undoubtedly consider this a singular request for me to make;

but all explanations must for the present be deferred, or I shall miss getting my letter to the post-office in season for the next mail."

His sister's answer, which he received at the time requested, was as follows:—

"The homemade flannel is precisely what I am in want of; a fabric of that description being much needed for the use of several poor families compelled by sickness and other adverse circumstances to accept assistance."

It was near sunset when Aubrey Chester, with the letter in his hand, and equipped for a ride, entered the sitting-room, where, as he expected, he found Josepha and Rhoda.

"This letter is from my sister," said he, "who wishes me to purchase some home-made flannel. Do you think I can procure twenty-five or thirty yards of a good quality over to the village?"

"No," replied Rhoda, her countenance brightening, "I don't believe there's a single yard to be sold at Smith's or either of the smaller stores; but I can tell you where you can get some that's real nice; some that your Aunt Sally made, Josie, and you know that everything, let it be what it will, which comes out of her hands is first-rate; always just as good as it can be. How fortunate that she happened to mention to me the other day that she had twenty-five yards of flannel she wanted to sell!"

"Nothing could have been more so," said Aubrey Chester; "and lest she should have an opportunity to part with it, I will ride over this evening, and make sure of it."

"Everything will come round right at last, and you'll have your silk gown, after all, I really believe," said Rhoda, as soon as he was gone.

"What makes you think so?"

"Because, when your Aunt Sally was here last Wednesday I told her about the disappointment you and I had met with about the silk, and she said if she could only sell the flannel, you should have it."

By ten o'clock the next Monday morning, Mrs. Farnsworth made her appearance at the farmhouse, accompanied by Lucy Ross, the village dress-maker. Without comment, she placed a package done up in brown paper on the table. Having, with Josepha's assistance, divested herself of her hood and cloak, she took her accustomed seat in the large arm-chair, where she sat long enough to attain that degree of warmth favorable to the production of geniality and good-fellowship previous to making any allusion to the package.

"Josie," she then said, in her quick, bright way, "hand me that bundle that's lying on the table."

Josepha did as she was desired, looking, meantime, profoundly unconscious. Her aunt, with great deliberation, proceeded to undo the hard knot—an operation nearly equal to picking a lock—in which the twine was tied securing the package, refusing to avail herself of the aid of the scissors, proffered by the impatient Rhoda, who was haunted by a vague feeling which she would have been ashamed to express, that, after all, the contents of the paper, like fairy gold, might have changed to some worthless substance. The untying of the knot being at length fairly achieved, Mrs. Farnsworth folded aside the paper so as to reveal just a glimpse of what it contained.

"Come this way, Josie," said she, "and tell me what you think of this piece of silk."

"I think I never saw any silk that I liked better," was Josepha's answer. "It must have come off of the piece we saw over to the village, Rhoda."

"Yes, and we both thought that it was one of the most beautiful pieces of silk that we ever set eyes on."

"Well, I'm glad you like it, Josie, for I bought it on purpose for you. There, you needn't go to thanking me; I did it to please myself as much as you. I found but—no matter how—what the obstacle was to your going to Susan Winn's wedding, and I was determined to remove it, if I could. Now, I don't approve of laying out every cent on finery and gimcracks such as the girls now-a-days think they must have; but your attending a wedding with nothing better to wear than that moss-colored gown, pretty and decent as it is on ordinary occasions, wasn't to be thought of, and I didn't blame you for saying that you couldn't go. And now, Josie, if you'll just have a fire kindled in your room, we shall be out of the way, and Lucy and all of us can work to better advantage."

The evening appointed for the wedding had arrived. Richard Page, the bridegroom, besides possessing many estimable moral qualities, was quite good-looking, and, as the bride had for a year or two been the reigning belle, there was more truth in the standing remark, that they were the handsomest couple ever married in Mapleton, than there usually is on similar occasions. At any rate, the guests, for the time being, believed the assertion to be true, the abundance and excellence of the good

cheer provided for their entertainment having the effect to make them on good terms with themselves, which, as is common in such cases, made them quick to perceive and ready to admit whatever was praiseworthy in others.

As to the legitimacy of Susan Winn's claim to being the most beautiful girl in Mapleton, Aubrey Chester, when asked his opinion, was ready to allow that she was very pretty; but his eye wandered involuntarily towards Josepha, and the comparison which he mentally made between them was by no means in favor of the bride, rich and costly as were her outward adornings. If the truth could have been known, the beauty of Josepha was, in his estimation, much heightened by the dove-colored silk; less on account of its being really becoming than from the secret knowledge he possessed that it was obtained through his agency. Of this, however, he was ignorant, it being a species of self-love which, though by no means uncommon, is too delicate and unobtrusive to be readily recognized as such.

"Did you have a good time last evening?" said Aubrey Chester, the next morning, to Natty, who had been hired of his master by Mr. Winn, to help take care of the horses.

"Yes, I did. 'Twas enough sight better than to sit husking by moonlight all alone in the barn, as I should have had to if I had stayed at home. But I know of something that I should like better 'n to be a king and to wear a crown of gold and diamonds all the time."

"What is it, Natty?"

"What should it be but to live with Miss Josepha when she comes to be married, and take care of the horses, and the carriage, and such like?"

"Then you think that Miss Josepha will be married, some day?"

"Yes, I do, and I shouldn't wonder if you were of the same mind."

"Well, whenever she's married, if I am present and have a chance, I will speak a good word for you."

"Thank you kindly. The place is the same as mine; for I am certain that if you ain't present, she'll never be married."

It is really curious, and deeply interesting, to watch the development of a young mind. The flowers open so gently, and takes the light and the air into it so lovingly. The trustingness of a child rebukes the rocky unbelief of philosophic manhood.

GOOD ADVICE.

No organ of sense is so much the slave of habit as the eye, therefore we should habituate it to harmony of color and of form, and soon will we turn with instinctive good taste from the ill-arranged and vulgar to what is graceful and becoming. Hence we should surround children with what is chaste and beautiful in design and form. Even their toys and books should be selected with a view to elegance and order; and if for no other purpose, our girls should be supplied with a handsome doll and materials for dressing it, and according to the taste displayed we should reward the little workers. From their earliest years we should train girls to a love of order and personal neatness. It is in the impressible years of their childhood that the characteristics of the future woman are formed. Little by little, imperceptibly, do principles and habits mould themselves, unseen, unnoticed separately, yet it will be found that the whole tenor of after life is in a great measure swayed by first impressions; and if the qualities which are natural to the human kind are not checked in their earliest growth, it will be found impossible to eradicate them when arrived at maturity.

Art has of late made rapid progress amongst us. We require handsome patterns in our prints, room papers, tablecloths, etc., and the splashy patterns which eternally repeated the same ill-executed designs upon our wall, our curtains, and our carpets have given place to light and graceful tracery. We used to tread on gigantic roses, growing without leaves or branches from scarlet or blue baskets, while flowers of unknown species curled in distorted wreaths around. In all this we now follow nature and simplicity; and so it should be in our dress, for a multiplicity of colors distracts the eye, and though it may dazzle for a while, it fails to convey the idea of gentility or refinement.

All nature is intensely beautiful; it appeals to us in every form and in every color; yet, whether we behold her in the gorgeous drapery of summer, or in the still richer glories of the early autumn time, with its golden grain and mellow fruit, there is nothing vulgar in the rich robe she wears, for she stands before us, glorious and beautiful, in simple majesty, and Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of the starry gems that glitter on her verdant

mantle. Chesterfield judiciously observes that we should study good taste in our dress as well as in our manners, seeing we are invariably judged by our appearance by those who have no means of judging of us otherwise. It is often, indeed, the only thing observed during a casual interview or first meeting. "Appearance is something to every one, and everything to some people," and they who present a genteel exterior are mostly treated with deference and respect; always so, indeed, if to good dress they unite good manners and a courteous demeanor.

Young ladies when they get married should not relax their habits of personal neatness and graceful deportment, always so charming and becoming in their girlish days, and which were thought *indispensable* then in aiding them to create an agreeable impression, and setting off in the most engaging light their natural advantages. No fear of a young lady presenting herself before her lover in the days of courtship, when each is solicitous to please, in a slovenly or tawdry condition. Yet too often does she drop into careless, slipshod ways in the home to which that same young man has taken her to share with him, and he is indeed an object of the greatest commiseration whose domestic feelings cannot be gratified by the neat and ladylike appearance of her whom he has selected from the rest of her sex to make his home a bright and pleasant one.

Some will tell you their husbands raise such a "fuss" about the expense of dress. "They had rather want than ask." But few men now-a-days refuse their wives the means of dressing genteelly, if not expensively, and if they can afford to do no more, surely it is the interest and the duty of the wife to consider so, and to turn to best advantage what she has.

To be agreeably and prettily dressed it is not necessary to be expensively so; it is all a matter of taste and judgment. An over-dressed woman is never a well-dressed woman. How many richly-dressed people do we see, who, from the ill-adjustment of colors and material, we pronounce positively vulgar, gaudy paroquets in their high-colored plumage, literally female Josephs, in their coats of many colors. A becomingly-dressed woman, no matter how cheaply so, beside such, presents by far the most ladylike appearance of the two. Excel-

lence of dress does not mean richness of clothing nor conspicuous attire. Perfect harmony, refined simplicity, these are the charms which always fascinate.

It is too often the case that when ladies get married they cease to practise the niceties of dress, and that care and neatness in their persons which always bespeak a refined and well cultivated mind; they "give it up," as they do their drawing and their music, and for the same reason, too, implied, if not expressed, that now they have succeeded in obtaining a husband, they are *settled in life*, and need no longer worry themselves about such things; besides, *they have no time now*. *Nil questio*, the little elegancies, and accomplishments, and romance of youth have to be laid aside, and duties of plain and sober cast claim almost incessant attention, and yet never more truly than in this instance might the old adage be quoted, "Where there's a will there's a way." Ah, if genuine taste were there, and nothing but genuine taste will wear, marriage would not spoil the harmony of music nor the simple elegance of dress.

Then, again, a great many women excuse their own carelessness by saying, "Oh, it doesn't matter whether we make ourselves fine or not, our husbands never perceive the difference; they don't care a fig." But the woman who acts on this shallow principle treats neither herself nor her husband with respect; she underrates her own importance. It turns out that hitherto she has been living but for appearance, and dressing but as an art to please, and now that her point is gained, she throws it aside as a graceful appendage no longer necessary; and however oblivious her husband may appear to be on the score of her personal negligence, he is not so much so as she imagines; though he may say little about it, yet he likely *thinks* a great deal; he naturally draws comparisons between her and those more orderly, and in consequence more economical, than she. His observations are not likely to result in her favor, and she must not be surprised if his disappointment eventually recoil upon herself in indifference. Men are naturally anxious that their wives present a becoming elegance of dress and deportment. They are justly proud of them when they do so, but the slovenly woman is not calculated to excite either affection or respect.

But whilst ladylike manners, neatness, elegance, and order cannot be too highly inculcated, nothing should be more guarded against than a vain and frivolous taste for finery and personal decorations. It is a dissipation of money and of mind; it leads away from home

and home duties into scenes of gayety and expense, in the dissipating tendency of which, in the fashionable uproar and constant whirl, dress and fashion become a passion, and she who gives herself up wholly to the cares of the toilet and its accompanying amusements becomes little else than a well-dressed bundle of accomplishments.

"THE HEART OF THE ANDES."

(TO FREDERIC C. CHURCH.)

BY JENNIE D. LANGDON.

For hours I've sat, like one entranced, before
The glowing canvas where thy master-hand
Hath limned the glories of a tropic land,
Till fancy bears me to that distant shore.
Not upon pictured canvas gaze I now,
But at some casement high I seem to stand
Gazing enwrought upon yon mountain's brow,
Clad in its purple mantle, while the wandering breeze
Lifts the bright foliage of the forest trees.

Now to mine ear seems borne the rushing roar
Of "many waters," as that river bright
Pours o'er the rocks beneath the golden light
That flashes on its foam. On either shore
The gay-winged birds sit in the forest bowers;
Like flying gems they gleam upon the sight,
While clustering 'round the gorgeous tropic flowers
Fling forth their fragrance on the sunny air,
Making with varied tints the scene more fair.

Circling the lofty mountains—that uplift
Their dazzling coronets of snow on high,
Piercing the pearly clouds and azure sky—
The opal-tinted vapors gleam and shift
Like rainbows round old winter's palace home.
Heart of the Andes! as the long years drift
Adown the stream of time, thy scene will come
Often to me in dream-land—but I cannot tell
How much thy beauty charms me. Fare thee well!

AUTUMN SONG.

BY KELWAT.

The autumn is hale, though his brow is pale,
For his cheeks are ruddy and brown,
And he sits with a smile, where all the while
The nuts are falling down—
And the wind is sighing all day long
A sweet and melancholy song.

'Twas a year ago when we met, you know,
In the season cool and brown,
And the autumn hours were wreathed with flowers—
When the nuts were falling down—
And the wind was sighing all day long
A sweet and melancholy song.

O autumn! alack, that you brought not back
Those tresses and eyes so brown—
And the lips so true, of your own ripe hue,
When the nuts are falling down—
And the wind is sighing all day long
A sweet and melancholy song.

DAGUERREOTYPES. IN THREE CHAPTERS.

BY C. A. H.

CHAPTER III.

BEING at the seaside last summer, I asked the shoemaker, who had taken me to board, "to accommodate me," where he got that high chest of drawers, in my chamber? I asked because there was nothing but the ancient sea itself, in or about the house, that matched with it. He answered me that he bought it at auction in Salem.

Therenpon I looked away from his sallow face and came back to my room. My room had the usual seaside "accommodations" of a yellow painted floor, a husk bed, a closet with no nails and half a foot of space, a small table, and a "Boston rocking-chair." For the first two or three days I had positively enjoyed the emptiness and unattractiveness of all within, and my eyes had roamed without ceasing over the wide long reach of water and the clouds. I had drunk in with passionate eagerness the lonely sound of the swash on the shore, and felt its pulses answering as if alive to my own. In the endless variety and magnificent sameness, in the great simplicity of the outline, and the exquisite finish and color of the details, I had luxuriated as only a city dweller can. The old sea music came to my accustomed ears, with the charm of novelty, and the affectionateness of a refrain sung in the heart's youth. O those songs, sung by the waves in the dying sunlight! O those still drives on the sands, where the wheels made no noise, where only the soul was alive, and bathed in the vast surging element, enveloped in its purple beauty and eternity of sound!

For the first three days. But then, being only human after all, and accustomed to the nice and choice table of my city-bred daughter, I began, not to weary of the sea, but to grow dyspeptic and a little querulous, for the unsuitable and coarse fare provided for me.

They say that starving men always dream of delicious dinners.

I am a little ashamed to say, how much I longed for one nice and appetizing meal; how, with unnecessary pertinacity, my memory continually recalled early fresh fruits, berries, eggs and crisp "cunners;" how even a dainty mutton chop and a dish of blanc-mange, with various accompaniments of nice butter and rolls,

floated between me and the clouds; while the crested waves themselves kept forming into beakers of mead and sparkling soda, and breaking down into early roasted chickens with green parsley scattered over and around them. If it had been mine to choose between the Church of "the Madeleine," and the Quincy Market, just then—I am sure which way I should have decided. Not that there were not capabilities in my present residence: for it is a knowledge not confined to naturalists that neither hens nor cows are a city production. Yet one would have thought so at sight of the board spread three times a day for my delectation.

"Give me the sea—the splash—the east wind!" I had said breathlessly, as I toiled across the common in a blazing July sun. "No matter for accommodations! anywhere—anywhere out of the world. Everybody has bread and butter, everybody has eggs and chickens in the country, and berries are plenty! I can manage for three weeks anywhere!"

The first week I kept an account of the provisions that were placed at my sole command. Inprimis, ten pounds of roast beef, and ditto of mutton. Item, four gallons of chowder, made by my host himself, and "made rich with pork," a very few old potatoes, and crackers not a few. The baker came by once a week. I am sure, I need not add to my description that my shoemaker's private and peculiar family was large, and that they all regaled themselves on beef and mutton, if I did not, which may account in some sort for the style and kind of the commodities. If I did not like the things on the table, what matter? There were enough that did.

A week of this diet, which gradually resolved itself into the Gloucester crackers and water (I could not manage the stewed sticks which my landlady called tea; and after learning that the mysterious compound served as coffee was "rye porridge, sweetened with molasses," gave that up also, so that I really had returned to first principles), brought me, as may be supposed, into a state, not merely of bodily inanition, but of unnatural nervous susceptibility. I had exhausted my novel invigoration through the airy influences, by plunging, strolling, solitudinizing in the fine bracing elements, and had received no new support in exchange; so that

I was in fact losing my balance of character—my appetites and my “passional nature” going entirely off, and my spiritual instincts, so to speak, wildly careering and triumphing over the whole man.

All this I felt afterwards rather than at the time. In fact, that very evening, being conscious only of an indefinite weariness of myself and everything else, I had strolled into the kitchen and asked the question with which the chapter opens. I had avoided, in selecting my boarding-place, any of those fictitious asylums, represented in the advertisements, as containing and offering “the comforts of a home;” and only asked to be let alone by all humanity. I had two reasons for a change in my conduct. One was that I heard the landlord say “he had never had anybody in his house that wasn’t more convivial,” and the other was the natural revulsion of a healthy nature from solitude.

Therefore I chatted a few moments with the family, and should have chatted more, if they had had a thing to say. The man smoked, and his wife also; so did his many sons and daughters, and his neighbor and his neighbor’s wife. The ox and the ass would have done so too, perhaps, if they could have got in. But they couldn’t; and neither could the wind, nor the fresh and sweet breeze from the sea and the sound of the heavy pulses of creation beating all about them, in the evening air.

Having made the foolish inquiry, if they had bathed that day, I was answered according to my folly “that they never bathed. That Sally went in once, to please a lady, that was boarding there, and caught cold, and that was pretty much the end of their bathing. It didn’t agree with their healths.”

I looked again at the chest of drawers. My landlord had told me to make use of them if I liked; but heretofore I had scarcely opened them. They reminded me, just now, of my grandmother’s parlor, and, with a new feeling of interest, I got up to look at them. One by one I took out the drawers to see if they were entirely empty. I was sure that I should find either some despairing biography or some valuable of some sort in those drawers. A story of some sort was hid in it somewhere; so said the brass handles, every one of which seemed intelligent eyes fixed on me and urging me by their bright, earnest expressions to explore. The North Pole couldn’t beckon more winningly to adventurous travellers than did the twenty-four bright eyes in the old chest of drawers.

Ah, I had forgotten to do justice to my land-

lady’s investigating spirit, and to punish me found absolutely nothing.

“Poh!” said I, angrily, as I shoved the last one home with a jerk, “my last hope is gone.” As I spoke, I clasped my arm round to the back of the disagreeable thing to push it farther from the window, when, with a bound which half knocked me over with the surprise of it, a drawer sprang out from the back. Yes, a real drawer! and a spring, which I had unwittingly pressed on, just like an old novel, to be sure!

Nobody who hasn’t known the pain of ennui can guess my delight. It was the work of half a minute to pull the whole structure round so that the drawer came in full sight. Then I beheld where the artful artificer had fitted it in next to the two narrow drawers, so that the room it took up was not noticeable in front.

There were only two things in the drawer. First, an old daguerreotype, one of Plumbé’s, and done in the infancy of the art. Not one of the artistic shadows one sees now-a-days, cast by Southworth, that brings out all the poetry and grace that is or should be in every face; not one of those resemblances which are almost creations, and which make you start back on seeing them, as if for the first time the angel in your nature was face to face with you. This face needed no art to represent its best; it told itself with relentless truthfulness.

I have a passion for daguerreotypes, and, though at first disappointed in the antiquity of my relics, for I had expected a Malbone at the very least, I soon found myself happy in studying by the fast waning light the features before me. They reminded me of the “prophetic pictures” in Hawthorne’s twice-told tales. The man sat in his chair like a gentleman, with a glove on one hand and holding another. The man sat in his chair expressing, as he fondly imagined, the external of unexceptionable form and feature. I suppose he would have sat in a red-hot chair sooner than have shown what he did—his real, internal self. Yet there, the emotional nature for the time suppressed and tranquil, shone the character of the man, triumphant in ineffaceable lines. He looked young, too; the muscles about the mouth rounded, the forehead fair as infancy; yet it looked world-worn and experienced. Dark, roguish eyes, with long, drooping lashes, that looked innocent of nothing! the line of the mouth straight and cruel! There was not anything that face had not gone through, and he had come out of the fire branded, not purified. After looking at the face a few minutes, the

reality of the character so impressed my imagination that with a shudder I looked away, and closed the case.

Besides the portrait, there was a bunch of dry flowers and a Mahon scarf. The dry flowers I examined carefully, and they proved to be pond-lilies. They were as brown and dead as if they had never breathed perfume and carried love-messages. The scarf was a beautiful fabric of delicate black lace, woven with white floss by the nimble fingers of the Mahon peasant girls, and fell like starlight over the folds of my black gown. Some sailor lover or brother had brought it to America, and some fair being had looked fairer under its zephyr-like environment. When and where? Who had blushed under the scarf? who had given and who received the lilies? Those lilies! marked from all the flowers that ever bloomed and blushed under the sun or floated on the lakelet, while two sat in a boat under the evening sky, too happy to speak!

Away went my ennui; my miserable room became a canvas on which were painted successive scenes, like those on the tapestry in old castles. True love and trials, separations and sorrows, farewells and severe grandmothers. But then, on the whole, could it have been an affair of that generation? The chest said yes, but the portrait no; this was a thing of today. Some of the romance that colors every heart, born into ever so artificial a world, had led to this concealment. None but a fair hand had hidden these spoils of affection, these flowers that had lain years, like Ginevra, in the old oak chest, without being discovered.

To dream of the contents of the secret drawer, to weave countless stories for the wreath of lilies, the veiled lady, and the love that gave life and fragrance to all; to listen for her tones in the sound of the farthest wave as it murmured on the distant sand; these pleasant occupations were enough for the morning walk and the dutiful bath afterwards when the tide was nearly full. And when, at dinner, that suffering Sally, to whom the ocean had been so "less than kind," brought me, with her usual calm determination, a large tureen of chowder, flanked by ten pounds of early mutton, and the guard of potatoes that kept bullets inevitably in my mind, I did not shudder as I had done for the last two days, but moralized as to how Sally would look in a boat, with a wreath of lilies on her brow! After all, she was of the same species with the lady of my dream.

Just as Sally closed the door of departure, she opened it again.

"Par 's goin' to bring a family, to-night."

"Indeed!" said I, more pleased than I cared to confess, even to myself.

"Yas. I sor him puttin' the black team to, 'fore I come in."

I would not go out again, but watched keenly from my window for the reappearance of the ancient black horse and the covered market wagon from which the strangers were to spring. Of course I imagined a charming family. There is no harm in hoping nor imagining, and as to being disappointed, that comes, to be sure, but never with any more bitterness than if a dream shouldn't come to pass. There is always the probability of disappointment in everything; but hope and fancy were given us to make up for it in some sort. Therefore I expected much from the old market wagon, and rejoiced when I saw it whirling and screaming round the rocky corner to the door beneath my window.

First sprang with one bound from the thill of the wagon a woman, followed by a girl of some twelve or thirteen years, no more. Mr. Russell was not to come till the next day. I waited impatiently till the many boxes and trunks had been dragged up stairs, and a sufficient time had passed for a reasonable toilet; then I went out on the rocks behind the house, and walked to the front piazza, where the strangers were.

Twining, but by no means gracefully, her foot about one of the corner posts, stood the young girl. Her hair of carroty hue matched well with her light blue eyes and weather-beaten, freckled complexion; her awkwardness was equal to her ugliness, and that is saying much.

I glanced at the other figure. This was a woman apparently of fifty, stout and strongly built, and with a costume that would have been only droll but for its shock to all my previsions. I could not help being sorry to find disappointment so very close on the heels of hope.

However, I took an inventory of face and dress as I approached her, and it was not quite so bad; I mean there was character in what I saw. She had strong features, a skin brown and pale, with gray hair hanging in natural curls from her temples, and gray eyes to match, which might once have looked dark blue. The expression struck me as peculiar; it was outward altogether; at this moment she was looking intently at some distant vessels. All the dress, which was her travelling-dress as well, for she had not made any but the most trifling toilet, was of coarse and common material, and

with the grotesque look of a fashion recently passed by. The whole apparel, from the cheap spotted cap trimmed with narrow ribbons to the thick boots, would have shocked an Irish cook who had been three months in America. She leaned back in her chair in an attitude which may be called manly, and, with one glance of the keenest observation, withdrawn from the horizon, took in my approaching outside, and bowed; then, rising to her firm feet, she turned to the tendril of the post, and said—

"Theresa, shall we walk on the sands?"

"Yes, mamma; I will bring down the hats."

Then Theresa ran up and down, produced two frightful-looking hats, such as we dress scarecrows in, and in five minutes their strong, striding steps had brought them to a point in my vision on the beach.

After an hour's walk, the two ladies returned. I say ladies, because the two sentences I had heard and the modulated voices and accent reversed at once any impression of coarseness which my inexperienced and provincial mind had at first received. There was no mistaking them after they spoke, any more than the frolicsome ladies of Charles' court could be mistaken for orange-girls after their jewelled white fingers were seen. They had not taken a basket with them, and had made extempore conveniences of their gowns to hold the numerous and various collections of curiosities gathered during their short walk. As suddenly and completely as the soiled tatters of Cinderella were changed to the silver glories of the princess were the ordinary, vulgar, and unpromising exteriors of these two ladies thrown aside as they brought their ocean treasures and sat down in the afternoon light to examine and discuss them.

Our acquaintance was as easy as inevitable. As they unladed their stores, I was able, out of my general ignorance, to evolve one hitherto unvalued fact, in which I was fortunately found useful; and from that we went on swimmingly.

Out of the black, muddy, scrawling mass they contrived to bring out much that was really interesting and instructive; they mingled their observations with comparisons of the different species on different coasts, and with pleasant anecdotes of other seas and far distant shores. They talked of so many places and people of whom I was glad to hear, of notables in England, France, and Asia, that I could not enough felicitate myself on my new acquisition. My social hunger had indeed been keen, but I had had no hope of being fed on such rich and abundant fare. From the dis-

section of little round balls of mud, that showed the most wonderful mechanism for motion and destruction, to the descriptions of Joanna Bailie and Cuvier, of tea-drinking with Mrs. Somerville, and whist-playing with the present Emperor of France, the new guests were never wanting; they seemed to have seen everything and everybody, yet insatiably wandering for more. With their habits of exercise and observation, and the allurement of their conversation, they managed to keep me climbing and walking at the rate of fifteen miles a day. After forty-eight hours of talking, however, I became sated. I had, to be sure, by no means come to the end of their stores of knowledge and observation, but my appetite for facts had palled. After all, an encyclopedia was as well, and with the advantage that you could shut the book at pleasure. The truth was, these people were my reverse exactly, not my complement; I was continually expecting, and being disappointed. What did I care if Mrs. Somerville had such and such a nose and eyes? and beyond noses these ladies never went; in all life the fact, and not the living soul that transcends it, was what interested them. It would seem that there could be no room in a finite mind for so much and so closely packed information to turn itself. Whatever was wanted was apparently taken from its appropriate pigeon-hole, used, and replaced at once. No danger of any ideas of theirs being torn to tatters or run into the ground; all was fresh, actual, eternal, and immutable; all was of the external life; the inward soul reflected the outward exactly, as if it were a petrified world; not a shift nor change; they accumulated constantly, unceasingly. But what use of so many eggs where there is no incubation? I preferred to cackle over my one chicken of thought and feeling.

Indeed, though I continued to be astonished at the attainments of my new friends, they did not after the first two days interest me. They made me think of Muck in the Pilgrim's Progress; always raking up the created wonders, but never glancing at the Beautiful Gate and the shining ones beyond. What mattered it if billions of creatures could dance on the point of a needle and eat one another, with room still in their banquet-hall, if no inference was ever made from the fact? The facts stood up because upheld by more and more facts, and still more. And then, they did not fall down, to be sure: but theirs was only a mechanical and not a vital uprightness; and of what value would they be to me in that shape? Not a pin's worth.

On the contrary, I began to shrink from the accumulation, as if the cairn would bury me under itself. The third day I returned to my room, and gazed at the far off sea and sky, and then shut my eyes and filled my whole being with its vagueness and vastness, and without trying to understand, adored. I was once more at home in my own soul.

The next morning there was a quick decided tap at my door. Mrs. Russell stood in the entry, as I opened it.

"Mr. Russell and Theresa have gone to Gloucester, and as I hurt my foot, walking, I have come to make a pleasure out of my misfortune by passing the morning with you, if you please. We shall leave this place this afternoon."

I cordially invited her to come in, which she had never happened before to do, and she entertained me an hour with wonderful reminiscences. She related stories of what had happened to themselves in their Indian life at the British Residency; and described vividly her solitary Canada home where she had lived for the last five years. Her lively and observant nature had had wide scope in the absence of rational and the fulness of inanimate life, and both parents and child had made their loneliness vocal with birds tamed from the spray, or lured the timid inhabitants of the woods from hole and warren from the fulness of their own sympathetic natures. It was well enough for the child, but the woman struck me as singular in her mental unripeness. It was as if she had no heart. I had looked curiously at the tall, gentlemanly Mr. Russell; but there was the same impression of outside life in him. They all chatted together so cordially and fluently, there really seemed nothing wanting to them, and if, for a moment, their energy or interest ceased, there was always a new fact coming up from somewhere to stimulate surprise and curiosity, and add to their already immense portfolios and luggage. To-day—was it the atmosphere of my room? where, indeed, scarcely a fact of any sort dwelt. Mrs. Russell stopped suddenly, and, sweeping her keen glance round the bare apartment, fixed, as I had done, on the old chest of drawers.

"How like that is to an old chest that used to be in my room at Deerfield! but, I suppose all those things were made alike in those early days of mahogany. None of the graceful variety one sees now in cabinet-work."

"Why, pray, did you ever live in Deerfield?" I answered, with astonishment. If she had spoken of an old chest in Timbuctoo, or Monte Gennaro, in Delhi, or the Orkney Islands, I

should not have wondered at all; but Deerfield! where I had so often been myself!

"I passed a pleasant year there once, twenty years ago, nearly."

Her face took a musing expression. It was the first time I had ever seen her look as if she thought or remembered.

"Were you very young at the time?" I asked, curiously. "I have been a good deal in Deerfield, and do not remember having seen you there!"

"Nor I you, I am confident; I always remember faces. No, I was not very young—sixteen or seventeen. But life has driven me like a fierce charioteer, and the dust from the road is on my face and hair."

Again! and from this woman who never had seemed to feel or remember. There was certainly something in the air of the room that changed her.

"You would hardly guess me to be under thirty-five years old," said she, rolling her gray curls over her fingers. Seeing my look of astonishment, she added, smilingly; "Or that I ever was tolerably good-looking, either, I suppose? When I was in Africa I had a fever peculiar to the country, and it turned my hair and complexion entirely. It never recovered from that tawny look."

I looked wonderingly at her. Was it possible that such a face had ever been handsome? Even supposing the color and tresses of a wood-nymph, were the elements of beauty in her features? She turned, as if she read my thoughts, and I saw her profile. It was very beautiful. But positively nothing more, either of face or figure, was saved from the wreck.

She rose and strode towards the chest of drawers. As she stood looking at it, she smiled mournfully, and her soft gray eyes had the same inward look I had seen in them before. She murmured half to herself—

"What a world of old feelings and memories come up with the sight of such a piece of furniture! Memories dead and buried long ago. Nay, the earth that was heaped over them having borne crop after crop—it may be of bare grain!" She stopped, her eyes filled and ran over.

Without seeming to look, I watched keenly every emotion in her face. Suddenly, she caught hold of the chest, and with one movement of her vigorous arm she whirled it entirely round. She pressed the spring of the secret drawer, and it bolted out, as it had done under my own touch; but she was not surprised. She seemed to have half expected it.

"You have found it!" said I, eagerly.

"They who hide can find," she answered.
"Did you find it?"

"Yes. By mere accident, of course. And that scarf, and the lilies in your hand have been food for many fancies, I assure you."

"Have they?" she answered, dreamily. She took the daguerreotype and looked steadily at it. "Dead and buried," said she, softly.

"Is he dead?"

"Yes, he died in one of the West India islands; of a violent death, too. He had been ill of a fever, and was still very weak, but insisted on riding out. In vain those about him tried to prevent him, or at all events to induce him to take a gentle horse. He never paid much attention to other people's wishes. Possibly something remained of the delirious fever. But he would ride—and alone. And from that ride neither horse nor man ever returned. They were both found at the foot of a precipice." She closed the case and laid it on the table. "I have been thinking who you are," said she, after looking at me for some moments. "Your name seemed a little familiar, though I don't believe I ever happened to see you. I remember, now, as if it were yesterday, how I was occupied and prevented. You were with Mrs. Morey. I loved her like a mother, then. Pray, is she still living?"

"Yes, she is living and well. But Mrs. Allen is dead."

"Then her furniture is sold, of course," said she, promptly; "for this is of course the identical chest of drawers that adorned my room at Deerfield."

"But what is—what was your name?" said I.

"Edith May. Edith Russell. Not the same persons exactly."

We sat some time silently. I had a great deal to guess and wonder at. She had never seen or noticed me; but I remembered, now, the time she passed the window at sunset, with blooming face and love-lighted eyes; and the other time when she stood pale and proud, with angry disdain in every feature. What had become of her after that night? How I wished she would speak! At last, I would wait no longer. Fearing she might speak of something else, and so all chance be lost, I said, hurriedly—

"I remember seeing you pass the window once; you were walking with an officer—a Lieutenant Gardiner. I remember it perfectly now," said I, hoping she would answer.

She smiled, and said, with pleasure and even eagerness—

"Was I? when you saw me! Do you remember how I looked? I am glad you saw me then!"

"Yes, you looked very handsome—both of you—and very happy."

"Um—did you look at him much?"

"Hardly. I looked more at you in your straw hat and green ribbons."

"And you wouldn't guess it to be the same person now. As well tell the truth. Yes, that was my dream. Let the dead past bury its dead. I feel as if I could not be the same Edith May who secreted so carefully those tokens of—a worthless love, or what I thought love. How I have wept over it all!" She took up the lilies and pulled them to pieces. She threw them to the floor and trod them under her feet.

"You did not find all!" said she, going to the opposite side of the chest and touching another spring of corresponding distance. The drawer sprang out. It was filled with letters, scraps of poems written and printed, pencil and India ink drawings, all nicely filed and tied with a blue ribbon. It was pretty to see these relics of her other mind and heart disinterred from their fragrant grave, for they smelled still of roses.

She tore the papers in pieces, lighted a match, and burned them in the chimney. Then she gave me the scarf. "Take it, please!" said she; "it will be useful in acting charades, or for *tableaux vivants*. I shall burn it, otherwise. It was all acting!" she continued, bitterly.

"And this daguerreotype?" I inquired.

"I said, let the dead past bury its own," she answered, with a little sternness, as she pushed it away from her. It fell on the floor and lay there.

"No memories! no follies! let us be up and doing!" seemed written all over the face of her who had once been Edith May, garlanded, loving and trusting, once! There was neither sadness nor tearfulness now. No thought of the past was permitted to mingle its enervating influence with her present duties. To her lord she had conformed herself. As Mrs. Morey had predicted, she, like the sunflower, turned her best and sweetest looks at the setting, as well as the rising of his beams. She sympathized with him and sustained him. With the English army in India she had gone with him, nursed him, and comforted him; not only in his sorrows, but his joys. Her very nature had taken the hue of his; her intellect reflected his. But as I bade her farewell, though I admired and respected her conduct as a faithful

and trustworthy wife and mother, I mourned over her and the sweet shadow of a life that might have been, though she had trodden it, like that other sad life passage, under her foot.

ARTS FOR OUR HOMES.

BY MRS. E. S. CUSTARD.

THE winter evenings are most especially the best times for the preparation of many departments of ornamental work. Cold, stormy hours may be beguiled and rendered pleasant by the pursuit of many little arts which tend to utility as well as ornament.

Among these LEATHER WORK has received some share of attention, but is frequently so made as to leave entirely out of view the design of its origin. It was intended to represent *carved work in wood*, either mahogany, or rosewood, or oak. Who would recognize such a design in the elaborate, huge, and clumsy assortments frequently seen around picture-frames, ottomans, etc.? Leather work is really a beautiful and economical art when well done and tastefully arranged. Many a family is possessed of some good but old-fashioned furniture, which has been in use for years, and become valuable by its associations. The younger branches of the family look askance contemptuously at "the old-fashioned thing," and "wish mother would sell it or put it in the attic." Let the young folks be allowed to purchase some fine, soft leather, undressed; some vermilion or yellow and brown ochre; vinegar; varnish; one or two brushes; a bottle of Spalding's Glue; a few of the smallest sized tacks, and the list of expense is about estimated. The old-fashioned bureau, stand, or table can be so ornamented with the leather laid on in imitation of carved work glued on flatly that the young people will immediately vote it a place in the "guest chamber" or in their "own room." The great fault is in having the leather *stand out* too prominently, being put on *altogether* with tacks, instead of the glue. Occasionally tacks should be used, but the glue makes the neatest work, and is not so apt to "spring" as it frequently does.

CONE WORK is of the same character, and is fast coming into use for nearly the same purpose as leather work; it costs even less. The materials are cones, putty, Spalding's Prepared Glue, and varnish. Those who live in the country or in the interior districts, where frames, furniture, etc. are difficult to be obtained, can be amply compensated by creating

such kinds of beauty as cannot be bought, and having the satisfaction of enjoying the works of their own taste.

SHELL WORK is another pleasing art not in the least expensive unless intended so to be. The shells, the material on which they are laid, a bottle of glue, and a very little putty are all which is required.

PEBBLE WORK is an art not very generally known, simple, cheap, and pretty, applied to boxes, baskets, frames, etc.; nothing wanted but pebbles and glue. The pebbles are to be of uniform size, small, and of as many hues as will please the owner's taste.

Some may complain, "But such things disorder the house, and the smell of varnish and paint is very disagreeable." Let the young folks have a room used for no other purpose, even if an attic, so it is light and close, and can be ventilated when they are not employed, well warmed, and with a coarse rag carpet on the floor, and they will be happier there than in the gayest circles of fashion. Let the room have a cupboard or two, some boards for drying purposes, tin cups, boxes for their paints, bottles of glue with brushes, paint-brushes, an old table or two, a few chairs, and a bag of rags, with soap, washbowl, large bucket of soft water, and towels; and the neatness of the sitting-room will never be disturbed, while the ornamental and useful additions to household articles, and the love of home inspired by such occupations, will amply repay the additional fuel and lights required. Such a room may also be used for a *studio*, and the various kinds of painting can be done there at a much better advantage than in rooms used by the family, drying processes going on at night without disturbing any one's olfactories.

SONNET.—NILUS.

BY WM. ALEXANDER.

MYST'RIous river! on thy brink, erewhile,
 The fascinating lotus blooming grew—
 Obscurity still veils thy fountain true,
 Whence wells thy lymph delicious. Father Nile!
 Threaded thou on thy yet unwearied way,
 As when the prophet over thee held up
 His wand, and blood stained every drinking cup.
 But in thy crystal overflowing flood, now, play
 The alligators—dread Leviathans of yore;
 As sentinels between time and eternity,
 Hard by thy stream the pyramids which vie
 For lasting sovereignty. Forevermore
 Accursed hath been old Egypt's yellow sod,
 And where thou flowest were the ten great plagues of
 God.

STOLEN FINERY.

BY METTA VICTORIA VICTOR.

"You will attend the reception upon Thursday evening, to please me, will you not, Mildred?"

"I would like to do anything within reasonable limits to please you, Richard; and I tell you, frankly, that my only reason for declining the pleasure is that very famous one given by Miss Flora McFlimsey upon a similar occasion, to her lover—'I have, really and truly, nothing to wear!'"

"Now, Mildred, I thought you a girl of more sense."

"Did you? I know better than you do yourself, sir, that you like to see me at least respectably dressed, and that you would not object to see me adorned as others of my sex, age, and position in society are adorned. In fact, your pride would be hurt by—"

"Of course I should love to see your beauty enhanced, dearest Mildred, to the utmost; I should love to see it so set off that the most supercilious judges would confess its superiority; at the same time, I am proud to believe that it is of a character which needs not the foreign aid of ornament, and that your own sweet manners will compensate for almost any deficiencies of the toilet."

"Even for that rusty blue silk, which you have seen me wear a thousand times, and which has been remodelled and retrimmed until it is reduced to the last extremity?" laughed the arch voice. "Seriously, that is what I will be compelled to wear, if I go. My white crape, which was my *dernier ressort*, last winter, is both soiled and torn. I have examined it; but I cannot make it do. Neatness, at least—no dusty and crumpled finery for me! Ah, Richard, but few people look upon me with your eyes. I am to them but a poor stalk of a magnificent branch, which has no business to thrust itself forward into polite society at all. Still, as my good uncle refuses to cut me off, they cannot utterly ignore me; and I occasionally receive these attentions. If I should go to my uncle and tell him that I needed a new dress, or fifty dollars of pocket money, he would not refuse it. But, as my aunt and Julia both drew so heavily upon his income, and, as neither of them seems to be aware that I have any vanities to gratify, I would not hint to him my necessities upon any account."

"You are a thousand times more beautiful, you have more mind, more soul, and more accomplishments than that pretty cousin of yours, Mildred. It angers me to see the manner in which she treats you," said the gentleman, lowering his voice.

The two speakers were in the back parlor of the lady's home, and supposed themselves alone; but there was some one in the adjoining boudoir intently listening to their every word.

"Oh, no, do not say that! I am treated kindly by every one, even Julia. It is not to be expected that she would think a homeless orphan whom her father had adopted, entitled to all the privileges of the only daughter. She does all for me that she thinks right—all that I wish her to do."

"Perhaps she does. Do you know, Mildred, that before you came, I admired Julia very much? She was so pretty, so piquant, with such a light, sparkling flow of spirits, that I gave her credit for more soul than she actually possessed. But when I came to know you, your spiritual nature, your higher order of mind and beauty, so much more what I really craved, so much more congenial, that Julia lost the little power she had wielded."

"Despite her belleship and her fortune! Well, Richard, I have no reason to doubt the depth of a love which has chosen me, with all my poverty, from the very side of so much more brilliant attractions. It is this thought which makes me so very happy. Do you know I am glad that I am not rich? for I have the glorious satisfaction of feeling that you love me for that which you find lovable in me."

The bright, confiding face was lifted to his with such a soft, glowing expression of contentment, that the young man could not refrain from kissing it.

"There, now! forgive me, darling Mildred! I know I am barred and banned from my true right and title to such blessings, just as I am from the privilege of adding to your wardrobe. But the day is not far off when all such restraints, which your dainty pride has put upon me, will be done away with, and we will see who will be the 'best dressed woman' and the most caressed wife in this metropolis. But I must say good-morning now. By the way, you had better furnish up that same blue silk, and at-

tend the reception. It is a particular occasion. Besides, I shall not enjoy myself at all, if my star, my rose, my Mildred be away!" And pressing the fingers which he held to his lips, he went away with the rapid, buoyant step of youth and energy, leaving the maiden of his choice with blushing cheeks and brilliant eyes to ponder over her happiness, which not even the pitiable fact that she had "nothing to wear" was sufficient to dampen in the least. With those sweet epithets, which lovers lavish with such extravagance upon the objects of their affection, still lingering in her ears, she could but be content.

Mildred had much reason to rejoice in her lover. In the refined society which he sought, he was distinguished not more for manly beauty than for the nobility of his character. Pure in his habits and dignified in his associations, it was considered an honor by woman to be under his protection or marked by his preference. This much was conceded to him by the general voice; to Mildred he was all this, and much more. Sympathies, delicate but deep, united them in tastes, preferences, thought. Their love had kindled as the natural result of their congeniality. Their union, if consummated, promised to be a union of heart and spirit, immortal as those spirits.

So Mildred sat there, where her affianced left her, indulging in happy reveries, and sublimely indifferent to the thread-bare state of her wardrobe. She did not know that her cousin Julia had overheard the conversation just uttered, and that she had stolen to her room with a face pale with the anger of mortified vanity.

The night of the reception arrived. Richard Graham had been out of town since Tuesday, and had not seen his betrothed since the parting we have mentioned. He called at Mrs. Feilding's (Mildred's aunt) on his way to the party, to pay his respects to his beloved, in case she did not attend, and found the whole family, including her, already gone. He was glad she had made up her mind not to remain behind, though it must be confessed he felt some uneasiness at the idea of her appearing to so much disadvantage as she necessarily must in her thrice-made-over garments, bare of all jewelry and the hundred pretty and costly nothings in which ladies know so well how to enthrall themselves.

He was therefore surprised to meet her, smiling and radiant, the most elegantly-attired woman in the rooms. He was something of a critic in such matters; but he could find no fault with the new robe of delicate peach-

bloom silk, in two skirts, and with bretelles of rich lace softening the tint of her lovely neck and arms. It was simply made; and its extreme elegance was owing principally to the becomingness of the color, and the grace with which it was worn. Yet it must have been a costly affair; for it was a pattern robe, and the fabric was heavy and lustrous, with a rich and peculiar design running through the double skirts. Mildred had never appeared so beautiful. She knew that she was looking well, she was glad to see her lover after a three days' absence, and there was just enough excitement in the various circumstances of the evening to her, to heighten the lustre of her dark-blue eyes and the brilliancy of her smile.

"So you were not compelled to wear the ancient blue, after all?" remarked Richard, aside to her, upon the first opportunity.

"Of course not, you rogue. But you were disobeying orders of the strictest kind, and I should not forgive you so readily, if you had not been so very cunning in your kindness as to leave me no chance of refusing it. I think you have charming taste, Richard."

"I think you have, if I am to judge by this occasion! But I do not understand your reference in the least, my dear. Has your aunt opened her heart, or did your good Uncle Feilding suspect your distress, and fly unbidden to the relief of a forlorn damsel with nothing to wear?"

"Fie, Richard! don't put on that puzzled, innocent look. I knew from the first, *of course*; and as I have testified my forgiveness by wearing the dress, you may as well own to the truth."

"Really I am not aware that you had anything to forgive."

"I suppose it did not appear a crime in your eyes."

"But, truly, I know nothing of—"

"Now don't say another word," laughed the arch, bright mouth, and a pretty hand went up to his lips with a quick gesture. "How do you like me in it? I think the dress makes up beautifully."

"And I think the wearer does full justice to it. You are looking superbly, Mildred; I can see that every one is admiring you."

"My dress, you mean. No one but you admires me in my old blue. I care very little for such admiration, Richard."

"You are only a woman, after all, except what is angel about you; and I guess, by the hue of your cheeks, that you are not entirely indifferent, eh, Mildred?"

"Perhaps not. Yet it seems to me that it is because you love me, and you are gratified by seeing me look well, that makes me so happy. For I am very happy to-night. I feel so light-hearted, so like a child—only more deeply joyful. my soul is hovering upon ethereal wings; I hope nothing ill is going to happen. I am impressed with a consciousness that this perfect happiness must be very evanescent; but I hope nothing very melancholy will follow after it. Hark, what delicious music!"

He led her away to the dance, where the buoyancy of her heart gave added lightness to her steps; and her lover might well be pardoned the glow of passion and pride with which he regarded one whom, usually,

"There were none to praise,
And very few to love."

But what a queer expression that was which passed over the face of a gentleman standing near, watching the dancers, as his eyes fell upon Mildred! Richard noticed it—a surprised, suspicious, searching glance, which seemed to read her, from head to foot; and then that singular look settling upon his features. Anything but a pleasant look it was! Richard felt like knocking the person down, in return for it. Yet that would have been a strange proceeding, and one for which he could offer no tangible excuse. He knew the gentleman well; he was one of the heads of one of the most extensive and respectable mercantile establishments in the city, and a man, not merely a merchant, of good education and some superior acquirements. He had, hitherto, liked him for his geniality and intelligence; now, he was offended for no other cause than a peculiar and unexplained look.

When he saw that the merchant still frequently and furtively regarded his lady-love, and had made his way close to her side to continue a secret and unwarrantable scrutiny, he felt like insulting him, so as to make an opportunity for his anger to express itself. While he was biting his lips with vexation, the merchant walked away, and he saw him no more that evening.

It was not known among their general acquaintance that Richard and Mildred were engaged. It had been the belief for some time that Julia Feilding, the sparkling, satirical, dark-eyed beauty and heiress, had secured the prize; but not choosing to make the engagement public just yet, put forward her cousin Mildred to a share in his attentions while abroad. That worldly monopoly, "our set," had not imagined it possible he should be "so

silly" as to have eyes for the glowing beauty of the pure-browed and fair-faced orphan. They thought her really quite pretty for a poor girl—would be, if she were dressed—and with something of a manner, owing to her mother having been in superior circumstances once, they supposed.

Richard had wished to keep his coming marriage a secret, with an idea of showing and rebuking the spirit which prevailed, when he should unexpectedly present his bride to his friends. So that his attentions, upon this evening, were divided between Mildred and Julia, who was also looking very brilliant, with a sort of triumph in her manner, as if the handsome man at her elbow were as much her property as the jewels clasped about her throat and glittering in the braids of her black hair. To Mildred she was unusually condescending, which she set down privately to the credit of her improved appearance.

Full of pleasant recollections of the previous evening, his heart warm with the impetuous hopes of a lover, Richard Graham called at the stately house of Mr. Feilding as early the following morning as was permissible. He found the cousins both in the library, to which, as a frequent guest, he was unceremoniously admitted.

Mildred's engagement had been announced to the family about a month previous, very much to the chagrin of the mother and daughter, but to the unselfish gratification of the father, who was unaware that his own child had hoped to secure that same "advantageous" union. His relation to the family being thus understood, of course the young gentleman felt at liberty to call as often as he chose, and to enjoy the morning visits and quiet evenings which make the season of the betrothal so sweet.

Julia ran forward with both hands extended, welcoming him with an ease and gayety much more impressive than the timid blush of the young girl, who could not for the world have testified her joy so openly. Both the girls were looking charming in their fresh morning negligés, their faces animated by the glow and bloom of youthful spirits. About Julia there was almost too much of restlessness, a kind of mocking, reckless mirthfulness. Richard could not but admire her humming-bird brilliancy, but he loved the quiet sweetness of the maiden of his choice.

"Come, now, Mr. Graham, do not mind my presence. Sit there on the sofa by your lady, and say all that I see talking in your eyes. Do

not let me throw a wet blanket upon your eloquence. I am going to read this new book, and I shall not be conscious of your existence, so you need not be of mine!" And Julia sank apparently into the oblivious depths of an arm-chair and a "society novel," while Richard availed himself of her invitation to take a seat by Mildred, where he could murmur, unheard of others, in her ear those "airy nothings" which will no more bear to be chronicled than wreaths of smoke, rainbows, or soap-bubbles will to be gathered.

Presently the door-bell rang, and a note was brought to Mildred. While she read it, her lover exchanged some remarks with her cousin, whose book had dropped into her lap, and who seemed a trifle pale and excited with the highly-wrought fiction she had been reading. When he turned again to Mildred, her face was as white as marble, and she was looking vaguely at the note.

"What is it? have you bad news?"

"I do not know," she said; "I do not understand it." And she read it through again, slowly, as if there were a mist over her eyes.

"Let me see it. Is it anything I can explain?" asked Julia.

"No! no one shall see it!" exclaimed Mildred, nervously, thrusting the paper into her pocket. "But it must be seen, for it must be explained. And who can explain it?" she continued, drawing it forth again and putting it into her lover's hand. "Read it, Richard, and tell me what it means; perhaps *you* know."

He read it:—

MISS MILDRED FEILDING: MADAM—There has been a strange mistake, and the more quickly and quietly it is rectified the better for one party, certainly. Upon Tuesday afternoon, a costly silk robe of a peculiar pattern, received per steamer Persia only the day before, and which we are certain has no duplicates in the city except those in our own possession, mysteriously disappeared from the silk-counter of our establishment. At the same time, a piece of point lace, extraordinarily expensive and of unique design, was missed from the lace department. As none of the new silks had been sold, we immediately withdrew them from sale, that we might the more readily detect the missing pattern, though we had but one robe in that shade of color. What was the astonishment—in fact, grief—of one of our firm, upon attending Mrs. L——'s reception last evening, to notice a young lady wearing that identical dress, trimmed about the sleeves and waist

with the stolen lace, and to find that she belonged to the family of a highly esteemed gentleman, upon whom we should much dislike to cast any disgrace! Upon consultation, therefore, we have agreed to give the young lady warning, and to say to her that her guilt will not be exposed if the amount due for the appropriated goods be sent this day to the firm.

A. S—— & Co.

Inclosed in this note was a bill, which ran—

Miss Mildred Feilding Dr. to A. S—— & Co.

1 silk robe, \$ 75

12 yards point lace, \$30 per yard, 360

Total, \$435

"What does this mean, indeed!" exclaimed the young man.

"I have not the faintest idea," murmured Mildred, looking up into his searching eyes with a frightened look. "I thought you sent me the package, Richard."

"What package? when? and how?"

"Upon Tuesday, just before five o'clock, the package, containing the dress and lace, and a pair of white kid gloves, my number, arrived at the house. There was no message nor note, and I thought that you, being anxious for me to attend the party, had sent the things to enable me to go. I thought you sent them anonymously because I had refused to accept such presents from you."

"I know nothing whatever about them. When I saw the dress, I supposed it to be a present from your uncle. Who received this package at the door, Mildred?—the footman?"

"I did, myself. I was just going out, and was upon the steps when the boy arrived. I went back into the house, then, and opened the bundle, for I was curious to know what it could contain."

"Did the boy come into the hall? did any one see him?"

"I think not. I dismissed him on the steps, as there was no occasion for his waiting."

"Where is the paper in which the articles were wrapped?"

"I threw it upon the grate when I removed it. It was simply directed, in the usual business hand-writing, to my address; there was nothing else upon it."

"So you have no proofs of any kind!"

His voice sounded sternly to Mildred.

"O Richard!" she exclaimed, bursting into tears.

He commenced walking up and down the floor. In the mean time, Julia had picked up

the note, which he had thrown down, and read it.

"So we are to be disgraced, are we?" she said, in a stinging, relentless manner. "And this is all the gratitude we receive for sheltering you in our home, treating you as one of us. Papa has made as much of you as if you were his own daughter, and this is the reward he has for it. I tell you now, plainly, Mildred, that I have always suspected you of little peccadilloes; but I did not think best to say so, since you were a relative, and papa seemed so fond of you."

"You regard me as guilty, then?"

Mildred stood confronting both Julia and Mr. Graham. Her face was colorless, except a bright red spot upon either cheek; her eyes blazed like newly-risen stars.

"I think you will find it difficult to prove yourself innocent. We were looking at those very robes and that very piece of lace, that same afternoon. Doubtless the clerks will recall that fact, for they know us very well. Of course papa will settle the bill, for our sakes; but that is nothing—he will be so shocked!"

"I will pay that bill myself; your father shall not be the loser," said Richard, quietly. "I will go at once and hush the matter up," and he turned to leave the apartment.

"Richard!" pleaded Mildred, in a trembling voice.

He did not seem to hear her, but laid his hand upon the door.

"Richard!" she cried again, pitifully and wildly; and when he did not answer, but passed into the hall, she fell down fainting.

He heard the fall, and returned to assist in raising her.

"It was her girlish vanity," said Julia, more gently than she had before spoken—"her desire to please you, Mr. Graham. It is a pity that she had not firmer principles."

He looked curiously into her eyes as she said this softly; their hands came in contact, as they together bore the insensible girl to a sofa, and he saw the flush and tremor which passed over her.

"Do what you can for her," he said, abruptly, and went out.

What a long and wretched day that was to Mildred Feilding, Heaven and herself alone could tell! Shut up in her own room, with no one to console or advise her, she felt the desolation of utter loneliness. A friendless orphan, with the stigma of crime upon her, what was she to do? If she had indeed been tempted "by girlish vanity and a desire to please her

lover," to do this thing, her punishment was more than she could bear. Visions of prison-bars and police courts chilled her soul. Yet these she need hardly fear; her uncle and Richard would pay the required amount, and the matter would be dropped. One thing, however, was certain, she must leave the shelter of her uncle's roof, whether or not he desired it. Her position there, hitherto, had not been altogether pleasant; now it would be more unbearable than a garret or a cellar, with starvation, where she was not known. She would flee from the knowledge of all who had ever breathed her name—far, far from him! He had deserted her—he had gone away without one word of sorrow, forgiveness, or farewell; and what was disgrace, imprisonment, or death compared with that? Yesterday she had imagined their love immortal as the future—that their souls were blended in irrevocable union: a blow had fallen, and those souls were parted!

As it grew dark, she put on her bonnet and shawl, the plainest she had, and waited for night, to go forth homeless, penniless into the great city, to do—she knew not what, perhaps to commit suicide. She had lost Richard Graham, and she had no farther interest in life. If this feeling had not been so overwhelming, she would have had time for many other speculations, and perhaps suspicions. She would have liked to kiss her uncle before she went, but he had not sought her, not sent her any message, and he must have come home, for it was now beyond the dinner hour.

Just as she had risen to steal forth from that unkindly dwelling, a servant brought her word that Mr. Graham was in the parlor, and wished very particularly to see her. She flung off her bonnet and shawl, that he might not suspect her purpose of going away that night, and descended listlessly to meet him.

When she entered the parlor, not only Richard, but all the family were there. When she saw them, the expression of despair was driven from her features, and one of indignant self-assertion took its place. She paused under the full blaze of the chandelier—

"You have sent to summon me to trial, I suppose. Not to trial, either; but to be condemned untried and undefended, the usual fate of the poor and dependent. Very well. Proceed."

"I am sure I shouldn't have thought it, Mildred; but appearances are very much against you," observed her aunt, coldly.

"I am certain there is some mistake about

this affair, my dear; come here and sit by me while we talk it over," said her uncle.

"Thank you, dear uncle. You are always generous; my mother in heaven, your sister, uncle, she will bless your kindness to her orphan. But I will stand before my accusers."

"You shall *not* be condemned without trial, Mildred," began Richard, in a calm, clear voice. "I have given every circumstance the closest investigation, and I have come to announce the result." She looked earnestly at him; Julia also started, and looked uneasy. "When I left here, this morning, I went directly to the firm interested, and paid them for the goods which were in your possession. I then went quietly to work making inquiries among the employees. I found a clerk, at last, who acknowledged having witnessed the theft"—here the speaker glanced at Miss Julia, whose eyes fell beneath his. "He saw the young lady secrete the silk under her velvet cloak; but her great respectability made him fear to divulge his discovery, even after the robe was found to be missing."

"Oh, Mildred, how shocked I am!" sighed Mrs. Feilding; "a relative of *ours* to be guilty of a crime!"

"That young lady, he is ready to swear, was Miss Julia Feilding," continued the young man as calmly as before. "He described her minutely—hair, eyes, dress—says he has known her face for years, while the lady who accompanied her was a stranger to him. Miss Julia also purchased a pair of white kid gloves, of the number sent to Mildred, at the glove counter. Having discovered this much, I spent all the rest of the day in search of the boy who brought the package to the door, and finally traced him out, no matter how. He, also, swears to the personal appearance of the young lady who hired him to bring the package to this house—that she had black hair, dark eyes, was small, and wore a black velvet cloak and a white bonnet with pink plumes."

"These are falsehoods—infamous falsehoods, all!" murmured Julia; but her face was pale, and she could not lift her eyes from the floor. "What object could I have in stealing a piece of silk, pray? I am not so poverty-stricken as that, yet."

"The God who reads the intricate mysteries of the human heart knows the motive better than I," was the solemn answer. "That it was to ruin your innocent cousin in the eyes of the few who loved her is evident: but what the passion was which urged you to so cruel a plot, I do not know. I am only rejoiced that

her innocence is established; and, believe me, I should not have betrayed *you* except to save her in the eyes of those dear to her, and in the esteem of those who must and shall respect my future wife."

Julia burst into hysterical tears.

"Oh, father," she cried, "if you had never brought her here to rival me in everything—even in the heart of—of the man—I loved—I should never have been maddened into doing this disgraceful deed! I would that I had never seen her—never heard her name! then I should not now be made to suffer this shame." And rising, she rushed from the room to hide her mortification, as well as the keener disappointment of unrequited passion, in her chamber.

"And now, dear Mildred," continued Richard, "believe me, I did not for one moment suppose you really guilty of the crime with which you were accused. I felt it to be simply *impossible*. But I was puzzled and surprised; I saw also that your good name was at stake; and I went vigilantly to work to trace out the mystery of the strange plot in which you seemed to be involved. I wished you proven as innocent before others as I felt you to be. The dress is paid for, and if you think it pretty enough for a wedding-dress, go put it on, for the minister will be here in half an hour, to give me a right hereafter, not only to pay for your dresses but to protect you against malice and uncharitableness."

DESCRIPTION OF A TURKISH WEDDING, BY A LADY.

"In company with some other English ladies, I was fortunate enough to have an opportunity of witnessing some of the ceremonies attendant on a Turkish wedding. It was the day after the celebration of the religious rites, when the bride received her female friends, no male being then admitted across the threshold. There were seven rooms in the house, all gaily decorated with wreaths and garlands of flowers, and full of women of all ages, the stairs and passages being lined with female slaves and servants, carrying their mistresses' pipes, waiting upon them, and adding materially to the confused chattering that was kept up on all sides, an incessant buzz of human voices, not of the most dulcet kind, but shockingly squeaky, harsh, and uncivilized; for, after all, there is a peculiar charm in the voices of cultivated minds. We were taken to the top room of the house, in which sat the bride, surrounded by

her most favored guests. The chattering seemed to gather additional force when our party made its appearance. They were sitting in various positions, some on the floor, others on ottomans. Chairs were ordered for us—I suppose to show their knowledge of English customs; and when we seated ourselves, there was a general laugh, as if we were doing something very ridiculous in their eyes. The bride was young and good-looking, dressed in lilac cashmere, embroidered with gold, and made in the oriental style. Her headdress consisted of diamonds in all imaginable settings, with a quantity of spunglass feathers at the back, eardrops of large emeralds, and a necklace composed of several strings of pearls, of large size, her fingers covered with rings. She called our particular attention to her stockings and richly-embroidered slippers, the former articles being, I believe, often dispensed with when in *deshabille*. Most of the ladies present had a profusion of diamonds and jewelry; in many cases literally carrying their fortunes on their persons—a custom in all Eastern countries. I was much disappointed with their personal appearance; for, out of at least two hundred, not more than half a dozen could be called handsome, and many quite ugly, their faces being devoid of intelligence or any redeeming quality to make up for the want of natural personal attractions. Then they disfigure and bedaub themselves with paint, their eyebrows being made to meet on the nose, which is considered a beauty. The hair, out short like boys, in front, helps to disfigure them; whilst it is very long behind, with jewels attached in many cases. One redeeming feature is the small fat hands which most of them have, looking as if never used for any industrious purpose. Most of them, too, were indulging in their favorite recreation of smoking. They offered their pipes to us, remarking, at the same time, that they understood English ladies did not smoke. Coffee and sweetmeats were brought to us in cups and vases studded with jewels. We appeared great objects of curiosity to them. Our dress, and everything we wore, were examined with great minuteness; the questions asked through the lady who interpreted for us being what our ages were, if we were married or single, how many children we had, what our dresses cost, and all such frivolous and baby-like talk, evidently evincing what was uppermost in their thoughts. One old lady was very much struck with one of our party, and appeared surprised when told she was not married, said she should like her for a wife for her son; and we had some difficulty in persuading her that

it was not the custom to negotiate weddings in that fashion in England. Although, no doubt, many matches are made amongst us in which the chief parties concerned are little more than passive actors, still it does not amount to anything like Eastern practice, where the bridegroom frequently only sees his bride for the first time when, after the marriage ceremony is performed, he comes in form to take her to his house; the ladies having often the facility of conning their future husbands through their lattice, thus possessing an advantage, as far as outward appearance is concerned. In the wedding described both parties were young. The marriage ceremony consists in reading prayers over them in separate rooms; and the next day, after the lady has received the congratulations of her assembled friends, she is taken to her husband's home. We were shown the bride's presents, inclosed in a kind of railing, of which she kept the key in her girdle. Some of our party presented the bride with trifling ornaments, with which she seemed much pleased. Others of the guests begged flowers from our bonnets, and would have left us very few ornaments if we had indulged their fancy in that way. I cannot say much for the costume or mode of dressing of the Turkish ladies in their houses. Even on this festive occasion there was much that was very slovenly and objectionable."

COMPENSATION.—And yet the compensations of calamity are made apparent to the understanding also after long intervals of time. A fever, a mutilation, a cruel disappointment, a loss of wealth, a loss of friends, seems at the moment unpaid loss and unpayable, but the sure years reveal the deep remedial force that underlies all facts. The death of a dear friend, wife, brother, lover, which seemed nothing but privation, somewhat later assumes the aspect of a guide or genius; for it commonly operates a revolution in our way of life, terminates an epoch of infancy or youth which was waiting to be closed, breaks up a wonted occupation, or a household, or a style of living, and allows the formation of new influences that prove of the first importance during the next years.

THE ONLY PLACE.—Home can never be transferred, never repeated in the experience of an individual. The place consecrated to parental love by the innocence and sports of childhood is the only home of the human heart.

—THERE are many people whose whole wisdom consists in hiding their want of it.

GOLDEN GRAINS FROM THE SANDS OF LIFE.

BY MARY P.

The good die first,
While they whose hearts are dry as summer dust
Burn to the socket.—WORDSWORTH.

DEAR Uncle Paul! the mould that covers with its warm, flowery mantle so many of earth's best and noblest hearts never garnered in its bosom one warmer, truer, or manlier than thine.

Years ago, in the quiet of a sweet village home, amid the richest of earth's pictures of hill and dale, lived with her mother, sister, and young brothers a little maiden who had seen some seventeen summers, doing her little daily duties in her own quiet way, reading her few books with a feverish, panting thirst for knowledge, and living by herself a lifetime of wild, fantastic day-dreams that had no companion and no confidant, while yet a thwarted love cast its mingled hues of glory and of gloom upon her path.

Then there came into that secluded town an elderly man, who some years before had left the place a hopeless invalid, and wandered in the Old World of Europe in search of health. Now, restored to health, but restored as the ship that has weathered the storm and reached the haven with loss of masts and rigging, the veriest wreck of a man, he returned to the home of his brother, to be Ellen's next-door neighbor. Little seemed they to have in common, that lonely man with his marred visage, wasted and distorted form, his stammering tongue, almost palsied by the ravages of disease, and forming such a contrast to the gleaming fire of his deep-set, intellectual eye; and the maiden, in her youth, her simplicity, and ignorance of almost everything but her own sweet reveries. And for what should he, old man as they called him before his time, with his strong mind, his great mental resources, his knowledge of the world, and his wasted frame, seek the society of those blue eyes and flaxen curls, and that young heart? He had heard of the heart romance that was saddening the young life, and his sparkling black eyes had looked into the tear-dimmed depths of the blue ones and guessed something of the hidden dream-life that lay beneath; and she, won by the notice of one so superior in years and mind, and fascinated by his stories of Old World travel, responded to his advances, and the two soon

became fast friends. The common conventional epithets were soon exchanged for "Uncle Paul" and "my daughter," as day by day they drew nearer together, and spent the hours in close companionship. Long walks they took through the mountain forests that surrounded on all sides that little village, ever accompanied by two beauteous children. And the saddened spirit of the girl unconsciously imbibed hope and strength from his strong nature, while his heart grew young again in the warm sunlight of her unbounded love and confidence.

A strange companionship it seemed to many who witnessed the days spent together, sometimes with chess, sometimes with books, and never in their walks met them apart.

One soft summer night they paced the fragrant garden walks of Ellen's pretty rural home, beneath the quiet stars, saying little, but happy to be thus together, when Uncle Paul said, pointing to a ring upon her hand as it lay upon his arm—

"Why do you wear this? Cast it off; he does not deserve it."

"I promised him to keep it," she answered, while the tears gathered in her eyes; "I shall never remove it. Let me believe in him, Uncle Paul, or I shall die." And then, with quick, hurried utterance, she poured into his ears for the first time the history of the thwarted love, of the father's disapproval, of the lover's parting request that she would not cast aside his token while he was gone.

Then sadly Uncle Paul kissed her flushed brow, pressed her softly to his side, and, as he felt the agitated throbbing of her heart against his arm, said—

"You are a good girl, Nelly, but Uncle Paul is getting too fond of you for his own peace. God bless you, my daughter!" And at her mother's door he kissed her again silently.

The next day he went away at dawn, on business, they said, and sad and weary were the maiden's reflections as she feared that she had lost the friend who had been like warmth and strength to her heart for so many months. In a few weeks he came again at the usual hour of the morning walk, and the first token of his return was a call at the door, in his old cheery tone—"Get your bonnet, Nelly, and come." And as the little girls that always kept them

company bounded on before, he said—"I have conquered myself, my daughter." She silently pressed the hand near which her own lay on his arm, and again he said, "You are a good girl," and they went on their way as before, with long rambles, quiet, happy talks, games of chess, interchange of books, growing happier in each other every day.

Ah, how beautiful were those summer rambles around that most beautiful village, sitting like a bird's nest in its amphitheatre of blue mountains! a very paradise of flowers, sweet shrubs, and shady trees and singing birds, with its noble spring at the foot of the tall, verdant bluff on one side and its beautiful level slopes of grand forest on the other. Many treasures of beauty did they find among those mountains that loomed up so misty and blue in the summer gloaming. The great fields of gum cistus that made the rocks gleam like palaces of gold in the sweet spring-time; the graceful, delicate bell-flower that they called the cowslip, which fringed the crystal brooks with their soft, broad, green leaves and elegant pink and blue blossoms; the anemones under the rocks in the shady nooks, and the great beds of milk-white water-lilies, with their long tape-like filaments, scenting the air all around; the gorgeous butterfly-weed, and coral pink, and clustering phlox in the hot summer tide, and the many varied forms of the fern leaves that covered the ground with their broad leaves and polished ebony stems. The maiden's pale cheek bloomed again with young health, amid all this beauty of nature, and health revisited her mind, though the heart still clung sadly but hopefully to its thwarted love.

At last the lover, wearied with waiting, came back, and, despite parental displeasure, persuaded her to wed him and go with him to the new home he had made far away. Uncle Paul was the good genius that smoothed difficulties, urged on the marriage, and took upon himself the task of soothing the angry father when the offenders were gone.

In the early gloaming, when the stage came to the door to carry the bride away from her childhood's home, and after bidding farewell to mother, and brothers, and old friends, and old servants, she came forth on her husband's arm, weeping, one came in the dim, gray light from the coach door, and took her in his arms, and, while his tears rained on her own moistened face, whispered—"God bless you, my daughter! You are taking Uncle Paul's heart with you. I don't know what I shall do without you."

26*

and, with a suppressed sob, placed her in the coach.

Years passed by, long friendly letters kept alive the old love in its earnestness and freshness, though strong new ties were binding the heart of the wife and mother.

In a strange place, tended by kindly strangers, Uncle Paul passed away, long, long ago, but little past the prime of life, though long since accounted an old man, still loving fondly, still delighting to speak of her who had gladdened his lonely life with her warm confidence and tenderness, still calling her, as of old, his daughter.

The maiden whose heart romance ripened into the sober joys of a happy home, husband, and fair children, still dreams her day-dreams in the intervals of housekeeping and nursery duties, and dwells with fondness upon the sacred memory of "Uncle Paul," the kindest, truest, warmest friend that ever woman had.

WOMAN'S SCEPTRE.

THERE is something extremely pleasant and even touching—at least, of every sweet, soft, and winning effect—in this peculiarity of needle-work, distinguishing woman from men. Men are incapable of any such by-play aside from the main business of life; but women, be of what earthly rank they may, however gifted with intellect or genius, or endowed with much beauty—have always some little handiwork ready to fill the tiny gap of every vacant moment. A needle is familiar to the fingers of them all. A queen, no doubt, plies it on occasions; the woman poet can use it as adroitly as her pen; the woman's eye, that has discovered a new star, turns from its glory to send the polished little instrument gleaming along the hem of her kerchief, or to darn a casual fray in her dress. And they have greatly the advantage of men in this respect. The slender thread of silk or cotton keeps them united with the small, familiar, gentle interests of life, the continually operating influences of which do so much for the health of the character, and carry off what would otherwise be a dangerous accumulation of morbid sensibility. A vast deal of human sympathy runs along this electric line, stretching from the throne to the wicker chair of the seamstress, and keeping high and low in a species of communion with their kindred beings.

LOIS LEE.

BY ALICE B. HAVEN.

(Concluded from page 222.)

CHAPTER III.

"Lois—Lois—where is the child—Lois!—Dear me, and my hands in the dough!"

But no Lois responded, and Aunt Eunice was obliged to rid her hands of the tenaciously adhering particles as best she might, and unlatch the gate herself. But her face brightened when she saw who it was seated with the driver of the vehicle behind a formidable barrier of trunks. It was Jasper Arnold, in loosely fitting Raglan, and gray travelling cap—and she wiped her hand again in her apron before stretching it up to bid him good-by.

"Mil going, be you? and Lois can't be found high nor low. She'll feel bad not to see you again. Maybe she's come in—Lois!"—and she stepped back with unwonted kindness to the threshold. "There, 'taint no use, and I don't know what's come of the child; she aint been worth her salt yesterday nor to-day. Good-by, good-by. Them trout of yours was the nicest I ever see."

Perhaps Jasper did not hear this kindly encomium; his eyes were turned towards the upper window with some anxiety and some reproach. It was not friendly in Lois to avoid bidding him "God speed," as he felt sure she had purposely done. But the leafy screen of morning-glory vines told no tales; they did not betray the tearful eyes that had been watching—watching through them, until they ached with the glare of the dusty road, and were swollen with the tears that at times hid the landscape. If he cared about her, why had he not said he would write to her, or asked her to write to him, or told her *when* he would come again. He was his own master, his time was all his own. No, he had loved some one else all the while—Lillian Anthon, very likely, and perhaps he had told her all their talks, and laughed together over her awkwardness and ignorance. So Lois punished herself by getting but the barest glimpse of him as he passed, thinking all the time that she should never see him in the world again; and then, when she had watched the carriage far out of sight, threw herself upon the uncarpeted floor and cried bitterly, as only the young can weep, when they magnify all the pains and crosses of life.

Fortunately there was but little passing through the afternoon, and she allowed herself to indulge in repeated bursts of those wild, passionate tears. When she crept down stairs, in the dusk of twilight, her head ached, and her senses were benumbed, as one returns to life, when all that made its brightness had been taken.

"What on airth took you off to the medder this afternoon, child?" was the salutation of Aunt Eunice, when she came in, to find the truant seated in her arm-chair and leaning her head wearily against the whitewashed wall. "There was that young feller cum to bid me good-by, and 'twain't very polite in you to be marchin' off when it seems you knowed he was a'goin'. He left that fur ye"—and she pushed a little package across the table. "Real pious, I guess; I told him you had one a'ready, for I seed it was a Bible right off; but he said it didn't make no difference."

Harry Anthon would have scoffed at such a token; and it must be confessed that Lois herself was sadly disappointed. It was a plain little copy, bound in brown morocco, the name the only gilding. It was not fresh either; the cover had lost its first fairness, and there were pencil marks on the pages here and there. Alone in her own room that night, Lois was somewhat comforted to read her name in his clear bold hand, written directly below his own. "Jasper Arnold" and the date of its first possession two years before—"to Lois Lee" was added, and a single word that she could not tell the meaning of, but went to bed, and wondered over it, until "Mizpah" became a handwriting on the wall in her dreams.

"Can thee spare Lois, friend Eunice?"

It was Jonathan Fox who preferred the request; had it been any one else in all the parish it would have been denied, for Lois had been by no means on her good behavior the past two weeks.

"She ain't much use to me, no how," returned Eunice, rather sourly. "She hain't spoke a pleasant word to nobody for a fortnight."

"Lois, thee's not in the right way," said Jonathan, with a scrutiny that seemed to de-

mand the meaning of heavy eyes and languid movements. "Maybe the child's ailing, friend Eunice; it's not the manner of the young to droop without reason. Get thee sun-bonnet, Lois; thee's never had a ride behind Clover."

And stepping cheerily, for the first time since she had set off on her walk to the woods with Jasper, Lois climbed into the comfortable wagon, greatly wondering what had put it into the Quaker's mind to give her one now. If he had any special reason, it was not forthcoming; nor did he turn in the direction of his own house at first, but up the turnpike, past "The Rest," and on as far as Glenwood. Clover was suffered to take his own pace as they passed the handsome iron railing and wide gate that displayed the glories of this famous mansion; and from her elevation Lois saw more plainly than ever before, the broad sweep with its new looking evergreens, scarcely yet settled in this foreign soil, and the bare trees that showed plainly how short a time had elapsed since they had quitted the nursery. But the gardener had endeavored to make it up by a profusion of showy flower-beds, cutting up the lawn in fantastic shapes, and Mrs. Anthon's recent taste for the fine arts had placed various statues in conspicuous positions, while two puny fountains sent up slender jets on either side of the entrance.

"Does thee know any of them?"—and friend Fox, following the curious looks of Lois, nodded towards the house.

"Yes—no; no, I don't *know* any of them, sir. Mr. Anthon and Harry sometimes speak to me." Lois thought of some one who had so lately been under that roof, and she spoke slowly and with hesitation.

"Young men like Henry are not the safest acquaintances for young women who are going to marry farmers," said friend Fox, drily. "Thee must have a care, Lois. What would thee do, if thee had that house and the lucre of friend Anthon?"

"Oh," said Lois, quickly, "I would make every one so happy! and give Aunt Eunice and Uncle Michael the best rooms, and always speak very kindly to every body who was poor, and help girls—like me to—to—"

"What does thee want help in, Lois?"

"To study, I meant, sir; to get an education."

"But thee can read, and write, and cipher up Michael Lee's accounts."

"Oh, what is *that*?" Lois looked as if she felt what "dry husks" of knowledge she was required to be content with.

"If one should help thee, Lois—the rich woman yonder, Sarah Anthon—would thee be any more content? Thee would not find the Toll House chamber large enough then, if thee hits thy head now on the ceiling."

"But then I could find another home and take them to it. I could teach others, I could earn money for them. Now I can only open a gate all day long."

"Thee might do worse."

"But I am too old." She was about to say "Jasper says so;" but what would friend Fox think of such an adviser? "I hate it; the ladies look down on me for it, and the gentlemen—"

"Say on, Lois."

"I hate it, that's all; and I'll get away if I go out to work."

It was more than a momentary flash of feeling and resolve. The finely set teeth and bent brows showed it.

"Would thee surely use thy powers for the best good, Lois? Would thee keep from vanity, and levity, and pride? Would thee bind thyself to teach until the debt was paid to the last fraction? Thee would incur a heavy debt!"

Lois looked up eagerly. Could it be that the benefactor she had dreamed of sometimes, who should come and lift her out of this barren existence, was at hand! Not Jonathan Fox, surely, noted throughout the county for his close dealing and careful economies.

"I will lend thee the money, Lois; and thee is to sign the obligation, if Michael and Eunice Lee are agreed. Thee need not jump out of the wagon!" And the keen but kindly eyes watched the astonishment, the happiness, the exultation that struggled over her face.

And thus it was that the first "change" came to Lois, a change so wonderful that it was almost a transformation, and formed food for discussion and wonderment to Michael and Eunice for the full three years which was to be the term of absence. They gave her up, not without some hesitation and reluctance, upon the showing of friend Fox that it would be the sheerest imprudence to keep "so comely a young woman so much upon a public road," quickened by noticing that Henry Anthon made it convenient to drive through daily, and was inclined to keep Lois standing in the sun whether she liked it or not.

Seriously, what *was* to be done with Lois, if she was no longer a child? The toll-gate could not keep her in idleness, and there was a prospect of more compensation than she could earn by any trade. So they let her go.

It was a bright October morning when Lois looked her last upon the toll-house, with its wreaths of nasturtiums and morning-glories, its flaunting coxcombs, and marigolds, and giant sunflowers—upon “The Rest,” whose borders were still brightened by heliotropes, and geraniums, and gorgeous dahlias—upon Glenwood, at whose gate Lillian Anthon, mounted upon her white pony, stared as she passed—upon the woods just tinged with their evening glory of gold and crimson.

Among her few possessions the little Bible was carried with her, and in her heart a wild hope that she might meet the giver upon her journey. With what a beating heart she searched every face, and watched every figure that passed the plain house, in a quiet street, where Jonathan Fox's sister resided! But the face she looked for never appeared, nor did she ever see it again save in her dreams.

Friend Fox had chosen for her wisely—a large but by no means a fashionable school in a country village, of which “the Seminary” and its belongings were the centre. Not that he could shut out the world and its temptations even here, but there was comparatively little to distract Lois from the great object of her life, and much to aid her in its attainment; wise and faithful teachers, loving classmates, and oh, how pleasant their affection and companionship were to the young girl who for the first time had friends and companions. In her life with Michael Lee, the native uprising of her spirit, call it pride, ambition, what you will, had made such society as she could have had distasteful, and those to whom she was attracted looked scornfully down upon her. But here the ward of the Quaker, Jonathan Fox, stood fairly with the rest, and soon began to rank above them with her natural abilities and wonderful industry; wonderful to those who did not know the secret spring of action. When they—Jasper and Lois—who had parted under the birch trees, should meet again, he should find the great distance between them lessened. Sometimes she thought with scorn how he should be made to feel it, and that she no longer cared for him; and then the watchword “Mizpah” would rise up softly to her mind; she understood it now, with all its deep and tender meaning. Perhaps he *had* loved her, and she would make herself worthy of him! So she toiled late and early, and outstripped them all.

CHAPTER IV.

“O how I envy you, Lois!” It was her room-mate, Helen Vaughn, who said this, laying her head in her friend's lap and covering her eyes with her hand. “Papa will be so disappointed.”

“But he ought not to be, dear; you have been a faithful little student; you will do well to-morrow, for you are always so cautious of every step.”

“That is it; I plod, Lois, and you sweep on so grandly, and every one will admire you so when you stand up to read the Valedictory. I have heard a dozen people ask already who you were, as we came through the village”—for it is in these loving flatteries that a true school-girl's heart delights.

But Lois, for all the morrow's coming triumphs, had a strange heaviness of spirit, as a courser might flag when it reaches the goal it has successfully striven for. “You envy me, Helen, and I envy you; so the world goes. Heigh-ho!”

“Envy me! when I am so little and plain, and have not taken a single honor!” Helen lifted up her head, as if she thought her friend had become suddenly dazed with all the Latin and mathematics she had pored over so long.

“But you have a father, and a mother, and brothers, Helen. They all idolize you.”

“One of them would like to idolize you, but you won't let him,” said Helen, saucily.

“How do you suppose I felt to-night when we were waiting there at the depot and saw all the girls rush forward to meet their friends? There is not a soul to care whether I do well or ill to-morrow. I'd rather disappoint some one than feel that there was no one to be disappointed.”

“But isn't your guardian coming, that nice old Quaker gentleman?”

Lois shook her head. Helen little knew how slight were the ties that bound them.

“Nor your uncle nor aunt I have heard you talk about, that you used to live with?”

A sudden recollection of Aunt Eunice spelling over the Book of Martyrs, or of Michael Lee puzzling out the predictions of the Farmer's Almanac, came upon Lois; sadly out of place they would be in the gay throng who would fill the hall, and listen with feigned interest, at least, to the problems and the translations of the morrow. She thought of Helen's family, as she had stood apart and watched the group; her courtly, carefully-dressed father, elegant gentleman, shrewd man of the world; her gen-

tle, lady-like mother, choice in movement and speech; and the idolized "Brother George," fresh from the university, with all the self-confidence and ease of twenty-two, and a Salutatory. Broad contrast, and by no means pleasant; but Friend Fox had warned her that the temptation to undervalue them would come, and she had promised to withstand it.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you"—and Helen started up with renewed animation. "My uncle and aunt, and ever so many people with them, are to be here in the last train, and Mrs. Selwick has asked them for the evening, with all the fathers and mothers, you know. I feel right sorry for the third and fourth year girls, to think they are not allowed to go in the parlors."

Lois smiled. "What a dreadful deprivation! Don't stay too late yourself, Nell; you must be bright for to-morrow."

"But you are going down?"

"No, dear; none of them belong to me."

"You must, indeed; George will be awfully disappointed, and my cousins want to see you, and ever so many people! Papa charged me to introduce him to you."

Lois had not at all intended joining the reception in the drawing-room that evening; it would be only a renewal of the pain she had suffered that afternoon in feeling her isolation; but, joined to Helen's urging, came a request from Mrs. Selwick, who was by no means inclined to lose the opportunity of displaying her most brilliant pupil, her valedictorian, among the patrons of her school and those who might become so in the future.

"You look well enough," said Helen, who was the bearer of the message; "nobody is much dressed, except Lil, who never knows how to be plain. Here, let me put some flowers in your hair; there, now. Your muslin is so light and fresh it looks like an organdy." And so Lois was ushered into the brilliantly lighted room with its buzzing crowd.

She should have been quite satisfied with her reception, for Mrs. Selwick received her in the most gracious manner, and introduced her to Mr. Vaughn as "Helen's good genius;" and Mr. Vaughn, in his pleasant way, said he was sure of that from Helen's letters, and extended the introduction to his wife and the little party around her. George Vaughn she already knew; and while she recognized yet doubted who it was that he talked with, Mrs. Vaughn solved the doubt with, "My niece, Miss Anthon—Miss Lee."

It was Lillian Anthon herself, a tall, fine-looking woman, a little over-dressed, perhaps,

for so quiet an occasion, and strangely preserving in her womanhood both the graces and defects of her youth: the same black, arching eyebrows and vivid coloring that had made her face attractive to the little gate-opener; the same haughty stare and scornful smile that had aroused the anger and passion of Lois in her youth. She was but distantly polite now; not that the faintest suspicion of the real position of Lois crossed her mind, but she had heard from Helen that she was studying to be a teacher, and then George admired her, so Lillian thought she had done all that could be expected of her when she had made a few "society" remarks, and renewed her employment, inquiring from Helen who everybody was, and remarking upon them with an unrestrained and not over kindly cleverness. All the old feeling burned up in Lois as she saw and felt this; never before had she been so kindly disposed towards the platitudes of Mr. George Vaughn, or taken his very open style of compliment so graciously. She knew it was unworthy, but it vexed Lillian, and even the small victory was pleasant to her in memory of the past. A new, less worthy pride in the triumphs of the day before her took the place of the exultation she would have felt if any one who loved her had come to be a witness to it.

It was hard to sleep in this excited mood. Helen, in childlike weariness, closed her eyes as soon as her head touched the pillow; but Lois leaned from the window and drank in the heavy perfume of roses and honeysuckles from the night air, talking with the past. It was no wonder that the apparition of Lillian Anthon had summoned it back again. Doubtless she knew what Lois would give even her leadership to hear—where *he* was! the boy friend who had changed all her life, to whom she owed it indirectly that she had met Lillian Anthon as an equal! It was his coming that had fashioned all her aspirations and shaped her dreams of the future; but for him the thirst for knowledge would never have been awakened, and the kindness of her old friend would never have availed to lift her from the bare realities of her childhood to the new, strong life that lay before her. He had come, and brought this magic influence with him, and then had passed away like a dream. In all those three years, not a message nor a token to break the silence, only memory and the talismanic word he had written to bind her to him; yet Lois, from the time it was understood, had never wavered; she had received flattery and adulation unmoved, and now, as she sat in the quiet night, recalling

the fond earnestness of his eyes when he told her that hers were "good and loving," she leaned her head upon the window and cried bitterly, as she had done on that day; it was for the pang of separation then, but now it was for loneliness and a weary longing to see him once more and tell him all that he had done for her. When the soft morning light dawned, Helen sprang from sleep, light-hearted and merry as a child; her friend turned heavily upon her pillow as Helen bent over her and showered kisses upon the lovely face shaded by rippling bands of unbraided hair and flushed by slumber. "She is talking in her sleep," Helen said to herself; "she is not well;" and bent down closer to listen, but she only heard, "Mizpah! I knew that you would come."

It was a pretty sight, even to the *blasé* men and women of the world, to watch the crowd of pretty faces grouped before them in the hall of examination that day—all fresh with the coloring and the spirit of youth, full of excitement, and eager to do their part. So many slight and not ungraceful maidens robed entirely in white, relieved only by the colors of their class, blue and rose, violet and green, knots and sashes of ribbon, or the simple wreaths and flowers in their hair, the only decoration allowed by the judicious Mrs. Selwick.

There was a buzz and murmur of approval as they came in two and two to take their places, and admiring mammas and papas could scarcely distinguish their own special interest in the day's proceedings at first, until nods, glances, and little smiles fluttered towards the spectators, and claimed their rightful tribute.

Lois sought no recognitions. All was a bewildering maze to her, at first, behind the platform where her teacher sat; but presently she desecrated the amber-colored kid gloves of Mr. George Vaughn endeavoring to convey a signal of championship, and received a gracious wave from the plume-tipped fan of his mother. Lillian Anthon was there too, condescending a slight bend of her arching throat; and then Lois looked no longer, but gathered up all the powers of her mind, that strangely seemed to desert her, that she might make good her title to the highest honor—the Valedictory!

The short but brilliant examination went on. Mrs. Selwick had managed admirably; nothing was suffered to claim the attention too long; music succeeded recitations, and gracefully written, gracefully read themes broke in upon threatened monotony. The throng of spectators increased, and had now become a dense, confusing mass; only one point luminous to Lois,

as she sat awaiting the summons to ascend the platform, and stand beside her teachers as she addressed her former classmates in the hall below. She knew that she had done well; repeated applause had followed her recitations, and more than one "bravo" had joined with George Vaughn's murmured plaudit. The excitement that had burned deeply on her cheek and shone in her eyes was dying away, as she sat there with her head bent down—the last night's dreariness was coming back upon her; even though Lillian Anthon had been the witness of her success, the ignoble triumph was not enough to bear up her loving nature, and petty doubts and hesitations, which she had not felt before, crept in. "I shall never be able to raise my voice; my hands are trembling now, I shall be so awkward; I came into the world too late ever to have repose and self-confidence." And while she weakly battled with these fretting forebodings some one touched her arm.

It was one of the younger pupils, a pretty, graceful child, who had been allowed to pass from group to group, as suited her fancy, all through the day. "Some one sent you this." And she thrust into her hands a strangely sweet bouquet. There was not a single garden flower in it; fragile, delicate wildwood blossoms, drooping from the centre, with a thick border of wild rose-buds set in snowy sprays of elder and clematis, all bound together by long blades of grass. It might have been made up from any roadside, but it sent a quick current through her heart; she knew whose hand had bound the simple token, knew that he was not far off, would see her, hear her, feel all her heart-sinkings, glory in her success. One quick, searching glance through the crowd as the summons came—she forgot the lapse of time, she looked for the earnest, boyish face that had fronted her even in the woodland parting, but it was not there. Still the strength had come, the knowledge that some one, and the one she would have chosen from all the world, watched her with friendliness, and it gave her firmness even in the midst of tumultuous thoughts.

How proudly she seemed to stand before them all, when in her heart she felt very humble! The breath of the clematis had rebuked the unworthy desire for a petty triumph; it had recalled to her who she was, from whence she came, to whom she owed all that she had attained to, and the pledge she had given for a noble life work. There was the earnest of it in the shining thoughts she had penned before all this struggle came, and which rang from her

lips with a renewed and heartfelt earnestness. She forgot the indifferent crowd, the presence of Lillian, the new strange hope that had thrilled her a moment before, in the solemn appeal to her classmates to be earnest workers in life's harvest field; to "rise to their peculiar and best altitudes;" and as her voice faltered in the tender farewell, it was not alone among the little band she addressed that tearful eyes were raised to her soul-lighted face.

Quivering from head to foot, she crushed the fairly written sheet with its flowing ribbons in her hand, and turned to gain her seat; but room was made for her beside her teacher on the platform, and then pressing close and eagerly in the river of eager, admiring faces, she saw the eyes that she had remembered so long, not the face nor form, they were lost in the maturity of manhood, but the eyes were the same, hopeful, earnest, "*dear eyes*"—though she blushed hotly with the whispered thought, and then grew white as the roses she had given him years before, with the past excitement and the spell of recognition.

It seemed ages before the final words of dismissal was spoken, and then she could not turn and look for him, for Mrs. Selwick held her hand with hearty congratulations, and Helen pressed up to her with very red eyes, which showed her appreciation, and Lillian Anthon joined in the general hum of kind words, since it was the order of the day to admire the valedictorian, and, surprising to say, the drab coat of Jonathan Fox emerged from behind George Vaughn's white waistcoat, and the wearer saluted her with a candid "Thee does theeself credit, Lois," and a shake of the hand so hearty that it brought back all her confused and wandering thoughts.

"Has thee seen my ward?"—but he was speaking to her, not *of* her. Was it his habit to go about charging himself with forlorn damsels? No, not in this instance, for the hand that still ached with his hearty pressure was taken again and drawn through a strong arm, on which she leaned for the rest of that hour of triumph as if it were her right, her resting-place. "Thee would not have known Jasper." This was the introduction, the friendly sanction of her Quaker guardian; his guardian, too, as she found, but it had never crossed her mind before.

"We are old friends, are we not, Lois?" Jasper Arnold said, gayly, by way of explanation to George Vaughn, who had turned back with the intention of making the same appropriation for his own benefit. "How d'ye do, George? I see your cousin is with you. Ah,

Miss Anthon, and how are all my friends at Glenwood?"

He covered her silence and his own wild impatience by chatting for her, so she only stood still in the throng, bowing for her many laurels of compliment, and longing to get away and understand it all. So they moved slowly towards the entrance, and at last were free, walking alone through the leafy avenues, which recalled their woodland parting, three years before.

"I could not *write* to you, Lois, because I promised, promised not to *see* you, too," Jasper began abruptly; and he took her hand again.

"I cannot believe my own happiness now."

"Nor I," she said, softly. "Oh, Jasper, I could not help thinking you unkind at first!"

He did not seem to hear her. "O how proud I was of you! I knew it was all there, Lois"—he was thinking of her stately beauty and noble thoughts, and of the murmurs of the crowd as he stood among them and watched her. "I knew you would make just such a woman." And then, for young hearts are ever impetuous, he told her how dear she had been to him, even in his silence, and how he had watched and waited for the time to come, and now she must be his "very own: for I am ready for my life," he said, "and there is no one to live it with me. I am no longer under tutors and governors, under bonds and promises."

But, alas! Lois was. The temptation was dazzling, but his words recalled the formal contract she had signed with her irregular, childish hand, and before she could explain why she could not be his wife, interruptions came, and she knew that he left her with a cloudy brow and perhaps a jealous heart.

Poor Lois! the day had had such strange vicissitudes. She had seen him once more, and he still loved her—loved her as she would have loved him all that long, long time if it had not been unmaidenly; but she could not ask him to wait until she had redeemed her pledge, and made a home for those who had given her one in her destitute orphanage. No, again and again his earnest pleading came to move her; she would not even tell him, but he should think it an appeal to his generous nature; she must endure to be misunderstood by him. And her day of triumph ended in a blank dreariness, far worse than the eager, longing emptiness of heart with which she had looked forward to it.

But the day was not ended yet; there was the evening levee, of which the last night had

been but a rehearsal, and her kind friend and guardian was coming, contrary to all that had been known of Jonathan Fox by his oldest friend in meeting; so she must exert herself, and to meet Jasper, not as in the afternoon with frank, overflowing kindness, but feeling the estrangement, and that it must end in separation.

A wild thought of appealing to her self-appointed guardian and asking a release flashed across her mind as she stood talking quietly with him, her face betraying her heart with its heavy, haggard expression. But how base that would be! No; better to live down the clamoring for love that had ever been her "burden of unrest."

"Lois, thee's tired; thee must not meet friend Eunice with such a face as that; thee must sleep soundly to-night for the journey."

Yes, he had come for her, and she must return to her old life; how wild to think for a moment of escape from it!

"Thee had better look over the school bills, and see that all is right, nevertheless, before thee retires." It was a formidable-looking package of receipts that he placed in her hand, with business-like indorsements upon each. She took them mechanically. "Not that I wish to hurry thee in payment, but thee remembers the bond, that they were to be discharged in full."

"O yes, every dollar!" she said, earnestly, though it cost her so much. "Not that money can pay you for your confidence in me, in my ability, and my honesty, and your kindness," she faltered.

"Thee need not trouble theeself to feel that," and the still face showed more emotion than any one had beheld there for many a day. "*Thee's done well*"—and to hide the unwonted feeling friend Fox retreated hastily.

He had left her quite alone in one of the minor recitation rooms, that had been thrown open to eke out the narrow dimensions of the parlors that evening; and she went towards the solar lamp burning upon the table and opened the receipts he had given her, strengthening herself by looking all that lay before her fairly in the face. It was kind in Jonathan Fox, she said to herself, to furnish her with weapons against herself; for she knew the conflict that was before her when Jasper should come. Her senses seemed to mock her still, for she read *his* name, and not her guardian's, on the carefully labelled receipts. Yes, it was certainly so—"Lois Lee to Jasper Arnold, debtor," not on one, but on all. "Jonathan

Fox, Agt." She started, as the truth began to dawn; he had said "his ward;" and then a bitter, galling sense that she owed him for the very food she had eaten, and the clothes she had worn, crushed and humiliated her.

"Lois—"

But she would not lift up her head; it had come too suddenly upon her: when she had gloried so in thinking she should live to pay every dollar, and owe her position to her own exertions.

"Lois, I must have made a terrible mistake; I presumed on your youth, and your unfriended position when I knew you. Others have found your value; I can see it now, and the hateful silence I was pledged to has lost you to me. You have not really loved me, Lois, and you do love some one else."

"No, Jasper."

"Then why cannot you tell me your secret—why do you not trust me?—what is it that is to divide us?"

Lois lifted up her head, and gathered the scattered papers before her. She must meet it, first or last. "There!"—and she thrust them into his hand.

One glance showed him the hateful wound her spirit had received, and how his guardian had betrayed him.

"Oh, Lois—and you hate me for this? He should never have breathed it; you should *never* have known from me. It was all to have been done in his name; he shall answer for it!" And the young man groaned in his impotence to repair the breach that had suddenly yawned between them.

"Let me tell you all about it, since you know, and we can part friends at least; you may pay me if you wish, Lois, if it will make you any happier, just as you would have paid him! Indeed I will stoop to take it! Won't you hear me, Lois?" And he told her a strange tale for a maiden to hear from a lover, how in his boyish chivalry he had longed to give her the advantages she had so craved; and would have thrust the money upon her so that the delicate secret would have been known to all, but for the caution which his guardian appeared to have so strangely forgotten now.

Friend Fox had planned for and counselled him, had even tried to turn him from his purpose; but when he found how strong a hold it had taken upon the boy's imagination, and that Lois, supposing him to be Mr. Anthon's guest, would never dream of the source of his bounty, proposed that he should assume it all; with one promise exacted, that during the time

he should never write to her or seek her in any way.

"I rebelled against it for a long time, Lois; I was afraid you would think me just what I wanted to warn you Henry Anthon was at first, a trifler; but I gave you the only pledge of faith I could, that word which meant so much to me. You believe that I loved you, Lois, even though I gave you up."

She began to see how noble the sacrifice of his own wishes to her real good had been. She judged of that sacrifice by the pain that silence had been to her.

"Yes. O, I know you loved me, Jasper!"

"And now, Lois, how is it now, when I have sought you the first moment of freedom, and asked you to share my life with me, and all that I have? You do not love me as I love you!" And she looked full into his face, for the first time, to see a reproachful tenderness that began the conquest of her pride.

"You do not know, Jasper," she began.

"Yes, I do *know*," he said, vehemently, "that if I could owe everything to you, if we could change places it would only bind my life closer to yours. I love you so well that I could bear to be in *your debt*, man as I am!"

"And I will love you so, dearest," she said, softly, gathering the papers once more, and laying them in his hands. "You are nobler than I; you have shown me how my debt may be cancelled, by being content to owe all to you. Here, is the bond."

He took the paper and held it steadily in the flame until the last white ashes fell upon the floor.

"And this was all that stood between us?"

"All!"

He held her from him and looked into her eyes, as at their parting, then closed them with a kiss.

"May God forever watch between us, my own, own Lois, doubly mine!"

"So thee found thy way out of the woods, Lois; thee must not blame me for lending thee a rough helping hand!"

One could not believe friend Fox guilty of an untruth, but though he said he had returned to look for his spectacle-case, it certainly was never found in the recitation-room of the Oakville Seminary.

"Now confess that I've managed the best for thee both, and saved thee two volumes of the novel thee insisted on playing out. I forgot to tell thee, Lois, thee will not find Eunice

and Michael Lee at the Gate, but on a farm that has some one thee knows for an owner."

And in the ample yellow farm-house, the home of Jonathan Fox, the wedding preparations are now going cheerily forward. Helen and George Vaughn have come to assist on the important occasion, and all the neighbors for miles around have called upon the Quaker's wards, being greatly moved by the romantic history. Lillian Anthon is the only exception; but the kindness of both her father and mother to Lois is all the more marked, while Harry, who is to be first groomsman, has outdone himself, by ordering a superb set of jewelry for the bride elect. Pretty Mrs. Grant no longer inhabits the little villa at whose gate Lois once stood envying her its loveliness; her broken heart has gained for her the peace she had never known in life.

Lois is to walk those paths and tend those lovely flowers as mistress of them all. Her day dreams are ended in a brighter reality, and "The Rest" will be no longer a mockery to the lives that pass within.

THE BEACON LIGHT.

BY ROSE CLINTON.

UPON a wild tempestuous night,
When fiercely gleamed the electric fire,
And ocean rose in all her might
To mock the storm-king's awful ire,
A bark athwart a whelming deep
Was swept along most fearfully;
Now pitching down a watery steep,
Now leaping far above the sea.

Low rolled the tempest-driven cloud,
To kiss the upward mounting wave;
Or, low it may have rolled to shroud
The vessel for a watery grave!
And thundering, hissing through the gloom
Come sounds to greet the seaman's ear—
To warn him of impending doom,
To tell him deadly rocks were near.

Hope spread her wings and stooped to fly,
When through the blackness of the storm
A flickering beacon caught his eye,
And nerved anew his manly arm.
Past fearful breakers near, but fleet
The vessel dashed upon its way,
Until within a safe retreat
'Twas guided by the beacon's ray

Thus on the stormy sea of life,
Our barks encounter wave and wind;
Wild breakers hiss in every strife,
And lightnings flash in deeds unkind,
But like a beacon in the night
To those who on the ocean roam,
Christ stands and sends a cheerful light
To guide his chosen vessels home.

LAWS AND ORDINANCES.

BY AUGUSTA W. WORTHEN.

In turning over some garret rubbish, I have discovered an old volume which has, I have no doubt, "done the State some service," whether the State knows it or not. It has certainly *seen* some service; the very name is gone from the back; both covers, with the title-page and the first forty leaves, are gone. There is scarcely enough body left to hold the soul. It is a very dry volume; dry, evidently, with old age, and exceedingly dry in its subject-matter and style of expression. It seems to be a collection of the Laws and Ordinances of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. Most of them bear date between the years 1777 and 1800. If, as some have said, the laws of a country are its history, then here we have an account of the state of society in this our commonwealth a little less than a hundred years ago. Suppose we spend a lazy half hour in looking at it; we shall find much to admire, no doubt, perhaps somewhat to smile at; no matter, we will grant our posterity a hundred years hence like privilege of playing critic upon us.

To begin the book where it is *not torn out*. The first pages relate to the maintenance and management of the poor—the town poor, the State poor, and the poor of *plantations*. Besides helpless, actual paupers, another highly objectionable class is to be sharply looked after and dealt with, "such as are able of body, but have no visible means of support, or who live idly, using no ordinary lawful trade or calling to get their living by." These troublesome individuals are to be "bound out" to service, and the proceeds of their unwilling labor to go to the support of their families; rather aggravating, that. It is a pity, however, that some similar provision does not now exist for the genteel vagabonds of more modern date. Overseers of the poor were to "bind out" also to service or apprenticeship poor children not likely to be otherwise provided for. Here follows the form of the indenture, which "witnesseth" that the said "poor child" is to dwell with and serve his master, and him faithfully obey everywhere, and *his secrets keep*, till he be of age. He shall not play at cards or dice, nor frequent taverns, nor *matrimony contract* during that time. The master, on his part, is to provide him sufficient food, lodging, and clothing, and to teach him

his art, trade, or calling; also to cause him to be instructed "to read, write, and cypher as far as the Rule of Three." Also, at the expiration of his term of service, "to give him two suits of clothing; one suitable for *Lord's Day*, and the other suitable for working days." Now, my lad, you are twenty-one, the injunction is removed; you are free "matrimony to contract," if you will, and perhaps the best plan will be for you to do so before that *Lord's Day* suit has lost its freshness. The "bound girl" was to be taught "to read and write," leaving out the words "cypher as far as the Rule of Three." People were not then so unwise as to *cram* the girls with useless learning.

It must have been very difficult at that time for a man to escape the payment of his *rates* or taxes; and in this connection the word *distress* has a peculiar significance. It seems to mean sufficient to satisfy a demand. In case of non-payment, the collector might attach the property of the delinquent, "and for want of goods whereon to make distress," might "take the body," and distress that, I suppose. If the collector found sufficient property to pay the debt, he might attach it, and, "after four days, openly sell said distress at public auction." If cases of distress were put up at auction at the present day, I believe there would be few buyers; most of us would rather sell than buy. Here is a clause providing for the abatement of some portions of a man's *rates*, in case he "thinks himself over-rated," which, I believe, few people do.

A law dated 1789 reads thus:—"The several towns in the Commonwealth shall be provided with a school-master, or masters, of good morals, to teach the children to read and write, and to instruct them in the English language, as well as in arithmetic, orthography, and *decent behavior*." I suppose that under this last head must be classed certain instructions we can many of us remember to have received, enjoining upon us, under a heavy penalty for non-performance, the duty of saluting with a bow or courtesy every person we met on the way home. Custom seemed to require some little acknowledgment of this civility on the part of the recipient thereof, which sometimes became a little irksome to him, especially if he

was so unfortunate as to meet the whole school; but it would not do for him to show any lack of "decent behavior."

The next chapter sets forth the duty and powers of Field Drivers and Hogreeves, restrains materially the privileges of horses and cattle, and specifies what manner of yoke is to be placed upon the necks of such unfortunate swine as show a disposition to pillage.

The overseer or master of a workhouse was to receive, besides his salary, one-third part of the proceeds of the earnings of persons confined therein. Probably the thriftless rogues got none too much time for play after that stipulation was made.

March 8, 1792, was passed an act providing for the due observation of the Lord's Day, and the especial duty of tithingmen was to inquire into and inform of all offences against this act. The individuals comprising this class must certainly have had the power of ubiquity, or else their name was legion. They were to see that people did not entertain themselves with any game, or sport, or show, or concert, in-door or out of doors; to act as sentinels upon the highways, so that no man might travel, "except from necessity or charity;" to take note of all who did not attend public worship, and at the same time keep a sharp eye upon all who did attend. Sunday must have been for them a wearying, worrying day; other sinners might go to bed on Saturday night with the pleasing prospect of a day of rest to-morrow, but the tithingman must have his loins girded by day-break—yea, sooner, for the Sabbath began at twelve o'clock at night. Our friends of the preceding generation seem to have retained the old Puritan hatred to games and amusements; cards were forbidden, and common *fiddlers* and *pipers*, as well as common vagabonds and rogues, all went one way—to the House of Correction.

The penalty attached to the offence of duelling must have been anything but satisfactory to all concerned in it. Even though death to either party did not ensue, the offenders, in view of such punishment, must have sincerely wished it had. Our shrewd old fathers touched the right string when they made the penalty so abominably disgraceful that even its severity was lost in humiliation. Just think of a gentleman seeking gentlemanly satisfaction for an affront being carried publicly in a cart to a gallows, and sitting there with a rope around his neck to be gazed at; after that he must lay in the common jail twelve months, or in lieu of imprisonment receive publicly thirty-nine lashes. Even for challenging to fight, though

no duel followed, or for aiding or abetting in any duel, the penalty was not small; a heavy fine, six months' imprisonment, and, "the unkindest cut of all," perhaps, to any Yankee, incapacity for holding any office under government for the space of three years. To kill another in a duel, death; and the person so killed, as well as the person convicted of the murder, to be buried without a coffin, with a stake driven through the body, or to be given to the surgeons for dissection. This bears date 1784.

Profanity was punishable by a fine of two dollars, double that sum upon a second conviction, and treble upon a third; but if upon any one occasion a person after the first oath should utter other oaths or curses, for every one after the first he might be fined fifty cents. This discriminating provision of the law concerning profanity made it possible for a man to study economy in the indulgence in that entertaining recreation.

Branding and standing in the pillory are named occasionally in the list of punishments, though it appears that the cases were not frequent.

So now we have looked the old book through. If we think that our fathers were severe or needlessly sharp in looking up petty offences, if we think we are wiser than they, the best proof we can give of our wisdom is to stand clear of all offences ourselves, great or small.

A WIFE'S PRAYER.—We do not assume that we recognize that which is truly beautiful in all that makes humanity approach to the Divine; but if there is anything that comes nearer to the imploration of Ruth to Naomi than the subjoined, we have not seen it: "Lord! bless and preserve that dear person whom thou hast chosen to be my husband: let his life be long and blessed, comfortable and holy; and let me also become a great blessing and comfort unto him, a sharer in all his joys, a refreshment in all his sorrows, a meet helper for him in all the accidents and changes in the world: make me amiable for ever in his eyes, and for ever dear to him. Unite his heart to me in the dearest love and holiness, and mine to him in all sweetness, charity, and compliance. Keep me from all ungentleness, all discontentedness, and unreasonableness of passion and humor: and make me humble and obedient, useful and observant, that we may delight in each other according to Thy blessed word, and both of us may rejoice in Thee, having our portion in the love and service of God for ever."

BLIND.

"BLIND, did you say, doctor?"

"Blind, madam! stone blind, if he persists in poring over those abominable law books. Nothing but perfect rest can prevent the loss of the sight, if even that can." Having delivered himself of which, the irritable, but kind-hearted doctor strode out of the house.

"It's a pity, and he's so young," said Mrs. Deane, addressing her niece who sat by the window sewing. "Jessie, you may take your work, and sit in his room; he complains so much of being lonesome, and I'm sure I've no time to waste on him, or any other young man."

Jessie rose to obey, and the bustling landlady hastened away.

"Miss Barnes," said Herman Underwood, as she sat in his little sitting-room that afternoon bending low over her work, "tell me something about yourself; you seem so strangely placed, so different from those around you."

There had been a long pause in the conversation, and the young girl sewed very industriously, with a hurried, nervous movement, as if to drive away thought. But she evidently did not succeed, and Mr. Underwood watched the color deepen on the bowed face; saw the tears, she could not repress, drop silently on her work; noticed the little hand shake, and the whole frame tremble with suppressed emotion.

She was young, not more than fifteen; and, save for the hopeless, desolate expression of her pale face, would have been lovely. When Mr. Underwood spoke she started nervously, as though he had broken in upon some dream of the past; but collecting herself in a moment, she replied in a low tone, without raising her eyes—

"I have not been here long; I—my father—" she touched her mourning dress, but could not speak.

"I see," said Mr. Underwood, softly, "added to your bereavement, you find yourself, poor child, among people who are different from those you have lost; and you are lonely and hopeless."

"My aunt is very good to me," Jessie faltered out, and then broke down utterly, covered her face with her hands, and wept bitterly.

"Don't cry, Jessie: may I call you Jessie? I wish you were my sister; I never had one, and I think I would like such a one as you."

Jessie rallied—"You are too kind, Mr. Underwood."

"Indeed, I am only selfish, Jessie; I would like a sister now, in my affliction, to take care of me; to talk, read, and sing to me, to be my eyes, in fact."

"I will do all that gladly, if I can please you," said Jessie, timidly.

"Would you like me for a brother, Jessie, such a great ugly-looking fellow as I?"

She raised the long lashes, still wet with tears, and gave him one little glance.

"You're not ugly."

"What am I, then, little one?"

"You look good to me; you are the first one who has spoken kindly to me."

"Well, how about the relationship? are you going to have me for your brother?" he persisted, intent upon cheering her, and believing that could best be done by giving her something to care for.

"Oh, Mr. Underwood! if you are in earnest, I would be too happy. I can't believe—"

"Well, I am in earnest, and now come and sit by me."

Beauty was never lost on the susceptible heart of Herman Underwood, and the new gladness beaming in Jessie's brown eyes, as she took the seat indicated, made her look so lovely and winning, that he could not resist taking her soft little hand in his. She tried to draw it away, with a blush, but he said very gently—

"Nay, Jessie, it is nothing wrong if I wish to take my sister's hand, is it? I shall claim to be treated like a brother—"

"I never had a brother," Jessie said, trembling, not daring to meet his eye.

"And consequently you don't know how to treat me; but I can teach you. In the first place, you must not call me Mr. Underwood."

She looked up in surprise. "What then?"

"Call me Herman."

"Oh, I can't!" And the blushing face turned away.

"Jessie, it would make me so happy to hear the old, familiar home name. Try."

"If it will really make you happy, Herman," she murmured.

His eyes lighted up, and he drew her nearer.

"Now, sister Jessie, I will tell you how I propose to amuse myself while I am shut up here. I intend to take your education into

my hands. Do you read French and German?"

"French, a little; German, not at all."

"Then I shall have the pleasure of teaching you, and brighten up my own knowledge, too. Would you like that?"

"I would, on one condition."

"Name it."

"That you let me read every day to you in your law books."

"Jessie, you don't know what dry reading it is; you'd hate it. No, no!"

"I shall like reading it, if I am assisting you; I don't want the obligations all on one side."

And thus it was arranged.

Spring passed on into summer, and Mr. Underwood was still an invalid; still he was kept in a dark room, or his eyes bandaged if he went out, or she read to him.

Jessie was his devoted attendant. She became nearly indispensable to him; he could walk only if she led; ride only as she drove; read only with her eyes. Every one was glad to relinquish so helpless a burden; and Jessie read law, talked and read French and German, sang to him, read all the books and papers he wished, and indeed became eyes to the blind. No sister could have been more tender or thoughtful, none could be more unselfish. Resting safely on the title of brother, with no other to share her heart, deep, womanly love grew into full being unconsciously. Physically she had changed very much. Her pale cheek had become plump and rosy; the expression of sadness given way to a deep, inward content.

And Mr. Underwood? Was he insensible to the opening beauty of the gentle maiden? Did he not suspect the spring of her tender care? Could he, man of the world as he was, fail to see the young, innocent, and unconscious love grow up in her heart, and, seeing, reciprocate it? Alas, not one shadow of her beauty was lost on him, a beauty worshipper; not one sign of her pure love was unnoted, not one feeling in her breast but was returned tenfold. She was entwined in the very fibres of his being; he felt as if she was a part of himself; he listened for her step; he was never happy unless he could hear her voice. And all this was keen agony to the strong man.

In the long summer twilights he had told Jessie of his early life, of his benefactor who had educated him, and on whom he was dependent until he could practice his profession;

he had mentioned the pretty daughter, sweet Minna Ross. But there was one little passage in his life which he resolutely locked in his own breast, namely, that just before leaving them, thinking that Mr. Ross expected it, and really fancying himself in love with Minna, he had offered himself to her and been accepted, and she was now expecting to become his wife as soon as he was established. This was never told; for he began to see that he had made a mistake. Real love for Jessie showed him how weak the feelings he entertained for Minna.

Herman Underwood's one great and glaring fault was indecision of character. He struggled and wavered between opposing duties; he could not come out boldly and tell the truth to either; his pride revolted from repaying his guardian by such an ungrateful deed, and his deep and tender love could not inflict a pang on the gentle maiden to whom he was all the world. So, with habitual indecision, he resolved to let matters take their own course, and he would be happy while he might. Meantime he was getting slowly better. One day Jessie came in and found him reading.

"Ah," she sighed, "you are getting independent of me again!"

"You are glad that I am getting well, Jessie?"

"Yes, of course; but it was pleasant to be necessary to some one's happiness."

"You are more necessary than ever to mine, dear little Jessie," he said, tenderly, drawing her down on to the sofa by him; "you have nestled into my heart so closely these long months that you have devoted to me, that I think it would tear my heart to pieces to be separated from you."

"Separate!" Why that word from him? Was there any such possibility before her? She turned a pale, frightened face to him, gasping out—

"Separate! what do you mean? You are not going to leave me?"

He quickly folded her in his arms.

"Leave you? Never, never, darling; how could I leave you!"

"I have no friend but you," she said, timidly; "you have been so good to me, I was afraid—"

"Fear no more, my own treasure, I will never leave you. You shall be mine, forever, forever. Leave you, Jessie! I love you; not as a brother, far more, far deeper. I cannot live without you. Does it make you happy, little trembler? Look up in my face, and let me see if the tears are gone, and the color returned."

She raised the tearful eyes and gave him a timid glance, quickly dropping them again with crimson cheeks.

"Nay, Jessie, that doesn't satisfy me. Look at me again; am I so very formidable?" he added, as she made an ineffectual effort to look up. "Speak to me, then, darling; tell me if you love me."

"Ah, you know!" she said, with difficulty.

"Well, but tell me how much more than a sister? enough to be a *wife*?"

"Next to God," she whispered, softly, seeing that he waited for a reply.

He held her close to his heart, and kissed her passionately.

"I found her a drooping flower. I have restored her to life; and now, but for my care, she would perish. It must be right; besides," he added, mentally, "I am all she has; she loves me more than I deserve. While Minna has wealth and hosts of friends, and is not capable of what Jessie feels, it is clearly my duty to cherish this one." Thus summarily he settled the question of duty in his mind.

"What must be right, Herman?"

"It must be right to love you, darling, better than all the world, better than life, or heaven."

"Why do you speak so? Has any other a right here, Herman?" She raised her head from its resting-place, but he held her tighter in his arms as he replied—

"There is none living to whom that place is what it is to you; there is none whom I love half as well as I do you; and none who loves me as I feel you do. There is none other I will ever call wife!"

Jessie submitted to be drawn back to the old place.

Mrs. Deane, or Widow Deane, as she was called by her neighbors, married early in life a low fellow who kept a country hotel. A few years before our story opens, he left her a widow, with a comfortable fortune and the hotel. In addition to her coarseness and vulgarity, she became very avaricious.

When Jessie Barnes was left an orphan, as she was her only relative, she felt obliged to give her a shelter, because of what the world would say; and she anticipated making her very useful about her house. Her disappointment was great when she saw the delicate girl, tenderly brought up, and physically unable to assist her. Her ill-disguised sentiments made Jessie miserable in the extreme. Rallying from her grief she endeavored to assist her aunt in sewing.

Upon Mr. Underwood's manifesting so much interest in her, Mrs. Deane conceived a plan to dispose of the unwelcome incumbrance creditably to herself. To that end she released the girl from all duties, and encouraged her constant attendance upon the invalid. She allowed the house to be filled with books and music, though such trash was grievous to her orderly eye. Moreover, she allowed Jessie to wear the freshest and daintiest of white muslin dresses, although she lost a good laundress on account of the ironing.

Her keen eyes saw the result; and as she thought the plot was ripe for her interference, she took the matter into her own determined hands. While Jessie listened happily to the old, old story, new to every maiden's heart, Mrs. Deane knocked at the door. Mr. Underwood's voice bade her enter. Jessie was reading with a flushed face, and Mr. Underwood was walking the room.

Mrs. Deane sat down.

"Mr. Underwood, I have come in to talk with you, as you seem to be a friend to Jessie, about what I had better do with her."

Mr. Underwood sat down and looked at her.

"You see," Mrs. Deane went on, "I am poor myself, and can't afford to support her in idleness; seems to me she ought to be able to help herself by this time."

Jessie looked very much pained, and tried to speak, but Mr. Underwood put his hand over hers, meaningly, and said in a low tone—

"Let me answer her, Jessie."

Mrs. Deane, appearing not to notice, went on—

"I think I might get her a situation to teach now—"

Mr. Underwood interrupted her; his eyes flashed—

"Give yourself no uneasiness, madam; I will take care of your niece."

"I can't allow any such improper proceedings," she began.

"She will be my *wife*, madam."

"Oh, if *that*'s it, of course I am glad Jessie is so well provided for. Jessie, why didn't you tell me?"

Jessie had covered her burning face with her hands, and did not reply. Mr. Underwood leaned over her and whispered—

"Jessie, darling, don't cry; she isn't worth these tears."

That night the miserable man walked his room excitedly.

"I am placed in an interesting position," he muttered. "I did not intend to speak to Jessie

till the other was settled; but her distress, and her aunt's coarse brutality finished the business; and I am engaged to marry two girls. I *must* end this. I will go down and break off with Minna, as soon as I can leave my darling Jessie. I ain't half good enough for the sweet girl; but she loves me, I do believe that."

In a luxuriant apartment, pillowed up in an easy-chair, the sick girl received her lover. She looked so frail and loving that, with his usual weakness, he could not resist taking her in his arms and kissing her tenderly.

"Dear Hermý, I'm glad you have come home."

"I'm glad to see you, Minna, but you don't look very well."

"Why didn't you come before?" she asked, a little impatiently.

"You know I have been sick, Minna, and nearly blind."

"Yes, I know—papa told me; but you're going to stay with me now?" she added, coaxingly.

"Minna, dear, you know I have my fortune to make, and I can't stay with you; you must hurry and get well."

"I can't get well, I never will get well unless you stay and take care of me. You ought to think more of me than of money."

"Of course I do, Minna, but I have no right to think of you until I have made some money; I couldn't ask your father to give me his daughter, and money to support her, too."

"I don't see any use in working so hard for money, when I've got enough for both."

"You know, Minna dear," he said, softly, "we discussed that before I went away. I want something besides money—an independent position, a career." His heart warmed as he remembered Jessie's sympathy with his aims. But Minna replied, pettishly—

"You always did care more for these things than for me, and I don't think it is right."

He saw the uselessness of talking to her, and wondered how he could ever have dreamed he loved this petted baby. Noticing his silence, she whispered—

"You needn't mind me; I am sick and cross, you know. Do you *love* me, Hermý?"

How could he resist the soft, pleading tone, the tender arms thrown round his neck, the soft blue eyes looking fondly into his? He was weak; he held her in his arms, kissed her, and called her his dear little Minna.

In his own room that night he cursed his

folly, he hated himself for this weakness, this indecision. But when Mr. Ross told him, the next day, that they feared she would never live to be a bride, that a sudden shock might kill her at any moment, he saw that he must not broach the subject he came to settle; he must return to Jessie, and let fate decide for him.

It was decided at last. One morning Jessie brought in his package of letters, and he asked her, as he often did, to read them to him. After reading several on business, she opened one bearing the New York postmark. Mr. Underwood started when she read the date, for, having received a letter from Mr. Ross a day or two before, he did not expect another so soon. However, it was too late to retreat; Jessie read on, until finally the letter ended thus:—

"Minna is better, and a change of air is recommended. I cannot leave, and, as you can, I would like to have you come on in a week or two, be married, and take her to Cuba, where you can stay till her health is established. Let me hear immediately. Yours,

JOHN ROSS."

Jessie read it through distinctly. When she finished, her hands, still holding the letter, dropped on her lap, and she raised her eyes beseechingly to Mr. Underwood's. He had buried his face in his hands, and she saw that the worst was true. With low, calm voice, she spoke—

"Herman, what does this mean?"

No reply from the dark figure.

"Can you explain this?" There was a world of tender entreaty in the hurried tone, which went straight to his heart; but he could not so suddenly face her just indignation. Receiving no reply, she arose, white and trembling. "Then there is no excuse, no apology; I am to believe the worst. So be it, if you wish." She was leaving the room.

"Stay, Jessie," burst from his lips. "Hear me one moment while I tell you how it happened. I fancied myself in love with Minna, I owed her father such a debt of gratitude; I was engaged to her before I saw you."

Jessie started, and covered her burning face with her hands. He went on impetuously—

"I need not tell you that I never *loved* till I saw you; that the other was a fancy, weak as fleeting; that you and you alone are and have been mistress of my heart; that I have tried to settle this other—I went east to do so, but found her dying, as they supposed; I thought

death would spare me the avowal of my feelings; I weakly yielded to dislike of paining them. Despise me, Jessie; I know I am weak and cowardly in this."

Jessie lifted up her head, and looked steadily at him. "Then, Mr. Underwood, you have deceived me from the first; being engaged to another, you have deliberately"—her voice faltered, and it was a moment before she could proceed. As she went on, she became composed and hard. "For several months you have been engaged to marry two girls—verily, you are a skilful man. And, as I have no desire to rival Miss Ross in your heart, I yield *unconditionally* my half of your heart and promised hand."

She was sweeping from the room, beautiful in her indignation, when Mr. Underwood fell on his knees and seized her dress.

"Dearest Jessie, *don't* leave me so; I know I have been weak and irresolute, but, believe me, not a cool deceiver; I have never enjoyed peace in the position in which circumstances placed me. Oh, Jessie! I love *you*, you only! I cannot lose you. Forgive—"

Jessie smiled sarcastically. "So you vowed to Miss Ross, I presume, the last time you saw her."

"Jessie, don't look so cold and hard. How can I move her?" he added to himself.

"It is impossible for me to excuse such duplicity where I believed all was honorable; it is inexpressibly painful to find that one who I thought was—was—honest, at least, should have been playing a double game on the simplicity of two young girls. What might be forgiven in a friend is utterly unpardonable in one who seeks to be a husband." Her voice trembled a moment, but was firm again as she concluded: "Go, now, return to Miss Ross, fulfil your first engagement as in duty bound, perhaps; as she is delicate, I may yet be able to take the second place."

"Hear me, Jessie, while I swear—"

"Do you think I will believe you, *you*?" she said, scornfully.

"Jessie, you torture me to madness. Let me send for the next clergyman, and here and now plight my faith to you, will you?" he cried, eagerly, as she seemed to hesitate. "Let me prove by a life of devotion that I never loved but you."

"Never, never!" she exclaimed, drawing away from his arm, that tried to clasp her. "Never, Mr. Underwood, though *she* should die to-morrow; I will not further degrade myself by becoming *your wife*!"

She turned again to leave, and was confronted

at the door by Mrs. Deane, who was too much interested in the scene to be ashamed to be caught listening.

"Come back, miss," she said, roughly; "I've got a word to say. Did I hear you refuse to marry this man?"

"Aunt," pleaded Jessie, in a low tone, "you know not my reasons; I will tell you." And she tried to draw her away.

"Yes, I do know your reasons; I heard at the door," said she, unblushingly, "and I say, once for all, this fellow has acted like a puppy; but he offers honorable reparation, and I insist that you accept his offer. I will send for Mr. Graham."

"Indeed, aunt," said Jessie, firmly, "I shall never consent to it."

"Then here I swear, Miss Jessie Barnes, that you shall live no longer here with your hands folded like a lady; I can't afford to slave myself to death for you."

"I will go away, aunt," said Jessie, quietly.

"I don't want you to go away," said Mrs. Deane, somewhat mollified by her readiness to go; "I want you to marry him, and be happy."

"I will leave your house in an hour, madam, but never ask or expect me to marry that man." And she left the room, white with passion.

Herman Underwood sank on the sofa, and hid his face; he had never dreamed it would go so far as this; he thought she would be angry, but he trusted to her love; he expected to "kiss and make up." But this, *this* was decisive; this showed new depths in Jessie's nature. Hitherto she had appeared amiable and lovely; this showed her to be haughty and self-reliant as well. This nature could not be trampled on, this disposition would never tamely submit to be insulted. He felt, miserable man, in the solitude of his room, that night, that he loved Jessie more than ever.

But the morning brought startling news—Jessie was gone! The only explanation of her absence was furnished by the porter, who told that, at her request, he had carried her trunk to the night train of cars. Herman Underwood was well assured that there would be no weak relenting in Jessie, that she was lost to him; and, after a week of suffering, desirous to save others from grief, in a fit of desperation he rushed to New York, received his frail bride, and embarked for Cuba on the same day.

Ten years rolled soothingly over torn and bleeding hearts, and found Mr. Underwood a successful man. From the death of his wife, a few months after their marriage, he devoted

himself to his profession, and attained wealth and eminence. Miss Barnes was also changed. The death of Mrs. Deane put her in possession of a handsome property, with which she returned to the home where her parents lived and died in one of our eastern cities. She became a belle, a beautiful, agreeable, talented woman, but cold as a block of marble. It was nothing to her that men loved her, that they offered their hearts at her feet. She was utterly unmoved by their vows and protestations, or, if moved, it was in scorn, to ask sarcastically, if they were *sure* they had never sworn the same to half a dozen women, or if they wouldn't take her purse, and spare her life. All were utterly and decidedly rejected.

One evening, at a large party, suddenly, she stood face to face with Herman Underwood. For an instant, the blood stood still in her veins, then rushed violently through them as he took her hand. He was altered; thin, almost a shadow; pale, careworn, unsatisfied. His eyes rested on her, as in a dream, and for an instant he held her hand as in a vice, striving to realize that this was the Jessie of long ago, that this was she who had loved him.

Nothing of that remained evidently. She withdrew her hand coldly, and turned away, almost in dislike. He could not talk to her, and mutual inclination soon divided them.

But if the young girl won his love, the grand, beautiful woman could not fail to win his deepest adoration. Day after day, week after week, found him spellbound by her side, incapable of leaving her, capable only of loving. And she! she smiled scornfully in her dressing-room, as she was enveloped in the robes he admired, neglecting no charm of the toilet, which should take away his reason; for she determined to bring him to her feet, and scorn him.

The low murmur of the sea waves was very enticing to Jessie, and in the early twilight, when all nature seems quiet and resting, after a warm day, she leaned wearily on a rock on the shore, the waves almost reaching her feet. The evening was cool, and the graceful folds of a soft crimson mantle rested lightly on her fair shoulders, and floated down over her airy white robe. Her gipsy hat, decked with delicate clusters of flowers that she had gathered on the way, was thrown back, and hung carelessly by the strings with which it was tied, showing the finely-formed head, and the full rolls of soft brown hair. The evening breeze toyed with the wavy tresses hanging over her face, disarranging them, and throwing them lightly back. A cluster of the same white flowers with one of

crimson she had fastened on the bosom of her dress; her hands were clasped before her, and in this attitude she half sat, half stood against the rock, and gazed dreamily on the sea.

Herman Underwood had never seen her look so lovely; every nerve thrilled with a sense of her beauty, as he sat at her feet, looking at her with adoration. Nothing told that she was aware of his passionate gaze, except the soft flutter of the color in her cheek, or the unsteady drooping of the eyelid.

And now, in low, eager words, he poured out his love and grief, his despair and hope. Jessie heard him through. No change was visible in her, save that she became very pale, and shivered as with cold, as she always did under excitement. When he pleaded for one word, she slowly turned her eyes on him, and gave him a steady look.

"You have offered me the second place, as in duty bound; you remember your promises well; ten years is a long time to remain true to an engagement so slight as ours." She spoke coldly, and with perfect self-possession.

"Miss Barnes, Jessie, don't mock me; I offer no second place. You know you had the first, the best, the undying love of my heart. Oh! can't you forgive me, Jessie? Fool, wretch as I was, I have ever loved *you* better than my own soul—"

"You forget, Mr. Underwood, that ten years have changed the believing maiden into a cold, sceptical woman—a woman who does not believe in love, much less feel it."

"Jessie," he said, in a low, passionate tone, "have you forgotten how happy we were in the old time? how fondly you—"

"Hush!" she exclaimed, with changing color. "*Dare* not to remind me of the past, long ago dead and forgotten; let the waves of oblivion roll over it, or I may chance to remember"—her voice grew cold and hard—"a villain, who wooed me to love him while engaged in marriage to another." She turned her eyes again on the tossing sea.

"You cast me off utterly, then, without hope, without mercy, in that calm, cold way in which the world affirms you are wont to rebuke the passionate love of men."

"The love of men, caused by the face Nature chanced to give me, or the little money I happen to possess, does not overcome me, I admit. My face might fade, and I do not choose to be an incumbrance, with money."

"I need not disclaim either of these motives," he exclaimed, vehemently; "you well know I love *you*."

"Imagine I have had the smallpox, and you will find yourself cured, I assure you." She gave him a smile and a little nod, adding, gayly: "Shall we return, Mr. Underwood? I confess I am not sufficiently sentimental to prefer a moonlight *tête-à-tête* to the gay society we lose."

Mastering his emotion by a great effort, he rose, and accompanied her home in silence.

Not so Miss Barnes, however; she chatted, gayly, all the way, apparently not noticing that the replies were in monosyllables.

"She is used to see men in despair," was his bitter thought.

"Good-evening," she said, at the door.

"Good-by."

"Ah, do you leave to-night?"

"Yes."

"Good-by, then." And she left him with a smile. Instead of entering the brilliantly lighted saloon, where the young and gay were collected for amusement, she passed directly up to her room, threw herself into a chair by the window, and leaned out to catch the cool breeze. Her coldness, her apathy were all gone, her face burned, her eyes flashed. "Ah, it was sweet to triumph over him!" she murmured. "It was delightful to be able to hear with unchanging face all his protestations of love; to answer him coldly and lightly; to make him think me entirely indifferent to him. I hate myself that I do not feel so; I despise my weak, miserable heart that, when he opened his arms and begged me to come, ached and longed to go, to find rest, and peace, and joy in his love." She pushed back the falling hair, and leaned her head on her hands. "I will conquer," she said, firmly; "I will cure myself of this weak disease, this babyish clinging to the past; yet it was delicious to hear the old vows from the same lips, to know that, although in his weakness—for he has one weakness, with all his grand strength—he married her, through all he loved me. She was a baby of a wife, but she loved him. Herman! Herman! I would not for worlds have you know the love, the longing that fills my heart. I can be cold and haughty with you, but alone with God, who sees the heart, I know, I feel that I love you, I love you, now and ever."

The world added Mr. Underwood's name to the list of Miss Barnes's rejections, and Jessie grew pale and wan as the summer passed on.

Leaning pensively out of her window at the hotel, one cool night in early fall, she caught the sound of the name she could not forget,

uttered by one of two gentlemen who were passing her window.

"It is thought that he will not recover this time; he has employed the best oculists, who all say he is hopelessly blind."

"Very sudden, is it not?"

"Yes, unaccountable entirely; he had a nervous fever first, ending in the old disease; he bears it like a philosopher; he is very much changed since he—" The speaker passed out of hearing.

The sick man turned uneasily on his couch; hired attendants bustled noisily around the room. "Ah," he thought, "once, when I lay thus, a soft hand pressed my aching brows, a gentle foot glided noiselessly about me, a kind heart anticipated every want, kind eyes and sweet voice were ready to minister to my entertainment; but now—ah, she scorned me, she spurned me from her, she said bitter things to me; love is dead in her heart. Yet I could have worshipped her then—I do worship, love, long for her, every day, every hour. My peerless Jessie, if I had not been a fool once, I might have had you now; for I shall always believe you loved me long ago." He turned again, the rustle of a dress caught his ear, some one knelt at his feet and clasped his hand in hers, kissed it softly, and a low, trembling voice pleads—

"Herman, may I come back to my old place? will you forgive my coldness, my pride? will you take me back into your heart?"

He leaned over, took her in his arms, drew her into his bosom; words failed, he could answer only by caresses, and these were bestowed lavishly, passionately. For years he had longed for and despaired of this moment, and now he held her tightly, closely.

"Have you forgiven, Herman?"

"Forgiven! can you forgive?"—he held her off a moment—"Jessie, do you come from pity? I thought you would never love me again."

"I did not mean to," Jessie whispered, clinging to him, and hiding her blushing face; "but when I heard of you alone, and suffering, and needing me, then I knew that—that—"

"What, darling?"

"That I never should cease to love you."

He pressed her closely to his heart, and no words were spoken.

"Jessie," he said, that evening, when they were waiting for the man of God, who had been summoned to unite them—"Jessie, if you had not so nobly come to me yourself, I should not

dare to ask you to unite your youth and beauty to my blindness and helplessness."

"You know, Herman," she answered, softly, "I like to be necessary to you."

INDIAN SUMMER IN AMERICA.

BY CHARLES STEWART.

The blooms that erewhile decked the flowers
Now dash the trees with hectic hues,
That die (like rainbows after showers)
In vivid but dissolving views.

The passage birds fly o'er the land,
Swift heralds of the coming frost;
Like flames the blood-red maples stand,
From nature's grateful holocaust.

Hushed autumn's warm and perfumed breath
Ascends, like incense, to the sun,
Whilst in the noontide, still as death,
Drop the ripe apples one by one.

From out her serried ranks of spears
The golden wreath of Ceres gleams:
Far woods, new washed by cloud-wept tears,
Glow through an atmosphere of dreams.

Alone I tread the long dim fields
Where erst the sickle flashed and rang:
A sigh along the stubble steals,
And hushed the song the reapers sang.

A ghost-like haze hangs over stream,
As though the summer's shroud it wore;
The dews are summer's still I dream,
Although the morning mists are frore.

Far to the west, in fancy's eye,
You line of hills that stretch away
Seems but a portion of the sky
That trees with spectral clouds array.

The unobtrusive meadow brook
With sadder plaint now flows along,
As if the wraith of winter shook
The cheerful tenor of its song.

The sun's slant arrows shattered blaze
O'er autumn's rubric leaves of blood,
Down drifting through the purple haze,
On the broad bosom of the flood.

Not a leaf stirs! the world is mute!
Tired nature seems to silence awed,
While all her tokens constitute
Admonitory oracles from God!

Ah, would that I might wander by
This plaintive stream with nature still,
And worship nature's Deity,
Whose sad sweet voices through me thrill!

Ah, wishful heart! how vain thou'rt grown,
To dream that autumn e'er survives!
To-morrow winter mounts the throne,
And chains the world in icy gyves.

To-morrow! and to-day's sweet dreams
Are swept into the eternal past,
Scotched by the swift, incessant wings
Of Time—the great iconoclast.

Poor, painted leaves! how glad ye seem
To wear thy gorgeous garb! Dost know,
Doomed captives, it is but a scheme
To usher in with pomp thy foe?

Oh, wherefore will ye try to cling
With such despair to every bough?
A few more blasts your fate will bring—
If die you must, then perish now!

But no! a human emblem true,
Ye'll shrink and shiver in the gale
Till we and pain will grasp ye too,
And close your sad and pensive tale.

Farewell, ye Indian summer days!
A few more days will feel thy spell,
And then with flowers, birds, and sprays,
The dream will fade away—farewell!

IN THE DISTANCE.

BY CELESTE.

FAR in the distance dim and blue,
Where clouds on sleeping billows rest,
A fairy land I seem to view
Reposing on the mild sea's breast,
And fancy it some Eden blest.

Draped in a veil of azure mist,
In dreamy calm, behold the isle
Lulled by the waves, by warm winds kissed—
And there must nature ever smile,
And beauty weave her spells the while.

Amid its cool and fragrant groves,
The sweetest flowers must surely grow;
There Naiads tell their mystic loves,
While fountains play and streamlets flow;
Ah, fairy scenes are there, I know!

Oh take me to that lovely spot,
And quickly, that my eyes may see,
Though dreary oft may be man's lot,
How glorious may earth's treasures be!
And all shall be revealed to me.

The blue mist faded as we sailed—
We neared the bright enchanted land—
Alas, too soon stood all unveiled
Grim rocks upon a barren strand,
As frowning sentinels might stand!

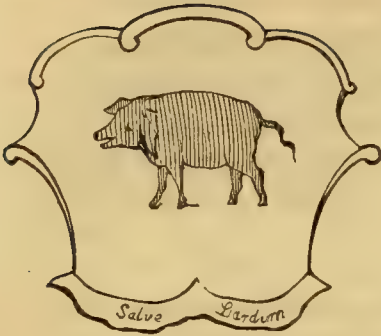
We sought beyond, and only found
A craggy island, bleak and bare;
In vain I sadly gazed around
For birds or streams or blossoms rare;
No flower-crowned nymph e'er lingered there!

Oh thus, when o'er the waves of life
We rush, and win a long-sought goal,
Appears the object of our strife;
And disappointment thrills the soul,
While 'round us Marathon's waters roll.

Yet in the distant, heavenly blue,
A land of untold beauty lies,
Nor fade its glories to our view
As nearer we approach the skies;
Towards that we turn our weary eyes.

MR. AND MRS. RASHER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MISS SLIMMENS."



CHAPTER XV.

HOME AGAIN.

WELL, Rasher, it's just as I expected! I've always said you'd fail, always! Hundreds of thousands of times I've said it since you went into the pork business, a low, vulgar, contemptible business, which I never could abide. And to fail now, of all times! Waited till I'd got to Newport, and splurged out; and then, when everybody knew who I was and all about us, to up and fail, and be sent for, and have to go home right in the midst of the season. You did it to provoke me, I verily believe. Why didn't you give up six weeks ago, and then we could have gone to the country, or hid our heads somewhere? I told a prodigious whopper about our leaving so suddenly; I told every one you was very sick. They'll hear the truth soon enough, and I hadn't the courage to face my own mortification. It sets me half frantic to think how much they'll enjoy it when they get the news; all them hateful, envious, spiteful women—tickled to death to get me out of the way. You're to blame for it all, Rasher. You're an old fool, and I don't care if the girls do hear me say so; their father'd no business to bring 'em into such trouble. Neither of 'em married, and now they never will be. One of 'em might have been out of the way, at least, the wife of a man that everybody likes to know, if it hadn't been for your interference, getting into the carriage in the most shameful manner, and driving us home instead of to the minister's; and now I suppose she'll live an old maid. Lucky escape? Humph! that's your idea. I presume Mr. Flummery would have

been mad when you failed, of course, but she would have been his wife, and he couldn't help himself, could he? It does seem to me as if you were the most lacking in worldly prudence of anybody I ever saw. You never see only one side of a question. You ought to have stayed a single man, Rasher, and not have had an innocent wife and family to suffer from your lack of common sense.

Take off my bonnet, and cool down a little? Thank you, you're *very* considerate, my dear! I expect I shall be cool in this dreadful city, with the thermometer 94° in the shade, and me, of all persons, who ought to be by the seaside, suffering as I always do from the heat. I expect I can take off my bonnet and make myself at home, when I haven't any home to make myself. If you wasn't totally wanting in common delicacy, you wouldn't mention the word, when you know this very house'll be in the sheriff's hands in less'n a month. I can tell by the very way Peter's throwing them trunks down in the hall that he knows already he's going to be discharged. O dear! it's nothing but trouble, trouble! and you want me to make myself easy. If you'd a spark of feeling in your breast, you'd know I couldn't be easy.

What's that, Felicia? You don't think I ought to scold papa; he looks sick and tired himself? Does he, indeed! I should think he ought to, after all the suffering he's brought on his family. You'd better pity *him*, and tell your mother when it's proper for her to speak. Think I ought to spare you, when you're already so dreadfully cut up that you feel like a packed pig? It seems you don't feel so bad but that you can go on punning, when you know how I hate it. I hope you ordered the housekeeper to have some kind of a dinner ready, for I'm perfectly exhausted by my journey and my mental sufferings. O dear! O dear! all the servants dismissed but two, and the furniture tied up in Holland, and standing around like so many ghosts. I expect even our dressing-mirrors have got tarlatan over 'em, which we'll have to take off before we can see to brush our hair. All the silver sent off to Ball & Black's big safe, and nobody to wait on us at dinner but the housekeeper; it's just as distressing and miserable as it can be. I can't endure it; I've got a horrible headache now. I shall

be sick by to-morrow. Come, girls, we may as well go up stairs, and take off our own things and wash our own faces, for we've nobody to do it for us. Tell the woman to have a good, hearty dinner, Rasher, for I've given out, and need it. Heigh-ho!

Stick your foot through them lace hangings, if you want to, husband; they'll bring just as much at auction. You thrash around like a flail on a barn floor. Mosquitoes? There ain't one in the room; it's your mind that troubles you, and not mosquitoes. It's the "stings and narrows of outrageous fortune," Mr. Rasher, and not mosquitoes. There! What on earth have you hopped clear out of bed for? Is there a spider or a snake in it? Surprised to hear me quoting Shakespeare? 'Twasn't Shakespeare, my love, so you're up a stump there; 'twas that handsome actor we used to go to hear at Burton's, so you might as well get back again and compose yourself. You'd have been to sleep long ago if I hadn't kept you away by my groans and sighs? Now, my dear, you know I haven't spoke or stirred since we came to bed. You meant my *size*—240 pounds—and a warm night in August; my growin's and size? Rasher, I've a good mind to pitch you out on the floor! As if we hadn't real trouble enough but you must go and make it worse by your jokes and silliness. Here we are, on the brink of starvation, as it were, and you're jesting as if it were a laughing matter. Can't starve as long as we have so many Raschers in the house? Well, well, well! I suppose, then, when you've brought us to the verge of ruin, we're all to turn cannibals, and eat each other up. But say, my dear, I wanted to ask you seriously, before you went to sleep, whether matters are really as bad as you have represented them? A great many folks fail, and live better than they did before. *Hope* to pay up all your debts, fair and square, and still have enough to buy back our old home, if you can get your creditors to give you a fair chance, in the course of a year or two? Do you think I'm going back into that little mean three-story brick, Timothy Rasher? Now, listen to me! other people don't do it, and I'm not going to. There's Stereotype & Co. failed last fall, and *they* haven't given up their house, and Mrs. S. dresses just as well as she used to, and they keep just as many servants; and it's the same with the Flashers, and Lampoils, and everybody else I know. It won't hurt us one particle to fail, as far as society is concerned, if we only manage our affairs as we ought to. Pay your debts, indeed! I suppose

every contemptible cook and barrel-maker, porter and book-keeper, will have to be paid, and your family left to deprive themselves of their carriage and jewelry. That's your idea of justice! No, sir; charity begins at home! I'm getting too fleshy to walk, and I intend to keep my carriage. As long as I do, and make as many calls, and give as many parties, and spend as much money as ever, there isn't one of our friends who will drop us; but we might as well go into the Tombs as into that three-story brick, as far as ever seeing *their* faces again is concerned. Think we ought to be grateful, under the circumstances, if we save that much? I sha'n't be grateful, and I sha'n't live in it, if you do get it back. Come, my dear, I know something about business, if I am a woman. You told me yourself that you only failed because them that owed you couldn't pay you in time to enable you to take up your notes; that your business really was worth as much as ever, and your assets were worth eighty cents on the dollar, at least. Now, if you can get your creditors to compromise for forty cents on two hundred thousand dollars, and give you a year to pay that in, why, you'll have *made money* like dirt, and we can live better 'n ever. Cheating? Nonsense! I tell you *everybody* does it; it's a well understood game, and highly honorable, or else fashionable folks wouldn't do it. The Flashers and Lampoils did it. I heard Lampoil myself say that a man had to fail once or twice to learn how to do business. They're getting on better than ever. Mrs. Lampoil had more diamonds than any other woman at Newport. If you haven't regard enough for your wife, at least have some consideration for your daughters. Here they are, just pausing on the threshold of the best society; can you have the heart to turn 'em away from the brilliant prospectus before them to the dingy parlor and sitting-room of that three-story brick? Can you call yourself a father, and be guilty of it, Rasher? It would break Cerintha's heart, I know it would! the poor girl would never hold up her head again. Don't see why they can't learn to get along as their mother did? 'Twon't hurt 'em to comb their own hair and make their own frocks? Oh, Rasher, what a brute you are! Honesty! honesty! I'm sick of the word; it's a low, vulgar word, and I'm sick of it. Poor people have it always in their mouths; they seem to think it gives 'em some kind of claim on us. Do I wish you to be dishonest? Of course not. What do you ask such provoking questions for? All I want of you is to *do as other people*

do; people in our station, who know what's proper. I don't think you need to set up to be better than folks who will hardly bow to us. There it goes at last! I knew you'd poke a hole in that curtain before morning. Well, it makes no difference to me. If even the very bed I sleep on is to be sold for the benefit of creditors, you may take all the comfort you can out of it. I'd rather the curtains would be torn than not; they were such a lovely pattern, perfectly exquisite. The person I bought them of said that pattern was invented for the bridal-chamber of Queen Victoria's daughter, and now you've kicked a hole in 'em, and I'm glad of it. Nobody else shall glory in the idea that they're sheltered by *my* best curtains; I'll set fire to 'em first! If there's any little articles like these that I set particular store by, you'll bid 'em in yourself, and save 'em from the general sale? My gracious! are you still talking about a sale, after all I've said? Let me tell you, Rasher, I won't budge an inch, not if the very sheriff himself comes and tries to put me out-doors! When these things are sold, it'll be because they're old-fashioned and I want new ones in their place. I've calculated to have new furniture about next November; this'll be a year old then, and quite out of date; but if you really are not going to be able to get new this fall, I can put up with this till after Christmas, and I'm sure you can't ask anything more reasonable than that. I'm willing to be reasonable, if you'll only be; but when you ask me to pack up my duds and take my unmarried daughters back into the old house, just because you've failed in business, I think you're decidedly wrong. There's the Flashers failed five times, and now they're building a new house way above ours, and they're going to France to select their furniture, and Flasher's credit is bigger than ever. If you go down the ladder, you'll only get kicks on the way; nobody'll trust you, nor give you time, nor show you mercy, nor help you up again. If you hadn't been a fool, as it were, you wouldn't have sent for us to come home from Newport, but would have furnished us with means to dash out more than ever, and the world would have had more confidence in you, and your creditors would have made better terms. It was very unwise, our coming home. I don't know how to retrieve the bad effects of such a step but by giving a tremendous party the very first week our friends get back, next month. It must be a splendid affair, or nothing at all; everything just as expensive as it can be. It's the only course that will save us, and keep our places in

society. If we make light of our misfortunes, other people will do the same. As long as we can entertain our friends handsomely, we may expect to be entertained in return. Are you asleep? Yes? No, you ain't, either, or you wouldn't answer. I want your consent to the party this very night. If you say I may give it, I will have that to take up my mind; it will be some consolation for staying at home, instead of being in Newport, and it will save the girls from moping about in such a melancholy manner. It won't be any common affair, but something to make everybody that's invited eager to come. It will be worth twenty thousand dollars to your credit, and it won't cost over two thousand, besides the chance of the girls making a strike. Rasher! you're snoring; that's a certain sign you don't like what I'm saying. You always resort to that pitiful trick to put a stop to my talking—you ought to be ashamed of it. Of what—my talking? No, your snoring. O dear! it's impossible to beat anything into your head. I've beat it so much I've dulled its delicate sensibilities? Delicate sensibilities, indeed! Nobody ever dreamed of your having any, my love. If I'd have been united to a suitable companion, who had proper consideration for *my* sensibilities, I shouldn't have to hammer ideas into your brains the way I do. To sell pork and pay your debts seems about the height of your ambition. We might take the shine off the Yellowdocks completely if you had the spunk you ought to have. Snoring again! Very well; I'm to give the party, then, for you haven't said no (and if you had it wouldn't make a particle of difference).

CHAPTER XVI.

HER DEAR FRIEND COMES TO SEE HER.

OH, Fitz, how do you do? Yes, it is rather unexpected, our returning so soon. But you see I got tired of Newport. I came pretty near getting drowned the first time I went in to bathe, and that made me sick of the ocean; and, to tell the truth, I don't think Newport is what it used to be; it's getting too promiscuous. It's worse still at Saratoga, and I don't know what a person, who's very particular, is going to do for some place to take their daughters and enjoy themselves in the summer time. It's just as well that your husband wasn't able to let you go, dear. You'd be willing to run the risk? O, I know; that's the way *I* felt before I got there. Heard Cerintha had made

a very brilliant conquest, but suppose it must have fallen through, or we wouldn't have abandoned it? Well, I don't know about that. I expect the gentleman in question will call upon her as soon as he returns, and he is going to be back next week. By the way, Fitz, what's the matter? Seems to me you're unusually cool this morning—anything the matter? Too bad! What, dear? Oh, Rasher's failure! Yes, it is bad, but nothing very serious after all, Mrs. Fitz Simmons; but if that's all that troubles you, you can just drop that little touch of chilliness, my dear friend, till you see how it's going to turn out. I thought you knew too much about society to be affected by trifles. His failing ain't going to hurt him any, especially if he takes my advice. To be sure, *he* wants to go back to the old house, and come down in our style of living a little, but *I* don't think of it, and you know I generally have my own way, Fitz. I intend to dash out more'n ever, and if any one snubs me, they won't make anything by it. I told Rasher last night that the *first* step I intended to take was to give a superb party as soon as our friends returned to town. I told him it was the true policy; don't *you* think so? I knew you would. A real magnificent affair, a perfect crush, just to show people I'm not to be put down, if they *were* hoping and expecting it. I want you to help me about the details, Fitz. Seeing we've got to stay to home, we'll amuse ourselves the best way we can. If I have to sell my diamonds privately, I'll give the party; I'm bound to do it; nothing shall prevent me. Has Rasher consented? Why, yes, if "silence gives consent," I suppose he has. I talked it at him until he made no more objections, and so I suppose it's settled. Make his creditors mad? So he said. Let 'em get mad, if they want to; they can't help themselves. He's dreadfully sensitive about his business honor, but, as I told him, that kind of thing was out of date. It's his duty to think of his family first, don't you agree with me, my dear? I knew you would. And now about the party; I'm bound to have something novel about it, so that everybody will be sure to come. Music? Oh, of course, five or six pieces, at least, and an opera singer, and plenty of hot-house flowers, and everything of that kind, *of course*; but I want something very new besides. There ain't any Prince of Wales to invite, nor any Hottentots nor gorillas; it will be too crowded for theatricals or costumes. I declare, I'm quite at a loss for what the new feature shall be. It's the greatest trouble I have in the world, at this

present moment, but I'll trust it to *you*, Fitz; you have such taste, and are so inventive. Rasher went off with a headache this morning; he said it was because I talked to him all night, and because he was troubled in his mind; I guess his head would ache harder still if he'd as much to think of as I. A man never knows that a woman has any cares; if I didn't know where I was to get my next new dress or who was to make it up for me, he'd only laugh at me. I don't expect sympathy in my troubles; the male sex cannot comprehend the thousand little perplexities which we have to vex us and try our tempers. Headache, indeed! the idea of Rasher getting the headache because of trouble on his mind! I had to laugh when he spoke of it. I told him he hadn't mind enough to give him the headache; which, between you and me, Fitz, is about so, though I wouldn't say it to anybody but my dearest friend. He's got some fun in him, but he has no *judgment*—not a particle. Heigh-ho! If it wasn't for me and my advice, we'd been into scrapes oftener than we are. He's evidently unwilling that I should give this party, or that we should retain this house, when any simpleton might see it's the only way to get along and retain our self-respect. *That's* so, Fitz. There's no other way. As long as we keep up appearances, people won't trouble themselves about how it's done. I'm here, and I'm going to stay here; I'm not going to be pushed off by anybody. I've worked hard and spared no trouble to get to the top of the heap, and here I'll abide.

Must you go? I won't ask you to stay to dinner to-day, for we haven't got our regular cook back yet; but drop in to-morrow and give me the benefit of your brains about the party. You won't find any change here, my dear; footman, and butler, and the carriage. We'll have as many drives and do as much shopping as ever, so don't be discouraged. Good-by, love.

Humph! she actually didn't kiss me when she came in. I saw at the first glance that she meant to insult me by condolence, and cut me in the politest manner. Fitz don't know everything, smart as she is. I took her down, and put her on a different track. It's shameful! shameful! I've fed and clothed that woman, as it were, for the sake of her aid and assistance in getting into her circle, and here, the moment she thinks I'm not going to be able to confer such favors, she grows as cool as a cucumber. It's perfectly shameful! pure, disgraceful selfishness. I hate her for it, but I can't afford to give her up at present. I'll have my revenge

some day. I *must* have her friendship through this crisis, for whatever she does there's plenty of others will do. She'll go into the party with her whole heart and soul, and the consequences will be a success. How her face brightened and her manner changed when I spoke of it! She kissed her "dear friend" so prettily when she went away! Humph! I flatter myself I have done pretty well. If Rasher was as discreet in business as I am in society, all would be right.

There's Cerintha peeping over the banisters to find out who it was that called. It was Fitz-Simmons. How did she appear? was she as friendly as ever? I felt as if an ice-house had walked into the parlor when she first came in, but she was up to summer heat before she left, and that's the way I intend to manage 'em all. It makes my blood fairly bile, though, when I think of the rides and the parties, the favors and the camel's-hair shawl I gave that woman. But don't you tell your father; he'd be just imprudent enough to ask her not to come here any more, and then, of course, she'd set to work to say all she knew about us and a good deal more. She's awfully satirical, Fitz is, when she's unfriendly, and she'd ridicule us without mercy. I've told her about giving a big party, and asked her to fix up something new for it, so *she's* all safe for the present. Good gracious; Rasher! is that you? I thought it was Cerintha all this time. How came you in the house, I'd like to know? I do believe I'm getting blind and deaf, and no wonder, with all my troubles. I thought you'd gone down town hours ago. Had the headache so bad you laid down on the sofa in the back parlor? You did? And did you have the meanness to overhear all that was said between me and Fitz? Ha! you're smiling, and I understand without your telling. Don't see how you could help hearing, and don't know what there was mean about it? You do, too! You might have stirred your feet, or coughed, or something, to let us know you was there. Suppose you hadn't mind enough to invent anything suitable to the case? You'll soon have *judgments* enough, whether you've any judgment or not? There, now, of course you'll be bringing that up against me! Seems to me as if I never could indulge in any little fling at you behind your back but what it's sure to turn out to be before your face. However, I wouldn't care so much what you heard about yourself, if you hadn't have heard what I said about Fitz, too. The fat's in the fire, now. You *won't* say anything rude to her, will you, Rasher, my love, out of consideration for my

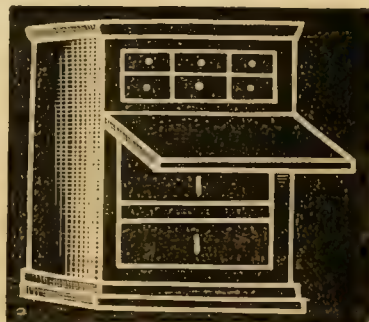
feelings? You've got on a new weskit, haven't you, my dear? Buff was always becoming to you. Is that the reason I rebuff you so frequently? Ha! ha! that was a very nice pun, indeed. I hope your headache is better. Say, Timothy, you *won't* offend Mrs. Fitz-Simmons, will you? there's a good boy. I don't ask because of my own feelings, but I'm afraid to make an enemy of her just now; it wouldn't be politic. Fiddlestick for politics? I shouldn't think you'd say so when you've always been such a politician yourself. She might injure the prospects of the girls. Don't be so violent, husband. Can't be gammoned that way any longer? It isn't gammon; it's common prudence. Give up my silly talk about a party; can't, sha'n't, and won't have it? No, I *won't* sit down beside of you, I *won't* be reasonable, I'm going to have my party, and I'm going to have my own way for once. I've given up to you in everything all my life, and I *will* have my own way for once. I ain't going to be trampled on by my own husband. I'll have *my* say as to where we shall live and how, and what we shall do. Very well, if I'll only furnish the means? There it comes. If the Lord ever made an unreasonable creature, it's a man! You're going to throw the support of the family on my shoulders; that'll be the *next* step. I may take in washing for all you care; you can set and smoke your pipe and enjoy it. If I could have looked into the future on my wedding-day, I'd have—have—boo-hoo!

Compose myself? O, Rasher, you hav'n't a spark of feeling! Hid there twisting your thumbs, and looking cross instead of going for the hartshorn, when you came so near throwing me into the hysterics. Hand me that vinaigrette off the little table. Say! where are you going? If you're going off, I want you to tell me now, if I mayn't have the party. As you said before, if I'll furnish the means? Well, I *will* furnish 'em—ah, ha! If I can't do any better, I'll sell them diamonds you gave me last Christmas—I can get a few paste ones, and nobody'll notice. Can't do it, 'cause you've sold 'em already to pay off a cooper, who was a hard working man with a large family, and couldn't afford to do without his money? *My* diamonds, *my* diamonds, Timothy Rasher! So I'm sold as well as my jewelry! and you dare to jest about it! I'll have you arrested for theft, I will, sir! Fair exchange is no robbery; he gave you his casks, and you gave him my casket; stop that punning, sir; I won't bear it—I'll keep my fingers in my ears—miserable, detest-

able jokes. But there 's one thing I will do ; I 've said it, and I won't give up : I 'll sell the silver, and hire for the occasion ; yes, sir ; I 'll pledge every ounce of silver we 've got, but what I 'll have my own way for once. By the way, why wasn't it sent home to-day ? I told you to give orders to have it sent. We hav'n't enough to get along with, and Fitz 'll be here to-morrow. " Sorry to say the silver has gone the same way ! Couldn't save your bacon, not even as much of it as figured on the tea-set, gone for old silver—all them little pigs melted

up and roasted, not a single spare-rib left—melted like morning dews before your morning dews ; not a squeak, not a squeal left, not one left to tell the tail ; the house of Rasher has been utterly unable to 'Salve Lardum.' " Here, help me up stairs, Rasher, lock the door, darken the window ; if Fitz calls, tell her I 'm too sick to see anybody. What 's that you 're muttering at the window ? Nothing, nothing, only you guess you 've *shutter up*, all right. Well, put down the curtain, and let me alone till dinner-time.

SLATE PICTURES FOR CHILDREN.



THE PORTRAIT.

BY PARKE CLIFTON.

Did you ever fall in love with a pretty face, dear reader? Tom Marshall did once, only once, for the results were so unfavorable that he never tried it a second time.

It was a clear bright morning in October that Tom drew on his delicate kid gloves, and, cane in hand, prepared to pay a visit to his cousin, Mrs. Merton. Mrs. Merton was a young married lady from Baltimore, and had just moved to Philadelphia, in an elegant new house up Walnut Street. Tom had not seen her since she had commenced housekeeping, so he thought it high time that he should pay his respects to her. In a few moments he found himself at her door, and on inquiring from the spruce-looking waiter, discovered that Mrs. Merton was out, but would soon be at home; so Tom entered, saying he would wait for her. He passed twenty minutes or so in examining the exquisite statuary and paintings that adorned the parlors, and after taking a general survey of his own person, which appeared to be very satisfactory, he left the parlors and entered a small boudoir. Tom threw himself on an elegant lounge, and in a short time found himself intently gazing at a beautiful picture that hung facing him. It was a lady, of course, but so different from the generality of her sex.

She was not beautiful in the sense that that word is understood by most persons; many would have denied that she had any claims to being even pretty. But Tom thought she was charming; her hair was dark and very rich; her eyes clear, bright, and very expressive; and then her lips, so rich and kissable. Ah, Tom, Tom, why do you look at her so earnestly?

Another twenty minutes passed, and our friend grew impatient at the delay of the lady of the house. Just then he heard a merry voice cry, "Tom, cousin Tom, where *can* you be?" and he had but time to change his easy attitude, ere he saluted Mrs. Merton in a most cousinly manner. A few words passed in inquiries and apologies on both sides, and then Tom said—

"Oh, cousin Lou, pray tell me who is the original of that lovely portrait?"

"A friend of mine," replied the lady.

"Truly," answered Tom, "that's very definite; what's her name? where does she live? and when can I see her?"

"I see," said Mrs. Merton, "that you are

smitten; so, to gratify you, though you don't deserve it, I will answer your three modest questions. Her name is Maude Walton, she lives in Baltimore, and if you should happen to be up here next Tuesday, you shall have the pleasure of seeing her."

"Is it possible?" said Tom; "how very lucky! I'll come by all means. But what brings her on here just at this time? Is she going to make you a visit, or merely pass through the city?"

"Oh, the cause of her visit is quite romantic! I'll tell you if you would like to hear."

Tom assented immediately; so Mrs. Merton began.

"Maude's an old friend of mine. I have known her for years, and we both went to school together. As long as I can remember, she has always been very delicate—an affection of the spine. I was passing several weeks with her last spring, and as she was just recovering from a severe attack of illness, she proposed one morning, as I was entering the carriage, on my way to pay some party calls, that she should accompany me, and remain in the carriage while I made my visits. I, of course, assented, and after propping Maude up on all sides with pillows and cushions, we drove off in high spirits. I had just finished my first visit, and was hurrying from the drawing-room when the first sight that met my eyes, as I entered the street, was the carriage broken in fragments, the horses covered with foam, held at arm's length by several men, and Maude, who had fainted, in the arms of a very dashing-looking gentleman. I was terribly frightened, for I thought Maude was certainly dead; so I had just strength enough left to point to Mrs. De Canco's house, where I had been calling, and then follow the gentleman, who immediately entered. He was evidently a physician; you could see that by the way he arranged her on the sofa, and by the orders he gave concerning the means of restoring her to animation. As soon as she became conscious, he obtained another carriage for us, and ere we could thank him for his kindness he had disappeared.

"Maude, fortunately, did not experience any serious results from her drive, and the first thing she said on her return home was—'Lou, I'm determined to find out who that dashing-looking fellow is; I am sure he's a physician. I will ask Dr. Black, the very first time I see him, if he knows any one like him. I do hope that Dr. Black will come to-day.' So, when evening came, with it came the worthy doctor, who, having heard that some terrible calamity

had befriended his patient, thought it his duty to find out for himself. Maude gave him a vivid description of the whole scene; but particularly did she dwell on that part in which the handsome stranger figured so extensively; and then she asked him if he knew any one who would answer to her description. The doctor said he thought he did; and as he was just on his way to a supper given to the medical men of Baltimore, he would try and discover if our friend was present, and if he succeeded in doing so, he would most certainly bring him around and present him. So the doctor took his departure, leaving Maude and me in a high state of expectation.

"The next day, as ill luck would have it, while I was out visiting, Dr. Black called, but not alone; with him was the handsome stranger, whom he presented to Maude as Dr. Stuart. When I got home, Maude could talk of no one else; she described every look and action; and as I expected to leave the city very soon, I made Maude promise that she would write me everything that occurred in my absence."

Mrs. Merton paused. Tom tried to appear perfectly unconcerned, but did not succeed; one could see at a glance that he was highly interested. Mrs. Merton continued:—

"Dr. Stuart called on Maude three times. For such a short acquaintance they became very warm friends. At his fourth visit he proposed. She hesitated (Tom's eyes brightened), for he had gotten his name up as a desperate flirt. She told him candidly her doubts, and besides, putting herself out of the question, her parents would never consent to such a sudden engagement. He protested his sincerity; said time would show, and they understood each other perfectly. In three weeks their engagement was announced everywhere. And her present visit to me is—"

"Ah, I see!" muttered Tom, striving to appear at his ease. "Her present visit is a parting one as *Miss Walton*."

"By no means," laughed Mrs. Merton; "she merely stays here a day ere she *resumes her bridal tour*."

Tom started, immediately discovered that it was time for him to be going, and went off at a speed in which he did not usually indulge.

For a week his cigars had no flavor, and in every volume of smoke that curled from his lips, he saw a portrait of a very beautiful woman, with very wicked eyes, that continually kept saying, "Ah ha, Mr. Marshall! I'm Maude Stuart, at your service."

SHOW FURNITURE.

FURNITURE too good to be used is a nuisance. Nothing is more unpleasant than the aspect of a room or of a suite of rooms where everything is *bagged up*. Chairs in pinafores, mirrors in muslin, a *drugged* carpet, a hearth-rug wrong side out, and a chandelier in a sack, seen by rays of light that straggle in edgewise through slits in the shutters, and exhaling that peculiar brown-Holland fragrance which belongs to drawing-rooms in masquerade dress, form one of the most cheerless, dispiriting, *unhuman-like* spectacles in the diorama of domestic life. We would as soon be ushered into a vault as into such an apartment. Nothing can be more chilling to the feelings, except, perhaps, a perspective view of the family wash taking an airing on the clothes-line. Why do people buy magnificent furniture to clothe it in hideous disguises? Does the glory of exhibiting the article undressed half a dozen evenings in the year pay for all the cost and trouble? The miser enjoys the flashing lustre of his gold every time he lifts the lid of his strong box; but what pleasure can there be in possessing a species of property that is invisible to the owner three hundred and fifty days out of every three hundred and sixty-five? Give us the furniture that is made for *wear*; tables upon which you can bring down your fist with an emphasis without throwing the lady of the house into hysterics, chairs you can lean back in, carpets that you can promenade upon; in a word, give us comfort, and let us *wear things out*. It is provoking to see chairs and sofas preserved for years without spot or blemish, while the wrinkles are multiplying in the face and the gray hairs on the head of the proprietor. For these and sundry other reasons we have an especial spite against show furniture.

INCONSISTENCY OF MAN.—I have known several persons of great fame for wisdom in public affairs and counsels, governed by foolish servants. I have known great ministers, distinguished for wit and learning, who preferred none but dunces. I have known men of valor cowards to their wives. I have known men of cunning perpetually cheated. I knew three great ministers, who could exactly compute and settle the accounts of a kingdom, wholly ignorant of their own economy.

—THE little and short sayings of wise and excellent men are of great value—like the dust of gold or the least sparks of diamonds.

NOVELTIES FOR OCTOBER.

Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.



Fig. 3.



Fig. 1.—Walking-dress and jacket for the approaching cool weather; the jacket is of a

woollen stuff ribbed in diamonds; the trimming Astrakan plush.

Fig. 2.—Light walking cloak or mantle of brown cloth, with stripes of velvet, and edged by a fringe.

Fig. 4.



Fig. 3.—Tuscan straw bonnet, trimmed with

fruit and flowers; the cape is of white silk, bound with lilac; the front of the bonnet is bound with lilac velvet.

Fig. 4.—Neat breakfast cap of plain cambric, the frills edged by a row of narrow Valenciennes lace; the little round crown is covered with Valenciennes edging sewn on in circles.

Fig. 5.



Fig. 5.—More elaborate cap of embroidered cambric; bow and strings of colored ribbon.

Fig. 6.



Fig. 6.—Dress cap of thulle and blonde, with bunches of blush roses without foliage.

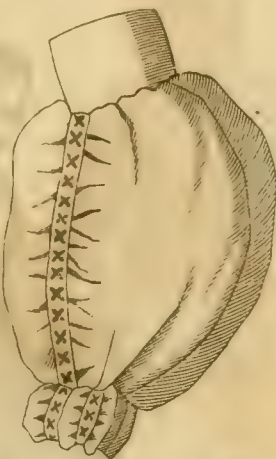
Fig. 7.



Fig. 7.—Simple close sleeve.

Fig. 8.—Pretty close sleeve, for a dress sleeve, open in front: the puff of Swiss muslin has a worked inserting the whole length, which shirs

Fig. 8.



the sleeve to shape it to the arm. The wristlet is composed of alternate puffs and insertings.

Fig. 9.



Fig. 9.—Wreath for dinner toilet, made of black lace and flowers, fastened at the back with black velvet bow and ends.

Fig. 10.

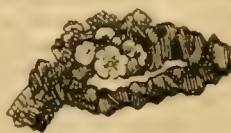


Fig. 10.—Simple headdress of black ribbon, black lace, and purple pansies.

FROM MADAME DEMOREST'S MAGASIN DE MODES.

No 473 Broadway, New York.

Fig. 1.



OUR readers can procure at this establishment either plain or elegantly trimmed patterns of every article connected with ladies' and children's apparel, either by mail or express. Hoop skirts in all varieties, and of Madame Demorest's own styles.

Fig. 1.—Morning costume. Robe of rich gray taffetas broche in small bouquets, or tiny fruit, of a violet or cerise color. The skirt is gored in front, and fastened with knots of ribbon the same shade as the figure in the silk. Over this is worn a casaque of the same material, trimmed with a border of quilled ribbon, and having wide open sleeves, which display the

elegant undersleeves of mull, drawn on the front of the arm with narrow ribbon to match the trimming of the dress. Full chemisette of mull muslin, and a silk net which confines the hair in a loose knot, complete a most elegant morning toilet.

Fig. 2.—The Sicilian. This elegant mantle takes three and a half yards of cloth one and a half yard wide, and six yards of seven-eighth silk. It is plain on the shoulders, which are covered by a pelerine cape, and gored at the back. It has no sleeve, except what is formed by the square side-piece, which comes over the arm, and composes, with the loose front, a deep,

Fig. 2.

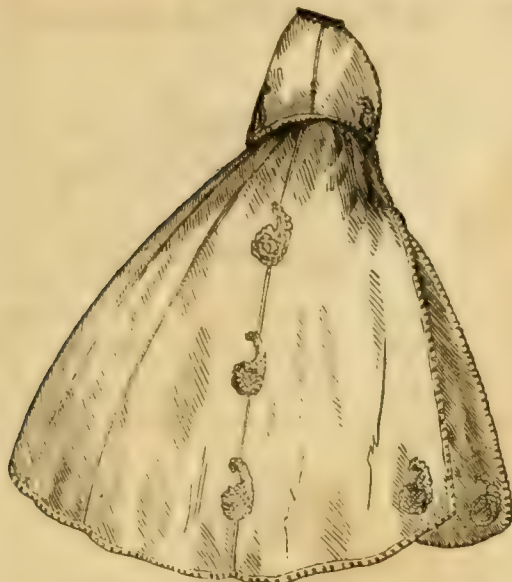


Fig. 3.



graceful drapery. The ornaments are palm leaves of crochet, or guipure. Requires four yards of cloth for the ordinary length.

Fig. 3.—This pretty Zouave suit for a boy of five years is made of light checked French casimere; the garniture, serpentine braid and buttons. The pockets and cut of the jacket in front are seen in the engraving; on the sides where it is slit, it is laced up, and also on the back. The sleeves are full at the wrist, and laid in three large plaits, caught with buttons. Short pants, ornamented with buttons down the sides, and confined by an elastic band below the knee. Plaid stockings, low black shoes, collar, and plain tie complete the dress.

Fig. 4.—Continental jacket. This is a stylish

Fig. 4.

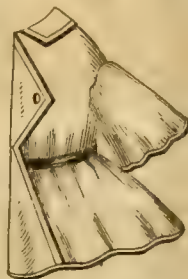


little garment, and is suitable for a child of three or four years. The under waist is plain,

but extends down over the hips, and to it is attached the skirt, which is box plaited on a band about an inch in width. The back of this waist has side pieces to fit the form, and is cut in quite a deep polka, which is slit and laced up like the sleeve, which is seen in the engraving. The "fly" jacket is attached only to the front, and rounds off gracefully from the under waist or vest. Two yards of material, one yard wide, are required.

Fig. 5.—Boy's plain sack. A lappet ornaments the front. It is simply confined with a

Fig. 5.



belt at the waist. Requires three and a half yards of single width material, and is suitable for a boy of seven years.

Fig. 6.—Lillian dress. A charming dress, in muslin or thin material, for a girl of eight or ten years. The skirt is ornamented with a puffing, rounded from the front, and crossed with bands of any pretty contrasting color.

Fig. 6.



The plain low body is ornamented with a puffed cape, back and front, pointed at the waist, scalloped on the edge, and extending across

the shoulders over the sleeves, which consist of a puff and scalloped frill. For a Miss of the above age, ten yards of silk will be required.

Fig. 7.

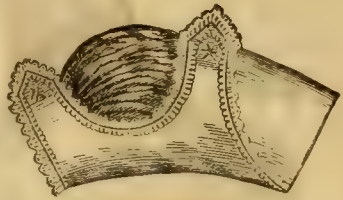
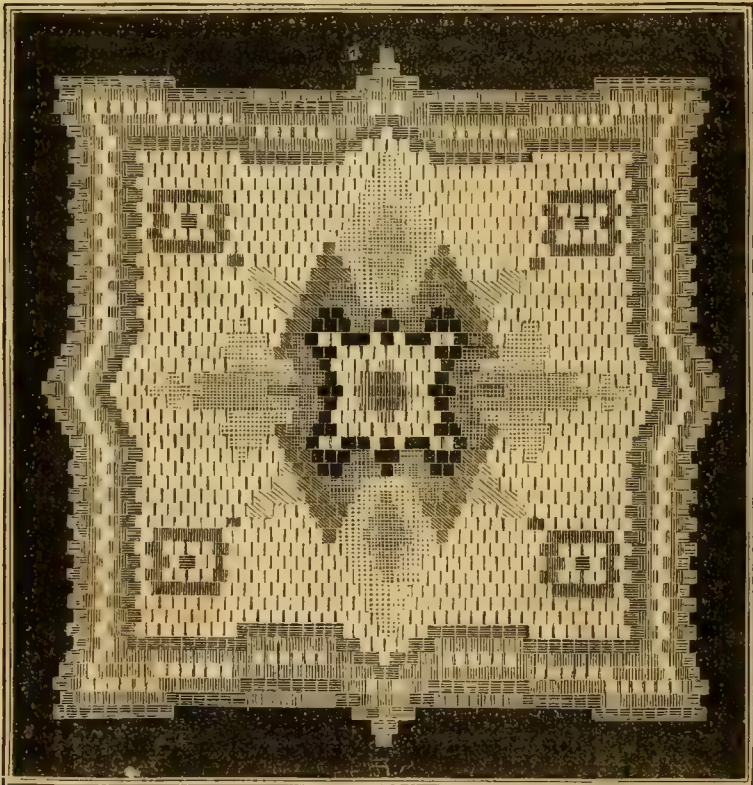


Fig. 7.—A Bishop sleeve. Sufficiently wide to show the present style of undersleeve. A side cap, with pendent ends, is laid on the upper part of the sleeve, and a plain band connects under the points, and confines it slightly, and forms a puff.

GLASS BEAD MAT.



Materials—Eight rows dark blue beads, nine rows dark red, four rows light red, two rows dark yellow,

two rows middle yellow, four rows light yellow, two rows green, 16 rows white, 1 row black.

This mat must be begun at A, with one dark blue bead in the middle of the thread; then take two dark blue beads, one on each needle; then pass both needles through one dark red; then take two dark red, then one dark red, two dark blue, one white, two white, one yellow, two yellow, one yellow, two yellow, one dark yellow, two dark yellow, one dark yellow, two dark yellow, one dark yellow, two light yellow, one black, two black, one black, two white, one light red, two dark red, one dark red; this brings to the centre. Then reverse the colors, and work to the opposite side; afterwards work the two sides simultaneously with one needle only.

NECK-TIE, WHICH MAY BE CONVERTED INTO A CAP.



Materials.—Four shades of blue 4-thread wool—six skeins of the lightest, four of the remaining shades; four skeins of white. No 2 crochet hook.

WORK 2 rows of each color.

1st row.—With darkest shade, make a chain of 177 stitches, turn back, work 1 long, 1 chain, miss 1 loop, *repeat*.

2d.—3 long, 3 chain, miss 3 loops, *repeat*, round the ends work 4 chain, 3 long, *under* the side of the last long stitch, 4 chain, *repeat* from beginning.

3d.—3 long *under* the 3 chain, 3 chain, *repeat*, round the ends work * 6 long with 4 chain between each, 3 long *under* the 4 chain, 4 chain, *repeat* from * again, then *repeat* from beginning.

4th.—The same, working *under* every 4 chain round the ends the same as in last row.

5th.—The same.

6th.—The same, working round the ends 5 long *under* every 4 chain between each 5 long.

7th.—The same, making 6 long instead of 5 round the ends.

VOL. LXIII.—29

8th.—Twist the wool twice over the hook for the long stitches, *dc under* the 3 chain, 2 chain, 5 long with 1 chain between each, *under* next 3 chain, 2 chain, *repeat* till the ends, where make 6 long *under* the 4 chain, 2 chain, and *dc on* centre loop of the 6 long, 5 long, 2 chain, *repeat*.

9th.—White, *dc under* the 2 chain, 3 chain, *dc under* next 2 chain, 5 chain, *dc* between next 2d long stitch, 5 chain, *dc* between next 2d long, 5 chain, *repeat*.

10th.—3 long *under* the 3 chain, 1 chain, *dc under* 5 chain, 5 chain, *dc under* 5 chain, 5 chain, *dc under* 5 chain, 1 chain, *repeat*.

Damp and press well.

Run a narrow satin ribbon through the first row, leaving sufficient ends to tie; it must be folded in the neck and stitched securely at the tie.

POUCHES FOR ZOUAVE JACKETS.

We have just received other patterns from Paris of the little pouches which still continue to be worn suspended from the waistband by a



chain and hook, and sometimes by a cord. They are made in all kinds of materials, and are embroidered in gold, silver, and jet; or



they are made of the same material as the dress with which they are worn, and trimmed in the same manner.

DRAWERS FOR MISSES, NEW DESIGNS.

PATTERNS OF WHICH CAN BE FURNISHED BY OUR FASHION EDITOR.



DRAWING-ROOM WORK-BAG.

(See engraving, page 272.)

A SMALL receptacle for needle-work, which may easily be carried in the hand, to convey it from place to place, or from room to room, with the few requisites which it demands, so as to keep the means of pleasant occupation always

ready, that spare portions of time may not be wasted, is one of the necessary appendages of the work-table which we are now endeavoring to supply in a simple but novel style. The shape is first to be cut out in card-board, the bottom of the bag having five sides, from which are turned up the five parts, each similar to the perfect one, as seen in the illustration. When laid flat upon the table it will appear as a five-sided piece with corresponding projections, which must be so folded as to give the whole the required shape. This being done, the under part may be covered with silk, and the sides with velvet, or the whole may be covered with velvet. The most ready way of doing this is to stitch the velvet on to the cardboard at its lower part, then to turn it up, and having folded it over the edge, to tack it all round in the same way as patchwork, carrying the velvet about half an inch over. The ornaments are very easily attached, being nothing more than those golden stars which have lately been so much used for the headdresses of ladies. In our engraving we have given the small stars as a border, with a larger one in the centre of each division; but these may be varied at pleasure, as bees, butterflies, crescents, and many other tasteful forms, are now manufactured for the same purpose. When these have been fastened on in their respective places, the tacking threads will be concealed by them, and the whole shape must be laid down upon a round of silk and stitched down at each corner, the drawing in at the top having been

first prepared and made ready for the strings. There will now be a vacancy between each of the five parts in which the silk will appear, and round this line an elastic is to be carried, which, while it draws up each part close to the neck, allows the bag to expand according to the quantity of material it is intended to convey. Another mode of making up is to line the shape covered with the velvet, and merely add the upper part of the bag in silk, which in this

way requires a much smaller quantity, and is done with very little trouble.

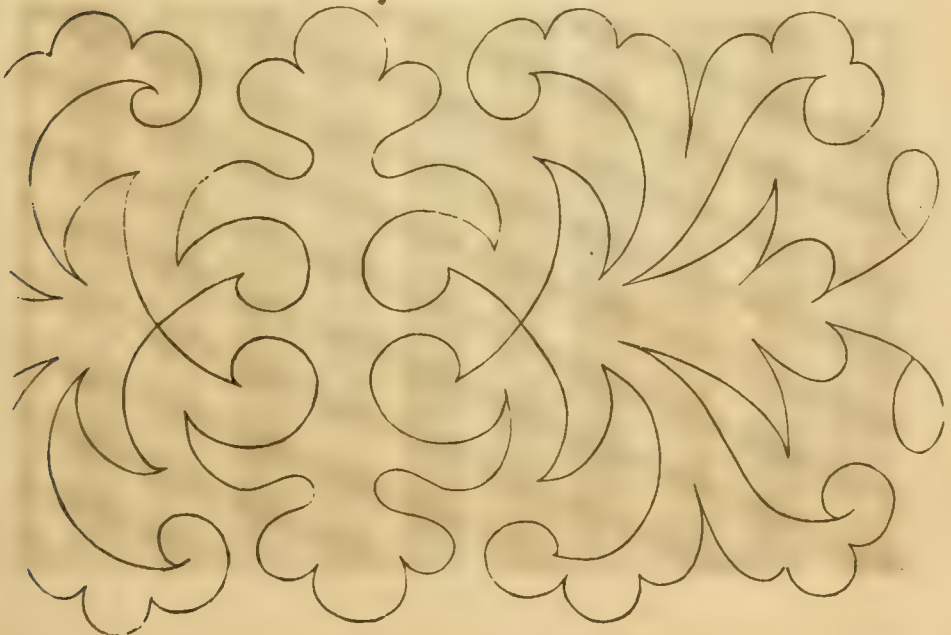
FIRE-STOVE VEIL.

(See engraving, page 273)

Our fire-places, divested of their bright occupants, lose their great charm, and require some ornamental substitute to fill up the dull void. There are many different materials used for this purpose, but none are prettier than the pure white and the bright-colored tissue papers. With taste and a little time bestowed upon them they are capable of producing the lightest and most elegant arrangements for the decoration of our open fireplaces. We have given a portion, among our illustrations, of a Fire-Veil formed of two different colored papers, but the effect is difficult to produce, through the medium of an engraving, from the light and feathery appearance which the cutting gives. We will endeavor to make the description as plain as possible, and we recommend it as being extremely pretty. When completed, the colors chosen must have reference to the drapery of the apartment, but being a plait, it requires two colors to produce the proper effect. White and green, white and orange, or white and pink, are the three best colors. Take a sheet of tissue paper and fold it down the centre the long way, so as for each sheet to make two of the long

stripes of the plait. Three of these long ones are required for one plait; then fold another sheet into quarters, for the short pieces. The three long stripes are in the colored paper, the short ones are all in the white; this forms the plait of the two colors with the feather border at each side in white. These different portions of paper are folded over and over about the width of an inch; the three long ones are then laid close to each other, the short ones being plaited in and out, and pushed up so as to touch each other. They must be arranged so as to be perfectly even at the projecting sides, and secured by a stitch of very fine cotton. When the length is filled up, leaving about five inches for the bottom fringe, the sides of the folded paper must be cut as if for a fringe (the finer it is cut, the prettier it looks); this fringe is then to be gathered up in the hand, rolled and crimped with sufficient force, so as to retain the process: it must then be shaken out and carefully unknotted, so as to form the lightest possible appearance, resembling a feather. Much of the effect depends on this part of the work, as, when it is skilfully done, this edge can be made to look so much richer than when it is carelessly opened out. The number of these stripes must be regulated by the size of the fire-place—about seven form a good size. They are gathered up at the top and finished with a bunch of paper roses and a few green leaves.

BRAIDING PATTERN.



WORK-BASKET.



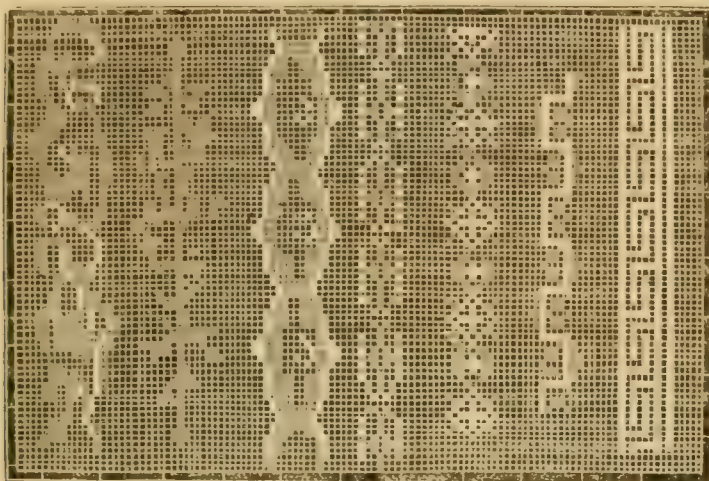
Cut pieces of brown cashmere in the shape given in engraving, and embroider them in crimson braid; sew together neatly. Then cut card to form the whole basket, and cover with the cashmere, lining with crimson satin, quilted. The pockets are made separately and sewed on. The handle is of card covered with cashmere, and trimmed with crimson silk cord. Put the same cord over each seam on the basket.

NAME FOR MARKING.



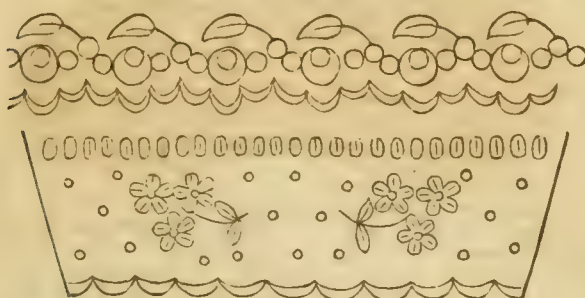
PATCHWORK.



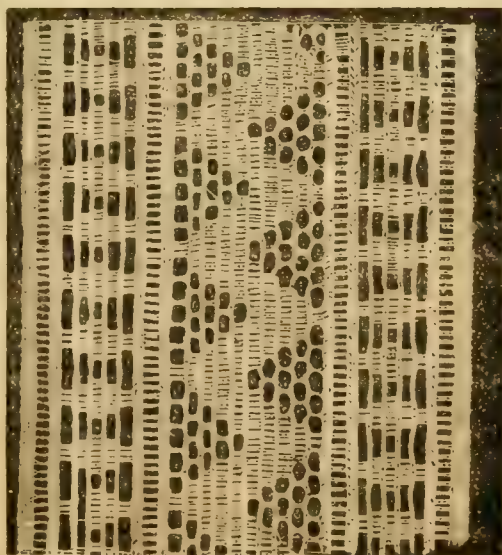


SAMPLER PATTERN.

EMBROIDERY.



EMBROIDERY.



CROCHET INSERTING.

EMBROIDERY.



FLOUNCING FOR A CHILD'S DRESS.



Receipts, &c.

WAITING AT TABLE.

At breakfast, luncheon, tea, and supper, the servant, whether male or female, after placing everything ready for use on the table, leaves the room, and does not re-enter it until the meal is over, unless summoned by the bell. This practice is intended partly to avoid unnecessary interference with the work or meals of the servants, but in great measure also to insure privacy and sociability at those comfortable meals. In many houses breakfast lasts for a full hour, and if the servant were mulcted of that time, he would add considerably to his day's work; because, though he may really be doing nothing when remaining in the room, still the time goes on during which he might be attending to his regular duties. Even when hot luncheons are the custom of the house, the servant's attendance is dispensed with as soon as all the first wants are attended to, beyond which the members of the family contrive to help themselves or one another, which is no great hardship, after all, and fully counterbalanced by the opportunity given for unchecked conversation.

Waiting at Dinner is far the most important matter connected with a man-servant's duties, as upon it depends, not only the comfort of the heads of the establishment, but also that of their guests. Indeed, an awkward waiter is enough to spoil the best arrangements in all other respects; and, therefore, it is incumbent upon the giver of a dinner to ascertain as far as possible that his servant or servants are able to carry out this duty satisfactorily.

So much is now done by the servants at even small dinner parties, that it requires a considerable number of them, the lowest proportion being one servant to four guests; and even with this, much more with a smaller number, the latter will often be kept waiting for sauces, condiments, or vegetables. The fashion now is to put little or nothing upon the table, and never anything beyond the principal and side dishes, which latter are handed round in succession by the servants, and not served by the guests. All this, therefore, adds to the duties of the waiters, and increases the necessity for a sufficient number.

The General Requisites towards good waiting are quickness, without noise or apparent bustling; constant watchfulness, without officiousness; and precision in placing dishes on the table, without apparent effort, which is a rare faculty, and dependent upon a natural gift. In the present day, when so many servants are introduced into the dining-room, some kind of drilling is required, so that there shall be no confusion and doubt as to the party charged with each particular office. Either the butler or man-servant of the house takes the management and has all the others under his orders, or, as is sometimes the case, when a professed waiter attends for the night, the latter takes the control, and is obeyed by all as the superior officer. But, however this may be, unless some one servant is to have the command, it is needless to expect a proper arrangement and attendance. When no male servant is kept, and one or more waiters are hired, one of them always takes the control; and it is far better to let him do so without any assistance from the housemaid in the room, though she can be of great service in aiding them outside by serving as a communication between them and the kitchen.

Laying the Cloth is the first thing done, and though fashion is continually altering the exact details of the arrangement, yet in principle it has remained nearly the same for many years past. Great care is required in opening the table-cloth, to avoid tumbling it, and for this purpose it should first be placed lengthwise on the table, opening it only so far as to be still double. The double edge is placed exactly down the middle of the table, and then the upper half is smoothly turned over the still uncovered portion of the table and gently smoothed down with the hand, but leaving the folds apparent, and the middle one exactly corresponding with the central line of the table. The knives and forks, spoons, plates, wineglasses, finger-glasses, carafes, salt-cellars, centre-ornaments, &c., are then ranged according to the particular fashion of the day, taking care to place them in mathematical order, a departure from which spoils the look of an otherwise well-assorted table. At the same time, or previously, the servants will place what is likely to be wanted on the sideboard and dinner-wagon, which should be covered with folded table-cloths. These receive extra plates and knives and forks, wineglasses, and sometimes the dessert, though in other cases it is laid in an adjoining room, where it is kept cooler than it would be in the dining-room itself.

The Serving at Dinner commences by taking in the first course, after which dinner is announced, and then its several articles, usually consisting of fish and soup, are handed round to each guest in succession, followed by another servant with sauces, &c. Wine is next offered to each by the waiters, during which the dishes are removed, plates changed, &c.; and, after the introduction of the successive courses, the individual dishes are handed round to each guest, either by offering the whole if a side-dish, or by taking a slice of it if a principal one. In this way the dinner passes—an incessant change of plates and knives and forks, with the removal of dishes and rounds of wine, being the duties of the servants, who have their hands kept constantly full in this way.

The Dessert is placed on the table after the dinner is removed, and requires great care in its arrangement, which should be, like that of the dinner itself, mathematically correct. The head servant then takes round the principal varieties of the wine on the table, and offers them to each guest, followed by ice, peaches, grapes, and any other article of the dessert; and then the servants take their departure, and their duties are over for a time, nothing else remaining for the present but to attend to the bell, and put fresh wine on the table when ordered.

Coffee is generally brought in and handed round at such a period after the rising of the ladies as is considered right by the master of the house, or in some cases as ordered by the mistress.

FISH.

MARINADE—PRESERVING—UTENSILS, &c.

Marinate is commonly used in France for the purpose of boiling fish, which imbibes from it a more pleasant flavor than it naturally possesses, and has been so generally adopted by English professed cooks that we here insert the receipt: Cut up two carrots, three onions, six shallots, a single clove of garlic, and put them into a stewpan with a piece of butter, a bunch of parsley, and a bundle of sweet herbs; fry the whole for a few minutes, then add very gradually two bottles of any light

wine or of cider. Put in a handful of salt, two dozen of peppercorns, the same quantity of allspice, and a couple of cloves. Simmer the whole together for one hour and a half, strain the liquor, and put it by for use.

This marinade, if carefully strained after the fish has been taken out, will serve several times for the same purpose, adding a little water each time. Fish dressed in it should simmer very gently, or rather stew than boil, as it affords to mackerel, fresh herrings, perch, roach, and any of the small river fish the advantage of dissolving or so thoroughly softening their bones as to render them more agreeable in eating. For large fish they should be cut into steaks before being marinated. Instead of the wine or cider, a quart of table-beer, a glass of soy, one of essence of anchovies, and one of cat-sup may be used; or a pint of vinegar and these sauces, fennel, chives, thyme, and bay-leaves may be added with the wine, cider, etc. Or, choose a kettle that will suit the size of the fish, into which put two parts water, one of light (not sweet) white wine, a good piece of butter, some stewed onions and carrots, pepper, salt, two or three cloves, and a good bunch of sweet herbs; simmer fifteen minutes, let it become cold, then boil the fish therein. Serve with anchovy sauce and a squeeze of lemon.

Fresh-water Fish are equally nutritious with those of the sea; they are much lighter as food, and therefore easier of digestion; they are, however, more watery, and it is requisite to use salt in order to extract the watery particles. Every sort of fresh-water fish ought, therefore, as soon as killed and cleaned, to have salt well rubbed inside and outside, and should be allowed so to remain for some time before it is cooked, when it should be well washed out with pure spring water and wiped thoroughly dry with a clean cloth.

If bred in ponds, it often acquires a muddy smell and taste, to take off which soaking in strong salt and water, or, if of a size to bear it, scalding in the same will have the proper effect.

To Preserve Fish Fresh.—Boil three quarts of water and a pint of vinegar, in which, when boiling, put the fish, and scald it for two minutes. Then hang up the fish in a cool place, and it will keep for two or three days, and dress as well as if fresh caught.

If the fish should happen to freeze, they should be placed in cold water, without salt, for an hour or so, to thaw them.

Fish is usually garnished with horseradish, sliced lemon, or fried parsley, and the roe, melt, and liver. When served up it should not be covered.

Fish kettles have always a perforated false bottom, with handles affixed, called a fish-strainer, so that it is very easy to take up fish when done, without breaking it. When dished up, it must be slid off this strainer on to a fish-plate, which fits the dish you serve it up in, on which fish-plate a nice clean white napkin is sometimes put to lay the fish on to absorb all the moisture.

Some people do not approve of a napkin to lay fish on; in which case, of course, you must only slide the fish off the strainer on to the fish-plate, which you put into a dish that it fits, and serve it up.

Should it so happen that the fish is done before it is wanted, or that the family is not ready to sit down, the best way will be to wrap a wet napkin round the fish, and, placing it very carefully on the tin strainer, suspend it in the fish kettle over so much of the boiling water as will keep it hot, but not touch it. It will thus be kept ready to serve up when wanted, but it will not

be near so nice as if it had been sent up to table the moment it was cooked.

Melted butter to be served with the fish should be made thicker than when intended for any other purpose, as it is usually thinned at table by one or other of the sauces taken with fish.

Curry sauce.—Mix curry powder with melted butter, and if wanted of a high flavor, add a little vinegar.

MISCELLANEOUS COOKING.

FAMILY SOUP.—Take a shin or leg of beef that has been newly killed; the fore-leg is best, as there is the most meat on it. Have it cut into three pieces, and wash it well. To each pound allow somewhat less than a quart of water; to ten pounds of the leg two gallons of water. Put it into a large pot, and add half a tablespoonful of salt. Hang it over a good fire, full eight hours before you dine. When it has come to a hard boil, and the scum has risen (which it will do as soon as it has boiled), skim it well; then set it on hot coals in the corner, and keep it simmering steadily, so as to continue a regular heat. About three hours afterwards, put in a couple of heads of celery, four carrots cut small, and as many onions sliced and fried, with either a very small head of cabbage cut into little pieces, or a large one whole, if to be eaten with the meat; or, if you have any objection to cabbage, substitute a large proportion of other vegetables, or else tomatoes instead. Put in a bunch of herbs, tied up in a thin muslin rag. It will require at least eight hours' cooking; the vegetables should be put in three hours after the meat, and the turnips only half an hour before it is done. If you wish to send any portion of the meat to table, take the best part of it out of the soup about two hours before dinner; let the remainder be left in the pot till you send up the soup, which must be strained.

Next day, take what is left of the soup, put it into a pot and simmer it for half an hour: a longer time will weaken the flavor. If it has been well made, and kept in a cool place, it will be found better the second day than the first.

If the family is small, and the leg of beef large, it may furnish soup for several successive days. Half the leg may therefore be sufficient, previously breaking to pieces all the bones with a mallet or kitchen cleaver, which by causing them to give out their marrow will greatly enrich the soup.

Or: When a large quantity of any butcher's meat is brought in for the use of the family, the joints will require trimming: take all the parings, adding a slice or two of bacon, beef, or mutton bones, with an old fowl, or a rabbit, if you have one, turnips, and all sorts of vegetables, onions, herbs, a few slices of carrot, a little ketchup, pepper, salt, etc.; put a piece of butter at the bottom of the pan, cover it closely, and put it over a slow fire for a few minutes, shaking the saucepan occasionally. Then pour in boiling water, and let it stew until it is rich; apportioning the water to the quantity of meat. If there be any solid portion of beef, of which the soup is made, let it be taken out previous to the meat being "done to rags," and sent up along with the roots in some of the liquor, thickened and flavored with any piquant sauce: it will form an excellent stew.

These receipts constitute the standing household dish so well known in France as the *pot au feu*.

BEEF TONGUE.—If it has been dried and smoked, before it is dressed it should be soaked overnight; but if only pickled, a few hours will be sufficient. Put it into cold

water, and set it over a slow fire for an hour or two before it comes to a boil; then put it aside, and keep it simmering for three and a half to four hours, according to its size: you can ascertain when it is done by probing it with a skewer. Peel it, trim the root, glaze it, and before serving surround the root with a paper fill, and stick a flower or two on the top over the windpipe.

Its appearance, and its flavor also, may be improved by rubbing it over, when skimmed, with yolk of egg, on which crumbs of bread and finely-minced sweet-herbs may be strewed; then slightly basting it with butter, and browning it.

MUTTON CUTLETS.—Cut the best end of a neck of mutton into cutlets half an inch thick, and chop each bone short; flatten and trim them, scraping the end of the bone quite clean; brush them with egg, and cover them with crumbs, herbs, and seasoning; and serve them either with tomato or any other piquant sauce.

Hindostanee fashion.—Cut the chops from the neck, pare away all the fat, and scrape the bone; then have some very fine mashed potatoes; wrap the cutlets in it; brush them over with yolk of egg, and fry them. They may also be fried in the same manner, dipped in batter.

CAKES, CUSTARDS, ETC.

APPLE TORTHE OR CAKE (GERMAN RECEIPT).—Take ten or twelve apples, sugar to taste, the rind of one small lemon, three eggs, one-quarter of a pint of cream or milk, one-quarter of a pound of butter, three-quarters of a pound of good short crust, three ounces of sweet almonds. Pare, core, and cut the apples into small pieces; put sufficient moist sugar to sweeten them into a basin; add the lemon-peel, which should be finely minced, and the cream; stir these ingredients well, whisk the eggs, and melt the butter; mix altogether, add the sliced apple, and let these be well stirred into the mixture. Line a large round plate with the paste, place a narrow rim of the same round the outer edge, and lay the apples thickly in the middle. Blanch the almonds, cut them into long shreds, and strew them over the top of the apples, and bake from one-half to three-quarters of an hour, taking care that the almonds do not get burnt; when done, strew some sifted sugar over the top, and serve. Time, one-half to three-quarters of an hour.

VERY GOOD OLD-FASHIONED BOILED CUSTARD.—Throw into a pint and a half of new milk the very thin rind of a fresh lemon, and let it infuse for half an hour, then simmer them together for a few minutes, and add four ounces and a half of white sugar. Beat thoroughly eight fresh eggs, mix with them another half pint of new milk; stir the boiling milk quickly to them, take out the lemon-peel, and turn the custard into a deep jug; set this over the fire in a pan of boiling water, and keep the custard stirred gently, but without ceasing, until it begins to thicken; then move the spoon rather more quickly, making it always touch the bottom of the jug, until the mixture is brought to the point of boiling, when it must be instantly taken from the fire, or it will curdle in a moment. Pour it into a bowl, and keep it stirred until nearly cold, then add to it by degrees a wineglassful of good brandy and two ounces of blanched almonds cut into spikes, or omit these at pleasure. A few bitter ones, bruised, can be boiled in the milk, instead of lemon-peel, when their flavor is preferred.

STEWED APPLES AND CUSTARD.—Take seven good-sized apples, the rind of half a lemon or four cloves, half a pound of sugar, three-quarters of a pint of water, half

a pint of custard. Pare and take out the cores of the apples, without dividing them, and, if possible, leave the stalks on; boil the sugar and water together for ten minutes, then put in the apples with the lemon-rind or cloves, whichever flavor may be preferred, and simmer gently until they are tender, taking care not to let them break. Dish them neatly on a glass dish, reduce the syrup by boiling it quickly for a few minutes, let it cool a little, then pour it over the apples. Have ready quite half a pint of custard. Pour it round but not over the apples when they are quite cold, and the dish is ready for table. From twenty to thirty minutes to stew the apples.

APPLES A LA PORTUGAISE.—Take eight good boiling apples, half a pint of water, six ounces of sugar, a layer of apple marmalade, eight preserved cherries, garnishing of apricot jam. Peel the apples, and, with a vegetable-cutter, push out the cores; boil them in sugar and water, without being too much done, and take care they do not break. Have ready a white apple marmalade; cover the bottom of the dish with this, level it, and lay the apples in a sieve to drain; pile them neatly on the marmalade, making them high in the centre, and place a preserved cherry in the middle of each. Garnish with strips of candied citron or apricot jam, and the dish is ready for table. From twenty to thirty minutes to stew the apples.

CRUMPETS.

To a pint and a quarter
Of warm milk and water
Add one tablespoonful of yeast,
An egg and a small
Pinch of salt, and beat all
Up for twenty-two minutes at least;
Then set by the batter
To rise or grow fatter,
And, when it is ready, procure
A large ring that will take
In a cupful, and bake
Till the top of it looks of a pure
Auburn color; then turn it,
Lest the oven should burn it;
And, as soon as the other side's brown,
You may take it away
Without further delay,
And in like manner put others down.

HAIR WASHES

WE copy the following receipt for a hair-wash from the *Saturday Post*:—

"Let me caution all gentlemen frequenting barber shops against the time-honored custom of dressing their glossy locks with preparations of oils and bay rums; it will ruin your hair. Again, don't use any preparations, washes, unguents, or dyes on the hair or whiskers; nor sage teas, water, or anything but the following preparation, which I warrant to render ALL hair rich, thick, dark, and glossy, and soft as silk after long using. Procure at any drug store—

Best castor oil,	1 pint.
" olive oil,	" "
Pure fresh lard,	" "
Good beef marrow,	" "
	2 pints.

Put all together in a vessel on the fire, and allow it to simmer; then take it off, and add two tablespoonfuls of the best brandy; shake well; then add a few drops of

any oil of extracts to scent, to suit the taste. Then bottle in a wide-mouth, glass-stopper bottle; use one table-spoonful each morning at your toilet, no more, no matter the quantity of hair. Shake well the bottle each time before using. Try it one year, and my word for it, you will be astonished and gratified. Now either of the above used *separately* won't do; for castor oil is too thick and gummy, olive oil is too thin, etc., just the reverse of castor; beef marrow is better, but too cold and clammy. Lard of a superfine quality alone is better than either, as this gives softness to crispy hair. Brandy or alcohol, or bay rum, or rum, or spirits, or cologne of any kind turns all hair red and foxy, used promiscuously. If your head itches, wash it clean, occasionally, with soft water and salt, moderately strong; it allays irritation of the scalp, and will strengthen the hair. Beware of lead waters, or astringent lotions of any kind; if you have naturally a good suit of hair, never use *anything* but comb and brush. Yours, truly, BELA."

Lexington, Ky.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HINTS TO FAMILIES.—It is better to accomplish perfectly a very small amount of work than to half do ten times as much. Charcoal ground to powder will be found a very good thing to give knives a first-rate polish. A bonnet and trimmings may be worn a much longer time if the dust be brushed well off after walking. Much knowledge may be obtained by the good housewife observing how things are managed in well-regulated families. Apples intended for dumplings should not have the core taken out of them, as the pips impart a delicious flavor to the dumpling. A rice pudding is most excellent without either eggs or sugar, if baked gently; it keeps better without eggs. "Wilful waste makes woeful want." Do not cook a fresh joint whilst any of the last remains uneaten—hash it up, and with gray and a little management eke out another day's dinner. The shanks of mutton make a good stock for nearly any kind of gravy, and they are very cheap—a dozen may be had for a penny, enough to make a quart of delicious soup. Thick curtains closely drawn around the bed are very injurious, because they not only confine the effluvia thrown off from our bodies whilst in bed, but interrupt the current of pure air. Regularity in the payment of account is essential to housekeeping. All tradesmen's bills should be paid weekly, for then any errors can be detected whilst the transactions are fresh in the memory. Allowing children to talk incessantly is a mistaken indulgence; we do not mean to say that they should be restricted from talking in proper seasons, but they should be taught to know when it would be proper to cease.

DYEING MATERIALS.—These are alum, tartar, green copperas, verdigris, blue vitriol, roche alum, quercitron, oak bark, fennugreek, logwood, old and young fustic, Brazil-wood, brazilletto, camwood, barwood, and other red woods; peachwood, sumach, galls, weld, madder of three or four sorts, safflower, saffron, greenwood, anatto, turmeric, archil, endbean, cochineal, lac-dye, and indigo. The whole of these may be purchased of druggists or colormen.

TO SILVER IVORY.—Immerse the ivory in a weak solution of nitrate of silver, and let it remain until the solution has given it a deep yellow color; then take it out and immerse it in a tumbler of clean water, and expose it in water to the rays of the sun. In about three hours the ivory acquires a black color; but the black surface, on being rubbed, is soon changed to a brilliant silver.

WOOD STAINING.—A decoction of walnut or hickory bark, with a small quantity of alum in it, to give permanency to the color, will make an excellent dye. Wood of a white color receives, from the application of this liquid, a beautiful yellow tinge, which is not liable to fade. It is particularly adapted for furniture made of maple.

TO PRESERVE STEEL GOODS FROM RUST.—After bright grates have been thoroughly cleaned, they should be dusted over with unslaked lime, and thus left until wanted. All the coils of piano wires are thus sprinkled, and will keep from rust for many years. Table-knives, which are not in constant use, ought to be put in a case in which sifted quicklime is placed about eight inches deep. They should be plunged to the top of the blades, but the lime should not touch the handles.

ADULTERATION OF MILK.—Since chemistry has supplied the means of detection, it has been less frequent. Water gives to milk a bluish color, and to conceal this, it is said that chalk, and also wheat flour, have been added. Chalk is easily found out, because it settles to the bottom after a couple of hours, and then the bluish color returns, and the altered taste of the milk is easily distinguished. The existence of flour or meal in the milk may be detected by employing iodine, which strikes a blue color with the starch of the flour. For this purpose, add to the milk or cream suspected some iodine in alcohol; and if there be any flour, arrowroot, starch, or rice, it will be shown by a beautiful blue making its appearance.

TO CLEAN HEAD AND CLOTHES BRUSHES.—Put a table-spoonful of pearlash into a pint of boiling water. Having fastened a bit of sponge to the end of a stick, dip it into the solution, and wash the brush with it. Next pour over it some clean hot water, and put it aside for a short time; then drain and wipe it with a cloth, and dry it before the fire.

A CHEAP AND EASY METHOD OF POLISHING FLINTS AND PEBBLES.—The stone to be polished must be rubbed on a piece of sandstone with fine sand and water until it be equal on the surface; then with emery and water laid on a piece of lead; next, the flour of emery, used in the same manner, until it be quite smooth; then the flour of putty and water, on a piece of felt or flannel, till the gloss comes out.

CONTRIBUTED RECEIPTS.

AN ECONOMICAL AND VERY NICE PLUM PUDDING.—One cup of sweet or sour milk, one cup of molasses, half a cup of butter, one teaspoonful of soda, half a pound of chopped raisins, half a pound of currants, spice to the taste, flour enough to make it as stiff as pound-cake batter. Put it in a cloth, leaving plenty of room for the pudding to swell. Serve with wine sauce.

SARATOGA ROLLS.—One quart of water, two ounces of butter, one gill of yeast, and a little salt. Mix them at nine o'clock at night, as thick as you can stir with a spoon, and put them in a warm place. Next morning, two hours before breakfast, take more flour, make them into a light dough, put them in pans, and let them stand until light. Bake fifteen or twenty minutes in a hot oven.

FRENCH TOAST.—This is a very nice breakfast dish. Take a couple of eggs, beat them, and pour with them a little milk, season with pepper and salt. Cut your bread as if for toast, pour the egg over it, and put it in a pan of hot butter, and fry brown.

Editors' Table.

VASSAR FEMALE COLLEGE.

WHILE clouds and darkness overhang the land, we naturally welcome with double pleasure whatever promises permanent good for the future. The founding of an institution like Vassar Female College, in a year like the present, is a peculiarly cheering event. This institution, as many of our readers are aware, owes its origin wholly to the munificent liberality of a single founder, Matthew Vassar, Esq., a wealthy and public-spirited citizen of Poughkeepsie, who has devoted a large portion of his fortune—no less than *four hundred and eight thousand dollars*—to the object of “erecting and endowing a college for the education of young women.” Not waiting, as is too customary in like cases, until death should deprive him of the enjoyment of his wealth, or the control of its use, Mr. Vassar makes this endowment in his lifetime, and while he is able, as is shown by his printed letter to the Trustees of the College, to devote to the completion of his purpose the full strength and clearness of his faculties.

A brief extract from this admirable letter will present some of the motives which influenced Mr. Vassar in his undertaking. He writes—

“It occurred to me that woman, having received from her Creator the same intellectual constitution as man, has the same right as man to intellectual culture and development

“I considered that the MOTHERS of a country mould the character of its citizens, determine its institutions, and shape its destiny.

“Next to the influence of the mother is that of the FEMALE TEACHER, who is employed to train young children at a period when impressions are most vivid and lasting

“It also seemed to me that, if woman were properly educated, some new avenues to useful and honorable employment, in entire harmony with the gentleness and modesty of her sex, might be opened to her.

“It further appeared, there is not in our country—there is not in the world, so far as is known, a single fully endowed institution for the education of women.

“It was also in evidence that, for the last thirty years, the standard of education for the sex has been constantly rising in the United States; and the great, felt, pressing want has been ample endowments to secure to Female Seminaries the elevated character, the stability and permanency of our best colleges.”

In January last, the legislature of New York granted a charter to the institution by the name of “Vassar Female College,” declaring its object to be “to promote the education of young women in literature, science, and the arts,” and giving it power “to grant and confer such honors, degrees, and diplomas as are granted by any university, college, or seminary of learning in the United States.”

The grounds given to the College comprise the ample area of two hundred acres, situated about a mile east of the city limits of Poughkeepsie. On this site the buildings, of truly magnificent extent—the principal structure being no less than five hundred feet in length by

one hundred and seventy in depth—will be erected without delay. It is intended that the institution shall open for the reception of students in September, 1863.

It will be seen that the object in view is nothing less than the establishment of an institution which shall be in every respect equal, and in some perhaps superior, to our best endowed colleges for young men. An education in this seminary will give the same position to the graduate which is conferred by a degree or diploma of any of our universities. We cannot but think that the usefulness of this institution will be far greater than that of any college for young men, however efficient and prosperous. Only a comparatively small number of the graduates of such a college ordinarily devote themselves to the occupation of teaching. As to the others, the value of their education to the community dies with them, except so far as the influence of their personal example may continue to be felt. But it may be safely assumed that a very large portion of those who will be educated in Vassar College will devote themselves to what has been often indicated as woman's peculiar profession—the instruction of the young. Every such teacher will become the centre of a wide circle of influence, and will extend and multiply the benefits conferred by the college training to a degree which no one can calculate. Those who do not apply themselves to the business of teaching will, as mothers, exert upon their children, and through them upon future generations, an influence which, as Mr. Vassar well observes, will determine the institutions and shape the destiny of our country.

The course of study proposed by Mr. Vassar for his college is, we consider, very judiciously defined. He designs that it should embrace at least the following particulars: “The English Language and its Literature; other Modern Languages; the Ancient Classics, so far as may be demanded by the spirit of the times; the Mathematics, to such an extent as may be deemed advisable; all the branches of Natural Science, with full apparatus, cabinets, collections, and conservatories for visible illustration; Anatomy, Physiology, and Hygiene, with practical reference to the laws of the health of the sex; Intellectual Philosophy; the elements of Political Economy; some knowledge of the Federal and State Constitutions and Laws; Moral Science, particularly as bearing on the filial, conjugal, and parental relations; Esthetics, as treating of the beautiful in Nature and Art, and to be illustrated by an extensive Gallery of Art; Domestic Economy practically taught, so far as it is possible, in order to prepare the graduates readily to become skillful housekeepers; last, and most important of all, the daily, systematic Reading and Study of the Holy Scriptures, as the only and all-sufficient Rule of Christian faith and practice.”

These studies are well chosen to prepare the pupils for those duties and labors which fall within the peculiar province of woman. It is evident that there is no intention of yielding to the inconsiderate counsel of those who seek to urge her, against her nature, into the field of employments which, in the economy of Providence,

has been allotted to man. Delicately constituted both in body and mind, and designed for her own peculiar and most important duties, all attempts to thrust her into occupations requiring strength, hardihood, endurance, or long-continued toil, are an injury, instead of a benefit to her. The restriction which debars woman from these laborious occupations does not degrade, but really exalts her. It does not limit, but actually extends her usefulness. Her own sphere is as exalted and as important as that of man, and affords ample scope for the highest faculties. The nurture and instruction of the young, the care of the sick, the ordering of the household, and the arts and literature which adorn and refine our daily life, compose her special department, and will afford abundant employment to all who properly qualify themselves for these natural and appropriate avocations. Our gratitude is especially due to those who, like Mr. Vassar, seek, with well judged liberality, to prepare the women of our country for the important duties which in the ordering of Providence are thus assigned to them.

The prominence which is given in this course of study to Language, and especially to our own language and literature, deserves to be particularly commended. Whatever else a child may learn from other instructors, he must certainly acquire his knowledge of his native tongue from the lips of woman. To qualify them for this duty, women are endowed with a peculiar aptitude for the acquisition and the teaching of languages. Some of the best linguists now living are missionary ladies in China, India, and the Pacific Islands. A readiness in acquiring the niceties and elegancies of literary composition may fairly be claimed as a feminine endowment. The most pleasing letter-writers and some of the most agreeable essayists—Madame de Sevigné, Lady Mary Montagu, Madame D'Arblay, Mrs. Barbauld, Mrs. Ellis, and many others who might be named—have been women in whose writings the charm of style appears to be almost a natural gift. The cultivation of this talent in the students of the new college will do much to keep our national language and literature pure and refined.

We have the satisfaction of knowing that the founder and the other trustees of the college are sparing no pains to secure for it such an organization and such a staff of instructors as will render it most efficient for the purposes contemplated. It will be truly gratifying to all who have labored during past years to promote the cause of female education to know that their work is about to find its crowning success in this noble institution.

NIAGARA.

Wonderful Waters! Mighty pomp of power!
Nature's magnificence of moving glory!
The rent rocks shrivel, like the frost-killed flower,
Beneath thy tread; the clashing Rainbow o'er thee—
Jehovah's Banner—Love and Mercy bear
To all who come before thy holy portal
In the great awe that calms the soul like prayer,
And lifts the mortal to the hope immortal.

Wonderful Waters! How my throbbing blood
Beats the grand music of thy ceaseless thunder!
Mine eye, that follows down thy leaping flood,
Strains to pierce through its caverned depths of wonder;
In vain—the foam turns marble as it rolls,
And, like the Future from the Present hidden,
It bears this lesson to our struggling souls—
Seek not the knowledge to thy state forbidden—
God's wondrous Works prove, like His holy Word,
Power, Glory, Mystery surround the Lord!
August, 1861.

CONVERSATION.—“Conversation I am inclined to rank among the greatest accomplishments and greatest arts,” says Dr. Holland. And he adds:—

“No woman can talk well without a definite stock of absolute definite information.” [Nor would any man!]

The “Tattler” has this lesson which deserves to be remembered: “There is no sort of company so agreeable as that of women who have good sense, are without affectation, and can converse with men without any private design of imposing chains and fetters.”

CHILDREN.—The day for sternness of family discipline is passed; but the day of thorough respectfulness among its members, and a careful propriety will never pass. Play with your children as much as you please, but keep the reins of your authority steadily drawn.

MISS S. J. HALE'S BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, 1826 Rittenhouse Square, Philadelphia.

This school is designed to give a thorough and liberal English education, to furnish the best facilities for acquiring the French language, and the best instruction in music and the other accomplishments. The moral training and the health and physical development of the scholars are carefully attended to.

References: Mrs. Emma Willard, Troy, N. Y.; Henry Vethake, LL.D., Wm. B. Stevens, D.D., Wm. H. Ashhurst, Esq., Louis A. Godey, Esq., Philadelphia; Charles Hodge, D.D., Princeton, N. J.; and others.

Health Department.

BY JNO. STAINBACK WILSON, M.D.

MEANS OF EXPELLING WORMS, ABUSE OF VERMIFUGES, ETC.—When a child becomes diseased from any cause, and there is good reason to believe that worms are adding to the irritation, and aggravating the disease, or when it is probable that they have accumulated in the stomach and bowels to such an extent as to become an exciting cause of disease by their numbers, then, and *not till then*, should measures be used for their expulsion.

The practice of dosing children with all kinds of irritating worm-destroyers is fully as destructive to the children as to the worms, and thousands of children are annually killed by the indiscriminate and senseless use of quack vermifuges, administered upon the mere *presumption* of the existence of worms.

Now, all vermifuges that are strong enough to kill worms must produce more or less irritation and disturbance of the living sensitive parts with which the worms are in contact, and this even when those parts are in a natural, healthy condition.

The best remedies are pink root (*Spigelia Marilandica*), wormseed oil, or oil of Jerusalem oak seed (*Chenopodium anthelminticum*), the oil of male fern (*Filix mas*), the oil of turpentine, and China root (*Melia azedarach*). We give the scientific names to prevent mistakes, as all the indigenous productions of our *Materia Medica* have various names in different parts of the country. And, by the way, there is great advantage in those hard names which have been so much ridiculed in some medical books for the people, with the design of exciting prejudice against the medical profession. It would be well if these terms could be made a little easier and shorter, but their use is absolutely necessary, to avoid misunderstandings and fatal errors; and those who

would make the impression that such terms are useless are either fools or knaves. fools if they cannot see the benefits arising from the use of terms which are definite and specific, knaves if, knowing these, they endeavor to inculcate the idea that the object in using them is to conceal and mystify. We have found pink root to be the most reliable vermifuge, and it is perhaps, when properly given, the least dangerous of all the articles of its class. It is prepared thus: Take of pink root, half an ounce; boiling water, a pint. Let it stand in a covered vessel near the fire. Dose from one to two tablespoonfuls three times a day, before meals, for three or four days, and then a dose of castor oil and spirits of turpentine. The oil of wormseed should be given in doses of eight or ten drops, three times a day, on sugar, continuing it for several days, and following by castor oil and turpentine as above. A very good way to give the Jerusalem oak seeds is to stew them with molasses. A dessert-spoonful of the seeds may be added to a teaspoonful of molasses, and from one to two teaspoonfuls of the mixture may be taken as directed for the oil. *The oil of male fern* is given in doses of from thirty to forty drops, in the manner prescribed for the oil of wormseed. The *China root* is thus prepared: Take four ounces of the fresh bark of the root and one quart of water; boil down to a pint. Give a tablespoonful every night and morning, and follow with castor oil and turpentine or some other moderately active purge.

Calomel is one of our most certain vermifuges, and it has the advantage of tastelessness and smallness of dose; but we cannot recommend a frequent use of it in domestic practice.

COLUMBUS, Ga.

Literary Notices.

BOOKS BY MAIL.—Now that the postage on printed matter is so low, we offer our services to procure for our subscribers or others any of the books that we notice. Information touching books will be cheerfully given by inclosing a stamp to pay return postage.

When ordering a book, please mention the name of the publisher.

From T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—**GREAT EXPECTATIONS.** By Charles Dickens, author of "Pickwick Papers," "Little Dorrit," "Tale of Two Cities," etc. This latest work of Charles Dickens is just announced by the Messrs. Peterson, of this city, published in various styles with and without illustrations, at corresponding prices. The "great expectations" of the public concerning a production from so renowned a source, will be found to be more than fulfilled. Possessing all the vigor displayed in the late works of the author, it revives some of the characteristics of his earlier writings; and the book, taken as a whole, we think may be pronounced the completest and best of them all. Price, illustrated edition, bound in cloth, \$1 50; paper bound, 50 cents.

From HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, through J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

CARTHAGE AND HER REMAINS: *Being an Account of the Excavations and Researches on the Site of the Phœnician Metropolis of Africa, and other adjacent Places.* Conducted under the auspices of Her Majesty's Government. By Dr N. DAVIS, F. R. G. S., etc. With illustra-

tions. This is a large volume of more than 500 pages, which, while it will prove acceptable to the general reader, will be prized as a treasure by the antiquarian. The first chapter sums up the arguments and proofs in favor of the identification of Carthage with the Tarshish of the sacred writers. Then in succeeding chapters we have a faithful account of the author's travels, adventures, and discoveries in the neighborhood of this ancient city. Dr. Davis in his labors has, no doubt, added most materially to our knowledge of these ruins, and, by his researches, furnished many missing links in history. The illustrations, which are numerous, are apparently copied from photographs, and, if this be the case, are necessarily most accurate. Price \$2 50.

SEASONS WITH THE SEA-HORSES; or, Sporting Adventures in the Northern Seas. By James Lamont, Esq., F. G. S. In this book we have detailed accounts of the spearing and harpooning of seals, and walruses, capture of bears, reindeer and fox hunts, and other incidents and accidents of a pleasure voyage off the coast of Europe in the neighborhood of the North Pole. From its very novelty this journal of travel is likely to prove attractive; for who would think of seeking sport in the northern ocean in a small vessel, the cabin of which is five feet high, with four feet square of available room, sleeping accommodations and seats of corresponding proportions, and, denied fire, with an average temperature of 40 degrees! Still our adventurers seem to have entered with zest into their sport, and to have borne inconveniences and mishaps with the spirit of philosophers. Price \$1 75.

TOM BROWN AT OXFORD. *A Sequel to School Days at Rugby.* By the author of "School Days at Rugby," "Scouring of the White Horse," etc. Part Second. The author of this has attempted a difficult, and, though we hope not, perhaps a thankless task in this his latest work. To us as Americans it can possess little attraction save that which attaches to a first-rate romance, or results from the curiosity we may have concerning the institutions of learning of our mother country. The picture it gives us of Oxford and its students is indeed a sad one; and it leads the reader to ask if a course, such as described here, is likely to fit men to become the rulers and guides of a great nation. Where fast men by the payment of double fees are virtually released from almost all supervision where extravagant dress, billiards, cards, wine, races, late hours, and every other fashionable dissipation, occupy the time supposed to be devoted to study, it is not hard to imagine what must be the character of the student after a three years' course. There are one or two brilliant exceptions in the book to the "fast" majority. Of these, Hardy is the principal character; while Tom Brown, the hero, whose chance for respectability, at one time, appears scarcely worth mentioning, is finally influenced for the better by the efforts of this individual combined with the circumstance of his falling in love. Price \$1 00 a volume.

FRANLEY PARSONAGE. *A Novel.* By Anthony Trollope, author of "Doctor Thorne," "The Bertrams," "The Three Clerks," etc. With illustrations. Not having had time to complete the perusal of this book, we are not qualified to speak of it as regards its own merits. The author's name, however, is a sufficient guarantee for its excellence. We judge it to be a graphic picture of English country life, its characters belonging to the gentry and peerage, rather severe upon politics and politicians, and slightly High Church in its tendency. Price \$1 00.

PRIMARY OBJECT LESSONS FOR A GRADUATED COURSE OF DEVELOPMENT. *A Manual for Teachers and Parents, with Lessons for the proper Training of the Faculties of Children.* By N. A. Calkins. We have carefully examined the system herein advanced, and are highly pleased with it. It varies from the usual routine of teaching in very important particulars, as its object is to interest the mind of the child, in order that the lesson may seem as an amusement rather than as a task. It is impossible in a short notice to describe the system, but we may mention that it has been successfully introduced into the primary schools of Oswego, N. Y., and has also been adopted in the course of instruction for the public schools of Chicago, Ill. Useful as this book certainly must be to teachers, we think it will be found more valuable, not to be relied on entirely, but as affording good suggestions to parents who desire to give a portion of their time to the instruction of their children. Price \$1 00.

HISTORY OF MARGARET OF ANJOU, Queen of Henry VI. of England. By Jacob Abbott. With engravings. A small, condensed history, intended for the entertainment and instruction of youth, giving the important and remarkable events in the life of one of the English Queens. As Margaret of Anjou was intimately concerned in one of the most important and bloody internal struggles of the British Kingdom—the rivalry of the houses of Lancaster and York, or, as it is familiarly known, the "Wars of the Roses"—her story is attractive, not only as regards herself, but as forming an important part of the history of England. Price 50 cents.

M. TULLII CICERONIS *Cato Major sive de Senectute* *Laelius sive de Amicitia et Epistolæ Selectæ.* Recensuit G. Long.

T. LUCRETI CARI DE RERUM NATURA LIBRI SEX. Recognovit Hugo A. I. Munro, M. A.
C. JULII CÆSARIS, Commentarii de Bello Gallico. Recognovit George Long, M. A.

From RUDD & CARLETON, New York, through J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

PHILIP THAXTER: A Novel. This novel, with a dull, almost tedious opening, certainly does not promise much at first; but as it progresses it improves, though it cannot in any portion be called brilliant. The scene of its story is laid for half the book in New England, and its characters are mostly New England people, but its attempts at Yankee peculiarities are, we might almost say, total failures, for it either hits very wide of the mark or else sadly caricatures. We cannot believe that its individual specimens of Southern gentlemen are intended to apply to Southerners as a class. But, passing over these and other faults, we can yet praise the book for many things. As a picture of life in California (whither, toward the middle of the book, the story is transferred) during the early working of the gold mines, we have every reason, from listening to the experience of others, to believe it to be tolerably faithful; and, as an illustration of human nature when relieved from the restraints of society and home, sad as it is, we must confess our conviction that it is, generally speaking, equally correct. Price \$1 00.

POEMS. By Mrs. Virginia Quarles. A collection of short pieces, possessing a certain beauty of sentiment and rhythm, likely to elicit admiration from the general reader, though we feel convinced their author must remain content with present praise rather than cherish the hope of seeing herself numbered with our best American poets, whose names will be handed down to posterity.

From TICKNOR & FIELDS, Boston, through S. HAZARD, Philadelphia:—

TOM BROWN AT OXFORD: A Sequel to School-Days at Rugby. By the author of "Scouring of the White Horse," etc. Part Second. We have already noticed this work as sent to us from Messrs. Harper & Brothers, of New York. This edition by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields has a fine steel engraving of Mr. Hughes, the author. Price \$1 00 a volume.

From T. O. H. P. BURNHAM, Boston, through J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

THE SILENT WOMAN. By the author of "King's Cope." A well-written story, which we would fain think is intended as a caricature of English society, for we are loath to believe that it is the one grand object of English parents to secure good matches for their sons, and get rid of their daughters at any price. Nevertheless the book is worth reading, and Lady Moreland's efforts in behalf of her daughters will be highly appreciated by all who love a bit of humor. Price 50 cents.

Godey's Arm-Chair.

GODEY FOR OCTOBER.—A specimen engraving, one of Godey's own: "Go it, Rolla." This is one of the style of engravings we delight to give; beautiful in design and execution.

"Who'll Wink First?" Reader, in your youth, did you never try this experiment—looking in each other's eyes and see who would give the first wink? We have, often.

Six full-length figures in our October fashion-plate, and a beautiful variety it presents, every figure colored from dress goods to be used the present season.

Our wood engravings are most of them as well engraved as the steel plates of other works. And our literature is pronounced by the press to be the best published in any magazine of this country. We could publish thousands of notices to this effect.

What they say of the Lady's Book in Honolulu, Sandwich Islands. We extract the following from the *Commercial Advertiser* of that place:—

"The enterprising Godey appears determined to lead the van. We have often spoken of the Lady's Book, and our subscribers who do not take it, know its character already. But we venture to say that there is scarcely a *pater familias* among them, who is not already a subscriber, but will be coaxed to take it, if the wives or daughters get hold of the May number. The beautiful fashion-plate, containing four figures in colors, several pages of fashions, and an infinite variety of patterns of embroidery work, etc., all attest the unwearied industry and consummate taste bestowed upon the embellishments of this magazine. The letter-press is equally valuable. No man should begrudge the subscription price at which the magazine is furnished to subscribers in these Islands."

And the *News*, of Los Angeles, California, has the following:—

"Godey's Lady's Book is, without exception, the best ladies' magazine in the known world. No magazine has ever attained such a wide-spread and high reputation, and deserved every particle of the praise lavished upon it, as Godey's. May it live and flourish till time shall be no more!"

"CLUBS." "CLUBS."—Now is the time to commence the organization of clubs. Remember that the *Lady's Book* is the cheapest, because you get so much more for your money, and that so much better. Compare the *Lady's Book* with any other magazine. See the quantity and quality; and remember, also, what our exchanges so often mention, that it is "an evidence of the good taste of a family when the *Lady's Book* is seen upon the centre-table." We hardly need say more upon this subject. Every one of any taste wanting a "lady's book" will subscribe for "Godey."

IMPOSTORS AGAIN: A GOLD-STONE PIN STORY.—A person has written us from Rondout, N. Y., that he has been imposed upon by an individual calling himself R. Spalding, and saying he was our agent. It appears that the inducement offered was the *Lady's Book*, at a lower price than we sell it, and a promise of a gold-stone pin. This was too much for our unfortunate correspondent. He took the bait, and lost his \$2.50, and did not get his "gold-stone pin" for all of which he is disposed to be angry with us, because we do not send him the *Lady's Book* and the gold-stone pin. Now, we do not feel a bit sorry for our correspondent. First, because he was induced to subscribe at a price lower than we ask for the *Book*, and secondly, because he supposed that the leading magazine of the country would be a dealer in bogus jewelry. We state for the hundredth time that we have no agents, and don't deal in "Take your Choice for a Dollar" jewelry. We think that this Spalding has before been advertised by us as an impostor. That deaf and dumb girl, and Spalding, appear to be ubiquitous.

THE LA PIERRE HOUSE.—We copy the following from the *North American* of this city:—

"THE DEPARTURE OF PRINCE NAPOLEON.—This distinguished gentleman and suite left the city yesterday morning for Baltimore, expressing genuine pleasure at what they had seen in Philadelphia, and with the liveliest gratification at the homelike and sumptuous manner of their entertainment by the Messrs. Ward, of the La Pierre House, at which the party took up their quarters. The prince and his party shook hands with both gentlemen before taking leave, and assured them that they had found but one La Pierre House in all their experience."

That seems to be the opinion of every one who enjoys the hospitality of this celebrated house. We recommend it to all our friends. The Messrs. Ward are gentlemen, and, unlike many other hotel proprietors, they are not above their business, but always to be found at their post.

We call the attention of all dealers in periodicals to the paragraph at the top of the first page of our cover. It will there be seen at what a cheap rate of postage they can procure the *Lady's Book* by mail.

The effect of this is to entitle regular dealers in newspapers and periodicals to the same abatement of the rates of postage (without paying quarterly or yearly in advance, but upon the receipt of their packages) as is now made for regular subscribers, under section 117 of the standing Regulations.

A DENTIST at work in his vocation always looks down in the mouth.

THERE'S no objection to a broil in the house, if it be confined to the kitchen.

OUR MUSICAL COLUMN.

As autumn approaches and the fugitives from the city's heat begin to come back in droves to their homes, there is a natural longing felt in musical circles for the return of the opera. Unfortunately the opera does not seem likely to lift upon us its beneficent light—just at present, at all events. The middle of September never brought us to a prospect more unpromising. Most of the artists are still luxuriating among the mountains and at the seaside; and it is tolerably clear that, while they keep their voices in tune, they may as well lengthen out the summer "to its full brow length"—will not that make it autumn?—impersonating syrens of the shore, singing to the wakes, sadly, perhaps, dreaming of silvery seasons in the past that come no more. For the rest, we can only hope that we may have opera some time. The Academy, closed up, and barred, and bolted, looks like a grim fortress, with the garrison withdrawn to the most secret shelter and not a solitary warder in sight; and there is no sign that the hour of relief is anywhere close at hand.

In the mean time, some of our own native songsters are trying their throats before kings and queens in foreign lands. Little Patti, she who is the dearest, littlest, most bewitching young body that ever converted the seats of the Academy into groves, the glittering trappings about the great chandelier into stars, and the mysterious corners of the stage into vocal boughs and sprays, is charming everybody in the capitals abroad. Supported by Tamberlik, Mario, and Grisi, she first took London by surprise and then by storm. In the role of Zerlina, a new one for her, her voice and acting are described as wonderfully fresh and charming. And so they must be, if she exceeds in that part her personation of the Child of the Regiment.

Short Music for the Piano.—We have to name this month the following easy songs and ballads: Is this Death? O Mother, Tell me, 25 cents; Oh, Sing me thy Favorite Song, 25; From Early Morn, 25; Maud Adair and I, 25; In All the World, 25; Uriella, Song and Chorus, 25; Thine Eyes are Like Gems, 25; Thou Little Star, 25; Little Bennie, Duet, 25; Tread Ye Softly, Quartette, 25; Home Returning from the Wars, 25; The Passing Bell, 25; Poor Ben the Piper, 25; O Lady, Touch those Chords Again, 25; By the Seaside, 25; the Grave of Old Grimes, 25; Fleuve du Tage, 25; It was the Early Winter, 25; Blessed Land of Love and Liberty, 25; Far Away, 25; My Song Shall be of Thee, 25; I am Contented, from Martha, 25; Ella May, 25; Thoughts of Thee, 25; The Cottage Behind the Hill, 25. We can send any five of the above, free of postage, for one dollar.

For the advanced performer we have first to name a splendid collection of melodies, nineteen pages, by Franz, arranged as songs without words by Otto Dresel. Price of the whole \$1. We can confidently commend this charming collection to the study of the amateur. Also Baumbach's *Mélange Opératique*, two numbers, at 40 cents each. Baumbach is a capital arranger, and these numbers, comprising nine pages each, contain the best melodies in I Lombardi, Ernani, the Sicilian Vespers, Trovatore, Martha, etc. Also Marie, a beautiful Nocturne by Brinkley Richards, 35 cents; Annie o' the Banks o' Dee, by the same brilliant composer, 35 cents; Star of the Evening, transcribed by the same, 50 cents; and Lonely Tears, 30 cents. Address all orders and musical communications to Philadelphia, to

J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

POLYTECHNICS.

A CONVERSATION.

BY E. C. J.

JANE. Mother, what is the meaning of the word Polytechnics? I heard brother employing it to-day, and I think he said it came from two Greek words.

MOTHER. Your brother was right in tracing it to its origin. It signifies many arts or avocations, and refers to those practical branches which have done so much in enlarging the sphere of our social enjoyment and elevating us in the scale of humanity. In vain would our dear land have such manifold resources were not those resources drawn out and applied by practical science.

JANE. But I thought brother called Mr. A., the civil engineer, and Uncle Thomas, who goes among the rocks with his hammer, both Polytechnics. It seems to me that there are other professions more useful. I have heard our school-girls say that the law and medicine required greater talent than any such plodding pursuits as those which deal in steam, and minerals, and iron. Why could not persons of plain education, provided they have enough bodily strength, attend to such secondary matters?

MOTHER. My dear, if you think that the great kingdom of nature requires no cultivated minds to develop and apply to the arts its manifold resources, you indulge a wrong fancy. What are called learned professions are not more learned than other pursuits, provided those pursuits call into practical requisition all the scientific facts and principles falling naturally within their spheres.

JANE. Last summer, I think it was, while I was rusticated on our farm, one of the farm hands told father that since he had read a treatise on practical farming he comprehended his work more fully. He had read, he said, a work on agricultural chemistry, which gave him new light in regard to soil, and manures, and rotation of crops. I only laughed at him, and told him he had better go to college.

MOTHER. Now, Jane, I will tell you what you would hardly have guessed. We have just such an institution of learning in our dear city, and that farm hand, humble and unassuming as he is, could for a small sum enjoy its advantages. This college is rather a novelty; in our land I may say it is a novelty; but in Europe, where everything practically useful is made also practically subservient, such institutions are not rare. In former days, the architect, the draughtsman, the civil and military engineer, the geologist, the agriculturist, the miner, the topographical surveyor could have access to no such places; but the most they could do was to study such treatises which bore upon the subjects engaging their attention. Now learned professors guide such minds, and, the full course of study once faithfully prosecuted, corresponding degrees are conferred, entitling their professors to a place and name among scholars, from which he was hitherto unfortunately excluded.

JANE. But after all, mother, it does seem that learned degrees more naturally belong to what we call learned professions.

MOTHER. I see you are tainted with the old conventionalism. But what do you think of Professor Agassiz, to whose mighty intellect the world has unlocked its resources, and who among flowers or minerals is perfectly at home? Is not his a learned profession? And the great Stephenson, the father of railroads, does not he deserve a good degree? And he who plans a noble

bridge and builds it on scientific principles, should he not be honored as much as if he were an expounder of the civil law?

JANE. But what will you do with all these learned workmen after the conferment of their splendid degrees? Does the world need such scientific laborers among the coal, and iron, and rocks? Really the idea seems ludicrous. I guess they would have to wait for occupation till patience had its perfect work.

MOTHER. Now you have come to the most practical point of the matter. In the law how long does the young man wait for practice? In medicine the progress is correspondingly slow and laborious; but in the industrial arts the competent young man goes forward at once to the full discharge of his functions, and finds at once, if qualified, a position, and a remunerative one besides. Our extensive glass and iron works employ them; our wide-spreading territories seek them for draughtsmen and topical engineers. In the survey of new lands, in geological explorations, and in many other spheres of honorable and lucrative employment they assume at once a place, and, though comparatively young in years, are honored and esteemed. Many a young man supports his widowed mother in this way, who otherwise would be dependent on others for his own support, and tax the slender resources of those who were connected with him had he chosen a less productive and practical calling in his early manhood. In professional life, strictly speaking, the competition is terrific, but here scores of openings await the young man previous to his graduation, and he has the choice of positions as practical as they are productive. Our immense and growing country, in the development and application to the arts of her resources, wants as much cultivated intellect as she can get, and happy will that community be which holds out such an inducement to young men to keep them from putting themselves in the already overstocked market of other pursuits. I do not depreciate any pursuit; all are honorable and all useful; but if the object be employment, and not the mere glory of a profession, certainly the readiest market should determine the choice. I heard your father say that all the graduates of the Polytechnic School in Philadelphia were at once called into active service, and applied for in advance by both States and individuals.

JANE. Indeed you have almost made a convert of me to your system. I shall be contented, if you discourse so eloquently, to have for my bean a Bachelor of Civil Engineering or a Master of Scientific Agriculture. But where is this wonderful college?—for it must be indeed fairy ground, and have an atmosphere of eastern romance about it; I should rather have said western reality.

MOTHER. If you have time this afternoon to visit your Aunt Sarah, you shall see the building, which is located at the corner of Penn Square and Market Street. It has a lyceum, and a laboratory, and a learned faculty. Gradually but steadily it is working its upward way to recognition, and every passing year furnishes renewed proof that our community highly appreciates the influence of the industrial arts in their manifold applications as learned pursuits.

An old bachelor, with gray hairs, was asked why he did not marry?

"I will tell you," he said. "While I was young, I waited till I was older; now I am old, I cannot get a wife, for I do not admire old women, and young women do not admire me."

THE KING AND THE LOCUSTS.

A STORY WITHOUT AN END.

THERE was a certain king, who, like many Eastern kings, was very fond of hearing stories told. To this amusement he gave up all his time; but yet he was never satisfied. All the exertions of all his courtiers were in vain. The more he heard, the more he wanted to hear. At last he made a proclamation, that if any man would tell him a story that should last for ever, he would make him his heir, and give him the princess, his daughter in marriage; but if any one should pretend that he had such a story, but should fail—that is, if the story did come to an end—he was to have his head chopped off.

For such a rich prize as a beautiful princess and a kingdom many candidates appeared; and dreadfully long stories some of them told. Some lasted a week, some a month, some six months; poor fellows, they all stung them out as long as they possibly could, you may be sure; but all in vain; sooner or later they all came to an end, and one after another, the unlucky storytellers had their heads chopped off.

At last came a man who said that he had a story which would last for ever, if his Majesty would be pleased to give him a trial.

He was warned of his danger: they told him how many others had tried, and lost their heads; but he said he was not afraid, and so he was brought before the king. He was a man of a very composed and deliberate manner of speaking; and, after making all requisite stipulations for time for his eating, drinking, and sleeping, he thus began his story.

"O king! there was once a king who was a great tyrant. And, desiring to increase his riches, he seized upon all the corn and grain in his kingdom, and put it into an immense granary, which he built on purpose, as high as a mountain.

"This he did for several years, till the granary was quite full up to the top. He then stopped up doors and windows, and closed it up fast on all sides.

[illegible]

He had gone on thus from morning to night (except while he was engaged at his meals) for about a month, when the king, though a very patient king, began to be rather tired of the locusts, and interrupted his story with: "Well, well, we have had enough of the locusts; we will suppose that they have helped themselves to all the corn they wanted; tell us what happened afterwards." To which the storyteller answered very deliberately, "If it please your Majesty, it is impossible to tell you what happened afterwards before I have told you what happened first." And then he went on again: "And then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn, and then another locust went in and

carried off another grain of corn, and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn." The king listened with unconquerable patience six months more, when he again interrupted him with: "O friend! I am weary of your locusts! How sound do you think they will have done?" To which the story-teller made answer: "O king! who can tell? At the time to which my story has come, the locusts have cleared away a small space, it may be a cubit, each way round the inside of the hole; and the air is still dark with locusts on all sides; but let the king have patience, and, no doubt, we shall come to the end of them in time."

Thus encouraged, the king listened on for another full year, the storyteller still going on as before, "And then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn, and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn, and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn," till at last the poor king could bear it no longer, and cried out: "O man, that is enough! Take my daughter! take my kingdom! take anything, everything! only let us hear no more of your abominable locusts!"

And so the storyteller was married to the king's daughter, and was declared heir to the throne, and nobody ever expressed a wish to hear the rest of his story, for he said it was impossible to come to the other part of it till he had done with the beasts. The unreasonable caprice of the foolish king was thus overruled by the ingenious device of the wise man.

THE UNIVERSALITY OF GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.—We clip from letter No. 4 of the very able correspondent of the *North American*, dated "Near South Pass city, Rocky Mountains, July 26, 1861," the following:—

"Not having had any news from the east for some time, I thought probably I might find some here; the station keeper, however, knew nothing of what had happened in the States for a long while, and the only reading matter he had in his establishment consisted of an old St. Louis newspaper and a Godey's Lady's Book of last May; the latter, by the way, may be found in about one-third of the ranches and stations on the whole route."

LITERARY ASSOCIATIONS.—We now commence in time to warn our subscribers against sending their money to any association purporting to furnish the Lady's Book as part of the inducement to subscribe, and promising them great prizes in some future drawing of a lottery. We will not be responsible in any way. We will also add that we have no agents for whose acts we are responsible. We only send the Lady's Book when the money is sent direct to us.

THE preparations employed for hair-dye under the pompous names of "African Water," "Florida Water," etc., all contain nitrate of silver, sulphur, oxyd and acetate of lead, sulphate of copper, and other noxious substances. All cosmetics for removing hairs or freckles are dangerous; the *lait antiphelique*, for instance, contains corrosive sublimate and oxyd of lead. Were a chemist in France to deliver such a remedy to a customer without a regular prescription, he would be liable to a fine of 6,000 francs.

"OHIO."—Nothing will remove superfluous hair without injuring the skin. Don't try any of the nostrums advertised, or you will do yourself an injury. You sent no stamp to answer by letter.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

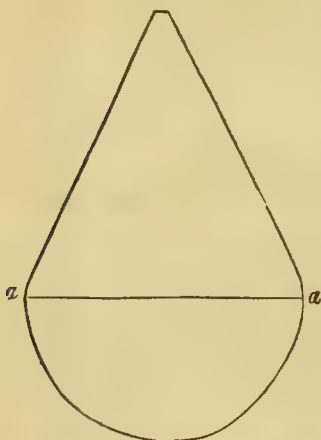
HOW TO MAKE A WATCH-POCKET.

Fig. 1.



TAKE a piece of perforated card-board about six inches and a half in length; cut it to the shape of Fig. 2; then

Fig. 2.



take another piece; cut this to the shape of Fig. 3, and a little wider than the lower portion of Fig. 2. Procure

Fig. 3.



some white glass beads, and any colored wool you may prefer; take the latter and form it in the shape of dia-

monds across the upper part of Fig. 2, and down as far as the dotted line *a*, to form the pattern Fig. 4; continue the same on Fig. 3, and between these form on all the remaining squares with beads, the pattern, Fig. 5; when

Fig. 4.



Fig. 5.



done, place Fig. 3 on to the lower portion of Fig. 2, up as far as the dotted line *a*, and sew these neatly round the edges. Cut out a piece of stiff card-board the same shape and size as Fig. 2, and tack at the back of this a piece of silk the same color as the wool, and sew it on to the back of Fig. 2; take a needle and thread, and fasten it to the top of the watch-pocket; make a fringe as wide as you require of the same beads as before, looping it all the way round. Line the inside of the pocket with a piece of fine white flannel, and quill up some satin ribbon, about half an inch wide, the color of the wool, place it across the top of Fig. 3, and all round the watch-pocket. Make up of the same ribbon two very small rosettes and ends, and place one at both sides of the pocket. Get some wider ribbon of the same color, and make a larger rosette with ends, and place it on the top of all; this will make the whole complete. Do another, exactly the same, to make the pair.

WATCH-HOOK.

This is made by cutting out a round of card-board about three inches and a half across. Take some pink or blue satin ribbon about half an inch wide; quill it up thickly, and sew it on to the card-board, putting it round and round, and fasten it off in the middle neatly. Procure a mother-o'-pearl watch-hook and place it in the middle. Cover the back of the card-board with white silk, and then suspend to the top a piece of ribbon, the same as before, and at the top of this place a rosette. Make another the same, and when completed they will form a very pretty pair.

A PEASANT who had a miserable hack horse who was absolutely dying of old age, resolved to destroy him. As he was riding him along the road, he met a jockey riding a superb full-blooded Arabian horse.

"My friend," said the owner of the antiquated animal, "I'll bet you ten dollars I can do with my horse what you can't do with yours."

"Done!" said the jockey.

The peasant quietly led his horse to the brink of the river and pushed him in.

"Now let's see you do that with your horse," he said. The jockey preferred paying the ten dollars.

INVISIBLE INK.—A correspondent sends us the following receipt:—

"Use skimmed milk for writing-fluid on white paper, your letters will then be *invisible*. After writing, expose the paper to a strong heat, and the letters will then be visible. I will send a sample, which I will partially scorch by laying the paper on the top of the stove. By placing the eye low, and looking horizontally across the paper while you write, you can the better see to make the letters.

O. H."

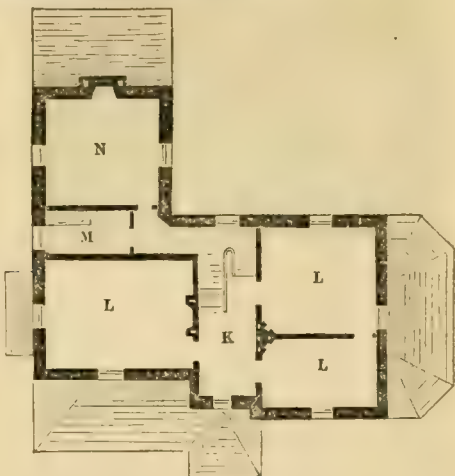
We have tried it, and find it will act as our correspondent states.

RURAL COTTAGE.

Designed expressly for Godey's Lady's Book by SAMUEL SLOAN, Architect, Philadelphia.



FIRST FLOOR.



SECOND FLOOR.

THE small rural cottage which we present this month has much in point of economy, with compact and convenient arrangement of plans, to recommend it, possessing at the same time all the requirements necessary for a small family.

The *first story* comprises four apartments besides the vestibule A, the hall B, parlor C, living and breakfast-room D, kitchen E, and summer kitchen G, with pantry and closets convenient to each.

The *second story* is divided into four well-lighted chambers, with bath-room M. The attic rooms are well arranged and lighted from dormers in the roof.

ONE day, during the singing of the *Miserere* of Lulli, Louis Quatorze remained on his knees during the whole *Miserere*, and of course the courtiers were obliged to do the same. After the service was over, the king, rising, turned to an old courtier—

"How do you like the music?" he asked.

"Sire," was the reply, "it is very soft for the ears, but very hard for the knees."

"In speaking of Godey the other day, we were informed that we had the taste of a woman. Though spoken with a sneer, we received the remark as a compliment, and feel happy to know we have so good a taste."

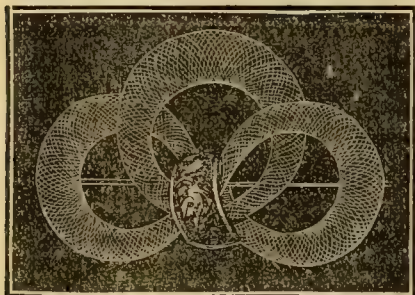
We cut the above remark from the *National Vedette*, and we think with the editor that it is a great compliment; for to have the taste of a woman is to have a taste for everything that is refined and beautiful.

A GAME WITH A MEANING.—There is a game called Russian Scandal, which is played in this fashion: A tells B a brief narrative, which B is to repeat to C, and C to D, and so on. No one is to hear it told more than once, and each is to aim at scrupulous accuracy in the repetition. By the time the narrative has been transmitted from mouth to mouth six or seven times it has commonly undergone a complete transformation. The ordinary result of the experiment will afford an apt illustration of the value of oral testimony in times when the marvellous had an especial attraction for all classes.

EMBROIDERY STAMPS.—S. P. Borden's celebrated Embroidery Stamps can be had by sending to S. P. Borden, Massillon, Ohio, or to his agents, as follows: A Brooks, 1203 Poplar Street; Phil. P. Peterman, Camden, N. J.; Carrie P. Aydon, Wilmington, Del.; Sylvia Harrington, Potsdam, N. Y.; M. B. Todd, Pittsfield, Mass.; Wm. Jacoby, Travelling Agent. These stamps are in general use throughout the United States and Canada, and have given satisfaction to all who use them. They are the same as formerly manufactured by Pierce & Borden. Inking cushion, Pattern book, and printed instructions accompany each order. All letters of inquiry promptly answered. Price \$5 per dozen.

HAIR ORNAMENTS.—Ladies wishing hair made into bracelets, pins (which are very beautiful), necklaces, or ear-rings, can be accommodated by our Fashion Editor. A very large number of orders have recently been filled, and the articles have given great satisfaction.

We give the prices at which we will send these beautiful articles:—



- Breastpins, from \$4 to \$12.
- Ear-rings, from \$4 50 to \$10.
- Bracelets, from \$3 to \$15.
- Rings, from \$1 50 to \$3.
- Necklaces, from \$6 to \$15
- Fob-chains, from \$6 to \$12.
- The Charms of Faith, Hope, and Charity, \$4 50.
- Hair Studs from \$5 50 to \$11 the set.
- Sleeve Buttons from \$6 50 to \$11 the set.

HAIR is at once the most delicate and lasting of our materials, and survives us like love. It is so light, so gentle, so escaping from the idea of death, that, with a lock of hair belonging to a child or friend, we may almost look up to heaven and compare notes with the angelic nature—may almost say: "I have a piece of thee here, not unworthy of thy being now."

WHAT OUR FASHION EDITOR CAN SUPPLY. Address Fashion Editor, care L. A. Godey, Philadelphia. Mrs. Hale is not the fashion editress.

Hair-work, patterns for all kinds of garments, and for women and children, jewelry, caps, bonnets, cloaks, mantillas, talmas, mantles, headdresses, shawls, bead-work, materials for wax and paper flowers, embroidery, collars, capes, worsteds, Shetland wool, infants' wardrobes or patterns for the same, stamped collars, orné balls, canvas for working, etc. etc.

PHILADELPHIA AGENCY.

No order attended to unless the cash accompanies it. All persons requiring answers by mail must send a

post-office stamp; and for all articles that are to be sent by mail, stamps must be sent to pay return postage.

Be particular, when writing, to mention the town, county, and State you reside in. Nothing can be made out of post-marks.

Mrs. G. E.—Sent ribbon, July 17th.

A. E. C.—Sent articles 22d.

R. W. G.—Sent watch-guard 23d.

A. B. L.—Sent patterns 26th.

W. R.—Sent patterns 26th.

Mrs. M. P.—Sent patterns 26th.

Mrs. H.—Sent articles by Adams's express 30th.

A. C. W.—Sent articles 30th.

Miss A. B.—Sent patterns 30th.

J. W. C.—Sent ring, August 8th.

Miss J. A. H.—Sent Zouave shirt 10th.

F. K. W.—Sent vest chain 12th.

Mrs. W. W.—Sent articles 14th.

W. P. H.—That experiment exploded here long ago.

Mrs. G. W. P.—In order to transfer our braiding and embroidery patterns to cloth or flannel, trace the paper pattern with white crayon or chalk, then put the paper pattern on the cloth, the chalk side down, and strike it with your hand, and the impression will be on the cloth. In order to make this impression permanent, trace the pattern on the cloth with either chalk or black lead pencil. If the cloth be dark, with the former; if light, with the latter. And we understand that covering the cloth with a piece of tissue paper and ironing it, will prevent its rubbing.

Chemistry for the Young.

LESSON XX.—(Continued.)

440. BROMINE is a substance possessing many analogies with chlorine and iodine. The young chemist may as well obtain a specimen, although I shall give no detailed notice of its reactivities. Bromine is a ruby-colored liquid, very prone to assume the vaporous or gaseous condition upon the application of a slight degree of heat. If a few drops of it be poured into a heated bottle, the latter will become filled with the vapor of bromine, for there is no philosophic distinction between a vapor and a gas. Bromine, too, if tested with starch under the conditions necessary for iodine, yields an orange-colored solution; it is also very soluble in ether.

441. Iodine has already been mentioned (36) as a test for starch. It will be requisite now to treat of it a little more in detail.

442. Remark the peculiar appearance of iodine: its smell, its cohesion—a solid; whereas bromine, under natural circumstances, is a liquid, and chlorine a gas. Put a little iodine into a large test-tube or small flask; apply heat, and observe the violet-colored vapor which results. Hence the term *iodine*, from "ioeides"—violet-colored. Remark that it is slightly soluble in water; far more soluble in alcohol (tincture of iodine).

443. Drop a little tincture of iodine into some cold solution of starch; observe the resulting color (36). Heat a portion of this solution in a test-tube, and observe how the color disappears. To another portion of the blue solution of iodine and starch add potash, to a third soda, observing how, in either case, the color disappears. Next remark how the solution, decolorized by simply heating, acquires its former tint by cooling; and how the solutions decolorized by the action of alkalis have

their color restored by the action of chlorine, either in gas or aqueous solution, by nitric, muriatic, and indeed almost all strong acids.

444. Although the element *nitrogen* in an uncombined state is very little concerned in chemical analysis, yet we must not omit to pass under review some of its leading qualities, as a preliminary to our investigation of its compounds hereafter. The great source of nitrogen is the atmosphere, from which we shall presently obtain it. The term *nitrogen* is derived from the fact of this element entering into the composition of nitre, but the appellation *azote* is also given to it from the derivation of "a," privative, and "zo," life, because it is fatal to such animals as breathe it in an undiluted state. The theory of the production of nitrogen from the atmosphere will be easily comprehended on calling to mind the phenomena developed by the combustion of bodies in oxygen gas. The energy displayed, it will be remembered, was very much greater than it would have been had atmospheric air been substituted for oxygen; simply because the atmosphere, instead of being composed of oxygen, is a mixture of oxygen and nitrogen in the ratio by measure of one part in five. Presently we shall demonstrate the fact that nitrogen gas will not support combustion; and we have already demonstrated that oxygen gas not only supports combustion, but combines with the combustible. Hence theory indicates that we should be able to burn away all the oxygen from atmospheric air, and leave nitrogen alone; this, indeed, is the practical way of generating, or, more correctly speaking, *liberating*, nitrogen. Not all combustibles, however, are capable of effecting this. A common taper, for instance, if stuck upon a cork floated on the surface of water, and allowed to burn under a bell-glass receiver, the mouth of which rests upon the water, so as to prevent all access of the external atmosphere, will not burn away *all* the oxygen. For this purpose some powerfully combustible matter—phosphorus, for instance—is necessary, which, if present in sufficient quantity, removes all the oxygen, becomes phosphoric acid, which is absorbed by the water, and nitrogen alone remains.

Centre-Table Gossip.

MEYERBEER.

We know that among our musical readers many will be glad to learn something personally of the author of "Robert" and the favorite Coronation March in the "Prophete." A recent writer thus describes him in his home-life—

"I gladly availed myself, while in Berlin recently, of an opportunity of calling on Meyerbeer, especially as he had honored me with his card of private invitation. As is usual abroad with even the wealthiest, he occupies a suite of rooms, and not a whole house. The mansion, an elegant and princely one, like all the larger residences in the Prussian capital, is at the open piazza at the end of the *Unter-den-Linden*, and is the second house from the magnificent Brandenburg Gate, through which the Berliners reach their large public park, which lies just outside the city walls. Meyerbeer's rooms are on what we would call the third, but what is known in European houses as the second story. There is no name on the lower door, but affixed to the wall at the foot of the third flight of stairs is a porcelain plate bearing in neat letters the one word 'Meyerbeer.'

"A ring of the bell brought to the door a neat German maid-servant, who took my card to her master, quickly returning to usher me in. Passing through a long, dark entry, I was shown into a well-furnished square apartment, and welcomed in French by a small man apparently about sixty years old, of Jewish features, round, stooping shoulders, and green spectacles; it was Meyerbeer.

HIS PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

"If not an Adonis in appearance, I found him to be—what is, after all, much more agreeable—a perfect gentleman. He showed no assumption of condescension, no haughtiness of manner, no affectation of eccentricity, nothing which would intimate that his natural simplicity and geniality had been at all affected by the praises which have for so many years been ringing in his ears. He invited me into the next room, a long apartment, with four windows looking on the street front. In the centre, on a platform raised at least a foot above the floor, stood a grand piano, open and strewn with sheets of music. Directly over the key-board, yet leaving plenty of space to play on the keys, was arranged an odd little desk, on which lay an inkstand, pens, and unfinished manuscript music. This was Meyerbeer's work-bench; here he composed his great works, while the unfinished manuscript I saw was part of a cantata for the next grand concert to be given before the Prussian Court.

MEYERBEER'S COMPOSITIONS.

"But while the gentle author of 'Sonnambula' and the delicate composer of 'Lucia' have left only their works and their memories, and while the swan of 'Porsaro' has for many years ceased to put music on paper, the industrious man to whom we owe 'Robert' and the 'Prophete' continues to work steadily and faithfully. He is not a rapid composer; while an Italian would write fifty, Meyerbeer would write but one opera—spending, for instance, eight years on the 'Prophete.' But then how noble has been the result of this plodding toil! Meyerbeer has not written a single weak opera. Every one, though different in outline and coloring, is a noble monument to his genius; and while each is in itself too complete a work to be heard to advantage in any other state than that of perfect completeness, yet the gems which best bear to be detached are models in their way. What more touching than the *Ah, mon fils*—what more inspiring than the Coronation March of the 'Prophete!' What more majestic than the old Chorale, more quiet than the *Piff-paff*, or more thrilling than the *Valentine* and *Raid* duet in the 'Huguenots.' What air has been oftener sung by cultivated artists than the famous *Robert, toi que j'aime*, and what concerted piece is more effective than the concluding trio of 'Robert le Diable?' And 'L'Etoile du Nord,' though less generally known, is replete with delicious melodies, both of the *andante* and *bravura* styles. These are all, in every sense of the word, grand operas; and, after they have brought the composer, it might be said, almost an immortality of fame, lo! he turns away from the monarchs and splendors of these themes to take up a libretto of the loves of simple shepherds, and weaves about it the delicious music of the 'Pardon de Poermel.'"

VENETIAN GLASS.

Among the pretty "centre-table" ornaments brought home by foreign tourists, we often notice paper weights,

baskets, vases, etc., of curious twisted or clouded glass. It comes from Venice. We find its manufacture thus described:—

"One of the most remarkable products of Venetian artistic skill is what is termed frosted glass, the whole mass seeming to be in the act of dropping into a thousand fragments; the vessel appears, in fact, shivered to pieces, yet it will hold fluids; and, still more strange, when struck it will ring as clear as an ordinary glass, showing that in reality its texture is entire and uncracked. This remarkable kind of glass is made thus: A lump of clear glass is gathered on the blowing-tube, and expanded by blowing while at nearly a white heat; it is then suddenly plunged into cold water. If it then be immediately turned round and blown out, the crystals formed by the chilling of the surface are separated from each other and thrown outward, while the interior of the vase is quite entire. It is then formed into shape, separated from the blowing-tube, and finished by annealing. Another curious art practised by the Venetian glass-blowers is the manufacture of 'vitro di trino.'

"In the latter case, a ball of clear flint glass is gathered on the end of the blowing-tube, and then blown into a brass mould, on the sides of which are arranged pieces of white glass cane, in a vertical direction. The white strips unite themselves to the surface of the glass, which is then warmed and twisted, so as to give the white lines a spiral direction. The end is then opened, and a cup is formed. In order, however, to complete it, another cup is formed, which is placed within the first, and the two are united together by heat. The appearance of the glass thus produced is very interesting. It is seen to be crossed spirally by two sets of white lines, which intersect each other, and at every intersection a minute bubble of air is entrapped.

"Mille-furri is another beautiful fabric, wrought into such forms as tazzeri, paper weights, etc. The method adopted in the manufacture of these objects is to form a sort of pocket of clear flint glass; into this a number of small pieces of flagree cane and glass are dropped, and the glass is then heated, and the air sucked out by the blowing-tube, and the whole becomes afterwards incased in clear glass. So perfect is the welding of the mass that it is impossible to detect the points of junction, and the flagree work appears almost as if it floated in the middle of the clearest water. In the mille-furri or star work the pieces are arranged in a more regular manner, but the general principle of manufacture is the same."

THE AUMONERE.

In our last number we gave the design for a bag or pouch—and in this number we give two—to be worn with a Zouave jacket. It may be worn with any dress, and its proper name is the "Aumônère" or alms-bag. It is, in fact, an ornamental purse, an old fashion of the middle ages revived, when the lady of the castle distributed "largess" with her own fair hands. They may be made of many different materials, and are beautifully ornamented with needle-work. Their manufacture is one of the popular work-table amusements of the day. In Paris, where the Empress herself introduced the fashion, and they are used chiefly in their ornamental character, they are sometimes of chased silver or gold, and are suspended by a gold or silver chain. Others are of bright tinted morocco, red, green, etc.; and again they are made of cloth or velvet, crimson or blue, embroidered with gold, being the favorite colors.

We hope this fanciful fashion will be a constant reminder to our lady friends of the necessity there will be the coming winter for all the "alms peace" they may be able to provide. If they cannot meet the demand in any other way, increased industry and thoughtful self-denial of a sash, a ribbon, a collar, or, if needs be, an expensive dress, will help them to the means, and give them more true happiness than the possession of the finery would do.

CLIPPINGS AT OUR CENTRE-TABLE.

1. THERE is a Philadelphian on the staff of Louis Napoleon's household physicians, who ranks with Clive, Baron Louis, and the ablest of the French school. It is Dr. Thomas W. Evans, and already he has a magnificent collection of gifts, from the principal personages of Europe. At a superb dinner party given by him not long since, these were displayed to gratify the curiosity of the guests, chiefly his own countrymen.

Among the latest of these additions to a collection of jewels unrivalled in their way, is a ring containing a diamond of fifty carats, and the purest water, set round with smaller diamonds, from the late Empress Dowager of Russia; several other rings of enormous sapphires, rubies and emeralds, set round with diamonds; a snuff-box large enough to supply a parish, studded with enormous diamonds, and containing his cipher, surmounted by a crown in brilliants, from the Duke of Brabant; a smaller one of blue enamel, covered with an exquisite arabesque of diamonds, from Alexander II.; a bracelet from the Grand Duchess of Oldenburg, composed of round plates of gold, in the centre of each of which is a magnificent jewel, the first letter in the name of each stone coinciding with the initials of her own name, her husband's and each of her children's; a magnificent diamond from the crown of the first Napoleon, superbly mounted in a *plaque* giving the imperial arms, the last of the many splendid gifts of the present occupant of the French throne; a cameo of admirable beauty from the Pope; and a vast number of other objects equally brilliant and costly, that would take too much space to enumerate.

2. It is not generally known how many plants produce textile fibres, or are capable of being spun and woven. It is fully demonstrated that these exist in "hemp, china, grass, aloes, althea, pineapple, heather, sugar-cane, thistle, lichen, broom, hops, wild indigo, reed, mallow, mulberry, nettle, willow, French bean, pea, potatoe, wheat, wild rose, buckwheat and vine."

3. M. Pernoz, Professor of Chemistry in the Conservatoire des Arts et Metiers, of Paris, has just published a most interesting discovery of his by which photography may be applied to the ornamenting of silk stuff. The bichromate of potash is a substance commonly used in photography, being extremely sensitive to light. If a piece of stuff impregnated with this salt be exposed to the rays of light penetrating through the fissures of the window blinds in a close room, the points where the stuff has received these rays of light will assume a peculiar reddish tint. Now, suppose a piece of metal or of strong paper to be cut out after a given pattern, and to be laid upon a piece of silk prepared as before, if exposed to the sun, or better still, to simple daylight, the pattern will be produced in a few instants. The pale red which the parts acted upon by the lights assume, is so permanent, that nothing can destroy it; nay, it will fix other colors, such as madder, campeachy, etc., just like a mordant, and in that case it will modify the color of

those substances in a sorbing it. The experiment may be varied in two ways. Let the fern leaf be laid upon a piece of prepared silk, and be kept flat upon it by a piece of glass, then that part of the silk which is protected by the leaf will retain its original color, while all the rest will receive the impression of light, as above described, forming the ground on which the figure of the leaf will appear in white, gray, or whatever other color the silk may have, and so on for operation. The most best patterns may thus be obtained on plain silks, and at a comparatively small expense.

Fashions.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

HAVING had frequent applications for the purchase of jewelry, millinery, etc., by ladies living at a distance, the *Editor of the Fashion Department* will hereafter examine customers' orders, and may desire it, with the charge of a small percentage for the time and research required. Spring and autumn fashions, materials for dresses, jewelry, envelopes, gloves, etc., will be chosen with a view to economy, as well as taste, and boxes or packages forwarded by express to any part of the country. For the last, distinct limit, no price to be given.

orders, and a standing order for the proposed expenditure, to be paid out of the sum of £ 4 Guineas, say

No order will be received unless the money is first received. Neither the Editor nor Publisher will be accountable for money sent out by remitting.

Inspector, New Orleans, inasmuch as is possible, accompanied by a note of the social complexion and general state of the persons, on which *much depends* in choice. Inasmuch as from Boston & other neighboring ports from Boston & S. N. O. the manifestos, or letters, from Boston, 71 Canal Street, New York, & reports from the most celebrated establishments, namely from Wriggless & Warden, or Cadwell's, Philadelphia.

When goods are ordered, the fashions that prevail here govern the purchase; therefore, no articles will be taken back. When the goods are sent, the transaction must be considered final.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL FASHION-PLATE FOR
OCTOBER.

Fig. 1.—Waking-dress of rich green *moin* antelope. The trimming consists of black Lyons velvet, of the best description. A band, twelve inches in depth, extends around the skirt, turning back with a point, at the side, where it is met by a corresponding band, formed by the continuation of the tablier in front, and is connected with it by a fringe of velvet. Similar fringes connect the tablier in front, leaving a space through which the green *moin* is visible. The velvet is edged by three rows of narrow fancy braid, and the tablier by a double row of *perle* fringe. The sleeves are partially lined, and with the waist may be readily adapted where the heavy trimming in the skirt may not be thought desirable. Band of royal purple velvet, the shade of the curtain being a variety; full white plume to the waist; convolvulus blossoms and leaves across the forehead; bouquet cap of satin and blonde.

Fig. 2—Working dress of lavender French poplin, made quite plain, with a row of black velvet buttons

down the front, and a narrow piece of black velvet at the waist. The point of the sleeve extends far in the carriage; it is edged by a gold and black lace, lined by velvet ribbon. There are two puffed sleeves, and a tight sleeve, with an ornament of black lace and velvet at the back. Drawn bonnet of black satin, with strings of rose subline.

Fig. 3.—Evening-dress of white crape, with a tunic skirt, caught together by sprays of sequins, bouquet de corsage and hand bouquet to correspond. A single flower placed above the brow.

FIG. 4.—Carriage-dress of a 20-*old* black silk; the bottom of the skirt is trimmed to the knee with bias rows of puffing, separated by puffed ruffles; a narrow ruche heads this stylish ornament. The bottom of the sleeves is trimmed to correspond. Corrage plain. Light mantle, with puffs and ruches, edged by a fall of rich black lace. Bonnet of black silk, velvet, and lace; the barbe of lace being caught inside the bonn by three small crimson roses.

Fig. 5.—Dinner-dress of rich cream-colored reps silk. The sleeves in puffs; the corsage has a pointed trimming of velvet, edged by a narrow pearl net of lace. The same style of velvet is used in the dashing ornamentation of the skirt, which needs no description.

Fig. 2.—Rose of dark brown silk, trimmed with rows of black velvet, edged with a purring of black lace. These rows of velvet are disposed so as to leave large, irregular spaces between them. The trimming ornaments the lower part of the skirt, the corsage, and the front and back of the sleeves. The skirt has gores cut from the upper end of each breadth, so that it is much narrower at the top than at bottom, and it is set on at the waist in very small plaits. On each side there is a pocket edged with rows of black velvet. The corsage is buttoned up in front. It is rather short in the waist, and not pointed. The sleeves are tight. The ceinture, which is tied on one side, has the ends square and trimmed with crossings of velvet. Collar and cuffs of lace, the latter turned up over the sleeves. Bonnet having the front composed of lavender velvet, and the crown of white silk covered with black lace. At the edge of the front there is Magenta velvet in *horizontal* s. The crown and the curtain are covered with tails of black lace.

CHITCHAT UPON NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS. FOR OCTOBER.

In our last, that we enumerated many styles for trimming fall bonnets, and have little more to add to this. There are always some part of the community who have distinct dress bonnets made for the intervening period; these are composed of mixed materials—silk, lace, and ribbon. For instance, a bonnet with a front of Azurine lace, in lengthwise folds, shaped like a fan; the crown is of white net crossed with black lace, as is also the cape; crimson chrysanthemums in velvet, set in black lace, form the bandeau; the strings are Azurine blue, handsomely tied.

This favorite shade is also brought out in dress silks, quite plain, without figure or stripe. There is also the *rose Marguerite*, a pale drab and mauve set silk. Not being figured in any way these dresses are suited to plain or dented skirts, and are always more lasting and more becoming to young people than a decided style. Black silks will, however, be the staple for full street wear, trimmed usually with a contrasting shade.

Black alpaca is more in favor than it has been for some time: but it must be of the best quality, soft and silky, to be lady-like.

There is also a new mixed material, with a texture almost as shiny as satin, which looks extremely well so long as it is kept from the rain; water in any way ruins it. Trimmed with ruches of silk darker than itself, it has an excellent effect. Our steel plates are now so full, and so completely up to the times, as scarcely to need a letter-press comment.

In the richer silks, intended for dinner or evening dress, we may mention one of black silk, figured with satin stripes; between the stripes there are bouquets of red and green flowers. The corsage is not quite high; it is edged at the top with a ruche of silk of the three colors, red, green, and black, and under the corsage there is a chemisette of worked muslin trimmed round the throat with a ruche, also of muslin. The sleeves, which are bell-shaped, have revers, ornamented with a ruche like that on the corsage, and the skirt is trimmed with groups of flowers, three in each, alternately black, red, and green. A cap and a mantelet of black lace have been selected for wearing with the dress just mentioned. The cap is of the round form, and is trimmed with blonde, roses, and anemones of black velvet with gold centres.

An elegant dress intended for dinner costume has just been made of silver gray silk, figured with a Pompadour pattern of various hues, cerulean blue being the predominating color. The lower part of the skirt is ornamented with a trimming in blue and rose-color, the two intertwined, so as to form a chain pattern. The corsage is low, and with it is worn a fichu of thulle puffs. A sash of the same silk as the dress is fastened in a bow with long ends, the trimming on the ends corresponding with that on the skirt.

A very pretty little pelerine, to wear with a low body, may be made with a plain net or muslin covered with narrow tucks; it should be made pointed behind, with ends crossing in front, and trimmed round the neck with a ruching of narrow lace, and outside with two rows of wider lace. The sleeves to wear with this pelerine should be made to correspond, with two puffings at the top, and a deep frill with a series of narrow tucks, finished off by a double row of broad lace.

There is another very pretty novelty for wearing over low bodies. It consists of pieces of velvet, not narrower than an inch, tacked together at equal distances, forming squares, and is pointed both behind and before. Sometimes white or black net is placed underneath the velvet, and sometimes a fulness of net is gathered in to the top row, and drawn with a narrow velvet round the neck.

A new style of sash has appeared, made of the same material as the dress, with three ends, the middle one shorter than the others; they may be made, also, of velvet rounded at the ends, and trimmed with fringe, and worked with gold or steel embroidery.

Skirts are worn as ample and full as ever, and are generally gored, to throw them out at the bottom. Stiff muslin petticoats, with flounces, or one deep flounce at the bottom, are very suitable for wearing with evening-dresses, as they set the dresses out in a more graceful manner than does a very large crinoline. A moderate-sized steel petticoat, and a muslin one—with, of course, a plain one over it—make a muslin dress look very nicely. We are told that the Empress usually wears one of these muslin petticoats, with a series of narrow flounces to the waist. Of course, this style would not

suit every one, on account of the difficulty and expense of washing, etc.

The best steel skirt we have ever seen has recently been sent us from the new establishment of Madame Demorest, 27 Fourteenth Street, New York. It is of a graceful shape, enlarging gradually at the train, and though containing forty springs is a model of lightness and comfort. All steel skirts "give"—as it is called—that is, grow longer by wear; in choosing them, this should be kept in mind. A skirt that exactly suits as to length at first, will trail in three weeks. Many ladies cut off the bottom springs, but this spoils the shape of the skirt entirely. In Madame Demorest's patent they are made self adjusting, and if still too long when the whole of the cords are tied in, *the top spring may be unknotted and removed.*

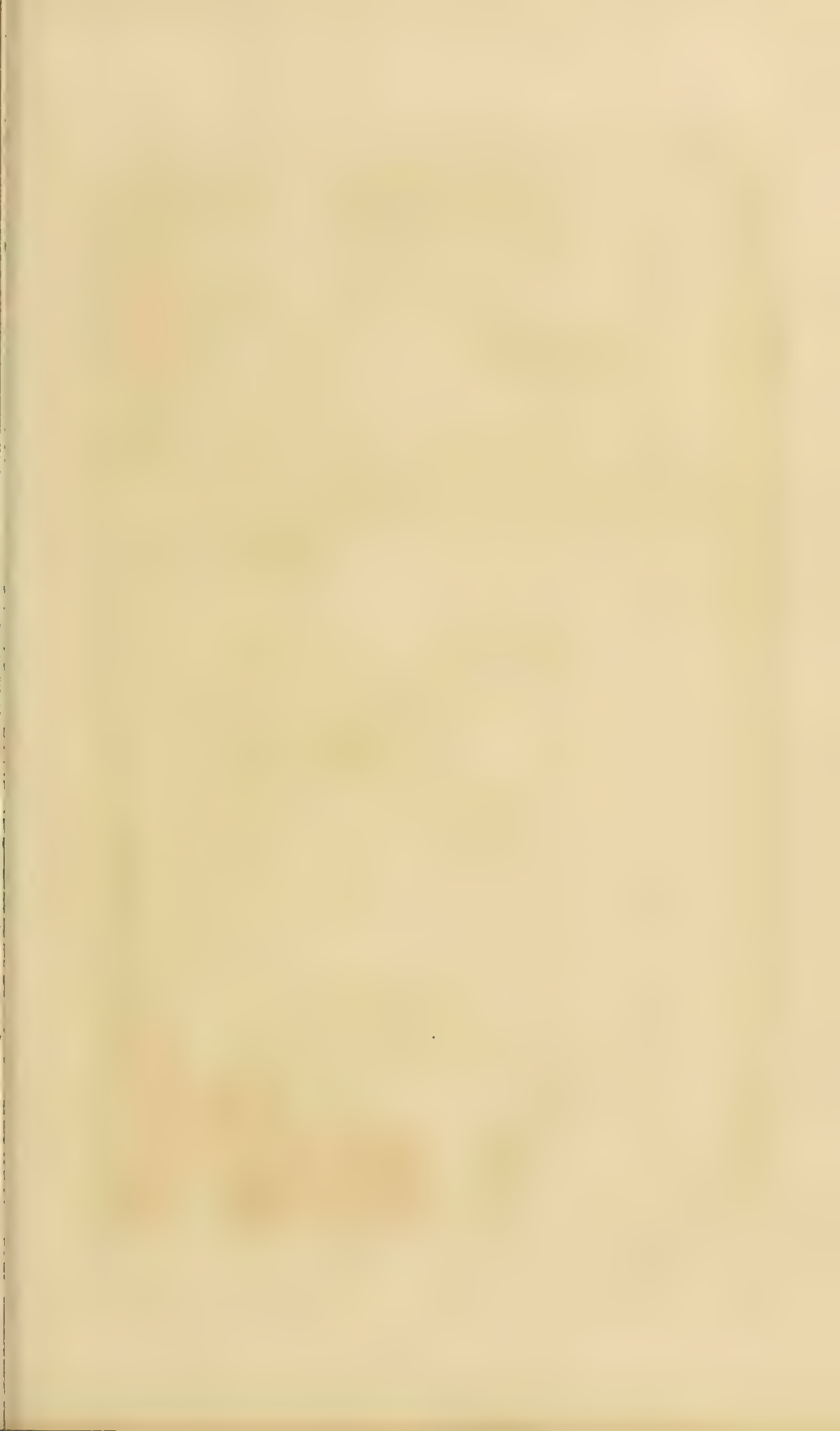
The style of dress known as the "Gabrielle" will still be popular this fall for street or house dresses, for the mixed woollen stuffs especially. It is more generally known as "the gored dress." The *Imperatrice* is a decided improvement on the original Gabrielle; it is more graceful and more easily worn by all figures. In front it is formed like a long casaque, widening considerably at the bottom. At the seam, under the arm, there are wide plaits, like other dresses, and the back is flat and rounded at the waist; the sleeves are with elbows and turned back cuffs.

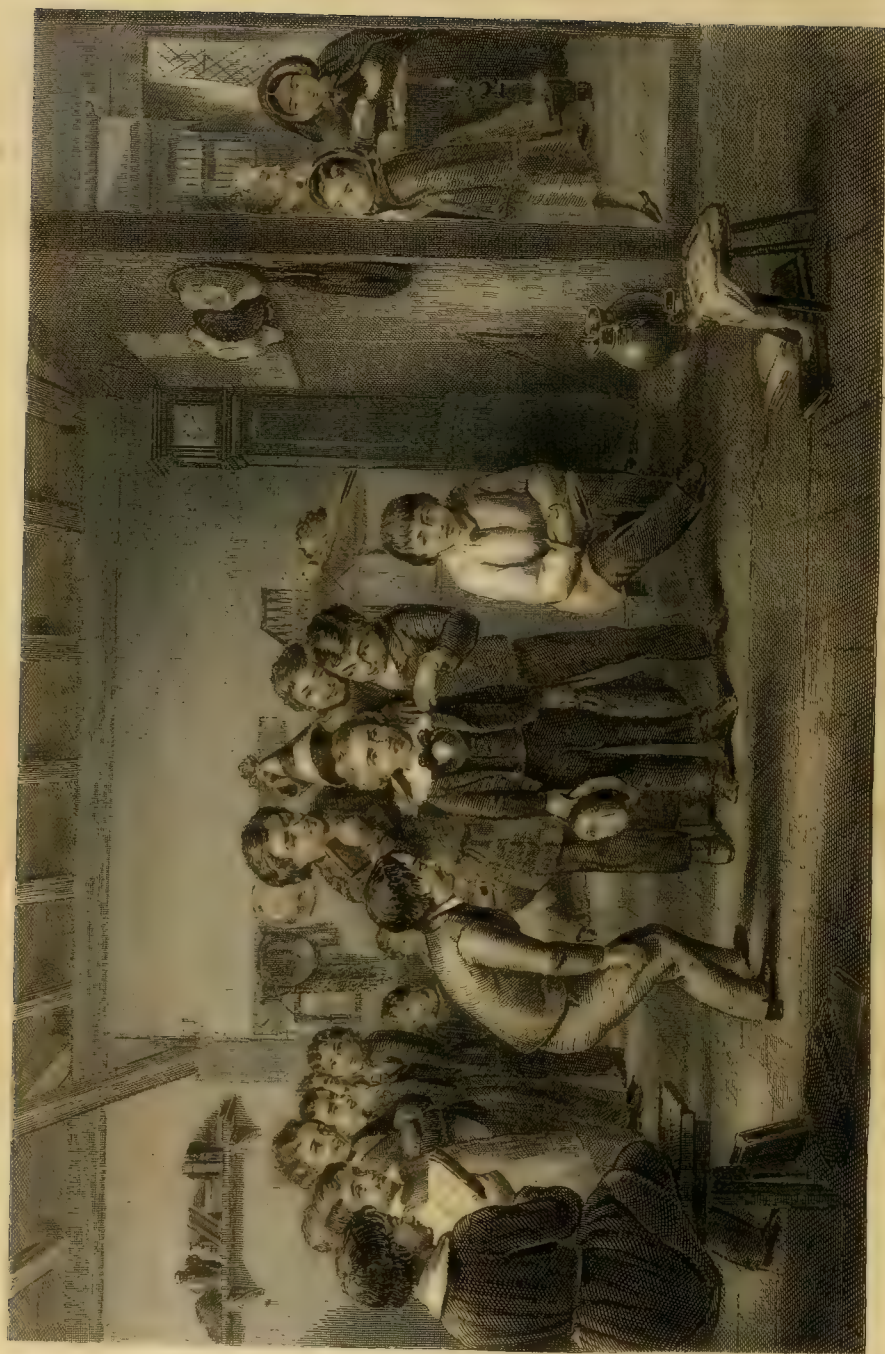
A favorite style for trimming these dresses is a bound band of velvet placed two or three inches above the edge of the skirt, and not quite meeting in front, where the ends are pointed, and either turned back as in Fig. 1 of our fashion-plate, or held plainly in their place by a fancy button.

In a rich dark material we have seen a flounce of guipure lace, set on with slight fulness in the same way, but continued up the front on each side of the waist quite plain, so as to appear like the trimmings of a tunic skirt. From the waist the lace, which has been narrowed to shape to the front, is carried up the corsage, and descends from each shoulder to the centre of the waist at the back, where the two ends are crossed over the other after the fashion of lappets. A trimming of passementerie heads the lace. A row of lace buttons extends down the front of the dress. The velvet given in Figs. 5 and 6 of steel fashion-plate will be much used as a trimming; it has a pearled edge of narrow lace; a broad width of it would be very suitable for the above trimming.

A black silk dress of good texture may be made up with a band of green or violet silk, at a little distance from the hem of the dress, and be closed up the front by green buttons of a graduated size. The sleeves are bouffant, as in Fig. 5, and closed at the wrist. A scarf mantelet of the same silk as the dress is added for street dress. The ends are crossed one over the other in front of the waist, where they are folded in. The ends of the mantelet are trimmed with a *bouillonné* and two narrow ruches edged with green silk. At the back it is trimmed by a small frill, beneath which descends a broad flounce, which falls over the arms. This broad flounce is edged with a frill having a ruched heading and bordered with green silk. Narrow flounces in groups of three are set on in festoons oftentimes; the central flounce being blue, cherry, green, or purple, or all are of black, bound with either of the above colors.

A full notice of Brodie's fall wraps which we have not had time to do justice to will appear in our November number. FASHION.

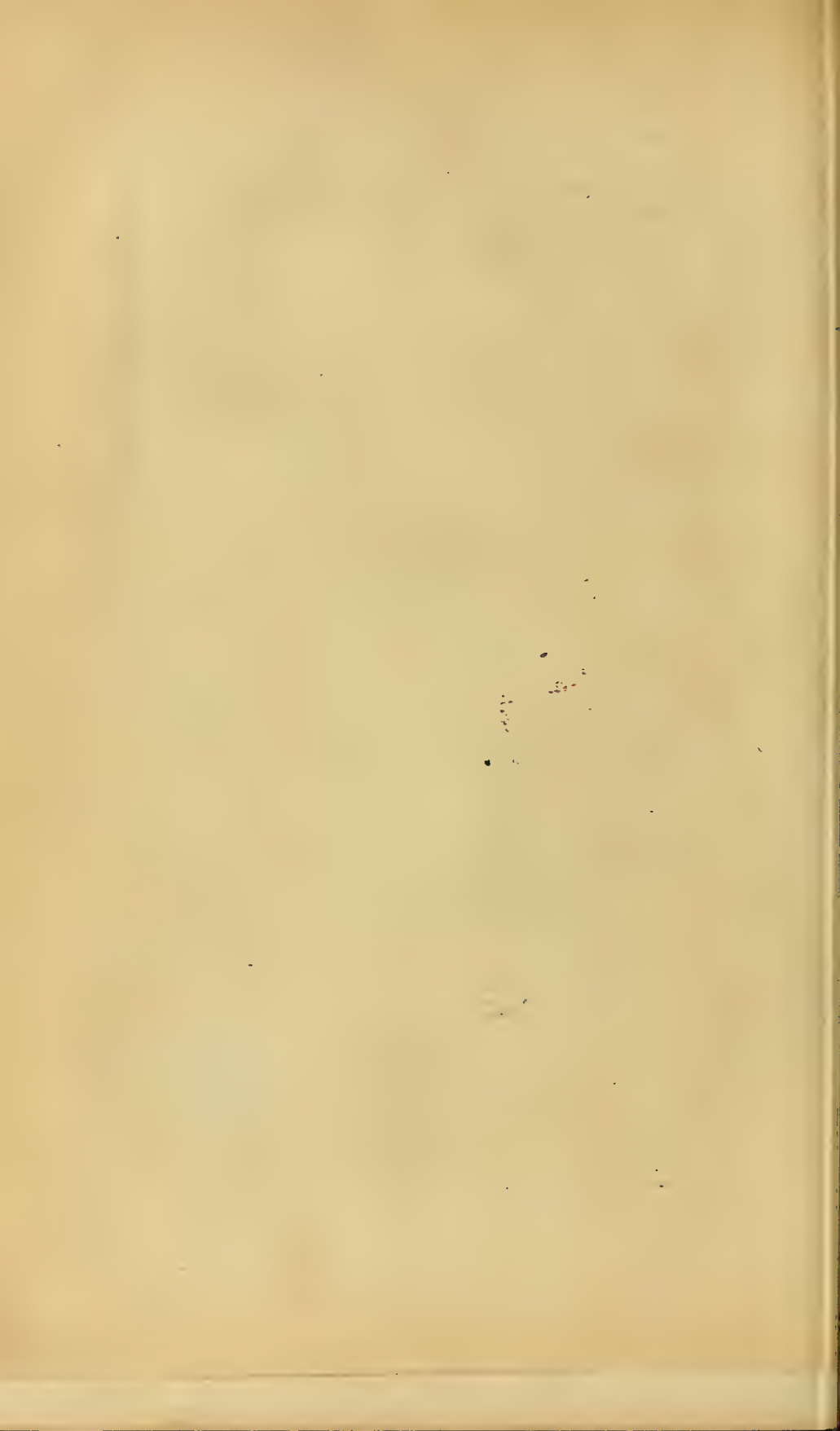






Capewell & Kimmel Co.

WOMEN'S FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER 1861.





EMBROIDERED SCARF IN COLORS.



Am. Weekly 56



BOB CHERRY.

ELLOVVEN WALTZ.

COMPOSED AND ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO-FORTE, WITH FLUTE ACCOMPANIMENT;

BY J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

Op. 105.

FLUTE.

The musical score is written for a Flute and Piano-Forte. The Flute part is on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The Piano-Forte part is on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with a key signature of one flat. The time signature is 4/4. The score consists of six systems of music. The first system includes a flute entry with a trill (tr) and a piano (p) dynamic marking. The second system features a forte (f) dynamic marking. The third system includes a piano (p) dynamic marking. The fourth system includes a forte (f) dynamic marking. The fifth system includes a piano (p) dynamic marking. The sixth system includes a forte (f) dynamic marking. The score is written in a standard musical notation style with various musical symbols such as notes, rests, trills, and dynamic markings.

First system of a musical score. It consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The middle and bottom staves are in bass clef with the same key signature. The music features various note values, rests, and dynamic markings including *f* (forte) and *p* (piano). There are also articulation marks like slurs and accents.

Second system of the musical score, continuing from the first. It also consists of three staves in the same clefs and key signature. This system includes the word *FINE.* written above the middle staff. The notation continues with complex rhythmic patterns and chordal structures. The system concludes with a double bar line and the marking *D.C.* (Da Capo) at the end of the top staff.

THE ALVANTE.



Made of black velvet, and trimmed with rich guipure lace.

THE EUGENIA.



Made of black cloth, and trimmed with a fancy colored box-plaited ribbon.

THE CLOTILDE.



Made of black velvet, and trimmed with a quilling of silk and velvet.

THE NATALIE.



Made of black cloth, and trimmed with white braid and fancy gimp ornaments.

THE DARRO.

[From the establishment of G. BRODIE, 51 Canal Street, New York. Drawn by L. T. VOIGT, from actual articles of costume.]



THIS simple and chaste garment is one that, whilst it commends itself to the favor of all our fair friends by its unpretending character, will prove, we incline to believe, a novelty which the younger portion of our readers, especially, will seek after with avidity.

Fig. 1.



Fig. 1.—Breakfast cap of mull, trimmed with inserting and Valenciennes edge, also with black velvet and cherry ribbon.

CAPS.

Fig. 2.



Fig. 2.—Dinner cap of spotted black and white lace, and trimmed with loops and bows of fuchsia ribbon.

Fig. 1



Fig. 1.—Cerulean blue velvet bonnet, with white uncut velvet cape. The bonnet is trimmed with a voilette of white blonde and loops of blue velvet.

Fig. 2.—Fuchsia velvet bonnet; it is trimmed with flowers and white blonde.



Fig. 2

BONNETS.



Fig. 3.

Fig. 3. Half mourning bonnet.—The material of the crown is black velvet, and the front white thulle drawn in *bouillonnés*. A long white ostrich feather, which is fixed on the front of the bonnet, passes across the crown, and the tip turns over the lavolet or curtain. The under-trimming consists of a small white feather, with coques of black velvet in front, and ruffles of white thulle at each side of the face.

Fig. 4.—Bonnet of dark brown velvet, ornamented with a plume of pink and white ostrich feathers, and a heron's tuft. The lavolet covered with a fall of white lace. The under-trimming consists of coques of brown velvet and white thulle *bouillonné*. Strings of white sarsnet ribbon.



Fig. 4.

HEADRESSES.—(*See description, Fashion department.*)

Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.



GODEY'S

Lady's Book and Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA NOVEMBER, 1861.

WHAT LADIES HAVE DONE FOR MARITIME DISCOVERY.

MARITIME discovery seems rather out of and beyond the sphere of female influence. We know from the records of history that ladies of rank have made war, led armies in person, sustained severe sieges, captured cities, and concluded treaties. We know also that they have given earnest and effective encouragement to literature, arts, and sciences, and contributed by their own works to the advancement of these important branches of liberal culture. But it may not have occurred to all our readers that some of the most important and influential enterprises in maritime discovery have been stimulated, supported, and conducted to an effectual termination by the aid of female influence.

Our attention has been directed to this point by reading a recent publication from the press of Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., of this city, entitled "Man upon the Sea: or, a History of Maritime Adventure, Exploration, and Discovery from the Earliest Ages to the Present Time; comprising a detailed account of Remarkable Voyages, Ancient as well as Modern. By Frank B. Goodrich, author of 'The Letters of Dick Tinto,' 'The Court of Napoleon,' etc." It is a large octavo volume, profusely embellished with fine engravings. It contains a masterly and highly graphic view of maritime discovery in all ages; and is replete not only with valuable historical information, but with lively and detailed accounts of voyages, marked by the most thrilling adventures recorded in the history of mankind.

In reading this volume we could not but remark the important influence exerted by ladies in encouraging and patronizing some of the

greatest voyagers in the world; and we have made a few extracts from the volume to illustrate this point. The following extract shows the noble and magnanimous conduct of Queen Isabella towards Columbus, by which alone he was enabled to proceed on that most remarkable of all voyages, in which he discovered America.

"Not far from Palos, upon the Spanish coast, and in sight of the ocean, stood, upon a promontory half hidden by pine trees, a monastery, known as La Rabida, dedicated to the Virgin, and inhabited by Franciscan friars. The superior, Juan Perez de Marchena, offered an example of fervent piety and of theological erudition, at the same time that he was a skilful mathematician and an ardent practitioner of the exact sciences. He was at once an astronomer, a devotee, and a poet. During the hours of slumber, he often ascended to the summit of the abbey, and, looking out upon the ocean, known as the Sea of Darkness, would ask himself if beyond this expanse of waters there was no land yet unclaimed by Christianity. He rejected as fabulous the current idea that a vessel might sail three years to the west without reaching an hospitable shore. The ocean, formidable to others, and intelligible to few, was to him the abode of secrets which man was invited to unfold.

One day a traveller rang at the gate and asked for refreshments for himself and his son. Being interrogated as to the object of his journey, he replied that he was on his way to the court of Spain to communicate an important matter to the king and queen. The traveller was Christopher Columbus. How he came to



QUEEN ISABELLA.

pass by the obscure monastery, which lay altogether off his route, has never been explained. A providential guidance has brought him into the presence of the man best calculated to comprehend his purposes, in a country where he was totally without friends, and with whose language he was completely unacquainted. A common sympathy drew them together; and Columbus, accepting for a period the hospitality of Marchena, made him a confidant of his views.

Thus, while the colleges and universities of Christendom still held the childish theory that the earth was flat, and that the sea was the path to utter and outer darkness, Columbus and Marchena, filled with the spontaneous and implicit faith, intuitively believed in the sphericity of the globe and the existence of a nameless continent beyond the ocean. In theory they had solved the great question whether the ship which should depart by the west would come back by the east.

Marchena gave Columbus a letter of recommendation to the queen's confessor, and during his absence promised to educate and maintain his son Diego. Thus tranquillized in his affections, and aided in his schemes, Columbus departed for Cordova. Here he was destined to undergo another disappointment; for the queen's confessor, his expected patron, treated him as a dreaming speculator and needy ad-

venturer. He soon became again isolated and forgotten. In the midst of his indigence, however, a noble lady, Beatrix Enriquez, young and beautiful, though not rich, noticed his manners and his language, so evidently above his condition, and detained him at Cordova long after his hopes were extinguished. He married her; she bore him a son, Fernando, who afterwards became his father's biographer and historian.

Columbus now wrote to the king a brief and concise letter, setting forth his desires. It was never answered. After a multitude of similar deceptions and disappointments, Geraldini, the ambassador of the Pope, presented him to Mendoza, the Grand Cardinal, through whose influence Columbus obtained an audience of Ferdinand, who appointed a junto of wise men to examine and report upon his scheme.

This junto, made up of theologians, and not of navigators and geographers, and which sat at Salamanca, opposed Columbus on Biblical grounds, declared

the theory a dangerous if not an heretical innovation, and finally reported unfavorably. This decision was quite in harmony with public opinion in Salamanca, where Columbus was spoken of as "a foreigner who asserted that the world was round like an orange, and that there were places where the people walked on their heads." Seven years were thus wasted in solicitation, suspense, and disappointment. From time to time Columbus had reason to hope that his proposal would be reconsidered; but in 1490 the siege of Baza, the last stronghold of the Moors, and in 1491 the marriage of Isabella, the daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, with Don Alonzo of Portugal, absorbed the attention of their majesties to the exclusion of all scientific preoccupations. Finally, when the matter was reopened, and the junto was reassembled, its president, Fernando de Talavera, was instructed to say that the exhaustion of the treasury necessitated the postponement of the whole subject until the close of the war with Grenada. At last Columbus, reflecting upon the delays, refusals, affronts, and suspicions of which he had been the object, the time he had wasted, and the antechambers in which he had waited the condescension of the great, resolved to shake the dust of Spain from his feet, and returned to the abbey of his friend Marchena. He arrived there bearing upon his person the

impress of poverty, fatigue, and exhausted patience. Marchena was profoundly annoyed by the reflection that the glory of the future discoveries of Columbus would be thus taken from Spain and conferred upon some rival power. Fearing, however, that he had too readily lent his ear to theories which had been twice rejected as puerile by a competent junto, he sent for an eminent mathematician of Palos, Garcia Hernandez, a physician by profession. They then conferred together upon the subject, and pronounced the execution of the project feasible. The assertion that the famous sailor Martin Alonzo Pinzon was a party to the conference, would appear to be an error. Pinzon was at this period at Rome, and did not see Columbus for a year or more afterwards.

Marchena at once wrote an eloquent letter to Queen Isabella, and intrusted it to a pilot whose relations with the court rendered him a safe and reliable messenger. He gave the missive into the hands of the queen, and returned to the monastery the bearer of an invitation to Marchena to repair at once to Santa Fe, where the court then was engaged in investing Grenada. Columbus borrowed a mule for the friar, who left secretly at midnight and arrived safely at Santa Fe. That Isabella should, at such a moment, when engaged in war and harassed by financial embarrassments, listen to a proposition which had been twice condemned by a learned body of men, is a circumstance which entitles her in the highest degree to a share in the glory which her *protégé* Columbus was, through her, destined to obtain. She received Marchena graciously, and instructed him to summon Columbus, to whom she sent twenty thousand *marvedis*—seventy dollars, nearly—with which to purchase a horse and a proper dress in which to appear before her.

Columbus arrived at Santa Fe just before the surrender of Grenada, and the termination of the struggle between the crescent and the cross. He was present at the delivery of the keys of the city, and the abandonment of the Alhambra to Isabella by the moorish king, Boabdil el Chico. After the official rejoicings, the queen gave audience to Columbus. As she already believed in the practicability of the scheme, the only subjects to be discussed were the means of execution, and the recompense to be awarded to Columbus in case of success. A committee was appointed to consider the latter point. Columbus fixed his conditions as follows:—

He should receive the title of Grand Admiral of the ocean.

He should be Viceroy and Governor-General of all islands and mainlands he might discover.

He should levy a tax for his own benefit upon all productions—whether spices, fruits, perfumes, gold, silver, pearls, or diamonds—discovered in, or exported from the lands under his authority.

And his titles should be transmissible in his family, forever, by the laws of primogeniture.

These conditions being such as would place the threadbare solicitor above the noblest house in Spain, were treated with derision by the committee, and Columbus was regarded as an insolent braggart. He would not abate one title of his claims, though after eighteen years of fruitless effort he now saw all his hopes at the point of being dashed to the earth. He mounted his mule, and departed for Cordova before quitting Spain forever.

Two friends of the queen now represented the departure of Columbus an irreparable loss, and, by their supplications and protestations, induced her once more to consider the vast importance of the plans he proposed.

Moved by their persuasions, she declared that she accepted the enterprise, not jointly, as the wife of the King of Spain, but independently as Queen of Castile. As the treasury was depleted by the drains of war, she offered to defray the expenses with her own jewels. A messenger was dispatched for Columbus, who was overtaken a few miles from Grenada. He at first hesitated to return; but, after reflecting upon the heroic determination of Isabella, who thus took the initiative in a perilous undertaking, against the report of the junto, the advice of his councillors, and in spite of the indifference of the king, he obeyed with alacrity, and returned to Santa Fe. He was received with distinction by the court, and with affectionate consideration by the queen. Ferdinand remained a stranger to the expedition. He applied his signature to the stipulations, but caused it to be distinctly set down that the whole affair was undertaken by the Queen of Castile at her own risk and peril, thus excluding himself forever from lot or parcel in this transcendent enterprise."

Such is Mr. Goodrich's account of this most important transaction, drawn from the best authorities. He goes on to give a detailed account of his first voyage, and of the brilliant triumph which he enjoyed on his return, "the princely honors he received in his progress to Barcelona, whither the court had gone; and his reception by the king and queen, in which Ferdinand and Isabella rose as he approached,



RECEPTION OF COLUMBUS BY FERDINAND AND ISABELLA.

raised him as he knelt to kiss their hands, and ordered him to be seated in their presence," an honor of vast import in that age of the world.

In his narrative of Columbus's second voyage, which lasted from the 25th of September, 1493, to the 20th of April, 1496, Mr. Goodrich is careful to notice that the queen wrote to Columbus during his absence, when his enemies were attempting to destroy his character and procure his disgrace; and that on his return "he was summoned to Burgos, then the resi-

dence of the court, where Isabella, forgetting the calumnies of which he had been the object, and the accusations his enemies had heaped upon him, loaded him with favors and kindness."

It was during his absence on the third voyage, commenced May 30th, 1498, that Columbus discovered South America; and was superseded by Bobadilla, with extraordinary marks of indignity. In the following passages from Mr. Goodrich's work, Isabella again appears as his friend and supporter—her nobleness of mind

SHIPS OF COLUMBUS.



forming a striking contrast with the meanness and duplicity of her husband.

"We have not space," says Mr. Goodrich, "to detail the manœuvres and machinations by which the mind of Ferdinand was prejudiced towards Columbus, and in consequence of which, Francesco Bobadilla was sent by him, in July, 1500, to investigate the charges brought against the admiral.

Arrogant in his newly acquired honors, Boba-

dilla took the part of the malcontents (at Hispaniola, where Columbus then was governor), and, placing Columbus in chains, sent him back to Spain. He arrived in Spain on the 20th of November, after the most rapid passage yet made across the ocean. The general burst of indignation at the shocking spectacle of Columbus in fetters compelled Ferdinand to disclaim all knowledge of the transaction. Isabella accorded him a private audience, in which

she shed tears at the sufferings and indignities he had undergone. The king kept him waiting nine months, wasting his time in fruitless applications for redress, and finally appointed Nicholas Ovando Governor of Hispaniola in his place.

Columbus had now advanced in years, and his sufferings and labors had dimmed his eyesight and bowed his frame; but his mind was yet active, and his enthusiasm in the cause of discovery irrepressible. He had convinced himself, and now sought to convince the queen, that to the westward of the regions he had visited the land converged, leaving a narrow space through which he hoped to pass, and proceed to the Indies beyond. This convergence of the land did in reality exist, but the strait of water he expected to find was and is a strait of land—The Isthmus of Panama. However, the queen approved of the plan, and gave him four ships, equipped and victualled for two years. Columbus had conceived the immense idea of passing through the strait, and returning by Asia and the Cape of Good Hope, thus circumnavigating the globe, and

proving its spherical form. He departed from Cadiz on the 8th of May, 1502.

On Columbus's return from this voyage, in the autumn of 1504, he heard with dismay of the illness, and then of the death of his patroness Isabella. Sicknes now detained him at Seville till the spring of 1505, when he arrived, exhausted and paralytic, before the king. Here he underwent another courtly denial of redress. His royal patroness was no longer alive to support his claim. He was without protection and without hope. He was compelled to borrow money with which to pay for a shabby room at a miserable inn. He lingered for a year in poverty and neglect, and died at last in Valladolid, on the 20th of May, 1506. The revolting ingratitude of Ferdinand thus caused the death, in rags, in destitution, and in infirmity, of the greatest man that has ever served the cause of progress or labored in the paths of science. This catastrophe shows that it was *Isabella alone* who sustained the noble discoverer in his career, there being apparently not another person in Spain who understood his character and did justice to his merit."

CITY RELATIONS: OR, THE NEWMANS' SUMMER AT CLOVERNOOK.

BY MARY W. JANVRIN.

CHAPTER I.

"DEAR SUZ!" said Mrs. Deborah Littlefield, wiping her hands with a crash towel, and turning from the long cooking-table whereon a row of flaky pies stood prepared for the open-mouthed glowing oven she had just cleared preparatory to the baking. There were also loaves of white yeast bread, golden sponge cake, rivers of tart pastry prepared for tiny beds of quince or gooseberry, dainty custards, and a host of other edibles—and now, of all Mrs. Littlefield's forenoon's bakings the pies alone awaited their transfer to the oven. "Dear suz!" and a tired expression came over the plump matron's perspiring face, as she turned from the sink where she had washed her hands and went back to busy herself with bearing the pies from table to oven, apparently with a feeling of relief that her morning's task was nearly completed.

"Tired, eh, mother?" said a loud, hearty voice, as bluff-faced farmer Littlefield, in shirt sleeves and overalls, set his heavy boots over the threshold. "Why, anybody 'd think you are going to victual a regiment, by the looks

of things!" glancing over the cooking-table. "It takes a heap of work to get ready for these city people. I'm half a mind you 'd better sent Cousin Jane back word that you 're goin' to take a tower off somewhere yourself this summer." And settling down in a low flag-bottomed chair by the open door where a cool breeze fanned his brown sweaty forehead, the farmer removed his old straw hat, adding—"Purty hot day, mother (the farmer always addressed his wife thus); the sun beats down powerful in the clover lot."

"Mercy sakes, Jacob! You wouldn't have me do *that*, when Cousin Jane Newman hasn't ever been to see me since I was married!" ejaculated Mrs. Littlefield, with a flush on her pleasant, motherly face. "Besides that, everybody knows Deborah Littlefield is always at home, never flying here and there, like these gay city people. Why, Jacob, just think! I hav'n't seen Jane Newman since twelve year ago, the last summer we lived on the old place at the Corners!"

"Wall, whose fault was 't, mother? not

your'n. I'll be bound!" bluntly exclaimed the shrewd farmer, with a sly smile. "As you say, you ain't in the habit of gon' about much; but 'tain't so fur from Boston up here into old Arostook, but what she could a got here if she 'd a wanted to see you so bad as she writes for now in this letter that tells you she is coming to-night."

"Why, Jacob, what's come over you? Did not Jane write that her poor health and family luties had kept her from visitin' her relations as much as she 'd a liked to?"

"Oh, phew!"—and the prolonged whistle which issued from the farmer's puckered lips told how much of this he credited. "'Family cares?'"—and he laughed good-naturedly. "Seems to me this don't tally with all the stories we've heard about her goin' off to Saratoga, and all the great beaches, flourishing away at a great rate. It must take a purty well woman to lead *that* kind of life, mother!"

"Well, Jacob, I don't know," replied Mrs. Littlefield, putting up the lid of the great brick oven. "Maybe she went on Jenny's account; they say she's quite a handsome girl, and a great belle, and young folks like gayety, you know. And then I've heard that Gorham is a dreadful learned young gentleman, and has been off to Europe to finish his education or something at some great college or other. I'm afraid the young folks 'll find it rather dull up here to Clovernook."

"Wall, they needn't *come*, then," practically said Mr. Littlefield. "Don't want to disparage any body, much less your relations, mother; but seems to me that, so long as Jane Newman didn't trouble herself about you before we got to be forehanded, and Jacob Littlefield aimed enough by his own hands to buy up one of the best farms in the county"—And it was with pardonable pride that the farmer glanced from the kitchen-door out upon broad clover lots, corn-fields, and fertile meadows. "So long as they let you alone *then*, they might a forgot you a little longer. To my mind, it allers was a little queer; but I've found out in all these sixty year I've lived, that it's human natur' the world over—that prosperity allers brings a body plenty of friends, and when a body gets up in the world, they'll be purty sure to find enough to inquire, dreadful purlite after their health, and come and visit 'em thick as the bumble-bees swarmin' round the clover heads out yonder. Hey, Dolly, what do *you* think of it all? Mother feels bad enough to cry, as I live!" facetiously asked the farmer, turning to a blooming, dimpled girl of seventeen, with

cheeks as pink as the June roses in the bouquet she held as she entered the kitchen to fill a vase with water, "'bout all these fine city folks that mother's looking for by sundown?"

"Jacob Littlefield, have done with your nonsense!" said the matron, with a pretended frown on a face which, somehow, could not be forced from its habit of smiling. "Your father has come in from the field to rest a spell, Dolly, and you know the old saying about 'mischief and 'idle hands,' I suppose?" she added, turning to her daughter.

"Why, papa, you ought to be ashamed!" pouted Dolly, pursing up her tempting cherry lips. "What's he been saying, mother?"

"Oh, I was only telling your mother about the selfishness of the human family in general, and of some folks in particuler!" said the farmer, smiling; "and then sort o' wondering whether our fine city relations wouldn't, mayhap, come under this head, hey, daughter?"

"Oh, papa, that's just like you to talk so; but I know you don't *mean* it all the time!" eagerly said Dolly. "If you could hear the letter Cousin Jenny wrote me, the dearest letter! about how much enjoyment she anticipated in her visit to Clovernook this summer—oh, I know I shall like her very much!"

"And as for this young city sprig, Gorham I believe his name is, I suppose he 'll cut out *somebody* I know of right away?" said the farmer slyly; at which mention of "*somebody*," Dolly only blushed and pouted the more. "But there! I'll give in, mother feels bad enough; s'pose I'm a suspicious old heathen, after all. Don't fret, mother. Nobody 'll give these city folks a warmer welcome than Jacob Littlefield. Come, Dolly, fix a pitcher o' sweetened water for the men, and I 'll go back to the field! It's purty hot work hoein' on the south cant o' the hill this forenoon."

Dolly obeyed; and, as the farmer left the kitchen, Mrs. Littlefield, clearing her cooking-table, said:—

"It's your father's way, Dolly, to talk so; he don't mean the half he says, and it's true enough that nobody gives a freer welcome to company than Jacob Littlefield. For my part, if I believed Cousin Jane Newman was a selfish woman, I shouldn't want to see her here; but if she's anything as she used to be before she was married to John Newman, and he riz from a clerk to a rich city merchant, I don't value workin' harder than I've done to-day all the time she stays here, for the sake of seeing her at Clovernook."

"There, mother, that puts me in mind how

nicely I found out father!" exclaimed Dolly, with a smile. "He's so good and sly, and meant it for a surprise, I suppose. Melinda Pike called to me from the road this morning, as I sat at the chamber window arranging the flowers for the vases. 'Wall, Miss Dolly,' says she, in her drawling voice, 'guess ye're goin' to hev a lot of city folks to stop at the farm a spell—*relations* be they?' 'Why, how did you know anything about it, Melinda?' I asked. 'Lor, wa'n't Cap'n Littlefield over to our 'us to see if I couldn't come over to help your mother a spell? Jest tell her I'm in a desprit hurry now, goin' down to the village; but I'll be over airy in the mornin', sure. Expectin' 'em to-night, the cap'n said.' Now, mother, isn't that just like papa?—for of course we shall need somebody to help with the work."

"Yes, Dolly, your father is very kind," said Mrs. Littlefield, bustling about to lay the dinner-table with renewed activity at the thought of the willing, helpful, strong-armed Melinda, whose stout frame could bear the burden of the work which would come with the contemplated addition to the family at Clovernook. "Melinda has been with me so much at odd times that she knows my ways, and suits me better'n any help your father ever hired. But blow the horn, daughter; dinner'll be on the table by the time they get in from the field."

CHAPTER II.

THE afternoon sunset shadows falling softly athwart the two tall poplars in front of the substantial farm-house at Clovernook brought the expected party. Jacob Littlefield's great double wagon, driven by his hired man, Seth Warner, had been sent to the railway station, four miles distant, to meet the afternoon city train; and at sunset, when long shadows fell across the highway from the pine forest on the distant hill; when the golden buttercups in the fields had closed their yellow eyes and the clover heads drooped heavily; when the farm-house doors were standing ajar, with the soft June breezes sweeping through the best parlor, where Dolly's pictures hung on the wall and Dolly's piano stood open, through the spare chamber, stirring the white bed counterpanes and window-curtains, and riding sweet odors from the crowded vases on the high mantels, then down in the sitting-room to lift the corners of the damask cover on the long tea-table set out with substantial luxuries—golden tea-cakes, transparent jellies, slices of

spongy yeast bread, rich yellow cheese, and balls of butter which in the moulding might have been likened to the golden fruit of the Hesperides, only that thrifty, homespun Mrs. Littlefield, I fear me, was not posted in the classic fables of ancient mythology; when, as I was saying, the sunset had come, the hired man, Seth Warner, brought up to the farm-house door the stout double wagon, well laden with Mrs. Jane Newman, her son Gorham, and daughter Jenny, accompanied by various trunks; and the city relations were received with the warm, hospitable, country welcome.

In the twilight greetings, or in the flickering light of the tall candles, as, after the visitors had divested themselves of travelling gear (Jenny and her mother of linen wraps, and Gorham of a loose duster, from which his slight, waspish form emerging gracefully reminded one of a slender fly escaping from an ample spider's web), they seated themselves at a supper to which I am forced to confess they did more than "fashionable" justice—Mrs. Deborah Littlefield was too engaged, "on hospitable thoughts intent," to notice the change which lapse of years had wrought in her city cousin; but next morning, when the lady came down to a late breakfast, in a gay wrapper whose warming tints failed to impart a rosy hue to the shallow, faded complexion, then, despite the helping, artistic aid of dentists and *coiffures*, the keen eye of the fresh, blooming country matron, who had been hours astrir in the invigorating country air, failed not to observe that time, and perhaps most, her city life of late hours and fashionable dissipation, aided by a fretful disposition, had done much to make her Cousin Jane at forty a nervous, querulous, faded woman.

"You don't look any too strong, Cousin Jane," said Mrs. Littlefield, sitting down to shell a bucket of early peas at the sitting-room window, while Dolly entertained her cousins in the parlor, and Miranda Pike, freckled, red-headed, but honest-hearted "Mirandy," cleared up the kitchen or anon busied herself in the dairy; "haven't got as much color in your cheeks as when you was a girl here in the country."

"O dear, no! I was a regular little rustic then. I never expect to be well or strong again," said the lady, querulously.

"But there! a good many years have gone by since that time," said Deborah Littlefield, soothingly, "and we mustn't expect Time not to lay his finger on us. Let me see—twenty-two years, isn't it, now, since you was married? for your Gorham is nearly twenty-one, you say,

and Jenny seventeen, just my Dolly's age. It seems but a short time to look back to, though, since you first went down to Boston to work at the milliner's trade, Jane."

"Yes, indeed," said the lady, toying nervously with her wrapper tassels, a little flush mounting to her cheek at this allusion to earlier days, when she had occupied an humbler position than now in the social scale; but luckily none of her fashionable friends were there to hear, and she recovered her equanimity. "Yes, indeed, a great many years; but la! don't speak of those days now, it makes me nervous. But you really think I don't look strong, Cousin Deborah?" she asked, returning to her complaints with the air of one at home on that theme.

"Oh, I suppose it's accounted for by the way you live," replied Mrs. Littlefield. "One can't get fresh country air there in a crowded city, nor our plain country fare, neither; there's nothing like *that* to keep us strong and healthy, I think, Jane. But you stop up here at Cloverbrook this summer, and I'll warrant your husband'll hardly know you when he comes after you."

"Dear me! I don't know about that, Deborah!" she replied, in a sorrowful tone. "I often tell Mr. Newman I never shall be well again. Oh, you don't know what I've suffered for ten years past, Cousin Deborah."

"Indeed! You used to be a healthy girl, Jane. What was the beginning of it?" sympathizingly inquired her kind listener.

"Well, it was about the time Mr. Newman purchased our house on Tremont Street. I think I might have taken cold in the first place. It was in winter when we went into it, and the furnace didn't work well, and we had to put grates in the parlors. I got sick and low-spirited, and for a year or two was constantly under Doctor Beaman's hands. Why, I was forced to send Gorham and Jenny away to school; I couldn't endure the noise of a child in the house."

The hypochondriac quite forgot to date her fancied ailments from the period when her husband, acquiring sudden wealth by some fortunate shipments of the firm into which he had lately been admitted partner, thus licensed his naturally querulous wife's desire for the gratification of all her morbid fancies.

"It was about that time you went to Saratoga, wasn't it, Cousin Jane?" queried Mrs. Littlefield, who from time to time had heard of the movements of her fashionable invalid cousin.

"Yes. Doctor Beaman said my system wanted tone. I drank the Congress waters, and brought home I don't know how many dozen bottles. They were of incalculable benefit for a time; then somehow they seemed to lose efficacy. I suppose the disease had taken a new form. The doctor told Mr. Newman it was frequently the case with a person of my organization. I suffered everything with the dyspepsia afterwards."

"Did you ever try chamomile tea, Jane? That's excellent for a weak stomach; and clear drink of dandelion and yellow-dock. I'll brew you some while you're here; it's better'n all the bitters and patent medicines in the world."

"Oh, Doctor Beaman ordered pepsin for the dyspepsia, and porter to strengthen me. He said the stomach had lost action, tone. And then I often took a Rochelle powder, or drank soda-water with my food."

"And so you got rid of the dyspepsy? I don't know anything about that, Cousin Jane, from experience; but it must be terrible never to enjoy a meal of victuals, and have everything one eats feel like lead in your stomach, as I've heard say it does."

"O yes, it's a frightful complaint! No one knows who hasn't experienced it," sighed the lady, with the air of a martyr.

"It reminds me of what poor old Aunt Hannah used to say—you remember, Jane?" said Mrs. Littlefield. "She often said, in her queer way, 'We ask the Lord for our daily bread, and then forgit to thank him for the good appetite we eat it with' There's truth in that, Cousin Jane."

"Yes, I suppose so," faintly answered the lady. "But, as I was relating"—returning to the catalogue of her fancied ills with renewed energy—"the dyspepsia left me, and then I was attacked with the most violent neuralgia in my head. I cannot describe to you my sufferings. For nights and nights I never slept unless under the influence of morphine, powders, or some kind of narcotic. O dear, I can't tell you!" And Mrs. Newman's eyes closed wearily as she leaned her head, ornamented with its glossy false braid, against the stuffed and tidied rocking-chair kind Deborah Littlefield had drawn up near the cool open window, where the scent of clover and woodbine came in on the air.

"Now, about them sleeping-potions, Jane," said the cheery-voiced matron, dropping a handful of shelled peas into the bright tin pan at her side, "in my opinion, they're hurtful to the nerves, and I should be pretty careful about tak-

ing 'em, no matter if the fust doctor in the country ordered 'em. Nothing so good for a nervous headache as valerian tea; it's soothing to the nerves; or poppy-leaves, they're excellent! and a bag of hops under your pillow is the best thing in the world to quiet anybody off to sleep. I'll put you up some nice fresh hops to take home with you, Jane; better 'n them that's laid for years, and lost all their strength in the 'pothecary's. This neuralgy, it's nothin' more nor less than what folks used to call the rheumatiz, old Doctor Bolus says; but now they've got a new-fashioned name for it, as they have for most everything now-a-days. How long did it last, Jane?"

"Oh, I suffered all one winter with it; and then in the spring my complaint took another form, and went to my chest and lungs. I think if I hadn't taken a tour to the Lakes that summer with a party of friends, that I should have gone into a decline; that's what saved me, Doctor Beaman said."

"Maybe the east winds didn't agree with you there in Boston; they're trying to some, and many can't live near the sea," said the matron, taking the last handful of unshelled peas from her apron. "What did you do for your lungs? *Hoarseness*, I s'pose? You ought to have taken horehound tea every night—steeped it with a little thoroughwort; that's the best thing for a cold or cough."

"Oh, Doctor Beaman ordered old Bourbon whiskey, and then I always ate oyster broth or something nourishing. But he said I needed a change, and the journey to the Lakes, I am confident, saved me. The excitement and change of air was what I needed. And we stopped a week at the Clifton House at the Falls, and saw a great deal of life and gayety, and the first people."

"But I wonder how you stood it all, so sick?" innocently asked unsophisticated Deborah Littlefield. "I've heard say it's enough to wear down a strong woman, to dress for dinners and parties as they do at such fashionable places."

"Oh, it did me good—the *change*, you see! I convalesced rapidly. As Doctor Beaman told my husband when he called to settle with him, 'some natures crave and need the stimulus of excitement.' And from that time I saw my mistake; I had secluded myself too much. And so when Gorham returned from Europe, where he had spent a year—you know he was too delicate and weakly to go through college; when he came back, and Jenny left boarding-school, I opened the house to society. Jenny 'came out' quite a belle, you see, Deborah;

I've been a great deal better since then; that's over a year ago. But, as I often tell Mr. Newman, I never shall be a well woman"—and she fanned herself with an air of martyr-like resignation. "But I don't see how you can live here the year round, Deborah, in the country. It must be dull in winter. I should have the blues all the time," she added, a moment afterward.

"Oh, a *farmer's* wife couldn't be happy anywhere else besides on her farm—at least I couldn't," said Mrs. Littlefield, cheerily. "You and I used to be different about these things when we were young girls, Jane. If we hadn't been, most likely I never should have married Jacob, and you wouldn't have gone off down to Boston, and got into that shop, and met your husband, and so settled down. But we've neither of us reason to complain; Jacob has got to be forehanded now, and, if I say it, that oughtn't to say it, owns one of the best farms in the county, set up our George when he got married, two years ago, with a neat little place, down to the Plains, and if Dolly should ever leave us, she'll have a fitting out that none of us'll be ashamed of; and, if all stories are true, your husband, Jane, has been lucky enough in his trading speculations to be called a rich man down there in Boston. But there, Cousin Jane"—gathering up her peas—"I've talked you tired, I guess. I'll send you in a glass of my last year's currant wine, and then you'd better lay down on the lounge and rest a spell before dinner. *Mirandy!*"

This last expletive, addressed, not to her guest, but to the "hired help," who had disappeared from the kitchen, which Mrs. Littlefield entered, brought a response from the cellar dairy, where "Mirandy" was engaged in skimming milk. "Yaas, *Miss* Littlefield. Time to put them peas on, ain't it?"

CHAPTER III.

WHILE this conversation between their respective mothers was going on in the sitting-room, the two girls sat in the parlor: Dolly, fresh and rosy in her neat morning dress of blue gingham, and Jenny Newman, certainly very stylish-looking with her dark braids coiled round her small ears, from which hung diamond pendants, her elegant wrapper of rose pink cashmere, with white silk facings over a tucked and embroidered *jupe*, and with dainty French slippers, which elaborate *negligée*, however suitable it might have been to a hotel

parlor, or the fine drawing-room of her father's stone front on Tremont Street, savored certainly of bad taste there in plain, out of the way, country Clovernook.

But the dashing Jenny had quite determined to impress her little rustic cousin; which she proceeded to do in her own assured style, lounging in the rocking-chair, or idly turning over the leaves of the small stock of well-selected, though perhaps neither fashionable or operatic sheet music in the port-folio lying on Dolly's old-fashioned English piano; while Dolly, who had always been educated to consider idleness a sin, busied herself with sewing on a fine Sunday shirt for her father.

Young Mr. Gorham Frederick Newman, meantime, in his brilliant dressing-gown and slippers, sat by the window, lounging in another rocking-chair, his feet resting on a stool Dolly's fingers had wrought in worsteds during the long bright days of leisure at the farm-house—his fingers supporting the ornamental bowl of a twisted and carved German pipe, whose stem was inserted between his faintly shaded lips, whereon an incipient moustache was struggling into growth. "Not that I really smoke, Cousin Dollie-aw, for the deuced tobacco has a trick of making a fellah cough-aw; but you see, when I was in Germany all the fellahs had the *meerschaums*, and I value it for its old associations-aw!" At which "Cousin Dollie-aw," greatly impressed by the fastidious city gentleman's refined taste, shyly ventured to glance from her sewing with a timid "yes" to her imposing cousin's remark.

But to return to Jenny, with whom, though at first somewhat abashed before her grand talk of city life and splendid ball and concert, the tide of girlish sympathy soon found its true level, and Dolly found herself becoming quite at home. After Mr. Gorham Frederick had exhausted the topic of his German pipe, finished his queries concerning "that queer affair of dates and wrought letters in the black frame-aw," and "that lachrymose female in the antiquated gown in the gilt frame over the mantle-aw," at which Dolly flushed up a little, and curtly said: "That is my mother's sampler, worked when she was a school girl, and the other is a mourning piece for father's brother, Richard, who was lost at sea." After this little episode, and the young gentleman had suddenly become absorbed in watching the struggles of "an immense black insect-aw, striving to extricate itself from the imprisoning meshes of a spider's web in the woodbine outside the win-

dow," then betaking himself to the pages of a copy of Childe Harold he picked up from Dolly's books on the table; after this had passed, the two girls fell into a continuous tide of chat wherein Miss Jenny showed herself the very Lady Bountiful of superlatives and extravagant hyperboles.

"You see, Cousin Dora, I christen you that, for it's far sweeter and more romantic than Dollie, I think," she rattled on, after a half hour's expatiation on the gayeties and delights of city life, during which she had confided to her listener the story of her numerous conquests the preceding winter. "It's decidedly funny how ma and we came to be up here at Clovernook now instead of Nahant, where everybody was going. But ma set her foot down; and when one day the Farrars and Wentworths called and urged us to make up their party, ma said—'Oh no, indeed! she couldn't *think* of it! She was bored to death with the seaside: she *must* go to Clovernook and see her cousin, Mrs. Littlefield, this summer, and it was so *splendid* up there,' she said—'the most *elegant* country residence, and your father was one of the *wealthiest* agriculturists in the State!' Oh, you'd ought to have heard her set it out!" laughed Jenny. "Ma holds her head high enough above some of the *parvenus*. Such people as *will* push into the first circles, Cousin Dora." And the silly, haughty little beauty pursed up her lips quite as if "the blood of all the Cæsars" ran in her slender veins.

Dolly laughed; quiet, humorous little laugh, just as her father, Jacob Littlefield, would, if somebody, fashioned out of the same dust as himself, had undertaken to convince him that nature herself created these shallow, artificial walls which it has been the aim of society, since the days when our common forefathers and foremothers all came over together in the plain old Mayflower, to construct for the dividing and partitioning off of the great brotherhood of man—and shrewdly observed: "Oh, well, I don't know as you or I ought to blame them, Jenny! 'Excelsior' is an excellent motto, I think; and if I were there, I should push with the hardest of them!" Then she asked: "And how do you think our Clovernook looks by daylight? Does it fulfil your mother's praises to your friends in Boston?"

"Oh, I think it's charming here," said Jenny, with a pretty, patronizing air. "So cool, so retired, so romantic! I wish Nell Farrar or Kate Wentworth could have come up here for a day or two. Nell's crazy on fields,

and woods, and, rivulets—always gets 'New-mown-hay' for perfumery."

"We'll have plenty of that by and by, in haying time," laughed Dolly.

"O yes—you mean the *real*," said Jenny. "And we can rake, and do everything that's rural: I brought my hat on purpose. I suppose you always rake hay, don't you, Dora?"

"Not always; that's the business of the hired men," replied Dolly, with a smile. "But we can do anything you please this summer. I rather fancy you wouldn't do much in those slippers in the hay-field, Jenny, or that dress, either."

"Oh, I've the neatest brown gingham—quite primitive, I assure you, Dora. My dressmaker got her best fit on that, I believe, and quite spoiled the loveliest grenadine. We'll go up stairs by and by, and I'll show you my things. Papa's very liberal in my pin-money. You should see the most elegant ball-dress Kate Wentworth had made up for the hop at Nahant—the loveliest shade of blue tissue, with seven flounces, and trimmed so sweetly with ruches and satin ribbons. Kate's engaged, did I tell you? to Russel Emmerson. He's splendid! Waltzes and polks divinely, and wears such a magnificent moustache! All the girls are dying about it!"

"What?—the moustache?" demurely asked Dolly. "Why don't he shave it off? I shouldn't think he'd want to be guilty of homicide."

"Oh, you little goose! They envy Kate, don't you see? His father is ever so wealthy, lives on Beacon Street, and Mrs. Emmerson never goes down to Hovey's but the carriage is ordered for her."

"And he, Russel Emmerson, is he smart and worthy?" queried the common-sense little Yankee girl. And in that question sturdy Jacob Littlefield spoke out as much as though he had been there and uttered the words.

"Smart?" I guess you'd think so if you met him on Washington Street or saw him at the Music Hall," replied Jenny, putting a wide interpretation on the practical Dolly's words. "'Worthy?' Why, of course—what do you suppose? They're among the first people in Boston. I was introduced to his sister, Estelle, at one of Thalberg's matinées at Chickering's rooms. Such elegant sables as she wore! I heard her father imported them for her at the cost of two thousand. But, Cousin Dora, speaking o' music, I wonder you don't sing opera"—taking up a song from the piano. "'Sweet Home;' that's pretty, of course, but as old as the hills. I'll send you some perfect gems when

I get home. Ellis Huntington—he's a *particular* friend of mine, you see," she whispered, confidentially—"brings me lots of the latest music."

"Father says he never gets tired of hearing 'Sweet Home,'" said Dolly, good-humoredly; "and as for Ned Rollins, he always—" but, with a charming blush of embarrassment, she suddenly ceased. Ah, Dolly was betraying a secret.

Jenny caught at her words with eager delight. "Oh, I've got you now," she said, with a woman's appreciation of what this secret might be. "Do tell me if you're engaged, Dora, and who is he? and is he handsome? I'm dying to know, actually! When I was at school, all the girls made a *confidante* of me, and ever so many of them were engaged. Did he give you that pretty ring?" And she grasped the little dimpled hand, which Dolly snatched laughingly away, and covered, blushing, with her sewing.

Had our little Dolly glanced up from beneath those long lashes, she would have noted the assured, *connoisseur* stare with which the young exquisite was regarding her from his volume of "Childe Harold" at the window.

"Pon me honnaw, Jenny," he drawled, patronizingly, fixing his eyes on the girl's scarlet face, "our Cousin Dora is the decided personification of the character 'Charming Simplicity' you had at one of those *tableaux* last wintaw."

But, of a sudden, a little flash darted through the now lifted lids, and with a shrewd mixture of good-humor and sarcasm, the country maiden conquered her momentary tell-tale embarrassment, and replied, promptly: "And perhaps Mr. Gorham Newman might sit all his life for the personification of the gentleman Jenny has just been telling about, whose growth of moustache caused all the young ladies of his acquaintance to 'die with envy!'" And then, with this open "hit" at the scanty hirsute appendage which the young gentleman daily endeavored to coax into luxuriance, she snatched up her work and ran laughingly from the room.

"That was too bad-aw, Cousin Dora," protested the youth, when he sufficiently recovered his equanimity to encounter the mischievous girl again. "It is not lady-like to wound a gentleman's feelings and ridicule—"

"His best moustache!" interrupted Dolly. "Well, I repent, and take it all back, and acknowledge that I did treat you rather shabbily," she added, with a frank smile of good-humor.

CHAPTER IV.

WELL, days and weeks went by there, at quiet, leafy, pleasant Clovernook. Mrs. Newman gradually grew to talk less of her ailments, and her appetite daily did ample justice to the generous fare which Miranda Pike concocted in the kitchen under the direction of free-handed, hospitable Mrs. Littlefield; while the girls went on long excursions in the surrounding forests or romped in the great roomy barn (whoever saw a city girl who didn't turn romp in the country!) much to the dimpled, cheerful Dolly's pleasure, and the delight of the high-spirited Jenny, who protested she found everything "splendid," "charming!"

And our young gentleman, Mr. Gorham Frederick, in dressing-gown and slippers, somehow began to find himself venturing beyond the limits of the parlor and the companionship of his German pipe, and the copy of *Childe Harold*; and on a few occasions, at the hearty invitation of the farmer, found himself visiting the barn-yard filled with sleek-looking stock, or the broad-fields green in corn or golden with billows of ripening grain; and sometimes he might have been seen, as vocalists say, reclining very indolently under the orchard tree, his broad-rimmed Panama on the grass beside him, while he sketched bits of landscape openings among the trees; or, again, on some cloudy morning, with the patent fishing apparatus he had brought up from the city, and clad in a fanciful rustic suit he had ordered at his tailor's before "going into the country-aw," he wandered away to the sparkling trout streams in the surrounding forests.

"Better dig for *angle worms*, young sir. Our Granite State shiners are kind o' shy of that new-fangled city bait!" said farmer Littlefield one day, as the young gentleman came forth to recreate himself by the piscatory art wherein good old Isaak Walton so much delighted. "To my mind, a few squirming, wriggling worms, dug out of that black airth there, 'd fetch you a bigger string of fish than all the bait in your shiny tin box."

But the city exquisite looked for a minute at the black, damp soil, then at his own delicate hands shaded by the deep velvet cuffs of his stylish blouse, and though, as Mr. Littlefield said, "plenty o' grub worms could be had for the digging," a faint expression of disgust settled on his features, and he turned away, with his patent hook and line and painted flies, for his day's angling.

"Darned if I'd a dug bait for him if he'd

never 'd got a bite," said the hired man, Seth Warner, a tow-headed, broad-shouldered youth, just turned twenty-one, who, besides possessing the reputation of "doing the stoutest day's work of any man in town in haying or planting time," was said also to be "sparking *Miss Littlefield's* help, *Mirandy Pike*." "Darned if I'd a done it," he said to "Mirandy" herself, standing in the great barn door, "for that spindle-shanked city feller, with hands as soft as a baby's, and the pin-feathers on his upper lip. Gosh ninety, Mirandy! you ought ter seen him when I driv 'em over from the depot that fust day they come here. There he stood behind the pile of trunks, looking like a wisp of straw a wind might blow away. And, by jiminy! I'll bet twenty bushels of potatoes next hoein' that if he'd a tried to lifted one of 'em into the wagon, I should a heered every bone in the spine of his back snap off like a bunch of Fourth of July crackers. So I jest told him I'd take keer of the baggage, and slung the trunks into the wagon, and helped in the ladies, and the way the span of old grays put us over the ground back to the farm wa'n't slow. I expect this young feller thought I was goin' to upset 'em on a pile of rocks or somethin'. He looked dredful sort of skeert like, and asked 'if the colts were thoroughly broken.' 'Lord bless you!' sez I, kind of snickerin', 'they ain't colts; they're ten year old this last May, comin' 'leven. Broke? Guess they be, and gentle as kittens. Miss Dolly drives 'em two in hand whenever she wants to go to the village.' That seemed to kind of pacify him; but I tell you, Mirandy, I believe he was jest as afeared of the old grays as if they'd been possessed, for he didn't seem easy till we'd got up to the farm. To tell the truth, they did show their mettle, but then I'd grained 'em up purty high that morning, because I knew Miss Dolly'd kind of liked to show off a little, and she sets her life by the horses. Won't she manage that little sorrel nag Ned Rollins owns, bimeby? Creation! jest put this city nimshy, with his flowered mornin'-gown and slippers, 'long side of Ned! *There's* a smart, manly feller, Mirandy; a man worth having, and I reckon Miss Dolly thinks so. Now, Ned 'll go out and take his turn at swinging a scythe with the smartest farmer in town, and then be as great a gentleman as the parson or the school-master in the parlor. And then what a *genus* he is! Jest see that new-fangled plough he's been and invented, that's goin' to beat all the old ones; they say he's goin' to get a patent out for it. Say, Mirandy, don't you s'pose he and

Dolly's goin' to make a match of it, bime-by?"

"Mirandy" blushed and bridled as Seth took a step nearer her side when he asked this question, his own face looking rather "sheepish," meantime.

"Mebbe and mebbe not," she replied, tossing her head and moving from her bashful lover; "a body can't tell, these days, whether fellers mean anything or not"—and, with this broad hit at the dilatory Seth, whom all her various feminine manoeuvres had failed on previous occasions to bring to a declaration, she added: "Wall, I can't be loiterin' here all day, and Miss Littlefield waitin' for the eggs for custards;" then gathered up her filled apron, leaving poor Seth to ponder at his leisure her trite remark.

"Gosh ninety!" exclaimed Seth, an hour after, to Mr. Littlefield, as Jenny came romping across the meadow with hands full of wild flowers. "How them city gals do caper round when they git out on a farm! Only yisterday I see her over in the hill pastur, chasin' the calves. Anybody'd think she never see a spear of grass nor a live dumb critter afore. But that's the way with all on 'em; last summer, when I lived up to Franconia on 'Squire Corliss' farm, there was lots of city folks there, some on 'em bound for the mountains, and some on 'em boardin' there; and such rigs as they did run! Ridin' round in hay-carts, screechin' and gigglin' like Bedlam let loose! The 'squire used to laugh, and said he could tell a city gall soon as he put his eyes on 'em; they took to rompin' as naturally as bees to clover heads."

"Jenny does seem to enjoy the old farm," replied Mr. Littlefield, with a smile. "The two girls get along nicely together. But come, Seth, ain't you invited to the picnic that's coming off over in the pines to-morrow? I thought I saw you and Mirandy making the bargain to go together; or maybe you were making another kind of bargain," smiled the farmer.

Seth hung his head with a bashful air. "Don't think much of these 'ere picnickers, Mr. Littlefield; they'll do for these city folks, to go off in the woods, and eat a lot of cakes, and pies, and things, but I'd rather lay out a good day's mowing in the meadow yonder."

"Well, well," said the farmer, good-naturedly, "the young folks think they can enjoy it; so get out the great hay-rack into the barn floor; Ned and Gorham have gone after a load of evergreens, and the girls are comin' out

after dinner to trim it. The old cart looks sort of purty, rigged out with oak leaves and green."

(Conclusion next month.)

PEBBLE WORK.

BY MRS. E. S. CUSTARD.

THIS is a simple, cheap, yet very beautiful art, frequently attempted, but with such coarse materials, and in such a rough manner, that it has found no favor with persons of refined taste. But with the right materials and tasteful arrangements it is worthy of a place in any drawing-room.

Manufacture from common pasteboard such articles as may be desired, boxes, baskets, card-racks, etc., taking care to have no more joins in the articles, no more pieces than are absolutely necessary to form them perfectly. When cut and sewed neatly together, line the inside with velvet or silk or satin of any color desired, the wrong side when pieced being turned next the pasteboard. Then cover the sewed places in the pasteboard with gilt or silver paper put on smoothly with Spalding's prepared glue. And it would be well with this glue to confine the linings of the articles in the places where they are joined.

Select the smallest, most beautiful pebbles which can be found—all white, if desired, or various colors mingled, according to taste. Spread a coat of the glue upon one side of your pasteboard and put on the pebbles, letting the article stay in a position which will keep them level until perfectly dried on. They can be arranged in diamond forms, or circles, or stars, or in any other manner according to taste, and then filled in promiscuously. Remember to keep the article in a level position till one side is perfectly dry, or the pebbles will not adhere. If a light weight can be placed on them, it will be better. When the whole article is perfectly dry, take a fine camel's hair brush, and go over the pebbles neatly and carefully with one coat of white varnish. This may be omitted, but it will render the work more permanent.

A New York paper has the following, of which no doubt ladies who have friends in Oregon will be glad to avail themselves.

"On the ocean beach of Oregon the surf is continually casting up little rows of variegated stones, prettily rounded by the action of the sand and water, and exhibiting all the hues of gems. They average the size of common beans (this size would require a foundation of wood instead of pasteboard), and are generally transparent, scintillating in the sunlight with the

colors of the ruby, the sapphire, the amethyst, and the emerald. Sometimes a perfectly round one is found of an amber color and clear as glass."

With such pebbles as these, articles might be made sufficiently beautiful to grace any exhibition, or ornament a palace.

THE FASHIONS—POCKET-HANDKERCHIEFS.

XENOPHON informs us that the Persians never required pocket-handkerchiefs. This remark gives us a more exalted idea of the climate of Persia than a whole volume of poetical description would have done; unclouded skies and whispering zephyrs are all very well in their way, but these glowing accounts may be given of almost every country upon earth, Iceland included, if you watch for a favorable opportunity, and catch it in its holiday array of smiles and sunshine. In these cases you only describe a summer between two winters, a fleeting hour of sunny outdoor life, an airy woodland *negligée*, shadowed by gloomy remembrances of flannels and pocket-handkerchiefs, and by a threatening vista of frost-bound miseries. But a country in which no pocket-handkerchiefs are required, must of necessity be a kind of terrestrial paradise, all summer and sunshine, free from all ungenial blight and sudden changes of temperature, free from fog, and frost, and damp—an Elysium of warmth and summer pleasures. Xenophon's description beats the poets hollow; they can only tell us about "the sapphire skies of June," and "the bridal of the earth and sky"—a bridal that is unfortunately quickly followed by a divorce—and "Nature breaking from her wintry trance," and so on to the end of the chapter. But Xenophon, without attempting any of these flights of imagination, paints a sublimer picture of the climate of Persia by simply recording that one astounding fact—that within its favored precincts pocket-handkerchiefs are unknown!

In our own country, as we all know to our cost, these articles are not only useful, but highly necessary, and accordingly our shops and warehouses teem with every variety of them, from the moral and instructive pocket-handkerchief of the national scholar, price two cents, to the \$25 handkerchief of the lady of fashion, a mere mass of cobwebby lace, of no use to anybody in particular, not even to the owner. The above-mentioned moral pocket-handkerchiefs, immortalized by Mr. Dickens in the "Pickwick Papers," are strongly indica-

tive of the educational tendencies of the age, which will not permit a small boy or girl to sneeze without seizing the opportunity to draw attention to sundry important facts in natural history, such as the exemplary industry with which the busy bee improves each shining hour, and the propriety of allowing dogs to follow their natural inclinations in the barking and biting line, and to "delight" in these little ebullitions of canine playfulness.

After all, we can very well understand the use of these pictured and lettered pocket-handkerchiefs, the surprising facts and highly imaginative illustrations that diversify their surfaces by no means interfering with the object which the original inventor of a pocket-handkerchief, whoever that public-spirited individual may have been, must have had in view. But we are not ashamed to confess that the lace-bordered appendage of the lady of fashion, to which we have alluded, certainly does puzzle our reasoning powers a good deal. Do the owners of these flimsy and unsubstantial articles ever have colds? We suppose not; nothing, probably, so vulgar and commonplace as catarrh can under any circumstances find its way into good society, and under this supposition we begin to see our way a little, and to understand why Fashion has seized upon and remodelled an article really required by "the people;" a necessary to them, but a mere ornament and luxury to the *élite*. Three square inches of transparent cambric, edged by a border of lace about six inches in depth, constitutes this adornment, and is really extremely pretty, although utterly devoid of use. And this leads one to remark upon the tendency of nineteenth-century dress in general, the redundancy of ornament, and the unfitness for anything like use, that characterizes our luxurious age. Crinoline in a ball-room, or on a street pavement, or in a carriage, may be pretty and becoming enough; but crinoline in a sick room would rustle horribly, crinoline stirring a saucepan would probably set itself on fire, crinoline nursing a baby would be incommodious to the nursling—by no means a bed of roses, but more like an ingenious instrument of torture. The same observation will apply to the large sleeves still in fashion; they are graceful, and generally becoming; but they blot letters and throw down glasses, sweeping off everything that comes in their way, when the arm of the wearer is stretched out to perform any useful office. And thus it is with pocket-handkerchiefs; Fashion decrees that they shall be pretty and expensive, but of no use whatever.

JUDGE NOT.

BY S. ANNIE FROST.

It was a happy night at Mrs. Jameson's, for Harry was coming home; "my son Henry," as the fond mother called him, and the words always brought a proud light to her eyes and a sweet smile to her lips; "Brother Harry," as Hetty styled him; and on this night the little coquette of fourteen had donned her softest, finest white dress, and decked her brown curls with flowers to welcome dear Harry. There was a tempting little supper spread for the traveller, and the mother's pale, sad face wore unwonted smiles, while Hetty danced from the parlor to the door like a wild thing, now opening the windows to peep out into the darkness for the carriage, then flying into the kitchen with a word of caution about the dainties waiting there, then adjusting a cup or plate, or shielding more carefully from the flies the dish of ripe red strawberries, and then off again to the parlor to caress her stately mother and receive a gentle chiding for her restlessness.

And never did fond hearts lavish their love upon one more worthy of it than was this son and brother. For twelve years his young life had been the hope and comfort of his widowed mother. His school and college career had been spent with studious and profitable steadiness, and closed with honor; and then his mother sacrificed her own craving for his presence to send him abroad with a friend who promised to fill a father's place to the lad. Three years had passed, and now, his education complete, as far as possible in so young a man, with firm principles of truth, justice, and honor, he was coming home to commence his studies as a lawyer under his mother's roof. It was on the evening of his twenty-first birth-day that he wrote to expect him, and the mother who had sent away her boy with anxious prayers and tearful blessings looked to welcome home a man, with a proud, hopeful trust that the life so well begun would be her solace for the sorrowing grief she had bent to in submission when she lay her loved husband away from her twelve years before.

"Mother, dear, it is ten o'clock," said Hetty, fretfully.

"Patience; he will be here soon."

A quick, firm tread in the hall, the door thrown suddenly open, and the mother's sentence ended with a joyous cry as she stepped

forward to welcome her son. He began to give a laughing greeting, but suddenly, with a quick movement, he folded his mother in a long, close embrace, and, bending down over her, two large tears fell upon her upturned face. There was no word spoken, but from the depths of each heart mother and son silently vowed to be all in all to each other.

Hetty, meanwhile, waited her turn, not very patiently, it must be confessed. One little foot beat a tattoo on the carpet, and her light, graceful figure swayed up and down, backward and forward, while her eyes were fixed upon her brother with a longing love. Her impatience broke the silence.

"Come, mother, it is not fair. Let Harry speak to me. Crying, as I live, both of you! As if Harry was an article to mourn over."

"Come here, madcap," was the answer, in a hearty, manly voice, and the child sprang into the extended arms. "You witch! why don't you grow? Why, mother, she is as tiny as she was three years ago."

"Superfine articles always come in small packages. I suppose you think I am bound to worship your six feet and—and—mother, look—a moustache!"

"Why not, saucy one?"

"That ever I should live to be kissed by a moustache!"

"Supper's ready! Sarvent, Master Harry," said Susie, the cook, who was an old family servant, and had insisted upon coming up herself to welcome the young master.

"Ah, Susie, how d'ye do? Supper's ready, is it? It's good, too, if you cooked it, and I am savagely hungry. I was just thinking of taking a bite out of Hetty's arms."

"You g'long, Marse Harry; allers must have your larf. Hil how you've growed! tall as Marse Jameson now. Laws me, it's nigh on to no time since you was a baby."

"He's nothing but an overgrown baby, now," said Hetty, "kissing his ma and begging for goodies for supper; a cross baby, too, wants to bite his sister."

"Come, my son," said Mrs. Jameson, taking his arm, while Hetty insisted upon being carried on the other one into the dining-room.

As the full light from the chandelier fell upon the group, one saw the strong resemblance

between the mother and son, and the no less striking contrast which the little girl made to the couple. Mrs. Jameson had a broad, white forehead, large, dark-blue eyes, and black hair, with rather large features, regular and well cut; all this was duplicated in her son; in both faces, too, was a calm expression—in the lady softened and saddened by sorrow; in the son ennobled and deepened by studious habits and a thoughtful nature. Yet, while the son's eyes could flash merriment, and he had always a gay repartee for his sister, the mother's sadness deepened whenever these jests flew from one to the other. In contrast to her tall, stately mother and brother, Hetty was a tiny, slight fairy, smaller than many children of ten summers. Her features were petite and pretty, though thick, clustering ringlets of sunny brown fell too low over her forehead for perfect beauty. Her face wanted the calm repose of the others around the board. Her large black eyes flashed restlessly from one object to another, her color varied from the most vivid crimson to a faint pink flush, and her little hands were in constant motion. Her gay, light laugh seemed scarcely to have died away when some other mood would make her voice fretful and petulant, and every passing whim which moved her seemed to stir the very depths of her light, gay, changing nature. She was a beautiful, wilful child, and as such her brother regarded and treated her; and her mother, though she often sighed over her want of perseverance and her restless moods, was very indulgent to the witching, caressing little one.

A scene which occurred the morning after Harry's return will serve to show the gifted, careless child's nature better than any description. She was seated in her brother's lap, pulling the heavy black moustache, laughing at it, and then ridiculing his grimaces as she twitched it most unmercifully. At last he prisoned her hands.

"Be quiet, Hetty."

"Can't; never was quiet two seconds together in my life. Mother says I even talk in my sleep."

"Well, be as quiet as you can, then. What have you been doing since I went away?"

"All sorts of things."

"Music? you were crazy to learn music, mother wrote."

"O yes; I got tired of that. Mother had a teacher for me. I wish you could have seen him, Hal, a long, lank, starved Italian, brown as a berry, with, whew! such a moustache! yours is a mere feeble attempt compared to it.

Told me I could never master the piano-forte unless I practised some scrambling exercises he gave me four hours a day. I wish you could hear them! They would have driven me raving distracted in ten minutes, so I tore them up. Wanted me to learn the names of the notes, with a whole lot of humbug about sharp flats, and chords, and scales, and I don't know what else. I soon got tired of him. What's the use of all that when I can play anything I ever heard? He said I did not know one note from another. Who wants to know one note from another when they all make music? I'll play for you."

Harry opened the piano and returned to his seat, while his mother came beside him, and stole her hand into his. Hetty struck a few rich chords, and then was silent for a full minute, then, with a low, lingering touch, she began a slow, plaintive movement, swelling gradually higher, then falling down, down to a faint, dim sound, to rise again and fill the room with harmony. There was no air, no settled tune in the movement, yet there was no discord, but a lingering, sad sweetness, which made the tears rise to her brother's eyes.

"What is that, mother?" he whispered.

"One of her own fancies. She often plays so for hours together."

Suddenly, in the middle of one of her saddest strains, the child broke into a gay, lively air, the burden of a hunting-song, and then she began to sing, with a clear, sweet voice, a dashing song of welcome to her brother; and from that, just as abruptly, her voice fell upon the notes of a strain from one of Flotow's operas, and she prolonged sad, sweet tones as if her young life was pouring forth a burden of heavy grief in music. So for an hour she played or sang as the mood seized her, till, with a harsh crash that startled her hearers, she brought both hands down in the middle of a plaintive nocturn, and sprang up, laughing at the start she had given them.

"I'm tired, worn out, exhausted with the efforts of my transcendent genius," she cried, and threw herself upon a sofa, where in five minutes she was fast asleep.

"Does she go to school?" asked Harry.

"No; she wearied of it; indeed study brought on such severe headaches that I was forced to remove her. She reads with me every day, and progresses rapidly in conversational language, though she will not learn the grammar of any. She speaks French and German, and reads both, but really understands nothing of

the rules of either. She dances most beautifully."

"She is exquisitely graceful. How soundly she sleeps!" he said, a few minutes later.

"Soon tired of any exertion. I wish she had some of your steady perseverance, Harry."

"She is more talented than I am."

"More of a genius, perhaps, with the careless, idle, fitful character of the race."

There is little to relate in the quiet life of the trio for five years. With the same concentrated attention he had given to all his studies, Harry passed through the law school, and was admitted to the bar. The wealth he inherited from his father's estate made him less anxious for practice than most young professional men, yet his earnest, manly character, his well-known talents, and his high social position, gave him early in life an honorable stand in his profession.

I cannot say that in these years his love for his mother or her love for him deepened, for it was from his babyhood the strongest passion of his nature; but the daily intercourse after three years' absence only made each more precious to the other. From his hardest day of study, Harry would seek rest, not in gay saloons of pleasure or in lonely walks, but at his mother's side, soothed by her low, sweet voice, encouraged by her fond words, loving her each hour more intensely, and drawing his own heart and hers more closely together. And in these years Hetty was becoming a belle. Brother Harry must leave his office, must quit his mother's side to escort the little flirt from one scene of gayety to another. He must carry in the same pocket his weighty business memoranda and the saucy little reminders she put there for flowers, jewels, or the hour at which he *must* don his white kids and take her to the opera. He loved her very dearly, and was always ready to wait upon her, while she praised and ridiculed him in the same breath, and often ended her most ardent caress by boxing his ears.

Feeling in many ways that his habits were too sedentary for his health, Harry joined a military company for the sake of the drill, and rose to the rank of lieutenant, famous as the best fencer, the best pistol shot, and the best rider in the corps. Hetty professed to despise play-day soldiers, yet in her heart felt proudly that, should the occasion ever come, her brother was brave and honorable, and what more need a soldier ask for?

Five happy, peaceful years passed, and then slowly the clouds gathered over Harry Jameson's life. He had been cheerful, and with the

earnest, manly character which was shown on his broad brow, he had been calmly happy; happy in his chosen profession, happy in his social companionship with those around him, happy in his power to do good, in his strong religious trust, above all in his mother's love, her confidence and pride in him; and through that love came his first sorrow, and from that sorrow the first heavy burden of his life.

Mrs. Jameson was taken ill, not dangerously so, the physician said at first, but her son felt his heart fail as he watched each day's change. All his leisure time was passed in her room, now reading to her, or, if she felt able, conversing. The pale face grew thinner, the soft hand more transparent, and the mother looked more eagerly for the hour when her son could leave his professional duties to come to her side. From the large chair to the bed became each day a more weary journey, till Harry was forced to lift her in his own strong arms to carry her from one to the other, and then his burden grew lighter day by day, till his mother's form was too weak, too slight to bear even that journey, and she sank back on the pillow sadly, smiling as she said—"Not to-day; I must lie still to-day." And for many days she lay there, tended by her son whenever he could spare an hour in the day, carefully watched by his loving eyes at night, wasting away gradually. Hetty was kind and attentive at times, but could not be depended upon for steady nursing, and a nurse was obtained, who shared Harry's watch. Calmly, peacefully, a fit ending to a well-spent life, the mother's spirit passed to her Maker, her last sigh breathed as she lay upon her son's broad breast, her last smile for him, her last words, "Good-by, my children! One kiss, Harry!"

Men spoke wonderingly of the change in the once cheerful, sociable Harry Jameson. They looked for sadness after so heavy a sorrow, but they found deeper traces than even sorrow leaves upon his face. There was a gravity so deep that it was almost sternness, a heavy weight of care upon his brow, a look in his dark eyes of terrible despair, that even his great loss seemed too small to account for. Tenderly loving still to his sister, he never met her jest with jest, but would sigh when he looked upon her fair face, as if his heart were bursting with its weight of grief. Her sorrow was very violent, too, but transient. A week of illness which seriously alarmed her brother followed the funeral, and then in a little time her laugh rang out again and her song was heard, though the sight of any relic of her mo-

ther or the sound of her name would bring on violent, almost hysterical, fits of weeping.

One year after Mrs. Jameson's death there was a call upon the brave sons of America to rally round the flag which the Mexicans had defied and insulted. The regular army was not deemed sufficient for the emergency, and there was a call made for volunteer service, which was promptly responded to. Men from all ranks, of all professions, sprang to arms, and the land arose in her mighty strength to pour into the enemy's country its wealth of brave patriotism.

Henry's regiment was among the first who sent in their offers of service, and trustingly the men looked for deeds of valor from their brave young officer. Judge of their utter surprise when Lieutenant Jameson sent in his resignation. Henry Jameson a coward! He, the idol of them all, their byword for soldiers' valor. He gave no explanation. He was wealthy, could leave his profession, unmarried, with relatives who could come to his sister, in good health, well drilled, beloved and popular among his companions. Cold bows, even sneers, met him on the very day of his strange determination, yet he gave no excuse, offered no explanation, only wore a more troubled sadness in his deep blue eyes and a heavier gloom on his brow.

"Harry Jameson!" cried his sister, bursting into his office, "it is not true what they tell me!"

"Gently, Hetty."

"It is not true! you have not resigned your Lieutenantancy in the Guard?"

"It is true, Hetty."

"But why?"

"I judged it best."

"Best to desert your country's cause now, when men are needed? best to be branded a coward by all honorable men? best to stay idly at home while all true men are in the field? best to play soldier for four years, and retreat from the first show of danger? Harry! Harry! it cannot be true. You a coward! you, whom I have worshipped almost for courage and patriotism. You are mad!"

The hot blood crimsoned the young man's brow as his sister poured forth her vehement reproaches, but he did not speak.

"Harry, what is it? What strange freak possesses you? You are not afraid. Yet what else stands in the way? Young, unmarried, free, healthy, strong, a man in every sense but one. Manly in form, and, that I should say it of you, a coward at heart. I can never again

face a friend. The coward's sister; related to the man who resigned his place as a soldier when there came a chance to fight. Do you know what they did at the armory to-day with the uniform you returned? They marked it 'Coward,' and hung it on the wall."

A low moan of extreme agony escaped the young man.

"I heard this in a store; my brother's name cried out in a store as the coward of his regiment."

"Hetty! Hetty, if you love me, stop!"

"I did love you; I loved the noble man whom I believed my brother was, but now—"

"Stop!"

"I will not stop. Go, now, it is not too late; try now to regain your lost honor."

"It is impossible!"

"Then"—and the girl drew her little figure erect—"then you are no longer my brother. Our mother would scorn and despise her son could she see him to-day." And Hetty left the office as abruptly as she had entered it.

A whole month passed. No words can tell the agony of those four weeks to the young lawyer. Friends whom he loved best passed him by with averted faces; his sister poured reproaches upon him whenever they met; old men who had loved the talented youth now bowed with a cold gravity which cut him to the heart; his lady friends hardly acknowledged his bow, and his old servants even showed in their manner their contempt for the coward. Yet he covered his agony with a cold gravity, and if his cheek grew whiter and thinner, there was no loving eye to note the change.

Societies fitting out companies or sewing-circles often received anonymously large sums of money to aid them; soldiers who left families heard of their wives and little ones finding their wants relieved by an unknown friend; regiments had presents which they could not trace, yet none suspected the grave, sad Harry Jameson of doing quietly so much for his country. Many would have scorned the gift from such a hand, but it was unsuspected. His regiment left, and his whispered prayer and blessing followed it as he watched it from his curtained window, and hot tears for the first time coursed down his cheeks as he saw how one and another gave angry or contemptuous looks towards his dwelling as they passed.

One month, and again the angel of death visited Harry Jameson's household. The little sister who had been his mother's legacy of love was thrown from her horse while riding on a pleasure party, and killed instantly. He laid

her beside her parents, and returned to his lonely dwelling, discharged the servants, shut up the house, and left the city. The colonel of his old regiment received a letter signed Henry Jameson, asking for admittance again among his comrades; it was refused; a unanimous vote of his old comrades rejected the applicant. Yet, though he sighed as he folded his answer, there was a light in the young man's eyes not seen there since his mother's death. An hour later he was enrolled as private No. 10 in another regiment accepted for the war. Private Jameson soon proved that he did not belong to the awkward squad. The regiment was under marching orders, and many a raw recruit was placed for active and efficient drill under the young soldier. No. 10 excused from parade to teach a lot of new fellows the way to stand, to walk, to march, to turn. Private Jameson requested to remain all night to drill raw men in the mysteries of handling a musket. The men fairly idolized him. No harshness confused willing minds, no ridicule shamed men who covered bravery with bashfulness. Gently, kindly, with patient care, he guided them, and in the incredibly short space of two months private No. 10 was begged to accept a lieutenantancy in the regiment. One thought of the old suit hanging in the armory thrilled through our hero as he donned his uniform, and then a proud smile played over his lips as he mentally dedicated his life to his country. No voice rang out clearer in taking the oath of allegiance than Harry Jameson's. Men began to speak of his coolness and steady judgment in questions of importance, of his firm discipline, which made his company the most orderly as well as the best drilled in the regiment. Notices of the soldiers contained many allusions to our brave fellow-citizen, Harry Jameson. The Guard began to feel that they might have made a mistake. Young Jameson left with his regiment for the seat of war, and on his arrival at his destination, the Guard wrote, begging him to take his old place amongst them. His answer was characteristic of the man:—

"Not because you judged me too hastily and too harshly do I refuse your request, but because here is the acknowledged post of danger, the most exposed spot on the arena of war, and here, while God spares my life, will I remain."

There were from Camp — sallies made for purposes of little moment perhaps to the general public, yet of danger to the participants; and the older officers learned that the coolest bravery and most daring courage were found

with young Jameson's men, who would follow their officers to the most imminent peril, sure that wherever danger threatened he would first face it, and his life would be the first endangered.

The picket guard of one stormy night will recognize my hero in one anecdote. They were at their posts just before dawn, weary and wet, when their beloved young officer spoke to them.

"Men, attention. In that wood to your right I suspect danger. There are movements there that, secret as they are, I can still discern. Stand firm, while I go forward."

A number of voices rose—"Let me go! I shouldn't be missed like you. I will go."

"You will all remain here; I command it. I never send a *substitute* into danger. If I fire, advance; if all is quiet, do not approach; I will return."

There was a breathless silence as the young man advanced. He was soon lost in the darkness, and the men waited till a quick report rang upon the air. Then, with a cry more like tigers than human beings, they dashed forward. One stumbled; the rest were on into the wood, too late to overtake the cavalry dashing back to their own camp. The one man who stumbled alone of all was left. Stooping down, he felt in the darkness the long black object over which he fell. He put aside the heavy cloak, he felt the face, yet warm, but, oh! so fearfully still. He was a strong, brave man, no child, but he folded that form close to his heart, and, while hot tears coursed down his face, he wailed over it like a woman. So the returning soldiers found him. They lifted the still form, whose brave heart was quieted forever by the coward, traitor ball, and not one dry eye was found as they brought their sad burden before the colonel. The night surprise was averted, the camp saved, the young soldier's life the sacrifice.

His old regiment sent a committee from their officers to do honor to the brave dead, and he was borne to his last resting-place, and buried with military honors. Years later, those who returned home took down from the wall with regretful tears the uniform they had disgraced, and placed it away, marked "Lieutenant Henry Jameson, a brave man, who fell for his country May 6, 1846."

His will being opened, he was found to have left all his fortune, save some legacies to his country, to be invested as his executors thought most likely to be useful. To an old man, his mother's friend, his own companion in his European trip, his counsellor in his life, he left the following letter:—

DEAR —: If I do not return alive, to you I commit the task of clearing from my memory the stain which circumstances have cast upon it. You will do this; I ask it in the name of my mother, for so many years your friend, in the name of the love I have borne you, for her sake, and for your kind counsels to myself. You know much of my life, my love for my mother, my grief at her loss, yet even from you have we kept our sad secret; my sister's death, my own, unseal my lips. My father died insane. For years my mother shut up this knowledge in her heart, and his nearest friends did not suspect his mental disease. Not until after her marriage did my mother learn that madness was hereditary in his family, and not until she lay upon her death-bed did she confide to me the knowledge of the fearful legacy her children inherited. You knew my sister as the gay, gifted genius whom society idolized, and as the pet and plaything of her home; yet even you knew nothing of the terrible fits of depression which alternated with her gay hours, the fearful scenes of passionate fury which showed too well the sad legacy which tainted her young life. Upon my knees beside my dying mother I recorded an oath never to leave my sister, never to tell her the fearful secret which might hasten the catastrophe we dreaded, never to marry or permit her to marry, and, *under all circumstances*, to watch over her *myself*, to let nothing but death sever her life and mine. I have kept my oath, you well know at what a cost; even the loss of your esteem and love was added to the bitter cup I have drained to the dregs. Now I am free; her death releases me, and I go to win back my lost honor. Do not mourn for me, should my death place this letter in your hands. I leave a lonely, sad life, haunted by the fear that the legacy of terror may fall upon me, uncheered by any hope of home happiness, cut off from the joy of love and all that makes life sweet, for an eternity of love with the mother I adore next my God. You will execute my last will. I leave to my country my fortune, my life, my dying blessing.

HENRY JAMESON.

CANARIES.

In choosing a canary, recollect that the yellow or white-bodied birds are considered the handsomest. The wings, tail, and head should be yellowish dun. As relates to song, those birds are the most valuable that have not only their own notes, but some of those of the night-ingale and the wood-lark.

Supposing you purchase a canary for its song, do not be entrapped into buying a female instead of a male. The females hardly sing at all. As a general rule, you may know the male bird by his being rather larger and higher in the shanks than the female. Besides all this, the male canary is of a brighter color than the female, especially round the eye.

A really well-trained male canary is not only capable of imitating the notes of other birds, but some have been known actually to pronounce words. Some years ago, talking canaries were exhibited in London.

Canaries have young four or five times a year, and they lay from three to five eggs at a time.

The birds should be paired about the middle of April, and they should then be put into a very large cage. In the cage you should have two little boxes for the birds to build in; and remember to place in the cage some fine hay, horse hair, cow's hair, and hog's bristles. All this is to form the materials for the nest.

The hen sits about thirteen days, and during this time young folks should leave her as quiet as possible, lest she forsake her eggs. There is great danger of her doing so if they are often looked at, or, still worse, touched.

When the birds are hatched, put beside the feeding trough a little jar, containing some hard-boiled egg, chopped very fine, and a small piece of white bread, steeped in water, and afterwards squeezed nearly dry.

At the end of twelve days, the young birds will be fledged. On the thirteenth or fourteenth, they usually begin to pick up food for themselves. A paste, made of white bread, bruised rape seed, and a little yolk of egg and water, is excellent food for the young birds. When they have attained size and strength, they may be fed with the usual fare, which should consist of canary seed, bruised hemp seed, chickweed, lettuce, or water-cresses. Never forget to furnish canaries with a daily supply of fresh water for drinking and for bathing.

Canaries must not be kept in bed-rooms, neither do they thrive in cold apartments, as they come originally from a very warm climate. Keep them in a pure air of moderate temperature, and in the summer hang the cage near the open window when the weather is fine, but do not expose them too much to the rays of the noontday sun. They should not be exposed to extremes of heat or cold.

We had omitted to tell you that when the young birds are about six weeks old, they

should be put into separate cages, and that the bottoms of these cages should be strewed either with well-dried hay or fine moss. And now one last word of advice: Mind the cage or cages containing your canaries is put quite out of the reach of puss. She only follows her instinct in catching and killing birds; but it is your paramount duty to put your pet-birds quite out of her reach. The usual length of the canary should be about five inches, of which the tail may measure two and a quarter. The bill should be about five lines in length, strong, sharply-pointed, and inclining to white. The feet, or shanks, as they are technically called, should be eight lines long, and of flesh color.

THE DREAM OF THE PERSIAN ASTROLOGER.

BY P. B. P.

THE god of day had rolled his fiery car o'er all the arch of heaven,

And now he vanished in that sea of fire

Which lights the western sky with floods, and waves, and banks of purple, golden glory,

More matchless far than dyes of ancient Tyre.

Soon fainter, fainter grew those radiant glories in the western heavens,

And twilight silent dropped her curtain gray;

Then, one by one, the stars came out, till all the azure canopy of evening

Glowed with eternal fires like gleams of day.

Now in the east arose the queen of night arrayed in burning colors,

As though her fiery lord she'd imitate;

Then, as the blush her features fled, she shone in all her majesty so silv'ry,

And led the glitt'ring hosts in regal state.

Amid the ruins of Persepolis the astrologer slow wandered,

And watched with sparkling eye the fall of night;

He looked with joy ecstatic on the twinkling stars; but when the moon had risen,

And poured o'er all her floods of silver light,

Which gave enchantment to the scene, and made the lofty, sculptur'd columns,

The crumbling battlements and massive walls;

The porticos and stairs magnificent, yet tott'ring with the weight of ages;

The mould'ring sphinxes and the marble halls;

Seem with their endlessness of light and shade e'en like a fairy picture;

He could no more keep still, but, night his theme,

"When I contemplate this," exclaimed with Persia's greatest bard in accents fervent,

"O God! am I awake or in a dream?"

Rapt with the glorious scene, he wandered long in lofty meditation;

At length he climbed the grandest flight of stairs;

Then threw himself upon a mossy bed, and having drawn his robe about him,

Was soon in that fair land where are no cares.

He dreamed he stood within the audience chamber of the kings of Persia;

The light of untold gems around him shone,

While just before him, in the pride of boundless wealth, of pomp, and matchless splendor,

Sat mighty Xerxes on his royal throne.

Prostrate he threw himself upon the floor in so august a presence,

Then, rising, stood to wait the monarch's whim,

Who, clothed with proudest splendor, from his throne descending, drew his arm all trembling

Within his own, and bade him go with him.

Through halls of dazzling beauty, and through gorgeous chambers, on he led him,

Yet onwards till they reached a guarded door,

Which, when to it the king had 'plied a golden key, wide swung and showed a passage

Whose walls were gay with painted scenes of war.

Now at its termination hung a curtain from beyond which floated

The softest strains of music rich and sweet;

And when they'd reached it, and a slave had drawn it back, behold, a scene of splendor

Lay in its dazzling brightness at their feet!

Below them they beheld a flight of marble stairs of purest whiteness,

And from its foot there stretched a chamber grand,

So bright with gold and jewels that it seemed a treasury of the gods immortal—

The work of some celestial, god-like hand.

Ten thousand lighted golden lamps hung from the high and glitt'ring ceiling,

Which shed with tenfold power their brilliant light

On hosts of mirrors, and on rows of crystal columns, and on gorgeous hangings,

And countless flashing gems and iv'ry white.

Beneath the dome that rose above the centre of this glitt'ring chamber,

Upon a gorgeous dais sat the queen,

Of beauty ravishing, and 'trayed in robes of dazzling splendor, pearls and diamonds—

The crowning glory of the wondrous scene.

Around her ladies fair and noble maidens were, and servants waiting

To do their royal mistress's least command,

Who, while reclining 'midst the drapery of her queenly couch, broke forth in singing,

And touched a lute's soft strings with skilful hand.

Borne on the scented air, the music rolled along the vaulted ceiling,

And sweetly fell upon the ravished ear.

Th' astrologer awoke—his gorgeous dream was o'er, and looking startled 'round him

He saw the sun high in the heavens clear.

RECREATION is a second creation, when weariness hath almost annihilated one's spirits. It is the breathing of the soul, which otherwise would be stifled with continual business.

HE who can prevent a moment's anger may suppress many days' sorrow. Speak of men's virtues as if they were your own, and of their vices as if you were liable to their punishment.

WOOING AND WINNING.

BY MRS. D. FRANK ENOS.

THE June sunshine lay asleep in little patches of gold all over the white kitchen floor in Deacon Elwood's cottage on this summer afternoon, but not one ray of sunshine illumined the face of Miss Kitty, the Deacon's pet niece, as she stood leaning against the door-post, swinging her sun-bonnet back and forth, now and then darting such angry glances at an open letter in the old man's hand. She made a very pretty picture, standing there with the sunlight sifting in through the vine-leaves around the old stoop, falling upon her tangled curls and the pink muslin dress that waved so gracefully about her in the soft breeze.

"Well, Kitty, what do you think of it?" asked Deacon Elwood, folding the letter and laying it down upon his knee and looking over to Kitty, whose little, short upper lip had an extra curl in it.

"What do I think? I think it's just as mean as it can be to come now, just when I was going to visit Lottie Grey. Now I'll have to stay at home, I suppose, and entertain him; but I'll treat him so he won't stay three days; you see if I don't."

"That will be very lady-like, to say the least of it, Kitty, to one you never have seen, and a cousin besides."

"I don't care what he thinks of me. I am sure *he* must be a natural born idiot to go inviting himself down here for two whole months." How the brown eyes sparkled then!

"How do you know that I did not invite him, Kitty? The only son of my only sister, and *she* dead, it's only a shame that I have not invited him here before. I wrote for him, my dear, and I shall expect you to do as a lady should. It is altogether probable that you will feel differently upon the subject after he has been here a short time. Young ladies nowadays are not so indifferent to handsome young gentlemen, particularly those having so many attractions as Augustus Lathrop, and a young lawyer into the bargain." And Uncle Elwood gave the slyest little wink at his wife, who had sat rocking and knitting during this time. *That* was a very unfortunate wink, for Kitty Elwood saw it by chance, and it threw considerable light upon the affair, and she straightway winked to herself that she knew all about it,

and if *they* victimized *her*, they would do better than *she* thought they could.

That night, away down at the foot of the greenest of meadows, where a little brook flowed along, fringed by alder-bushes that almost met on its opposite banks, Kitty Elwood held a very confidential meeting with one Frank Forester, a gay young fellow, and Deacon Elwood's especial aversion.

For years the families of Elwood and Forester had been at enmity about a piece of land that had lain unused since the first quarrel, and where now the scions of the respective houses "met by chance, the usual way."

The first stars were in the sky when Kitty Elwood tripped back under the orchard trees to the house, and sat down on the steps by the stoop as innocent as though she had not been looking into a pair of black eyes and making all kinds of rash promises for the last hour.

"Well, Kitty," said Mrs. Elwood, the next morning, after prayers, "since your cousin is coming, we must make some preparations for him. Perhaps you had better ask Lottie Grey to come here, since you have been disappointed in your visit there, and she can help entertain Augustus, which will relieve you somewhat."

"No, I thank you," answered she, with her most impudent look; "I feel quite equal to entertaining him alone; and then he might be silly enough to fall in love with Lottie, and, considering she's engaged, it would be rather unpleasant."

"Well, just as you please, Kitty, only you *must* be civil to him, or your uncle will be offended."

"Oh, certainly." And Kitty Elwood went sorting over and arranging the roses that she had gathered before breakfast with a look of such cool provokingness that her aunt felt serious misgivings, but said nothing.

Two weeks went rapidly away, and everything had been made ready. The little cottage was neat as hands could make it; folds of soft white muslin draped the parlor windows, looped back with ribbons that Kitty's hands had knotted, the green-covered sofa was wheeled into an angle with the wall, and every article of furniture had been newly arranged to give it the most stylish look. Vases of flowers stood on

the old-fashioned mantles, some of Kitty's best drawings were brought out, framed, and hung up in the little low parlor, making it quite grand.

It was the last night; on the morrow he was to be there; so when the last rays of the setting sun were tinting the topmost trees of the woods that skirted the green meadow, Kitty Elwood parted the boughs of the alder bushes on the banks of the little brook where she had been so many times before.

"You are late at the trysting to-night, Kitty"—and Frank Forester clasped the little hands in his. "I have waited an age, and this the last night, too, for so many weeks, and perhaps forever." There was a shade of reproach in the tones of his voice as he said it.

"*Perhaps forever*," mocked Kitty. "Now, you go and get jealous, and that will spoil the whole. Can you trust me, Frank Forester, or not? tell me truly."

And Kitty Elwood's brown eyes looked so trustingly at him at that moment that he said, "Yes, darling, forever."

Two hours afterwards, in the soft light of the young moon, Frank Forester and Kitty walked slowly along under the shadows of the old apple-trees in the orchard, talking very confidentially together. Now and then a silvery laugh would startle the sleeping birds in their nests as they passed along. At last the parting came; for one little moment Frank Forester's arms were folded over, and Kitty Elwood lay within; there was a blending of short, clustering hair with the dark curls on Kitty's forehead, a whispered *something*, and Kitty went swiftly along the garden path alone. Frank Forester, standing in the shadows, watched that little airy figure flitting away, now in the shade, now gleaming out in the bright moonlight, and when at last she stood under the rose-covered stoop, and turned back as though bidding him "good-night" once more, he murmured in his heart's inmost depths, "God bless you, sweet Kitty."

The morning dawned, a June morning, fresh with dew, vocal with bird songs, and heavy with fragrance; a morning such as no other month brings us in all the glad summer. At four o'clock that afternoon, Augustus Lathrop, the city cousin, was expected; the household was accordingly astir early, and before noon the last touch was given, and five long hours yet before he was to come.

"Really, Kitty, you are quite presentable, quite radiant," was Uncle Elwood's salutation, as Kitty made her appearance upon the east

stoop, where her uncle and aunt had been sitting the whole afternoon, watching for the first glimpse of the stage that was to bring their guest.

"Quite a fairy, am I not?" laughed Kitty, sitting down on the steps, notwithstanding her white muslin.

"I've been thinking, my dear," put in Mrs. Elwood, eyeing Kitty's long curls, "that you are quite old enough to do your hair up in a comb; it looks so childish hanging down over your neck, and then it must be uncomfortable."

"Oh, very well, aunty, just as you like. Please lend me a comb; I haven't any, you know." And Kitty gathered all those long, shining tresses together, twisting them up into a fantastic knot at the back of her head, from which little curls would dangle down, do what she could. "That looks like it, I suppose, aunty? Can you suggest any other improvements?" asked Kitty, after twisting at the refractory hair for some twenty minutes.

"No, that will do; only it will fall down the first time you move. And there comes the stage, as I live."

Up the long, dusty hill panted the tired stage-horses on that warm afternoon, drawing a heavy vehicle, loaded with passengers, among whom, in the last gasp of dustiness, sat Augustus Lathrop, attorney-at-law.

"Two trunks and a satchel, as true as the world; he intends to stay the term of his natural life, I suppose," muttered Kitty to herself, as she peeped through the blinds of the little sitting-room, where she had run, losing her comb at the third bound, and upon which Uncle Elwood planted his huge foot as he came up the steps. "Tall, good-looking, hair like midnight, eyes like a sloe; I'll write to Lottie Grey this very night."

"Your cousin Kitty—Augustus; you have never met before, I believe."

Mr. Lathrop extended his hand to Cousin Kitty, who very daintily touched it with the tips of her fingers; before she could withdraw it, however, it lay half crushed in his broad palm.

"I'll pay you for that," thought Kitty, as he passed on up to his room to make himself presentable at tea.

He came down soon, arrayed in white linen as fresh and cool as possible, with his hair brushed back from the whitest forehead ever seen. He sat down at the table, and ate such an infinite number of biscuits and dishes of strawberries as to quite astonish Kitty. That duty performed, the party adjourned to the cool

piazza, and Augustus Lathrop shone the star of the evening.

"He is a sensible young man," said Uncle Elwood when at last their guest had retired, immediately after prayers.

"Yes, very, so well bred, so *genteel*," assented Mrs. Elwood, doing up her knitting-work very scientifically.

"An exquisite coxcomb, a thorough-going, self-satisfied humbug," thought little Kitty, as she lighted her candle, and with the least perceptible toss of her head retired from the room.

The next day Cousin Augustus made a tour of the farm; inspected Aunt Elwood's small dairy; "did" the kitchen garden, and at last went down on his knees at the strawberry bed, and helped Kitty fill her pan, and then sat in the shade by the kitchen door and helped his aunt hull them, while Kitty made cream biscuits within.

Two days after was Sunday, when the old-fashioned carriage was brought out, and the Elwoods rode to church. The distance was very short, and on ordinary occasions they never thought of riding, but Cousin Augustus must not walk. There were many dozen pairs of bright eyes looking into Deacon Elwood's pew that Sunday morning, and Mr. Lathrop's reverent air was the admiration of all beholders.

Kitty Elwood was very demure, and only once or twice did her eyes wander in the direction of the Foresters' pew, and when they did, they encountered such a piercing look from a pair of black eyes, that set her heart beating like a trip-hammer for half an hour after. Frank Forester heard but little of that sermon, and went home very miserable, notwithstanding a beaming look which Kitty bestowed upon him, on her way to the carriage after service.

The next week, invitations poured in upon Kitty and her cousin, and Mr. Lathrop grew quite the *lion* of the place. Picnics followed parties, horseback excursions followed picnics, and everywhere the young lawyer was sure to be Kitty's cavalier. No one attempted to contest the prize with Kitty; she had always been conqueror in the field, and now she had a decided advantage.

Frank Forester declined all invitations, and suddenly left home, just as the gayety was at its zenith, unable to endure the sight of Kitty's happiness, so report said, when it was so well known that he had expected to win her himself. When this was told to Kitty, she tossed her head, and went off leaning upon Cousin Augustus' arm in a manner quite plainly to be seen that Frank Forester was nothing to her.

The days and weeks went gayly on. Such long, beautiful rides, such delightful moonlight rambles, such quiet restings, after the day's pleasures, on the old vine-covered piazza, with nothing but the stars looking down upon them!

Uncle Elwood quite winked himself into a fever at the success of his scheme, and only waited for an opportunity to jog Miss Kitty's memory concerning his prediction. "Don't speak of it to her, Henry; she will fly off the moment you do," argued Mrs. Elwood. "It will be time enough after it's all settled, and I would not have her go back to thinking anything of old Forester's Frank again for the whole world. Somebody was telling me the other day that he had gone West. I'm glad of that; he is safe away, and it is a consolation." With this happy thought uppermost in her mind, Mrs. Elwood slept, while Kitty's voice, accompanied by the low tinkling of her guitar, came in at the open window, now and then joined by a strain deeper and richer, and upon this melody she floated out into the world of dreams.

That night Mr. Lathrop wrote to a friend in town—

"I have tamed the little termagant; she is as come-at-able as I could wish. A beauty, a genius, a wit, and has got the dimes; what more can I ask? Keep up your courage, Ned; there's a good time coming. Tell Bailey I'll take the span of grays, and you may keep them in their paces till I come. I'll be there about the first of September, and my little bride with me, if all goes right. Gus.

"P. S. Frank Forester, the 'old love,' has gone West, in a fit of the sulks."

At the same time, Kitty Elwood wrote to her friend Lottie: "He's splendid, Lottie; quite a corsair in looks, and then such a soft, musical voice, and it can whisper such sweet nothings that it gives me the palpitation of the heart for an hour afterwards. You need not be surprised, Lottie, to hear any day that I'm engaged." After filling three sheets of perfumed note-paper and crossing it, after the manner of young ladies' epistles of the present day, Kitty Elwood laid her head upon her pillow and dreamed, not of Frank Forester in his new Western home, but of Cousin Augustus, attorney-at-law.

Three weeks more of uninterrupted pleasure flew by, bringing a soft, dreamy light into Kitty Elwood's eyes, and a look of radiant happiness to Mr. Lathrop. The day had been intensely warm, so much so that going out was impossible, so Kitty sat in the shady parlor all that long summer afternoon, her cousin reading

aloud one of those bewitching romances, all about love and moonshine. The evening came at length, cool and breezy, star-crowned and beautiful, and Kitty Elwood walked slowly up and down the garden, leaning upon Mr. Lathrop's arm.

"You are tired, Kitty; let us rest here." So Augustus brushed the dust from the seat in an old arbor with his perfumed handkerchief, and Kitty sat down. "You seem sad to-night, sweet cousin." And Kitty's hand received a timid pressure, and then another, and finally was carried to Mr. Lathrop's lips in an ecstasy of rapture.

Kitty sat very quiet during all these demonstrations, and when at length he sank at her feet, utterly regardless of his white pantaloons, and poured out his love in a perfect cataract of sweet sounds, Kitty Elwood was melted even to tears.

"Give me but one token, dearest, that I may know that you love me in return."

But vows were not needed to express her great love, so Kitty sank into the outstretched arms of Cousin Augustus, and spoke no word.

The next morning, when Mr. Lathrop had seized the first opportunity of a private conversation with his uncle, and told him all, the old man said: "With all my heart, my dear nephew, and may she make you a good wife! I hoped for this when I wrote for you to visit us, for, as I hinted, things were getting rather desperate in another quarter, and all remonstrances were in vain, for, to tell the truth, Kitty's an arrant little piece of wilfulness as you will meet with in many a day. She was bound to hate you, and is caught at last." And Deacon Elwood went off in a fit of laughter that was really dangerous.

From that time, there was such a rustling of silks in Kitty Elwood's chamber, such a fluttering of white muslins, and folding and unfolding of soft laces, such numberless packages and boxes arriving by express at the little cottage, that any one possessed of common sense must have seen what was to follow. Mr. Lathrop absented himself for a short time, going to town to make arrangements for his bride, and sending back such tender love-missives by every mail that it was enough to melt the heart of a stone. Kitty Elwood, fluttering in and out among all that bridal paraphernalia, was as restless as a bird on the wing.

"No wonder she is uneasy," gossiped the seamstresses, as they turned over one beautiful thing after another. "I know if I had treated a young fellow as shamefully as she has Frank

Forester, I should never expect another happy hour."

"She's anything but miserable, though; just hear her singing now; that sounds as though she was very wretched, doesn't it?"

"Laughter and song cover many an aching heart. It's *my* opinion that Kitty Elwood is a victim."

She looked like it, certainly, with the laughter breaking through every dimple in that sunny face, and love-light overflowing the glad sparkle in her eyes as she stands reading a tiny little letter, crossed, and recrossed, and crossed again. It says: "My darling Kitty, only two weeks, and then I shall be with you, shall call you mine. The time seems long, but it will pass quickly, and *then* no more partings." And Kitty folds the precious document and lays it in her bosom. Yes, Kitty is a victim, but she goes gayly to the sacrifice.

It is the night before the wedding. The September moonlight floods the old piazza and makes the shadows where sit Kitty Elwood and Mr. Lathrop only the denser by its brightness.

"And you never loved but *once*, you say, dear Kitty?"

"Never, Augustus"—and the fair affianced looked away into the moonlight beyond, with truth mirrored in every feature of her face. "I have had little preferences, perhaps, in my lifetime," she went on; "but never but *one love*, and that shall go with me down to my grave, God helping me."

The arm tightened around her waist at this assurance, and soon after Kitty Elwood went in up to her little chamber, where she was to sleep for the last time for many months and perhaps forever. Her trunks were already packed and locked, nothing but her travelling attire was visible, and over all went the rich mellow light of the harvest moon.

The morning dawned, Kitty Elwood's wedding-day, glorious with autumn sunshine, and gorgeous with its richness. Over the varied landscape, past little villages just awakening to another day, through dark woods that the morning sun rays have failed to penetrate, over bridges, where the water underneath looks like molten gold, rushing and flying like the wind, goes the bride of an hour, with a smile of perfect happiness upon her sunny face, turned so radiantly toward all this fresh wildwood beauty.

"You must be deaf, dumb and blind, Frank Forester, to sit there so still, with this beautiful panorama of sunshine and shadow before you, and speak never a word."

"It is quite enough to see it reflected in your

sunshining face, little Kitty ; I enjoy that more than the first view"—and the young husband bent low over the little wife at his side, and said something that sent the laughter and bright blushes dimpling all over her face, even down to the tips of the white fingers, toying so daintily with the tiny glove.

On, on they went, those two, who had vowed that morning to go together *all* life's journey side by side, loving and trusting, come what might, even as they go *now*, at its beginning.

At Deacon Elwood's cottage there is a decided sensation. Augustus Lathrop gnashes his white teeth in a paroxysm of rage, while his uncle raves up and down the room perfectly speechless with a combination of feelings, now and then turning aside to grind under his heel for the twentieth time some very innocent little scraps of pasteboard, whereon are engraved the names of Kitty Elwood and Frank Forester. But that performance does not seem to calm his excited feelings in the least, so he snatches up a little note and reads once more : "My dear uncle, forgive me, but you *tried* to play me a trick, and I would not let you. If you had given me my own way, and my own time to decide my destiny, I might not have done this, but as you were for dispatching the business, I have helped you all I could. Give my love to Cousin Augustus, tell him the good time has come, the dimes are going into another pocket. I should like to ride after the span of grays, but object to the *driver*, and, as a final warning, tell him never to throw waste paper out of a window, or to believe a young lady means yes, when she only throws herself into his arms and makes believe cry. I am obliged for all your kindness, my best uncle, and feel in my inmost heart that you will forgive your little orphaned Kitty, or else I should be very miserable ; but as it is, I can't."

"Forgive her—*never*. To dare to thwart me thus, and Frank Forester of *all* persons in this wide world ! never."

"What *does* she mean about span of grays, etc.?" asked Mrs. Elwood, in a feeble voice, from the depths of the lounge pillow, where she had fainted away and come to at her leisure ; the gentlemen being too much occupied to attend to her.

"Heaven only knows what she means ; I believe she has gone stark mad ; I have the greatest mind to follow my lady, and take her to an insane asylum ; then I guess she would pay for this business."

"It's too late, Henry, too late, now," sobbed Mrs. Elwood ; "let them go ; I shall never re-

cover this disgrace. A runaway match ! Oh, dear, rather than that, I would have given my consent, and Frank is good enough, for all I know."

"Never mention his name again," thundered Deacon Elwood, striding toward the kitchen door. "Bridget, bring in the breakfast ; we won't starve ourselves because that gypsy has gone."

"Augustus, sit here. I feel sorry for you, in this matter, but nothing can be done, as I see," said Uncle Elwood, sympathizingly.

"Nothing," sighed the disappointed bridegroom elect, sipping his coffee with a resigned air. "It is deucedly unpleasant, though, going back to town."

But the first stage carried him, nevertheless, and some of the passengers were from the village, and were behind the scenes, and made it manifest by sly hints, but he bore it like a martyr to all appearances ; but many were the muttered curses bestowed upon the bright head of Kitty Elwood in that lonely homeward journey ; and to this hour he remains unmarried, an inveterate hater of all womankind, and brown-eyed, demure-looking Kitties in particular.

Four years later, Kitty Forester wrote : "I'm glad you can forgive me *at last*, dear uncle ; you have held out a long time, and done bravely. I like my home here ; it is beautiful, seeing the sun go down over these great rolling prairies ; still my heart turns lovingly toward home, and all its old memories, and since you *wish* it, we will come."

And so, at last, Frank Forester brought his young wife home ; and to-day there is a path worn hard through the green meadow where they all go, but Kitty and her little Frank oftenest of all, over the alder-fringed brook, that a rustic bridge spans, to the Foresters' homestead beyond.

DILIGENCE REWARDED.—A divine benediction is always invisibly breathed on painful and lawful diligence. Thus, the servant employed in making and blowing of the fire (though sent away thence as soon as it burneth clear) oftentimes getteth by his pains a more kindly and continuing heat than the master himself, who sitteth down by the same ; and thus persons industriously occupying themselves thrive better on a little of their own honest getting, than lazy heirs on the large revenues left unto them.

AUNT SOPHIE'S VISITS.—NO. X.

BY LUCY N. GODFREY.

It was a bright morning in early September. Aunt Sophie stood upon the piazza of her tasteful home, a glad tear glistening in her eye as her heart swelled with the love and pride of a happy mother and the gratitude she owed to the good All Father for her treasures. A stranger would have noted the group upon the steps as beautiful; how much more did she, who looked with a mother's memory, love, and hope, rejoice in the bright play of soul and intellect through the features of those she loved!

Presently, the carriage driving up, Carrie and Henry hastened their good-bys. The boy's embraces were soon completed, and he sat upon the front seat, impatient to be away, before the trunks were in their places; Carrie lingered longer, for now the thought of the exceeding length of a three months' separation came over her with new, unwelcome force, and impulse prompted her to wish, as she clung to Emma, that, after all her hopes and plans, she might stay quietly at home. The older sister guessed something of this feeling, and spoke cheerfully of school pleasures, home letters, and the joy of returning as Edward assisted Carrie to her seat in the carriage. Then came mother's good-by kisses and last words of counsel or encouragement, and father's half careless hand-shaking, which made them feel large and consequential, and the carriage rolled away.

You will find it pleasant, my reader, to fancy their happiness as they rode, for surely you may sympathize with one of the four. Henry's proud joy was as cloudless as the blue vault above him, for his father had promised for the first time that he might drive the horses. Ay, the enthusiasm, the effervescing joy of the *first time*! Can you be glad at the sight of it, when your son or your grandson perhaps rejoices in his tiny new boots, his first panties with pockets, or his first drive? If not, we pity you, though you may claim far grander pleasures. Carrie sat a few moments pensively, then said, with a little sigh which provoked her father's laughter:—

"I do wish Emma was going to school with me."

She understood her mother's low reply: "You will learn self-dependence better without her." And soon her swift thoughts were busy with what she would learn, and her face glowed

with her enthusiastic resolves to outdo her mother's expectations in her efforts for self-improvement, while she was ready to enjoy, with ever-renewed youthful delight, the scenes through which they passed. And Uncle Charles and Aunt Sophie, think you that their pleasure was less than their children's as the scroll of Nature's handiwork was unrolled before them? The changing view, so beautiful and so suggestive of human happiness, in its neat villages, orchards laden with fruit, fields ripe for the harvest, its noble mountains, sun-bathed meadows, broad, bright river, murmuring brooklets, and arching forests had for their hearts a still higher beauty, in that they read from it of the infinite love and goodness of their Almighty Father. Their exclamations of delight were not so frequent as were those of their children, but Carrie was quite sure of their sympathy as she looked for the appreciating smiles which answered her enthusiastic words, or listened with pleased attention to the conversation, which taught her how each object was linked with pleasant associations in their minds.

We should love to join them in their pleasure-taking, save that our purpose of finding an earnest human interest in each visit of Aunt Sophie's warns us to content ourselves with knowing that she is gleaming rich treasures of thought in looking with her appreciating eyes upon that book of Nature which is so full of likenesses and analogies suggestive of the highest truths.

During the afternoon of their third day's ride, as Mr. Laselle and his daughter overtook the carriage at the summit of a long, wood-skirted hill, Henry begged his father to get in on the back seat, and let Carrie sit with him for a while.

"I don't see but I shall be obliged to, else the girl's brush will crowd her mother out," replied Uncle Charles, roguishly, as he glanced at his daughter's loaded hands.

"Oh, papa, I am only going to select the prettiest," replied Carrie, dropping her leaves and branches by the roadside.

"Mother has the prettiest already," said Henry, looking back to the bright frost-painted bough which Mrs. Laselle carried.

"So she has! Why, mother, where did you find it?"

"It lay just by that little bank covered with strawberry leaves, where in beauty it was like the first gray hair above a brow which has been thoughtful for us," replied Aunt Sophie, looking upon her husband.

"Thank you, Sophie," said the good man, expressively; adding, as he resumed his hat, assisted his wife to the carriage, and seated himself by her side: "Come, Carry, hasten, or we shall scarce have time to call at your Uncle Maynard's, and reach the seminary to-night."

"Mr. Maynard lives in the next village, does he not?" queried Aunt Sophie.

"Yes. His elegant mansion would be visible from here were it not for that hill."

"Oh, I hope we shall find Aunt Caroline and my cousins at home!" exclaimed Carrie, eagerly.

"It would matter less than she thinks, perhaps, if our card-cases were at hand," said Aunt Sophie, in a low tone. To which her husband responded:—

"Yet I have seen you when you anticipated seeing Sister Caroline even more eagerly than Carrie does now."

"Yes, and I always enjoy her visits at our house, for she was a very dear friend before her unfortunate marriage."

"Her fortunate marriage, she would say," replied Uncle Charles, smiling.

"Of course, and the world says the same, though it has transformed the affectionate, conscientious girl into the hard, cold-hearted, worldly woman."

"My wife rarely judges a friend so harshly," said Mr. Laselle.

"I find no pleasure in the judgment or in my fears that her daughter Fannie may lead the same kind of a frivolous, fashionable life."

"Ah, do you fear it? You certainly like her husband."

"Yes, but I do not yet like their union, for she married him without loving him as she ought."

"How came she to do so?"

"Why, Fannie, who is really a very sweet girl, loved, with all the ardor of her fresh nature, a young gentleman from Baltimore. He returned her affection, and for a time they knew the happiness of mutual love; but his family had other views for him, and, by dint of treachery, persuasion, and threats, made him give up the girl they knew only by report. Fannie was grieved and heart-crushed, while her mother, who should have tenderly led her from the broken earth love to a higher and more satisfying, was only indignant. About

this time, Philip Crowell came to the village, bringing testimonials of his personal worth to second what Caroline already knew of his claims to respect as the representative of one of the first families in Baltimore. Mr. Crowell's sadness, for he had lately buried a good father, won Fannie's sympathy, while his lameness claimed her pity. Her mother was well contented to let her daughter be her own natural self, since she saw that thus she would be likely to win a husband who might place her in a social position far above those who had scorned her, and so, without a thought beyond the present, Fannie read, sang, and conversed with Mr. Crowell, while he allowed himself to be completely fascinated by her beauty, grace, gentleness, and intelligence. She was surprised and grieved when he declared his love with an eloquence and passion which assured her how much he must suffer, since she had never thought of loving him. She did not believe she could ever love again, and therefore she would never be so false to her womanhood as to marry. She besought the young man to conquer the love, which had never been intentionally encouraged, and be to her the same dear friend he had been of late. This was impossible, for gradually her image had become associated with all that was dearest to him. He pressed his suit very earnestly, and was assisted by Mrs. Maynard's influence. Very likely he might have won the girl's affection, since there was a broad foundation of congenial tastes and sympathetic feeling, but he was taken violently ill. His was an uncalculating love, which delighted to dower its object with all that he had to give; so, when the physicians pronounced his recovery hopeless, he begged that Fannie might come to his hotel; and, that she might do so and bless his last days, he proposed immediate marriage, offering to bequeath his large property to her, as his wife. Caroline's worldliness was all awake. This great wealth for her daughter within grasp, she would not allow silly whims to thrust it from her. In vain Fannie entreated that she might go to Mr. Crowell as a friend; her mother forbade her seeing him at all, unless she would marry him immediately, while she constantly repeated his urgent requests that she would come to him. Fannie knew his love for her by her own for Fred Odell, and she could realize the precious comfort that it might be to him to call her his own before death. She felt that he would be very dear to her in that realm of light where 'they neither marry nor are given in marriage,' and at length was persuaded to

gratify his wishes. She did not know that her father and a lawyer preceded her to the sick chamber to make out papers which would assure to her a large inheritance. She was almost as pale as the sick man when he, apparently lying upon his death-bed, held her hand in a close clasp while the clergyman repeated the solemn words which made them one, and added impressive remarks upon that higher, holier life which seemed so real to the young couple then."

"And," said Uncle Charles, "it was when he was recovering from this illness that they visited us last fall, was it not? She seemed very careful of his health, I remember."

"Yes; and then Fannie was already learning to love him with a true wifely love. It was a pity misunderstandings should come between them, but scarcely to be wondered at, when we consider her mother's ambitious views for her."

"Were not Caroline's hopes accomplished in the marriage?"

"No, indeed; she would have her daughter triumph over the Odells; she wished them to see the beauty they had despised, and to know that their scorn had lifted it far higher than their kindness could have done. So when they returned, after their visit with us, she hastened their departure for Baltimore, bidding her daughter spare no pains or expense in eclipsing the proudest beauties of the city. She was so blinded by her unwomanly wish for triumph as to forget her usual tact, and Philip Crowell's sensitive nature was soon wounded by the belief that Fannie had married him for his money. From this belief rose reserve and coldness towards his young wife, who was thrown wholly upon the counsels of her mother, in listening to which she plunged into a heartless round of gayety, which was at first almost as repugnant to her tastes as to those of her husband. He soon persuaded her to return from his native city, where he was not only constantly called upon to accompany her to places of amusement, but frequently met Fred Odell, whose manly beauty reminded him of his own misfortune, of which he is but too much disposed to be morbidly conscious. They came back to Mr. Maynard's a little time before your cousin Hester visited us in the spring, and then Fannie was, by her mother's wish, hurrying from one scene of gayety to another, exciting the envy of the thoughtless, while her husband remained sadly in his room, little noticed and apparently uncared for save as the dispenser of that money which he sometimes was inclined to wish had been made his bride's, as he expected it would

be, by his death. I have heard nothing from them since Hester's visit, except a brief answer to a long, earnest letter which I wrote to Fannie, urging her to come to our home for a time, and showing her her duties as a wife, which should certainly give her more pleasure in the doing than any mere gayety could do. She was not offended by my plain speaking, but wrote that she had promised to go with her mother and Louise to Saratoga, adding, frankly, that she had become so accustomed to continual excitement she feared she should not enjoy our way of life as she once did. In her letter to me there were such traces of a dissatisfaction with herself and aspirations for something better than excitement that I should have felt encouraged for her had not a much longer one, which was inclosed to Emma, described their gayeties with a zest which seemed to prove that she was absorbed in them."

"Why," asked Uncle Charles, "if you feel that your influence might benefit her, do you not visit her, since she cannot find time to come to us? It is by your own acquiescence, at least, that we merely call to-day."

"I know it; but I do not think that I could exert any influence mid the whirl of excitement which makes the life of Caroline. So long as she looks back upon the true human feelings of her youth as silly notions which she has outgrown, I would sooner that they come to our home, to see the pure happiness of simple, unselfish pleasures. You would not carry water to a fastidious wine-drinker in the goblet which has ministered to his educated taste, though, when leading him out upon the hills, you would expect to see him appreciate the fresh, sweet draught from the gurgling spring. I can no more talk of the joys of disinterested care for the happiness of others in Caroline's home than I could go to the perfume-laden boudoir of your friend Wilhelmina Angelina Johannot to speak of the pure, exhilarating air of our native hills."

After a few minutes' silence, Mr. Laselle said, abruptly: "Well, mother, I'll tell you what we will do; we will persuade Caroline herself to return with us, and so come this way tomorrow. She was such a dear, good-hearted girl twenty years ago the crust of worldliness cannot be very deep." Then he added, in a cheerful tone that showed that difficulties had all vanished from his view: "Come, my boy, shall I take the reins? or are you equal to a grand entry into this big village?"

As our friends were sitting in the darkened parlor into which they had been ushered, Fannie

Crowell came eagerly to welcome them, with a series of exclamations of delight. Her mother had been sick for more than a fortnight, and had repeatedly wished for Aunt Sophie's presence. She would be so delighted to see her and Uncle Charles, and Louise would be charmed to have their young cousins to entertain. She thought it was very fortunate they had come now, for *ennui* never remained in her aunt's presence, and she and her sister had found it almost insufferable for the past week, while she believed that it was more than half that ailed her mother, now that her fever was gone. Fannie was greatly disappointed in her rapidly formed hopes when she found that they would only remain for a brief time, since Carrie should be at the neighboring seminary that night, and was about to run to her mother's chamber to apprise her of the hasty call; but Aunt Sophie checked her, bidding her go quietly, and merely tell her mother that she was there; then, following her niece to the sick-room, she took the fan from the hand of the nurse, and seated herself as though it were just the place to which she was accustomed.

"Don't talk yet; fancy yourself back in your girlhood's home, with me by your pillow, ready to tease you off to Lincoln woods," was her greeting, as she quietly rose and opened a window.

Mrs. Maynard soon felt the influence of the pure air, and the old memories; and as Aunt Sophie noticed that she was really strong enough to be benefited by cheerful conversation, she asked Fannie to speak to her Uncle Charles. He came, with a cheery, brotherly greeting, and during the hour which the three conversed, old time, youthful memories invigorated Mrs. Maynard's heart. Then Aunt Sophie said, decidedly—

"Now, Caroline, we must leave you for to-night. You have talked long enough for this time, and besides I wish to see your namesake in her new quarters at the seminary, and the session will open to-morrow. We will return to you in the morning at ten o'clock, precisely. Do not expect us before. If you cannot make yourself contentedly quiet, let one of your girls read Miss Blanche's 'Trap to Catch a Sunbeam' to you. Charles has a copy in his pocket, and you will find it a charming, cheerful little story."

Without giving the invalid time to remonstrate, they went to the parlor, where the young people had enjoyed the hour, and were soon again upon their way.

The next morning, arriving at the appointed

time, Mr. and Mrs. Laselle found their sister very much better. Aunt Sophie gladly consented to gratify her by remaining with her for a week or two; so Uncle Charles proposed returning in the cars himself, and leaving the horses for Mr. and Mrs. Crowell to return with his wife. This was a pleasant arrangement for all, though none more fully appreciated it than Philip Crowell. Aunt Sophie's kindly heart was grieved by the change which she observed in the young man. His sad, lonely, aimless life of the past year had altered the expression of his face and the tone of his voice, though a quick joy flashed through both as he greeted Mr. and Mrs. Laselle.

Aunt Sophie spent the morning with the invalid, but her husband, after a pleasant call in the sick-room, and a formal one in the office of his brother-in-law, strolled out upon the lawn with Philip, where they seated themselves beneath an elm and chatted the hours away. The young man's morbid melancholy met no encouragement and little sympathy from Uncle Charles, but he felt that it was good for him to listen to the worthy man's cheerful talk, and thus look upon life through his eyes, for a little time. He began to see, by the contrast, that his own vision was darkened, though he did not yet suspect how much it was obscured. In truth, his constant introspection and self-examination, though entered upon from worthy motives, had rendered him incapable of a fair judgment of himself. He blamed himself for everything, and thus his overburdened conscience had lost its elasticity, and he had begun to look upon himself as one having no lot or part in the joys of life. He did not wonder that his wife had little love for him, lame and unamiable as he knew himself, therefore he discontinued his efforts to win her affection. He felt that he had done her grievous wrong in binding her to him, and he would do no less than seek to gratify her every wish, and leave her just as free from his presence as she chose to be; so of late he had stifled his words of tenderness and lavished upon her rich presents. The coming of Mr. and Mrs. Laselle brought to him cheerful associations of the weeks following his marriage, and, as he remembered Fannie's thoughtful care for him then, sweet fancies of what their life might have been, had she loved him, as he then hoped she might, made his heart beat with a new pitying tenderness for her whose womanly nature must make her long for a renewal of such love as had once thrilled her heart.

After dinner, Mr. Crowell volunteered to

carry Mr. Laselle and Henry to the railway station, and commenced a request to Fannie to accompany them, but checked himself, saying—"Excuse me, dear; I had forgotten it would interfere with your nap."

Uncle Charles interposed that Sophie would go, so Fannie was silent, and Henry gladly ran to tell his mother that she was going to the depot. Thus Aunt Sophie had a long *tête-à-tête* with the young man upon their return ride.

A little distance from the depot was a pretty little cottage. As they passed it, a bright-eyed, happy-looking woman stood upon the veranda tossing a laughing baby. Just then a gig drove up and stopped, and the girlish matron tripped to the gate, to hold the little one up for papa to kiss.

"They make a pleasant picture," said Aunt Sophie.

"Yes," replied her companion; "it is our doctor; he is a happy man."

"He ought to be, and for that matter so ought you," responded Mrs. Laselle.

"Do you think I *ought* to be happy?" questioned Philip, in a sad, beseeching, earnest tone, and with a sudden glance of his expressive eyes, which revealed much of his sad inner life to Aunt Sophie's quick feelings.

"You certainly ought; but you will not succeed in this duty by dwelling upon it as a duty. You need to have more interests out of yourself; for you have something to do in this world besides keeping habitual, unprofitable watch over your feelings, and summoning each to the bar of a morbidly sensitive conscience."

"But I have no motive for work, and little interest in life, save in seeing a happiness which I cannot increase. What better can I do than to watch lest I do or think evil, since I am so powerless for good?"

"And what makes you powerless for good? Nothing, I assure you, but your own morbid feelings. Stop, don't tell me of them; you will soon overcome them, and then you will feel mortified that you have exposed them to me. You are not the first who has lost interest in life, and gained a weary, depressing feeling of worthlessness by letting his mind prey idly upon itself. You do not need to work for daily bread, but you do need to work for happiness. I do not mean that you must do manual labor, but you must do something for a definite object. You may study for desired improvement, and call that work, if you please; indeed, I can well believe that such employment may suit your tastes and insure your happiness."

"Do you believe that I can be happy—set

apart as inferior to my fellow men, as I am, by this lameness?" said Philip, sadly.

"Have you never been happy since you were lame?" was the searching reply.

Memory was true, and she called a sweet smile to the young man's lips as he answered: "Yes, I remember the happiest summer of my life was that when I was first assured I must always be lame. It was when I was sixteen. I had always been a healthy boy, full of life and spirits, till the summer before I contracted a fondness for lying in the water. No one realized how constantly I was in the river till I was ill in consequence. I shudder now at the recollection of the months of suffering which followed. Many times during the fall and winter my life was despaired of; but I mended in the spring, and when bright summer came I was well, save this lameness. How little I minded it then! Why, I can scarce remember that I noticed it, save as entitling me to extra consideration. I had suffered till freedom from pain was itself happiness; and I was so delighted to be out of doors again. I had to study, and that assiduously, for I had lost a long time, but my tutor was all kindness when lessons were finished. My dear good mother, too, loved her lame boy almost to idolatry. Yes, I had good parents then; I ought to have been happy, and I was. Ah, if I could only be the noble man my mother hoped I would become!" and the tears gathered in the young man's eyes. There was a long silence, then Philip said: "My mother died that fall."

"I can realize what your grief must have been, but I know that her death did not take all the happiness from your young life."

"Oh, no: I saw more sad hours after that—hours when I longed unutterably for her loving tenderness; but I was very much interested in my studies, and looking forward to high college honors at their close. I gained the empty honors, but very soon afterward I lost my honored father. Ah, he would have guided me forward in life, with a wise and loving hand!"

"He left his memory with you, and your heart still fresh to form new ties," said Mrs. Laselle gently.

"Oh, yes," and Philip's eye kindled. "It was such a joy to learn to love my peerless Fannie. I should find it a sufficient delight now, but that I wronged her in binding her bright life to my weary one, though I did not realize the lot I was urging upon her acceptance. I never saw myself clearly till I felt that her husband should have no blemish."

"Fannie never told you that she regrets her marriage, did she?"

"No, ma'am; she is too true a woman, and knows too well the exceeding sacredness of the marriage relation. She tries to believe that she loves me as she ought, but if she did she would never content herself with the frivolous pleasures which occupy her of late, for balls and parties are not her sphere, constantly as she frequents them."

"How came she within their magic circle? Her taste must have changed, for more than once she has remained at my home for months without expressing a wish for a gayer life than we led."

Philip sat a few moments in thought, then said, sadly—

"I scarcely know. Perhaps I was to blame. Perhaps I urged her to go more than I ought, thinking duty to me inclined her to stay. Her mother's talk at one time made me believe that Fannie married me for the money which should be hers by my confidently predicted death. Those were false, thoughtless words, but they wakened me from my sweet dream of love, and when I learned their falsity, I could not clasp the dream again."

"Did you try?" said Aunt Sophie, gently. "Did you tell your wife of the unjust thoughts you had cherished, and strive to strengthen the tie between you by that of perfect confidence, or did you turn from injustice to her, to injustice to her husband, and henceforth blame yourself for the reserve you should have banished? Every thought of your unworthiness has been a traitor to her happiness, as well as to yours. You are her husband, and you have no right to waste your time in useless inquiries as to whether either might have been better mated. You *must* make this union a happy one now, and you have a right to claim her assistance in the matter. Talk with her, then. You will find her as ready to love you as you can wish, unless I am greatly mistaken. She needs your love, too; you wrong her when you conceal it from her. She must change very much before she will find any satisfying pleasure in outshining others, but she may gradually learn to seek happiness thus if she have no real home joys. Seek her highest good, not only for this brief life but for that which lies beyond, and you shall find your reward, for thus shall your advancement in the upward path keep pace with hers. Let the first step in your happier life be to confide in your wife; unitedly, you will see clearly how you may insure a constantly increasing love."

"Thank you, I will do so," said Philip, and the two were silent till they reached Mr. Maynard's.

At twilight, when Aunt Sophie came to the parlor, after seeing her sister quietly asleep, she found Fannie awaiting her.

"I am very glad you have come down," said the niece, "for you will remember how we used to love to sit at your feet at this hour." As she drew forward her stool, Mrs. Laselle said—

"Where is your husband? Will he not miss you?"

"Oh no, he never misses me," Fannie replied, carelessly.

"You mean he never says he misses you, do you not? Philip Crowell is not one who expresses all his feelings."

"Well, here comes Louise; I will go and see where the gentleman is, though I never thought of his being lonely."

Fannie found her husband standing by the window of their room, looking out upon the gathering darkness. Stepping softly behind him, with a feeling of unwonted tenderness, awakened by the thought that he might well have missed her sometimes, she gave the first notice of her presence by repeated kisses upon his fair hand.

"My wife! I was thinking of you," exclaimed Philip, as he caught her in his arms, and sat down with her in his easy chair.

An hour later the young couple entered the parlor, with a new happiness illuminating their faces.

"I have found him; have I been long?" Fannie asked.

"No, dear," replied Aunt Sophie; "but you must be careful not to lose him again, lest you should not find him so readily. Louise and I have had a very pleasant conversation upon something to do as essential to happiness. I think I shall bring her to my way of thinking."

"A long time before you can to your way of doing, I fancy," laughed Fannie.

"Ah, it looks well for you to laugh at me for idleness, when Aunt Sophie does not," responded Louise.

"I know there is room for us both to improve," replied Fannie; "and Aunt Sophie will tell us how, will you not?"

Then the conversation became practical in its relations to the every day conduct of the talkers.

During the following days, Aunt Sophie was glad to miss Fannie from her mother's room,

since she saw that her niece was finding unusual happiness in the companionship of her husband. She had a great deal of pleasant conversation with Mrs. Maynard, which she hoped might bring rich fruits of happiness, first to those dependent upon the lady, and then scarcely less to her who would now seek their welfare. That Mr. Maynard should fail of his allegiance to the shrine of mammon was not to be expected, but there was too little real sympathy between him and his wife to prevent her seeking happiness in another channel than the display of his wealth, without remark from him.

Philip Crowell's whole nature was expanding beneath the sun of happiness. More than once his involuntary expressions of pleasure showed Fannie how deeply he had felt her thoughtless neglect, and made her resolve to be careful for the future. Aunt Sophie, through her lively sympathy, rejoiced in the happiness of the young couple, while her presence hindered not the expression of their eager plans for the future, during their pleasant journey to her home. They now began to look forward to making a home for themselves, and Mrs. Laselle encouraged them in their eager anticipations.

Two or three years later, Aunt Sophie visited at the happy home of Philip Crowell. The young man presented a marked contrast to his former self; happiness and energy altered his whole expression, and Mrs. Laselle felt instantly that his was a life to rejoice in. Fannie was happy as—I may as well say happy as herself, for there need be none happier than was the good and loving wife, with her first baby in her arms. And the baby! the sweet, little, lively, laughing, blue-eyed darling, with its bright, chubby face, and wee, dimpled hands! Ah, Aunt Sophie loved the baby dearly, as, indeed, no one could have done otherwise had she, like her, read and been gladdened by Fannie's cheerful, chatty letters.

Philip had been steadily developing his genius as an artist, and many a picture from his easel already awakened loving thoughts of him in the homes of his friends. He loved his art enthusiastically, for it helped him to a keener and more appreciating love of nature, and enlarged his capacity for happiness by inciting him to store his fancy with such images of beauty as may be joys to him forever. He no longer walks in loneliness, by his heavy, listless gait making still more marked the lameness which he is so morbidly anxious to

ignore. Indeed, he does not often think of the lameness, now, for his mind is filled with pleasanter things, and his strong though graceful cane helps him to walk with a quick step, which he knows is eagerly listened for at home.

FEMININE DECORATIONS IN DIFFERENT COUNTRIES.

THE ladies in Japan gild their teeth, and those of the Indies paint them red. The blackest teeth are considered the most beautiful in Guzerat; while in Greenland the women color their faces with blue and yellow. However fresh the complexion of a Muscovite may be, she would think herself very ugly if she were not plastered with paint. The Chinese must have their feet as diminutive as those of she-goats; and to make them so, their youth is passed in the torture of small wooden shoes.

In some countries, mothers break the noses of their children; and in others, they press the head between two boards that it may become square. The modern Persians have a strong aversion to red hair. The Turkish women, on the contrary, are warm admirers of it. The Indian is thickly smeared with bear's fat; and the female Hottentot receives from the hand of her lover warm intestines and reeking tripe, with which to decorate herself.

In China small eyes are not admired. The Turkish ladies dip a gold brush in the tincture of a black drug, which they pass over their eyebrows, to cause them to appear prominent, and they tinge their nails with a rose color.

The female headdress is, in some countries, singularly extravagant. The Chinese fair one carries on her head the figure of a bird: this bird is composed of copper or gold, according to the quality of the person; the wings, which are spread out, fall over the front of the headdress, and conceal the temples; the tail is long and open, and forms a beautiful tuft of feathers: the beak shades the top of the nose, and the neck is fastened to the body by a spring, that it may freely play, and undulate at the slightest motion.

Bruce writes, as the climax of female decorations, his description of the favorite queen of Senaar: "A ring of gold passed through her under lip, and weighed it down till it almost covered her chin, leaving her teeth bare, which were very small and very fine; the inside of her lip was blackened with antimony; her ears reached down to her shoulders, and had the appearance of wings; there was a gold ring in each of them, about five inches in diameter,

and somewhat thinner than a man's little finger; the weight of this had drawn down the hole where her ear was pierced so much that three fingers might easily pass above the ring. Her neck was adorned with a gold necklace of several rows, one above the other, to which were hung rows of perforated sequins, and upon her ankles were two rings of gold, larger than those used for chaining felons." Another of the wives, in addition to these, "had chains coming from her ears to the outside of each nostril, where they were fastened. A ring was also put through the gristle of her nose, and it hung down to the opening of her mouth; having altogether something of the appearance of a horse's bridle."

THREE PICTURES.

BY JULIA ROSS.

There's a picture flitting before me,
With its lights and shadows to-day,
Of a scene in a dim, old forest
On a hillside far away;
Where a band of happy children
Are waking the echoes there,
With the sound of their gleeful voices
Borne forth on the summer air.

The light grows fainter and dimmer
In the tender evening gloom,
And the hillside seems an altar
With the incense of perfume;
The wood is a grand cathedral,
And the leaves are organ keys,
And the zephyrs are sweet musicians
That play through the waving trees.

There's another picture that cometh,
'Tis that of a prairie home,
Where a maiden sits and gazes
At the sky's unclouded dome—
She dreams of the rosy future,
And sighs for the golden past,
And her thoughts go dreamily wandering
O'er a wilderness dim and vast.

She sits in the purple even,
When the stars break one by one
From the mantle that softly wraps them
From the gaze of the garish sun.
And her spirit holds communion
With the spirits that haunt the air;
Alas, must she wake from dreaming,
To know earth's want and care?

And there is a third sweet vision
That most I love to see,
And ever in happier moments
It beauty comes back to me:
'Tis that of a path that windeth
In and out through the forest shade,
And nature in light and beauty
Comes forth as a bride arrayed.

Anon this green path leadeth
Where loveliest visions shine,
Such scenes of immortal beauty
As I dare not wish were mine;
And I go on my winding pathway,
And I go not, dearest, alone;
But the sunset light has faded,
And the beautiful visions down.

LORD RONALD.

BY ETTA W. PIERCE.

Ah, home let him speed—for the spoiler is nigh!
CAMPBELL.

GAY huntsmen were riding by Evan's wild shore,
Shrill bugle-blasts sounded on mountain and moor;
To his low covert bounded the light-footed hare,
And the startled roe fled from his green forest lair,
As down o'er the hills where the sweet heather shone,
With light plumage dancing,
And gay chargers prancing,
The train of Lord Ronald swept merrily on.

The soft, silver bells of the falcon rung clear,
And the baying of hounds on the course of the deer
Woke tremulous echoes along the wild shore,
Where Evan's dark waters eternally roar;
And still o'er the hills through the beautiful morn,
With light plumage dancing,
And gay chargers prancing,
The train of Lord Ronald swept merrily on.

They galloped o'er mountain, and meadow, and fen—
By the mirroring tarn and the pine-covered glen;
And bravely rode Ronald—right bravely, I trow,
With a haughty young lip and a shadowless brow,
Till the merry elves danced in the cells of the morn,
And the greenwood was ringing
With mystical singing,
As it thrilled to the sound of his shrill bugle horn.

The lone thrush had fluttered away to her nest;
The blushes of sunset were red in the west;
The voice of the huntsman was hushed on the plain;
The hawk it had fallen, the wild stag was slain,
When home to the hall and the red ingle-side,
Through the shadowy gloaming,
With chargers a-foaming,
The train of Lord Ronald all merrily ride.

Oh high beat the heart of Lord Ronald, I ween,
When the turreted walls of his castle were seen,
For he thought of the eyes, and the dark-dowing hair,
And the smiling red lips that awaited him there.
She was watching to greet him—his gentle lady—
And so through the gloaming,
With charger a-foaming,
Lord Ronald rode proudly and right merrilie.

He entered his court-yard—no warder was there;
There was blood on the pavement and blood on the stair;
Through the tenantless chambers the night-breezes
sighed—
His halls were deserted, and gone was his bride!
The black raven croaked on the storm-battered wall,
And the wind was replying,
Like dirge for the dying,
To the howl of the hound in the desolate hall!

MRS. MILLS' REPENTANCE.

BY ALICE B. HAVEN.

"WHAT am I to do in the mean time?" inquired Mr. Mills, as his wife sketched her plans for the summer.

She was an energetic lady, and "set in her own way," as energetic ladies most generally are. She had found that board was much cheaper at a distance from town, particularly off the line of the principal railways, and, considering this a grand stroke of economy, proposed that she should take her nurse and five children to the delightful village of Cairo, on a spur of the Catskills, and pass June, July, and August there.

"We shall save at least seventy-five dollars by it, and no necessity of dressing as we had to do at Amboy, where everybody knew us," said Mrs. Mills, adding up a formidable column of specifications as she talked. Her husband had listened attentively to every feature of the proposed reform. His own name did not appear in the schedule; no wonder that he asked with some interest how he was to be disposed of.

"Oh, that is easy enough," said Mrs. Mills; "just wait a moment. Yes, five from seven, two; eight from thirteen, five; fifty-two more," she added, triumphantly, "for there is the difference between Ann's wages and board, and the washing given out at country prices, added to the difference between your fare to Cairo once a week and going up and down in the boat every day to Perth Amboy."

"So I am to come up only once a week?"

"I thought you said you couldn't leave your business often?"

"How long does it take to go?"

"You can go two ways, Mrs. Williams says; she was there last year and year before, and only paid four dollars all round, at the best hotel, too, but it's raised this year to five. Why, there are the cars, you know, if you should be in a hurry, and you can cross at Catskill and drive out in a couple of hours; or you can take the boat Saturday night, and land at Catskill, driving out the next morning."

"Landing in the middle of the night and driving out Sunday morning. Thank you, Ann; I'm not given to Sunday drives."

"Well, come out in the cars, then; so much the better."

"It's the hottest, dustiest road in the coun-

try; I always did hate the Hudson River Road in the summer!"—Mr. Mills spoke rather petulantly. "Why can't we go to Amboy, the same as usual, and not have all this fuss?"

"Why, Albert! haven't I shown you that we can save a hundred and twenty-seven dollars by it?" And his wife's face looked her astonishment at any further inducement being necessary.

"Yes, to spend on some nonsense or other in the fall—carpets or curtains, or something one could do very well without."

Mr. Mills was "burning," as children say when they hide the handkerchief; he had hit upon the object of his wife's prudential counsels at the first guess. Mrs. Mills had come to the conclusion that she needed new second-story carpets, and there was no use in getting new for up stairs when she might transfer the first to the second floor, and have a velvet instead of a Brussels in the parlor, with very little additional cost. Mr. Mills would be brought to this view of the case with difficulty; he liked the present pattern, and often spoke of it as he contemplated his boots and their natural resting-place through wreaths of cigar-smoke; but if Mrs. Mills could say, "There's the money, now; I've saved every dollar of it for you this summer," Mr. Mills would be had at advantage.

"I haven't heard how I'm to be disposed of, meantime," said Mr. Mills, at this stage of the calculation. "You talk about dismissing Ann?"

"Why, there would be nothing for her to do if she had no washing, don't you see? And I thought it would be so nice to have you take your meals at a restaurant, and only sleep home; old Dinah could come in two or three times a week, and see to things, and sweep off the pavement, and clean the door-knobs; it would be a real charity to employ her, and burglars always judge by pavements and door-knobs, Mrs. Williams says, whether the family are at home."

Mr. Mills was decidedly a domestic man; he had no turn for politics, nor military drills, nor billiards; he attended the Wednesday evening lecture at his parish church, and consequently was not in the theatre-going line. The prospect of keeping house with old Dinah looked rather forlorn in the distance; but he was, unfortu-

nately, "the weaker vessel," and his objections were overborne.

Mrs. Mills commenced at once to make vigorous preparations for "going to the country." She had an excellent capacity for business, and her outfit for herself and five children was complete, even to rural toys, such as miniature rakes and wheelbarrows for the boys; and "play suits," much after the style of Mrs. Bloomer, for the little girls, stout walking-shoes, Shaker bonnets, Canada straw hats littered the chambers, trunks began to accumulate in the upper hall, and nondescript pieces of baggage, such as a bathing-tub, sewing-chair, crib, and bird-cage, securely enveloped, blockaded the parlor door. Nor was this all; Mrs. Mills was a careful housekeeper as well as mother, with an eye to furniture scratches, and dust, and fading of carpets. To save the latter and to prepare more conveniently for the fall house-cleaning, every one was removed, except in the attics, where it was of no consequence. The books and fancy articles were packed away in closets and drawers, the pictures veiled by thick mosquito netting, the chandeliers and furniture slipped into *robes de chambre* of brown Holland. One could scarcely picture a more completely dismantled residence or a gloomier view than that which saluted Mr. Mills on his return from conveying his family to their summer quarters. No little ones clambering down stairs backwards from the nursery, in their haste to meet him, no cheerful confusion of school caps and coats on the hat-rack, no noisy slamming of doors, as the elder children came in from their walks or play, no appetizing odor of dinner coming on the table, no brisk habitual greeting from the ever-punctual though sometimes overbearing Mrs. Mills. The door echoed the emptiness of the mansion as it swung to behind him; the closed shutters left him in almost Egyptian darkness. He stumbled straight on, and undid the fastening of the entrance from the back of the house as the quickest way of recovering daylight, and followed up the movement by throwing open the blinds of the extension-room. It was used as a household apartment, and book-cases lined one side. In the dearth of any occupation, he tried one of the glass doors; Mrs. Mills had carefully removed and secreted the key, burglars being always of a literary turn of mind. The bare floors and shrouded furniture were not particularly inviting, and Mr. Mills carried a chair out to the back piazza rather than face the portrait of his wife, staring in a ghostly manner through the drapery that covered it. He had dined on his

way up from his office, so he had not that resource before him; all his acquaintances were out of town, and evening calls were out of the question. He was glad to see it growing dark as he betook himself to a cigar, with his feet elevated to the top of the railing. It was a breathless evening of the first "heated term," and the close area between the two rows of tall brick houses did not favor the circulation of air, had there been any in the neighborhood. The houses on each side were as empty as his own, their inmates already consigned to country lodgings. He found some amusement in watching the explorations of a cat on the roofs of the opposite piazza, and passing companionship in the cries of a child being hushed to sleep in the nursery of the house directly in the rear of his own. But the cat disappeared, the baby went to sleep at last, and Mr. Mills was compelled to resign the last fragment of his cigar, to which he had clung fondly and lingeringly. It was quite dark in the house when he returned to the parlor, animated by a recollection of two columns of the evening paper still unread. He had ever shunned "Letters from our Fashionable Watering-Places," by the immortal Jenkins, as dull in the extreme, but went at them on this occasion with zest, and finished the very last sentence. He looked at his watch; delightful discovery! it was ten minutes of nine; he could go to bed, and after bed there was breakfast and business to look forward to.

But his bed was not quite so comfortable the second night; it was not one of black Dinah's days, and of course it had been untouched; he managed tolerably, however, by sleeping in Mrs. Mills' vacant place, but the aspect of his chamber was still less inviting than it had been the evening before, from the disordered state of pillows and counterpane, and the soiled clothes of yesterday still bestrewing the carpetless floor; nor was there any special improvement in Dinah's style of chamber-work; she did far more justice to the sidewalk department.

Mr. Mills uttered some complaints as to his situation when he paid his first visit to Cairo, declaring that it was his intention never to be separated from his family again, even if they were all obliged to stay in town all summer. In reply to this, Mrs. Mills called up little Joe, and showed his father how much he had improved already; and what might not be expected from such air and such bread and milk in three months' time. There was Nena, too, always a delicate child, and her father's particular pet and plaything; there was almost a color in her sallow cheeks, and her mother declared that

the thin arms and neck were fast filling up. She was persuaded that Nena would have died if they had stayed in town, and would have had chills if they had gone to Amboy.

"In fact," said Mrs. Mills, "I have come to the conclusion that there are chills everywhere within forty miles of New York, and if we care for the real good of our children, we must be self-sacrificing. Do you suppose it's any pleasure for me to be so far away from ma, and Matilda, and Aunt Jane?"—she did not say from him. "But I have always tried to do my duty to my children."

Mr. Mills received the repacked carpet-bag, which contained his allowance of clean clothes for the week, at her hands, and felt convicted of the most unnatural and unparental selfishness. It was hard to hear the clamorous "good-by, papa," from the little crowd, and know he should not hear their blithe voices for a week to come; and then Willie might fall into the creek, meantime, or Joe get his hand cut off by the hay-cutting machine he had been discovered experimenting with in the stables of the hotel. Little Nena clung to him and he to the child, but the wagon was at the door, and he might miss the day boat, so he sat the child down and shut his ears to the imploring "Pease, papa, don't do; pease don't do from Nena!"

"I hope you will find the house all safe," said Mrs. Mills, waiting on the piazza; "and don't on any account forget the bottle of hair tonic, the biscuitina, the pearl barley, and the Castile soap, when you come out on Saturday. Oh, and some envelopes, and my old plaid shawl on the third shelf of the hall pantry. Be sure Dinah attends to the door knobs, won't you, Albert? and here's the key of the book-case; but pray don't leave it in the lock."

"I hope I don't intrude," said Mrs. Mills, stepping into No. 10 immediately after her husband's departure. No. 10 was occupied by Mrs. Williams, who had been the authority in the matter of the Green County Hotel.

"O la, no!" and Mrs. Williams pushed a chair towards her fellow boarder, without disturbing herself to rise. "One doesn't feel up to anything such a warm morning." And she applied herself to a large palm-leaf fan, and the gentle stimulant of a Boston rocking-chair.

Mrs. Mills had brought her "work"—a quantity of colored wools, and some knitting-pins—she was about to commence that useful, in fact indispensable article, in Afghan.

"So Mr. Mills is off," remarked Mrs. Williams, languidly. "He'll get tired of coming

up every week after a little while. Mr. Williams has long ago. Didn't he groan over the trip?"

"Not so much over that as being left alone in the house. He's such a home body; he actually says this is the last year we shall go out of town. It does seem as if men never thought of anybody but themselves; what would become of the children, poor dears!"

"La, Mrs. Mills, men are all alike. I really do believe men are the most selfish beings on the face of the earth! No, mother can't take you up, mother's tired; run away to nursery, you everlasting little teaze, you!" And Mrs. Williams shook her skirt clear from the grasp of her second child, a fretful, teasing little one. "When a wife is slaving herself to death over housekeeping nine months in the year, it does seem as if she ought to have a little peace, doesn't it, Mrs. Mills? but men never consider."

"Yes, a mother never has any rest though, in town or out of it, that's the worst of the whole thing. Dear knows, I should like Mr. Mills' chance for a while, nothing on earth to do but amuse himself; no cares, no worries. But people never know when they're well off, or how much is done for them. Many a woman, I say to Mr. Mills, situated like me, would insist on being taken to Saratoga or Long Branch; and I'm willing to be jerked off up here in this out of the way place to help Mr. Mills along, such times as these are too, and this is all the thanks I get for it."

"Wasn't he delighted to see the children so improved? I wish my poor little toads would pick up half as fast."

Mrs. Mills found it convenient not to answer at that moment. She was turning a corner of her work, and thinking, "the only wonder was that they lived at all, allowed to eat hot biscuit, and pickles, and rich gravies, and drink tea and coffee as strong as she could bear it, and like a syrup with sugar." To be sure, the nurse fed them, but Mrs. Mills never trusted to her nurse. Nena would have been in her grave long ago if she had! "If the first duty in life isn't our children, I'd like to know what is?" said Mrs. Mills, virtuously. "We ought to be satisfied with anything. I told Mr. Mills so."

"You always are so self-sacrificing, Mrs. Mills; I declare it's enough to do one good to talk to you. You really must stay and lunch with me to-day. What do you manage to order for lunch?"

Mrs. Williams had managed very well her-

self. There was fresh milk bread, as white and far sweeter than French rolls, sponge-cake light as a puff, and a bowl of crimson strawberries, with a pitcher of yellow cream. She helped her visitor liberally, and herself bountifully, adding a few of the very largest berries to the pile, and choosing the largest piece of sponge-cake in the dish.

"How do you like 'A Mother's Trials,' Mrs. Mills?" inquired Mrs. Williams, as she slowly "mashed" the contents of her plate, to incorporate the sugar with the fruit more thoroughly. "I think it is such a sweet touching book; my, how I did cry over it! What in the world do you want now, Marianne? No, mother hasn't got any to spare. Strawberries ain't good for little girls, or cake either. I do wish, *Bridget*, you would have a little more consideration for me and keep these children out of the way; they always rush the moment they see my lunch coming up: I never do have a meal in peace"—and the aggrieved lady proceeded very calmly, nevertheless, while the child was borne away kicking and screaming. "Did you ever notice Mr. Johnson? He always puts me in mind of the husband in that book."

"I don't think he seems particularly devoted," Mrs. Mills thought the remark was safe, when others stood ready to say so much more.

"He used to be, though. La, I remember the first year or so, he was always underfoot; we boarded together at Tarrytown that year; but after she took to going to Seaborn and Clarendon Springs, and so far from home in the summer, he just took his own way, and amused himself as he could. That's how it began. I should like to see Mr. Williams conducting himself so; dear me, he doesn't mind in the least. He says it's a perfect relief to get rid of the children, and have a little quiet. I dare say Mr. Mills does, too."

A recollection of the parting between Nena and her father would not allow Mrs. Mills to assent to this remark, and it occurred to her that it would not be particularly agreeable to have her now devoted husband as indifferent, not to say neglectful, as Mr. Johnson appeared to be.

The interval between lunch and dinner was so brief that it was a miracle how Mrs. Williams continued to have such an appetite for lamb and green peas, cup custards, and rhubarb tarts, but she managed to make her way through the bill of fare without slighting any of the rural delicacies which the host of the Greene County Hotel had provided abundantly,

and subsequently retired to fortify herself for supper by a nap. Mrs. Mills—who never found time for napping in town—also indulged herself, and lay down in a wrapper, with a volume of the touching novel under discussion in her hand, just as Mr. Mills was landing on the hot, crowded wharf in New York, and making his way through ill smelling side streets to his office, where he found that his absence from 'change that morning had cost him half of the "saying" Mrs. Mills expected to accomplish.

She had suggested to him that this would be a good opportunity to send for an individual whose profession is more useful than elegant, and who undertakes for the sum of five dollars to divest any given premises of all unwelcome intruders. Mr. Mills called to see this functionary on his way up town, but found that his order-book was crowded, and it would be a week or more before their house could receive attention. Meantime he had eaten nothing since an early breakfast among the mountains, and now proceeded to a restaurant. He wondered, as he sat awaiting the lamb chop and tomato sauce he had ordered, how he ever could have enjoyed his bachelor life! The slatternly look of the waiters, the slops on the marble tables, the untidy castors and still more untidy tablecloth, together with the mingled odors of soup and steak, boiled and roast, from below, took away his appetite. He thought longingly of his own neat dinner-table, with its spotless linen, its shining glass and silver, the trim maid servant in her ample white apron, the brown smoking joint that it was a pleasure to carve. And then the loneliness—it was as bad as solitary confinement—the meal swallowed in silence, and the return to an empty echoing house.

It began to tell on his spirits after a month of this life, and the dinners at the restaurant on his digestion; besides, the Professor of Magic Powders had made his visitation, and the air of his sleeping apartment particularly gave token that it was not without success. Ventilation had not the slightest effect, nor his wife's cologne, that he sprinkled liberally; there the foul air remained until time should bear away the hidden cause.

When the close, sultry days of the last of July came on, Mr. Mills found himself unusually languid, and disinclined to food or exertion of any kind. Friends whom he met accidentally began to ask if he had been ill, and recommended seaside trips, and at last the latent tendencies developed. He woke one morning, and found himself unable to rise; his limbs

pained him severely, his head was confused and dizzy. There was not a particle of food in the house, the restoratives were all under lock and key in the cellar; it was not one of Dinah's days. He managed to get a glass of water, and placed it on a chair beside him, and then he dozed off, thinking he should be better by and by, and able to go to a physician. At noon he roused with a burning heat and stifling thirst, drank, and slept again; so the day and night passed. Towards morning he began to realize that he must be very ill, and needed help; he thought of going to a window and calling for a policeman, but it was such an effort to move, and then his mind was clouded again. A great horror of dying there all alone came over him, as much alone and as helpless as if he had been on a desert island, when he should have been surrounded by every comfort which competency could bring. He saw himself chained to that bed, and starving, perishing of thirst; he would have given all his summer gains for a glass of ice-cold water. He longed for his children, for Nena's soft, baby hand, always ready to smooth dear papa's forehead; a strange, hard feeling towards his wife arose in the midst of all the wild fancies that were almost ravings. She had deserted him, she had stripped him of all the comforts of life, she had taken his children from him; and then he called for Nena, for little Joe, for water; and so the dull morning broke.

Mrs. Mills had commenced the fifth row of her Afghan, and had arrived at the most absorbing "situation" in "The Woman in White." She had just been saying to Mrs. Williams that it was strange she had not heard from Mr. Mills that week, and they must make the most of August; for when they had commenced on the last month of the summer, it always seemed to fly. She was absorbed in the symptoms of "Marion's" unfortunate illness, when she received a telegraph forwarded from Catskill, and signed by an unknown physician.

"Mr. Mills dangerously ill of typhoid fever. Lose no time."

Mrs. Williams had said, "no news was good news;" but it did not prove so in this case.

Mrs. Mills and her forlorn little flock went down in the night boat. All her extra baggage was left behind, and her clothes in the wash.

"Dangerously ill." It had never occurred to her before that her husband could die. He had become so much a part of her prosperous existence, such a matter of course appendage to her comfort and well-being, that she had lost all the tendernesses of those early days when

they were struggling along together, upholding each other by mutual good cheer and loving kindnesses. A memory of these days came back upon her—of days before that time, when she had been chosen from a toilsome life by the clever, industrious, rising Mr. Mills, and had felt so proud of his attentions. She laid it all over in the sleepless hours of that long, endless night.

The morning was misty and chilly, with a drizzling rain. For the first in all those years she was obliged to go forward and attend to everything herself; and when, after many vexations and delays, they were seated in a dirty, miserable vehicle, which had been put off upon her in her helplessness, the slow circuitous route was torture to her foreboding anxiety.

She almost expected to see the badge of loss and loneliness already on the door, as she came in sight of her own dwelling; but no, only a physician's gig, early as it was, and Dinah taking in some ice. She did not wait to see what became of the children, but hurried up the steps, and into that desolate-looking house; how desolate and forlorn she had not before realized! At least she should see him before he died; but when she reached his bedside she would scarcely have known him, he was so altered by those three days of wasting sickness. His luxuriant hair was shorn close to his head; his eyes were wild and meaningless; his lips cracked and blacked by fever.

Mr. Mills' last conscious thought was a bitter sense of loneliness and desertion. When they once more framed themselves connectedly and consciousness returned, the disordered, uncomfortable bed was spread with smooth fair linen sheets; the pillow was cool and soft to his touch; the staring sunshine was tempered to a pleasant light; a ready hand held a refreshing draught to his lips, and his head was raised tenderly that he might taste it. He had called for his clinging, affectionate little Nena, and the child's awed, wandering face was looking into his, and her little hands were wound around his emaciated fingers. He could not understand it.

"Almost

He thought that he had died in sleep,
And was a blessed ghost—"

And without knowing more he sank away into a long refreshing sleep, the earnest of recovery.

His mind came to him fully with the waking, and he knew whose was the gentle, ministering hand that anticipated all his wants. His wife was watching by his bedside, so changed, so softened, almost humble in her deference to

him, and the old affection no longer hidden, or encrusted by cares and prosperity, but welling up with the unwonted words—"precious husband, do you know me!" and a soft lingering kiss, such as he had not had for years, upon his forehead. He still thought he was going to die; for the weakness was like death; but he was content to go so, and almost dreaded convalescence lest the vision should vanish.

But it did not, nor its spirit either; he left his room once more, the master of his own house, and that house restored to its wonted order and comfort, cooled by the fine September

air, and brightened by the laughter of his children.

They have never been separated since. Mrs. Mills declared, of her own accord, that what was good enough for her husband, was good enough for her and the children; and they had had their last summer's country boarding, it is true; for, though she does not know it yet, her husband has purchased and furnished a cottage within driving distance of the city, on the broad beautiful Long Island Sound, and it is to be her birthday surprise, when the time for disclosure arrives.

BROAD LINE DRAWING LESSONS.

Fig. 115.



Fig. 115 is a fisherman with his heavy boat bearing out to the ocean under a strong breeze. A very pretty subject, and quite inspiring, be-

cause it reminds us very strongly of the seashore and its pleasures. Fig. 116 is two boys engaged in fishing.

Fig. 118.



MY CHILDHOOD'S HOME.—A SONG.

BY JAMES RISTINE.

My childhood's home! my childhood's home!
How beautiful thou art,
When thoughts of thee like wildwood flowers
Spring round my pensive heart!
The shaded woods, where madrigals
Were chanted by the bird,
As freshly bloom before mine eyes—
As vividly are heard.

Oh, mem'ries of my early youth!
Ye cling around my soul
As pearls of morning brightly gem
The rose's leafy bowl;
And though in busy care ye fade,
And leave its sorrow burn,
Again like vanished dews of morn
At evening ye return.

The little valley near the grove,
And crystal fountain there,
All spring to life when fancy pours
Her magic on the air;

And back upon my saddened heart
Its early freshness comes,
As lilies wake to newer life,
Where'er the zephyr roams.

O recollection! gift divine
To virtuous beings here,
Wherever thou hast died away
This heart shall soon be sere;
For, like the breath of summer morn,
Bespangling flowers in dew,
Thy whisper cheers my drooping heart,
And gilds its sorrowed hue.

My childhood's home! my childhood's home!
How beautiful thou art,
When thoughts of thee like wildwood flowers
Spring round my pensive heart;
And now when memory speaks to me,
I seem to live once more
Those bright, those ne'er returning hours—
The happy hours of yore.

HOW SHE MANAGED.

BY RENA LILLA HAYS.

I CALL Alicine my "ugly belle." In point of personal appearance it must be owned she labors under a decided disadvantage. She has but one personal charm—a lovely complexion; her hair is flaxen and her eyes light gray; her form and features are only tolerable, and her foot and hand decidedly large; her face in repose is cold and impassive, and her manner repelling; but when interested, the dimpling smile that lights it up makes it for the moment almost bewitching. She is not accomplished, only moderately amiable, and has, in truth, no prominent points. You think her peculiar, but can never remark a peculiarity about her; you cannot for your life tell whether you love her or not. At times you are provoked by her utter indifference, and can think of a thousand faults she has, and again you think that, whatever others may think, to you she is the dearest little girl in the world. You always love her under protest; she is capricious as an April day; she is by no means popular, yet some think her perfection; she is the devoted nurse of an invalid mother, and the most judiciously indulgent of sisters to her little brothers. No clemency of weather or place of amusement keeps her from the services of her church. She is self-sacrificing without thinking of it, and does her favors in a way that no one else observes it. She is sincere to bluntness, and often speaks her mind when it is decidedly none of her business. She won't entertain you unless she likes you; though always civil, she laughingly remarks "that she is too selfish to converse with uncongenial persons; that she chooses neither to bore them or herself."

And yet she is a "belle;" not, indeed, in the ball-room sense of the word, but respecting substantial offers. At a party you never see her under the full blaze of the chandelier, chattering with half a dozen fops; she never dances, and if you look, you will see her in modest yet animated discourse with one of the most eligible men in the room. Her success is a mystery to all. She is never without some special case on hand, some one who for a month or two will be always seen with her in public, rides with her, and brings her books and flowers; then unnoted ceases his attentions, and another follows the same routine. And her

female acquaintances say, sneeringly, yet with secret envy, "What do you think? Alicine Elliott has another beau!—Walter Goodman, now. Well, I do wonder what the men see in her!"

As her old bachelor uncle, we "keep secrets" together. It was only last evening, on the balcony, as I sat smoking my cigar, that she told me Harry Van Wert had done her the "distinguished honor" of offering himself. Now, this same Harry is the most unimpressible and withal unexceptionable young man I know, considered a prize by all our country society. I stared at her in surprise, then, slowly removing my cigar, I said:—

"I'll give you that diamond ring you wanted, Alicine, if you will only tell me how you managed."

"A bargain," she cried, gayly; "only you must keep my *modus operandi* a profound secret."

"Agreed."

"Well, then, I'll enlighten you. My personal charms, as you well know, may be politely styled moderate (no insinuations, if you please: I was called an angel only last night). As a child, I was painfully conscious of the fact; the more so that my cousin, whom my parents adopted, was uncommonly beautiful—she is married now. Even as a child she had many lovers; I was too engrossed in my books to care or think much of them. You know I promised to be 'blue' in those days, wrote rhymes, and had high literary aspirations; luckily common sense has driven all such nonsense out of me. I was never jealous—in fact, never troubled my head with such matters—until one evening I overheard a conversation between a lady friend and yourself. You were my oracle in those days, and your opinion was my guide in everything. You were praising May's lovely face and other attractions, and speaking of the admiration which she already excited. 'As for Alicine,' you said, 'she's an odd little thing, ugly and literary, and only agreeable to her intimate friends; I doubt if she ever has an admirer.' The words impressed, but did not offend me; they only suggested a new train of thought. My literary aspirations were only that others might be proud of me, you most of all. Your words showed me that my

object was unattainable by such means; that you, like the rest of mankind, only valued a woman in proportion to the power she wielded over your sex. I surveyed myself in the mirror, and found but little to encourage me; your words still sounded in my ears, 'I doubt if she ever has an admirer,' and I said to myself, *we'll see*. From that moment I pursued the idea with steady persistence through many discouragements. There is no enumerating the mental and physical experiments I made. I tried the languages; perversely enough, I know Latin and Greek thoroughly, and can scarcely pronounce a correct French phrase. I can paint passably, but have only an appreciative genius for music—in fact, never trust myself to play; my voice is too uncertain for singing; my strict ideas prohibit dancing. In short, after most earnest endeavors, I have failed in every branch that can give pleasure to any one beyond myself.

"I admire beauty passionately; I believe I would have painted my eyes, if I had thought the color would adhere; I gave them up in despair. My complexion I had the good sense to leave alone. My teeth were good, but even the unlimited amount of rubbing I gave them failed to make them white. As for my poor hair, it suffered greatly with nightly curl-papers, but it is straight as ever. Nothing but the caressing I received at home preserved my expression; the fondness of my relatives secured me sufficient self-complacency to keep my face amiable, and a chance compliment to my smile made me animated. What untiring exertions have I not made in my own behalf to no purpose!

"And now for my secret. A steady resolution to be admired did me little good, for my character is one that is only drawn out by a congenial person. General admiration I could not hope to achieve; I must devote myself to special objects. And now, to enlighten you, let me remove a little delusion your sex labors under on the subject of making love. Maybe you think you have some little share in it; possibly, but most of it is in your imagination. I hold that any sensible girl can bring any man she pleases to her feet, let her be as ugly or anything else she pleases, except silly; and, with a little tact, she can secure him. But there are so many ways of acting that I can scarcely explain to you; every case requires a modification of the rules. A girl who has even a moderate share of beauty should be thankful, for the great initiatory step, *to attract him*, is half the battle. If her appearance will do that for

her, a little tact will secure the rest; but an ugly girl has a double task, poor thing!

"But after all, there is even an advantage in being ugly, though you would scarcely think it. You never affect the little airs and graces to lure gentlemen on, which are so unmistakable and defeat their own object. For instance, you couldn't well 'make eyes' at any one, with such a pair as *I* have. Nor would you coquetishly raise your dress to reveal *my* foot. As for showing off *my* hand—wouldn't a person be demented?

"Imagine yourself at a party—gentlemen weary of beauties and showy girls, early in the evening. And now consider me as speaking of 'eligible men'; I wouldn't waste my breath talking to dandies; they have scarcely more ideas than a suit of stuffed clothes."

"Just hold on one moment," I put in; "who promenaded half an hour at Mrs. Greyson's with Eustace King?"

"I did," she answered, coolly.

"He's not a dandy, I suppose?"

"Yes, I admit it; but wasn't Lina Fortson, the belle of the evening, determined to attract him? Hadn't he just returned from Paris, and all were expectation as to whom he would pay most attention? Don't interrupt me, for I want the ring."

"Reconcile your statements first."

"Well, incorrigible man, suppose I say that, being fond of variety, I found in him a phase of existence that I had never examined—dissected him as a curiosity."

"Proceed."

"Well, as I said, gentlemen tire of beauties after the first few sentences. Seeing some plain yet agreeable and animated girl, they are introduced. They think that she has no designs on them—that, thank Heaven, here is one that will not expect you to be always dosing her with flattery, or making love to her. (I believe they think none but beauties have any right to be either vain or silly, but that is a mistake in our favor.) By a becoming indifference, with a gentle courtesy of manner, you can commence conversation on commonplace topics. Some remarks, not too deep, or peculiar; some opening on a subject that, with quick tact, you will find agreeable to them, begins the impression. They are insensibly interested, and sorry when some one relieves them. You meet again; a frank cordiality without any exhibition of preference—a dignified gayety of manner, a quiet enjoyment of their conversation, soon establish an easy friendship between you. He never thinks of love, not he.

Yet he notes your many virtues, your amiability, your usefulness in the home circle, and begins to think that ugly girls make the best wives, after all. You know the lines, uncle—

*'Good nature will the conquest gain,
Though wit and beauty sigh in vain.'*

How interesting matters now become! Men have an ideal notion of falling in love, by which some captivating woman, graced with every mental and personal charm, takes their hearts by storm, and they surrender without hesitation. Being as they think fully steeled by this truly ideal notion, they imprudently venture near the attractions of their ordinary acquaintances without fear. No danger of their falling in love with any one whom *they* know. O no! a flirtation is well enough, but when *they* wish a wife they wish such and such qualifications. It really makes me laugh at their expectations when I think of what they have to offer in exchange.

"But to the point—for we have been going from it half the time. A man must not be startled into love; they must unconsciously pursue the easy way of liking, until they are too far gone into loving to retreat. An unconscious artlessness, the slightest imaginable preference (acted, not expressed) joined with the necessity your society has become; and if you

could only give a small flavor of jealousy, why he wakes up to the fact that 'his time has come,' and proposes.

"Altogether, it is a delicate affair to manage. It takes great tact to do, and yet not overdo the matter—to show just sufficient indifference, with occasionally a shade of preference as it is required—the point being to commit him and not yourself. So that you can be totally unprepared for anything of the kind; and get cleverly out of it on the plea of high esteem, etc., and yet excite no suspicion of being anything but a sincere, whole-souled woman, and one whom he will always feel an attachment for, though he regrets, etc."

"You little wretch!"

"No such thing. I am fond of society, determined to enjoy myself, and like to have gentlemen friends."

"You make them such by an odd process."

"It don't hurt them; they are either accustomed, or indifferent to it. Besides, I tell the truth when I say I have never loved any of them except—except—"

"Except whom? Bless me, what is all this confusion and hesitation about? whisper it in my ear; except whom?"

"Except Harry, and I promised last night to marry him."

MR. AND MRS. RASHER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MISS SLIMMENS."



CHAPTER XVII.

RASHER GOES TO THE RACES.

"Been out all night!" Well, I s'pose I must have been, though I hav'n't any distinct recollection of not coming home. "Very improper conduct for the father of a family!" Well, I s'pose it is, highly improper, wife. I've a

faint impression that it's very improper indeed, and I don't see what I did it for; I don't usually do it, do I? "The first time in all these twenty-one years we've lived together, that I've staid out without letting you know?" There! there isn't one woman in a thousand can say that! Allow me to congratulate you, Mrs. Rasher, upon having a husband of which so much can be said, and said truly, and well said. "Guess I'm a little set up?" Is that the reason why you wish to set me down? Now you know you always used to admire Flummery the most when he was in my present situation; it made him so brilliant, you remarked. Now, why can't you regard me as brilliant? I'd be willing to do anything wicked for the sake of your admiration, my dear, even to standing myself up in a barrel of my own lard, and setting fire to myself, which would be decidedly wick-ed of me, and very brilliant.

"Pretty time to choose to go to acting up, and breaking your heart staying out nights,

just when you're in the midst of so many troubles; no diamonds, no silver, and the carriage and horses going to-morrow." Wasn't the carriage and horses mostly always going, my dear? and as for breaking your heart, the least said the soonest mended; only save the pieces, and I'll have a bottle of glue sent up this very afternoon; you'll see how to apply it by reading the label, there's a brush goes with each bottle.

"*Drive you to distraction!*" Drive, drive—speaking of driving reminds me—but it wasn't to distraction, it was out on the Bloomingdale road; no, it wasn't either, it was on the race-course, Mrs. Rasher; and that's what's kept me, and a racy time we had of it. I'd tell you all about it, if I hadn't this confounded headache.

I wish you'd just look at my shoulder and see if it's sprained, or spavined, or anything; it hurts tremendously. "How came my coat torn?" Well, how did it? that's what I'd like to know myself, my love; you shouldn't ask questions that you can't answer. Probably it tore itself when I was thrown out of Betman's gig, yesterday. It would be just like the plaguy coats tailors make now-a-days—and you see, the coat and the wearer were both in the same condition, a little tight, my love. "How did I come to be thrown out?" Well, now, upon my word, I'd answer you candidly if I knew just how it occurred; but it's as much of a puzzle to me as to you. We were going pretty fast, and whether we ran against a stone or a stone ran against us, I can't precisely say, for there was no time for examining into the true state of the case. If I was called to testify in a court of justice, all I could swear to was that an obstacle impeded us, or we impeded an obstacle, and before I had time to pick myself up I was lying on the side of the road, wondering how I came there. It was not until you called my attention to the fact, that I was aware my coat was torn. You're a sharp woman, Mrs. Rasher, or you wouldn't have found it out the moment you laid eyes on it, when I've had it on my back for twelve hours without being aware of it. As Betman says of the fifteen thousand a year he pays for his new store, "it's a shocking rent!" it'll be difficult to make both ends meet, I'm afraid, especially as there seems to be a piece gone, and he didn't attend to business very closely.

"*Talk like a fool!*" Speak gently to the erring, Marier; that's a woman's mission. You're a great many excellent virtues, which do honor to your head and heart, as they said

of me in a toast somewhere—I believe it was at the Union last night, but you're a little harsh in your choice of words at times. A soft answer turneth away wrath; and though I'm not wrathful, I might become so.

"*Dreadfully trying!*" That's so; I'm always trying—trying to make my dear Marier the happiest, as she is the best, of women; trying to make money as fast as my wife and daughters spend it; trying to make a gentleman of myself, against the grain; trying out lard in my oil factory—there, what's the matter with your nose, my dear? Can't you bear a distant allusion to that business which has made you a shining light for the last year? Never mind, we'll be snuffed out soon enough. Mrs. Yellow Dock almost extinguished us, day before yesterday. Don't you remember how gracefully she did it? You couldn't blow anybody out as neatly as that, I'm bound. I've seen you try, a good many times, when you met some of our B—— street friends, but somehow you never quite got the hang of it equal to that.

"*You'd like me to give some account of myself, and not keep turning the subject off.*" I'd rather leave it to the bookkeeper; it's his business to attend to the accounts; and if I add myself up, what will it come to, when I lost my balance yesterday in the fall I got from that unlucky gig?

"*Lost what little sense I ever had!*" Yes, and dollars, too—all gone. I just managed to borrow half a dime from a friend to ride up in the stage. I had four hundred and fifty dollars in my wallet, yesterday, when I met Betman; I'm certain of it, for I borrowed it of Jones to pay a debt with. I must have been robbed. That race-course is a confounded place for pickpockets; I don't see why the police can't keep their eyes on the fellows. Don't cry, Marier, it was borrowed money; lent me by the only friend I have who would do me such a favor now. If I never return it, I sha'n't be any worse than the thief who stole it from me; and that's some consolation. I know you think I'm the worst man in the world, but here's proof positive that there's another one just as bad.

"*Mighty honest, a week ago, when you talked of giving a party!*" Glad to hear you talk so. An honest man—an honest man, Mrs. Rasher, "is the noblest work of God," says the poet, and if I was honest a week ago, I must be so still; and consequently a nobleman; and if there's anything in the world you really and heartily take a shine to, it's a nobleman.

You've a perfect passion for titles and lords, and here you see one before you—a little soiled, perhaps, from being out over night, and a trifle unsteady in the upper story—but the genuine article always has bad habits. Is there anything derogatory to my honesty in the fact that I borrow of one friend to pay another? that's the present fashionable system of doing business; one can keep on one's legs a long time by persistently pursuing such a course. Beg pardon, Mrs. Rasher, the reason I can't keep on my legs is, because they are a little weak in the joints this morning—rheumatism, I presume—and the course I've been pursuing has been the race-course. If you'll stop looking so cross, and treat me like a gentleman, make me a nice, strong cup of green tea, to clear off my headache, and mend my coat, I'll promise not to do it again.

"What are we coming to?" Why, what are we? the judge's platform, I presume, if we keep on at this rate. Go it, Flora! hurrah for Ethan! neck and neck! ha! the little mare is getting the best of it. I'll bet a hundred to eighty on Flora; get out of my way, there. Oh, Marier, was that you? Didn't mean to push my own wife over, positively; I thought I was anywhere but in my own parlor. How lucky that you sat down on that sofa instead of the carpet. I should have blamed myself severely if any accident had happened. I wish I could get that plaguy trotting-match out of my head; you see it confuses me. Watching the ring has kind of turned my head. They ought to have a straight track, and then a fellow wouldn't become so bewildered. I've been dizzy ever since.

"*Drunk! absolutely drunk!*" Never more mistaken in your life. I can prove it in any way you please. If you'll have the carpet taken up, I'll walk a crack in the floor; if you'll help me turn round, I'll count ten backwards; if you'll just hand me that little Parian statue you think so much of, I'll toss it up and catch it three times without dropping it; or I'll sing the whole of "Days of Absence" without missing a note, which is more than I could do yesterday, for I missed several notes to the tune of about four hundred dollars. "*Rather be excused?*" Well, you never was very fond of hearing me sing, Marier, and I'll excuse you this time, seeing I'm a little horse. But I feel hurt at that insinuation of yours, coming from you, too, who ought to be better acquainted with me. It's bad enough to be thrown out of a gig, and tear your best coat, lose your money, and have a tremendous headache, without

having insult added to injury. I wouldn't accuse you of such a thing, Marier.

"Wonder if any one saw me coming in in that fix?" Well, yes, I guess they did, but I'm not certain. It's my impression that Mrs. Yellow Dock saw me. I got out of the stage on the wrong side of the way, you see, and mistook our house for theirs—no, their house for ours; and when I rung the bell, and her fellow in sun-flowers opened the door, she was standing in the hall ready to go out, and says I, "My dear Marier;" and says she, "Sir, upon my word;" and says I, "Oh, don't; made a little mistake in the house, I presume," and I backed out so quick I was hardly certain I had been there at all, for you see, my dear wife, it troubled me to think how dreadfully you would feel if you should hear that I had addressed another woman as my dear Marier. Don't fret about it; the lady will understand it was only the wrong house; such things frequently happen. You know the other morning, when I went to market, I came home with a rousing lobster, and went into the basement with it, and ordered a pot to be put over, and actually had it boiling before either I or the girl discovered that we wasn't each other. My lobster boiling in my neighbor's pot! Wasn't that a pretty kettle of fish? I daren't tell you at the time, for fear you'd be a little put out about it. Mistakes will occur in the best regulated families. I dare say Yellow Dock has made his share of 'em; if he hasn't, that promising son-in-law of theirs will keep up the credit of the house. Now, if Flummery had happened in here, and said to you, "My dear Araminta," you'd have thought it an excellent joke, you'd have laughed fit to kill; but because it's me, you're as cross as two sticks. It's rather hard to a man to live unappreciated by his own family, as I do. At the club they think I'm a real good fellow. Come, Marier, cheer up and say a kind word to your ever-indulgent husband. If you won't scold about the money, I'll take you to Barnum's to see the live whales. "*Don't want to see no whales.*" Why, my love, they're natural curiosities, and highly interesting. If they had 'em in the Academy of Music, I guess you'd want to see 'em bad enough; but they don't belong to the codfish aristocracy, I s'pose.

"What on earth took me to the races?" A horse, my dear, Betman's fast nag. You see, I didn't intend going; I'd got started for the warehouse to 'tend to a little business there, and I was thinking how awful cross you was growing of late days, and how happy we used

to be, Marier; and Betman came along in his gig, and hailed me, "Hallo, Rasher," says he, "you look as blue as indigo. Get in; I'm going to see the trotting match," and of course I accepted the invitation. I'd nothing better to do. You'd sent me off in the morning feeling as if I'd rather be alive than dead, and when Betman spoke up so hearty, it wasn't a bad thing for me; it sort of revived my drooping spirits and restored my good opinion of myself. You had told me I was a fool so often, I was beginning to wonder if I wasn't. Ah, Marier, so you *did* order the tea, did you? Thank you. I'll be all right now in a little while. "Better come up stairs." Well, perhaps I had. Can you carry the cup without spilling the contents, do you think? If you can, just go ahead, and I'll hold on to the banisters. Look a here, wife, you haven't been having this staircase altered, and we on the point of giving up the house! I don't like these new-fangled stairs, at all; they're too steep, and the carpenter hasn't got 'em even; the stupid fellow has no eye, that's plain to be seen. Well, now, Marier, I guess it's *you* who are exhilarated; you've dropped the cup, and spilled the tea, on this pretty carpet, too! I did it! I just leaned on you a little heavy, because I was afraid of falling down. You wouldn't have let me fall, would you? Say, now, wife, if you had your choice between me and a china cup, you wouldn't let your own husband fall and break himself, would you? I've broke once, and I don't think it would do for me to break twice; there wouldn't be any peace left in the family. Give me your hand a minute. What's the use of a wife, if you can't lean on her in times of trouble? Here we are, all right. Now, if you'll ring for another cup of tea, I'll be obliged to you.

Ah, Bridget, my dear, this suits me to a T. Can you tell me why it's like your own blessed isle, or like your precious self? Because it's green, decidedly green. But it's sweet, too, Bridget, and that's another reason.

"*Wish I wouldn't lower myself with the servants?*" Good land! you don't suppose I've gone down on the dummy, do you, when you see me sitting here before your eyes? I can't be in one place twice, can I?—I mean in two places once. Which reminds me to inquire if it is not curious that this tea can be here, in this very house, and still be in china.

"*Hope it will fetch me to!*" Two what? "*To myself.*" I thought one of myself was more than you could abide. "*You meant bring me around.*" Around where? "*Out of pa-*

tience!" Well, there's a good many doctors no better off, so don't fret about it. That tea has cleared my head off wonderfully; it's quite bright again. I must try, now, if I cannot recall what became of that missing money. I shouldn't wonder if it was not stolen, after all. I bought a basket of champagne before we left the city, then we drove out, got there safe, had a place inside the ring, and a good time generally. Lots of fun, great race; bet a hundred dollars to eighty twice with Betman, lost each time; that's two hundred and twenty-four dollars, counting champagne. I'm inclined to think, in my serious and reflective moments, that Betman did not drink as much champagne as he induced me to do. I rather guess that by the time the match came off I saw double; he had the advantage there, and won the bets. I'm not much used to emptying bottles or putting up stakes, you know, Marier, and I couldn't stand it. But he's a good fellow, Betman is, and it was very friendly of him to take me out in his own gig. He's rather fast for a family man; but he's rich and it won't hurt him. Bother me if I can remember where the rest of the money went to. I've a faint impression that I invested a small sum in a purchase; but what I bought or how much I paid for it I can't recollect for the life of me. It was that confounded blow on my shoulder that knocked it all out of my head, Marier. You see, as we were driving home, pretty fast, for we were both engaged to take supper at Delmonico's with some of our set, as I told you before, we run against something or something run against us, and the next thing we knew the nag was gone, and we were standing in the road, rubbing our bumps of recollection. Somebody was kind enough to stop the nag, but the gig had only one wheel, and, as that wouldn't answer our purpose, we had to walk all the way to the cars, and ride down to Delmonico's, where we had a very select time. Betman's man took the nag to the stables, and we "drove dull care away," wife. You needn't look hurt; it was all done in tip-top style. It's an honor to any gentleman to become elevated in the elaborate style which distinguished us. Three dollars a bottle was the least, and all the auxiliaries. I hated to ring you up so early in the morning, so I just took a snooze at the hotel, and a little champagne this morning to keep up my spirits till the curtain-lecture was delivered, you know, my dear—ha! ha! If a fellow can't have any comfort at home, he's apt to take it away from home. Who ever would have dreamed that Timothy Rasher, as amiable as

he was excellent, as modest as he was discreet, would have been caught by Mrs. Yellow Dock coming home so late in the morning! You can't express yourself, can you, Marier? Words are inadequate, even with the aid of the offender: your thoughts are too big for utterance. Well, wife, I'll tell you what we'll do; we'll compromise. If you won't say anything more about my failing, I'll quit my failings; if you'll mend my coat, I'll mend my other habits; if you'll quit curtain-lectures, I'll quit kicking holes through the bed-curtains; if you'll keep me in good spirits at home, I won't go to Bininger's to buy 'em; if you'll be merciful to my faults, I'll never be false to you; if you'll only smile on me, Marier, I'll never "smile" away from home again. Those are my terms, and I'd advise you to agree to 'em. It wouldn't be pleasant, as a usual thing, to have me trying my night-key at Mrs. Yellow Dock's door, in the gray light of early morn, and a policeman kindly showing me over to my own house.

What's that, Peter? "A man at the door with a horse, which he says is for Mr. Rasher." Rasher—Rasher—a horse for me? Bless me, wife! *now* I remember what it was I did with the rest of that money—I bought a horse. I know we've sold our horses and carriage, and that Peter's going to-morrow. I didn't buy this animal for show, nor for family use; I bought him as a speculation, Mrs. Rasher; I purchased him in the hope of retrieving our ruined fortunes. He's a celebrated racer; the person who sold him to me gave five thousand dollars for him only two years ago, and he's still sound as he was then. He made twenty thousand dollars out of him last year; but this season the times were so hard he was obliged to part with him. I got him for a mere trifle, he was thrown away, in fact; two hundred down yesterday, and my note for three hundred more in thirty days. Betman was by when I made the purchase, and congratulated me; he said my fortune was made. The man was to deliver him this morning, I recollect, now.

What are you grinning about, Peter? "Guess this can't be the same hoss." Why, isn't it a splendid animal, almost the counterpart of the Ethan Allen? "Can't see the hoss for the bones that are sticking out ov him." There must be a mistake, Peter; I'll come right down and see about it. I shouldn't wonder, wife, if I bought that creature a little too late in the afternoon for my own benefit.

So, Marier, you've been peering through the shutters, have you? Well, I'm glad you've got strength of mind enough to laugh. If

you'll only keep on laughing, I'll be willing to have it at my expense. I'm willing to own up now that I've been drunk, ridiculously, preposterously drunk. Oh, call it by no milder name; that's the only one that expresses it. I was going to crow over my bargain, but I rather think there'll be crows enough over it before the end of a week. That horse was doubtless turned out to die, and that cunning rascal picked him up to make a victim out of some drunken spectator at the races; I suppose he chose me as the stupidest fool in the crowd, which showed his shrewdness, I must acknowledge. Of course he'll never have the impudence to appear with the note, but he's got the two hundred cash down, and is having a good time to-day, no doubt.

"Serves me right!" Of course it does. I don't deny it. Poor Peter! look out the window, wife. He stands there, holding the bridle, looking as if he should sink into the pavement with mortification. His particular pride is a good horse; and to be left standing on a respectable street before a respectable house with that old hulk in tow, is enough to sink him. The fellow's gone off, and left him there, and he dar'n't let go till I give orders; and he wouldn't insult the aristocratic animals in the stable by introducing such company to them. Just take another squint at my celebrated race-horse, Marier. Really, now, he isn't so bad. If he had one or two sound legs, just to rest the others, in standing on, and one eye that would do him a little service in times of need—say, to wink with, when he sees a fine old gentleman being made a fool of—and a few hairs in his tail just for convenience in fly time, and an ounce or so of flesh on him, he wouldn't be the *worst* horse in the world. As it is, I think he would bring the premium. I can only think of one way to get my money back—to induce Barnum to introduce him secretly, during the shades of night, into some secluded corner of his museum, and then placard him to the public as the great, living, and only reliable specimen of the "How Come You So?" I do not think any one would grumble at paying his quarter; for every individual, however astute or scientific, would be obliged to acknowledge, after seeing the curiosity, that he couldn't tell how he come so. Omnibuses wouldn't account for it. Neither would drays. Neither would the presence of cudgels and the absence of oats. Do you see the curtains pulled gently back from Mrs. Yellow Dock's second-floor windows, and a faint movement of the blinds? She is doubtless reconnoitering my bargain. She is

wondering if the unfortunate Mrs. Rasher, whose husband lately failed in the pork line, is going to descend from a carriage and two to a phaeton and one. Wouldn't "salve lardum" be an appropriate motto, mounted on a silver crest, for that wonderful animal? Poor quadruped! neither you nor your master have succeeded in saving your bacon.

I must go down and relieve Peter of his perplexities. It's a pity to take from Mrs. Yellow Dock the pleasure she is at present enjoying in contemplating her neighbor's affairs; but Peter's feelings are to be considered. I will order him to gently release the detained animal, who will probably wander along the barren verges of curbstone until he secures the kind attention of some guardian of the public peace.

And now, Mrs. Rasher, I am convinced, however much I may have prospered in swine, that horse-flesh is not in my line. I do not think I shall attend the next race, not even if Betman invites me. Still, I might be driven to such a course; a bad wife may drive a good husband even to a race-course. I don't mean to say that you are a bad wife, Marier, far from it. Don't bridle up so. I still remember our bridal day—the day that made me a rash man and you a Rasher. If you wouldn't be so severe on all a person's little follies, even their bad puns—if you wouldn't fret to be the Queen of Parvenoodum, when it's morally certain you were never born to reign—if you'll promise to bridle your tongue, I'll promise *not* to halter my neck; otherwise, Marier, it's a solemn fact that you may wake up some morning mourning to find yourself a disconsolate widow. My business may not only be suspended but my body also. Think what a terrible thing it would be to drive me to suicide—to drive me from the altar into the cruel halter; that would be a bit of noose for the morning papers, wouldn't it? If you hadn't snubbed me, yesterday—if you hadn't made my breakfast uncomfortable, and snubbed me before my own children, and followed me to the hall-door to intimate your opinion that I was "a goose," and a "simpleton," I shouldn't have accepted Betman's invitation, lost my money, bruised my shoulder, took supper at Delmonico's, called on Mrs. Yellow Dock at an unseasonable hour in an unseasonable rig, had a bad headache, nor—bought that horse.

And now, if you've been letting on keeping me awake to-night to punish me for keeping you awake last night, why, pitch in when the time comes. You're a smart woman, and you

may get the best of it. And now I'm going to take a little nap before dinner. If Mrs. Yellow Dock isn't actually coming across the street in calling rig! She's coming to condole with you, my love. You women are so sympathetic! Give her my love, and ask her if Flummery has returned from the race yet. I didn't think, when I saw him yesterday, that he would find his way back without difficulty. Tit for tat, you know. Here comes her card. Good luck to you, Marier.

HOW AUNT RUTH GOT RID OF A TROUBLESOME ACQUAINTANCE.

BY C. T. H.

LIKE almost every other body who has found her or himself a reality upon the face of the earth, we have had an aunt. She was, and is, one of those dear, good little souls who are constantly doing something to make themselves remembered in kindness. The features of her pleasant little face were always covered with smiles; indeed they seemed to have taken a life lease of them, and were constantly to be seen nestling in the corners of her mouth, or twinkling at you from her lively black eyes. Benevolence and good feeling have complete possession of the capacious pocket which lined her dress, and they were constantly dealing out tokens to the little ones, who always hailed her advent amongst them as the prelude to a subject of "goodies." The really needy or the business beggar was sure of something when they rapped at her door, for she gave to them all, "lest a deserving one might go away unsuccored." Every cat in the neighborhood knew her; and not one of them, strange or otherwise, but would as soon think of running from a pan of milk, as from her presence. If any of our readers should in their rambles meet with a neat, tidy, black-eyed and red-cheeked little body, dressed plainly but with a great amount of taste, and looking out pleasantly from under her little bonnet, let them take a good look at her, for it is our Aunt Ruth. We have said she was little, that she herself does not deny, but has always on hand for any one who may call her so, the old saying that "valuable articles are oftenest found in the smallest packages," and we can testify that her case is no exception.

Aunt Ruth was not as old on her wedding-day as she is now, and that occurred a good many years ago; how many, we are not going to say—for she would not like it, and we have no disposition to do anything that she dislikes. We have a positive and distinct remembrance

of the time when Uncle Simon commenced his "regular attendance" at the domicile of our grandfather, and always managed to get as far as possible from Aunt Ruth, although it was apparent that he wished himself nearer, but was afraid to venture. Not that there was anything forbidden about Aunt Ruth, at all, but to the contrary; for she always seemed possessed of more kindness, if that were possible, whenever he was about or was expected. He was a diffident, timid kind of a man; never knowing where to put his hands, which were always performing journeys in uneasy stages from his hair to his chin, and from thence to a miniature wrestling match with each other, or occasionally drumming imaginary tunes upon the back of his chair. His feet, too, when the hands were comparatively at rest, would either be following out the pattern in the carpet for a limited distance, or performing "ground and lofty tumbling feats" over each other through the agency of his knees, alternately swinging as if preparing to jump somewhere, or rocking an imaginary cradle.

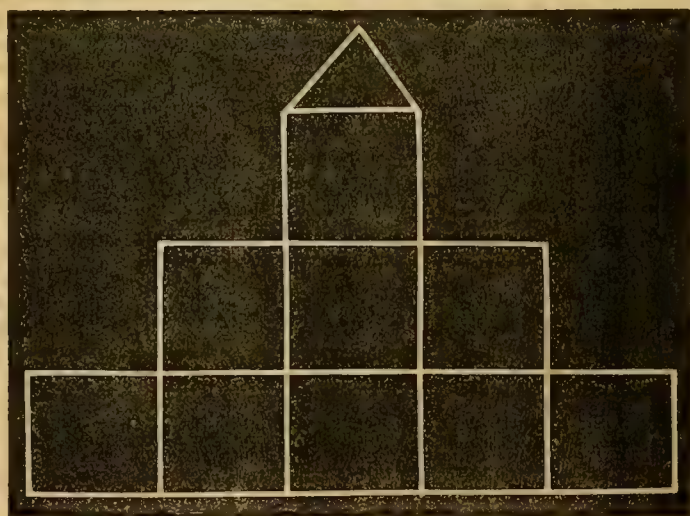
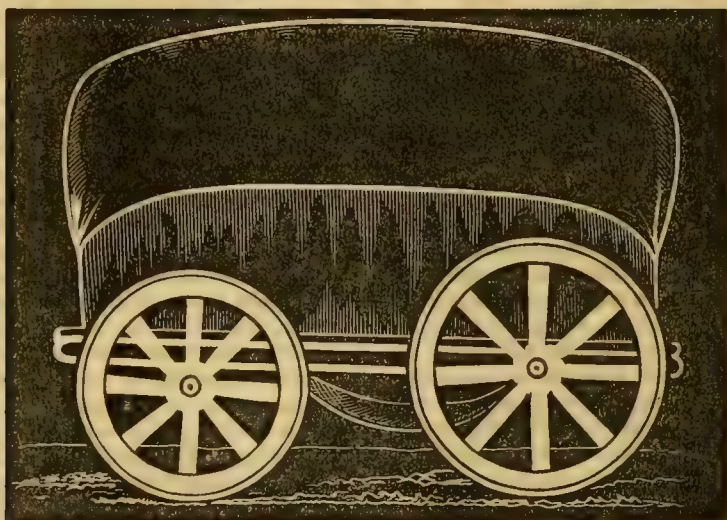
How or when he mustered courage enough to "pop the question," we are unable to say, but this we know: that he has been married to Aunt Ruth, well, a certain number of years. Previous to his being married, and some time after, he had a very intimate friend, who was constantly with him, except when he was "out courting." They roomed together at their boarding-house, and were such firm friends that the wonder is, that Uncle Simon did not take him along with him sometimes when he was going around to grandfather's. John Hunter, that was his name, seemed out of sorts about the time Uncle Simon was to be married; he acted as if he had a presentiment that some disaster was about to befall him, and when he officiated as groomsman at the ceremony, he looked as if he thought he had met a rival in Aunt Ruth, who was robbing him of the object of his affections. After the marriage Uncle Simon moved into a house which he had rented and furnished, and Hunter became a regular visitor, so much so, indeed, as to become troublesome to Aunt Ruth, who, although she was always willing to give a welcome to a friend of Uncle Simon's, still wanted to have more of the pleasure of uncle's company, without the presence of his friend. In her endeavors to do so, she hit upon the following plan. But she can tell it better by far than we, so we will give it in her own words, as we heard it in presence of a few of the family to whom she related it:—

"Now, you won't tell Simon," said Aunt Ruth, "nor joke him about it, if I tell you something which happened a little while after we were married, will you?"

Of course there was a general response in the negative.

"Well, you see," she then continued, "about the time we were married, Simon had a friend named Hunter—you remember him, Hannah; he stood up with us. They had boarded together, and Simon thought a great deal of him, and brought him around to our house almost every evening for a long time after we were married. I was always civil and polite to him at first, for I thought it would please Simon for me to take notice of a friend of his that he thought so much of; but then he come there so often that I kinder got tired of it, and felt put out, and no doubt showed it in my manners. You know how it is yourself, Jane; you want to have some evenings when you can sit down and talk to your husband by himself, without having any one to interfere with you. I didn't have an evening to myself, hardly, but what Hunter was there; and, as I didn't want him there so often, I wasn't as particular in my manners towards him, which Simon noticed and often spoke about. Simon was then just as he is now, always talking about working to get ahead, so that if he died before me he could leave me something to get along with. One evening when we happened to be alone he said to me, 'Ruth, I don't think you treat Hunter right; you ought to be more civil to him, and not slight him so; he is a very fine young man, and I don't like you to slight him.' Now, I thought to myself, if I begin to be very civil again to Hunter, he will be always at the house, and I sha'n't have hardly an evening to myself; so I thought how I should fix it to get rid of his coming so often, and to prevent Simon insisting on his company of an evening. At last I hit upon a plan that I thought would do; and when Simon came home that evening, he began talking about his business as usual, and I screwed my face up and said to him, and I could hardly keep from laughing all the while: 'Oh, my dear, you needn't be so troubled about getting something to leave me; I have been looking at Hunter lately, and I think he would make a first-rate husband, if you should happen to die.' Now, I didn't think anything of the kind, I only said it to tease him a little; but Hunter stopped off coming, and Simon never said a word about my being civil to him after that."

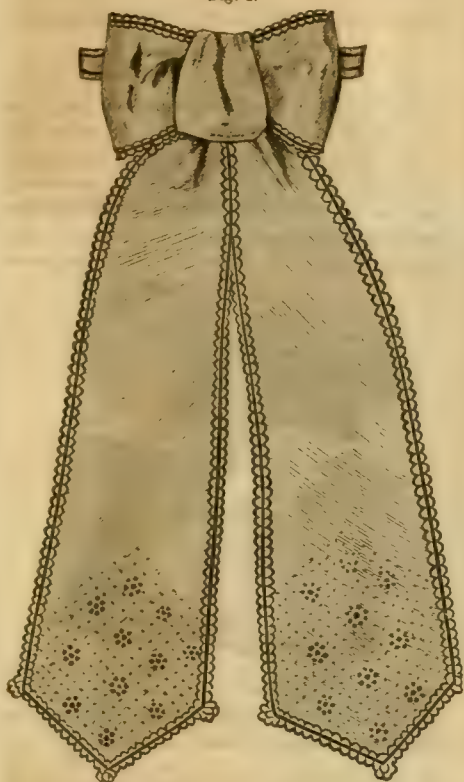
SLATE PICTURES FOR CHILDREN.



NOVELTIES FOR NOVEMBER.

Fig. 1.—Sash bow, for a plain silk; material the same as the dress, edged with a fine satin gimp of black; the ends are prettily em-

Fig. 1.



broidered in single and clustered dots; the clusters may be in bugle beads, or a heavy embroidery stitch in black silk.

Fig. 2.



Fig. 2.—Headress of lace, ribbon, and flowers, for dinner or evening wear.

Fig. 3.—Headress for concerts, opera, or party going. A caul or net for the hair, made of pearl beads, and ornamented at the top by a loop of larger beads, fastening drooping sprays

Fig. 3.



of wheat. A wreath of black silk or velvet loops starts from each side the caul, and encircles the head; pearl beads are wound through the loops.

Fig. 4.—Headress of braided ribbon, with a net foundation underneath to keep it in place. There is a spray of golden acorns and oak

Fig. 4.



leaves in the centre, and to the left, quite low down, a bouquet of crimson velvet convolvulus, with leaves and tendrils, a few golden acorns showing at one side.

Fig. 5.—Fanchon cap of delicate muslin, lined with mauve-colored silk, trimmed with a wrought needle-work edge. The front is caught

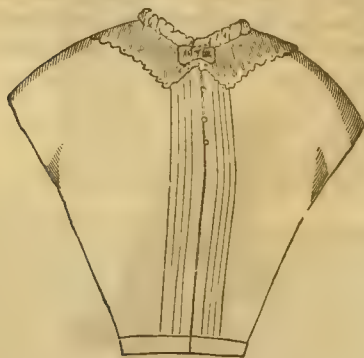
Fig. 5.



by rosettes of mauve velvet. Strings and bow of mauve-colored satin ribbon.

Fig. 6.—Habit-shirt and collar for morning wear; around the neck is a muslin puff through

Fig. 6.



which is drawn a colored ribbon, fastened by a tiny bow.

Fig. 7.



Fig. 7.—White sleeve, to wear with a short-

sleeved dress by those who do not care to display the uncovered arm. It is of thulle, with a reversed frill of blonde. It should be trimmed with ribbon, matching or contrasting with the dress.

FROM MADAME DEMOREST'S MAGASIN DE MODES.

No. 473 Broadway, New York.

The Mathilde Jacket.—This pretty jacket is very much in vogue for matinee costume for young married ladies, and also for *demoiselles*. It consists of fine light blue or green cashmere, bordered with black velvet, upon which are embroidered scallops and dots in white silk. On the front of the sleeve, the velvet extends



up on the arm, forming the half of a pyramidal block. A side seam gives shape to the front, and there are also seams in the back which fit it to the waist, where the skirt is laid in a hollow plait. This jacket is very pretty in Solferino or Magenta cashmere, with a simple border of black velvet.

Fairy Dress.—This dress, made for a truly fairy child, is of blue silk, of that exquisite tint known as French blue. The waist is cut in

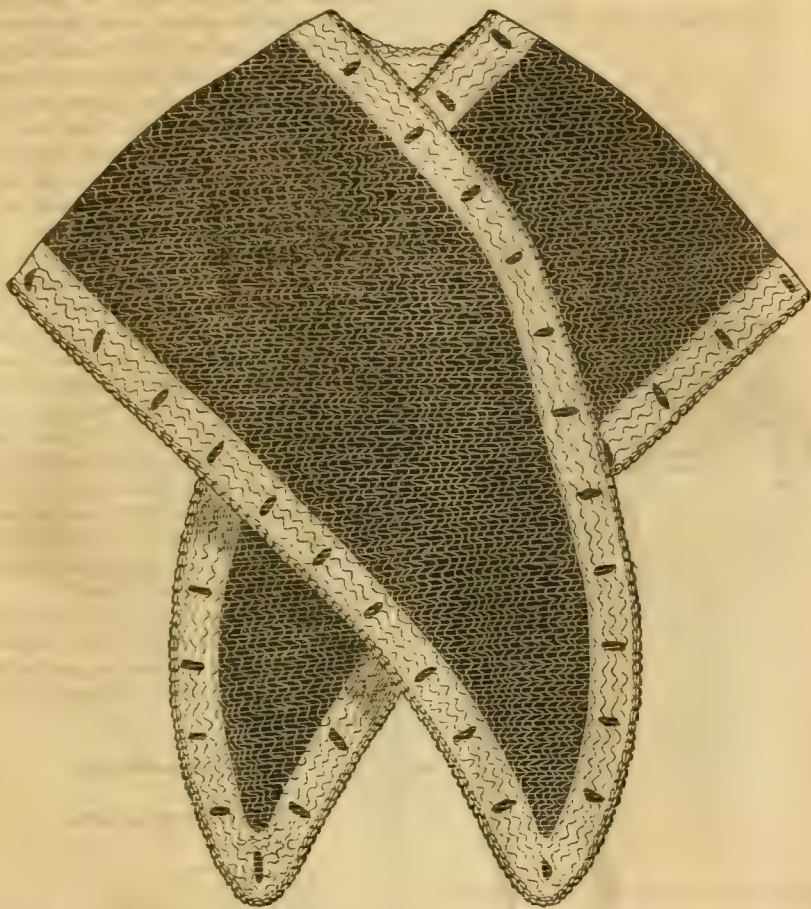


points, two in front and two in the back, and on the hips, a scarf crosses the shoulder in

plaits, fastened with buttons. The sleeve is a plain cap, with a second cap in points over it. Waist, scarf, and sleeve, trimmed with a bias quilling. Tassels on the points. The skirt has

four flounces, finished with a quilling to match the waist. It is also pretty in any plain color, trimmed with a contrast. For a Miss of twelve years, would require thirteen yards of material.

SONTAG, OR WOOLLEN HABIT-SHIRT.



Materials.—Two ounces of double Berlin wool, of any dark color, and one ounce of white ditto. Knitting needles, No. 10.

This very pretty and comfortable habit-shirt is intended to be worn under a mantle or cloak; and as it gives great additional warmth, without making the figure at all clumsy, it has many advantages over shawls and other wraps.

With the dark wool cast on five stitches, and knit, increasing one stitch at the end of every row, until eighty stitches are on the needles. This is the back. Then knit only half the

stitches, the others being left on the needle (which will be found much more convenient than slipping them on a separate one). Still increase one at the outer edge, in every alternate row, but decrease one at the inner edge, in the intermediate rows, so that forty remain on the needle, until you have done seventy rows, when cast off loosely. Do the other half the same. Then take up on one needle the stitches round the neck, and along these cast off ends. Knit, with white wool, ten rows, increasing one at the end of every row. Cast off

loosely. Take up the stitches along the outer edge, and do the same, increasing, and joining to the inner border at the ends, and increasing also at each side of the five original stitches, that it may set square. Cast off loosely, and work small spots at intervals with the dark wool. The ends cross over the bosom.

KNITTED OPERA HOOD.



Materials.—Two ounces four-thread Berlin wool, of any color that may be preferred; one ounce gray-and-white pearl wool, half an ounce black, and ditto white; ivory needles, No. 9 and No. 7.

BEGIN with the colored wool and No. 9 needles, casting on two hundred and fifty stitches. Knit two plain rows, and, after that, cast off four stitches at the beginning of every needle

for thirty rows; then cast off two only at the beginning of every row for fifty-four rows, when cast off altogether.

THE CURTAIN.—Cast on seventy stitches, and knit eighteen rows, increasing *one* at the end of every row. Cast off loosely.

Sew this piece along the back, in the centre, slightly holding the hood in, and sewing on the ends as well as the length, as the border is carried from the points, along the sides where stitches were cast off, and along the outer edge of the curtain, in one continuous piece. For this purpose take up the stitches on the entire length; and knit with the pearl wool (No. 7 needles) twelve rows of ordinary shell pattern; then two rows with black wool, to be followed by a single plain row with white wool; after which, cast off loosely with the same.

Do another frill of ten shells, exactly the same, to sew on above the curtain, so as to cover it; and make end and tassels, which you run in along the back of the neck, to draw it in. They are put along the seam below the upper frill, which is a few rows above that seam.

A similar border is carried along the front, from point to point, and laid back; and the second (under) frill is put on a cape, sewed about six rows within the edge, so that it turns over easily, the upper frill border just covering this cape. It has seventy-two stitches cast on; and fourteen rows are knitted, with one stitch increase at the end of every row.

The second border just goes the length of the head, and does not extend to the barbes.

No combination of colors is prettier for this hood than *mauve*, with the gray, black, and white borders.

NAME FOR MARKING.

Louise

EMBROIDERY.



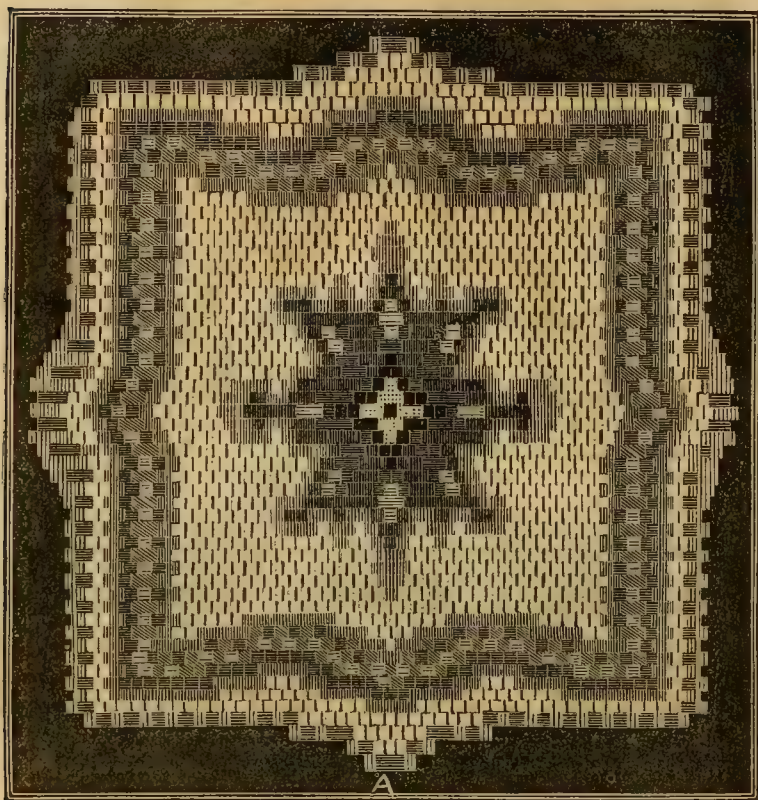
HANGING PINCUSHION AND NEEDLE-BOOK.



THIS little article is extremely ornamental when completed, and possesses the advantage of being also useful. A little case, like a book-cover, is cut out in card-board; a similar-shaped piece of velvet or silk, a little larger, is also required, on which is worked the sprig given in the illustration. This may be done in white beads, or embroidered in colored silks, or worked in gold thread. This is then stretched over the card-board, brought over the edge, and gummed down. A little square mattress cushion, covered in silk, is then gummed to one

side of the cover; two or three cashmere leaves are stitched to it at the top edge, and the other half of the cover, which is loose, is lined and brought over them. It is now in the form of a book. A bow of ribbon is placed at the back, and it is suspended by a chain of either gold or white beads, to correspond with the sprig. A fringe of the same beads is attached to the two sides, and two tassels are added from where the chain proceeds. This forms a pretty little article for a fancy fair sale, as it may be made very showy; it is also very easy to execute.

GLASS BEAD MAT.—NO. 2.



Materials.—Three rows dark red beads, seven rows middle red, seven rows light red, seven rows dark blue, eight rows light blue, one row yellow, twenty-one rows white, one row black.

THIS mat must be commenced the same way as No. 1, October number, at A, beginning with but two beads and working alternately two and one to the opposite side, afterwards with only one needle at each side. The white beads on the outer border of this one should be dead white. These two mats will only require a very simple fringe.

OTTOMAN, IN BERLIN WORK.

Materials.—Penelope border canvas, about 50 stitches in width, and of a size which will allow the beads to cover a stitch completely; amber pound-beads of two shades, rich green, and claret wool; also the Mecklenburg thread No. 71.

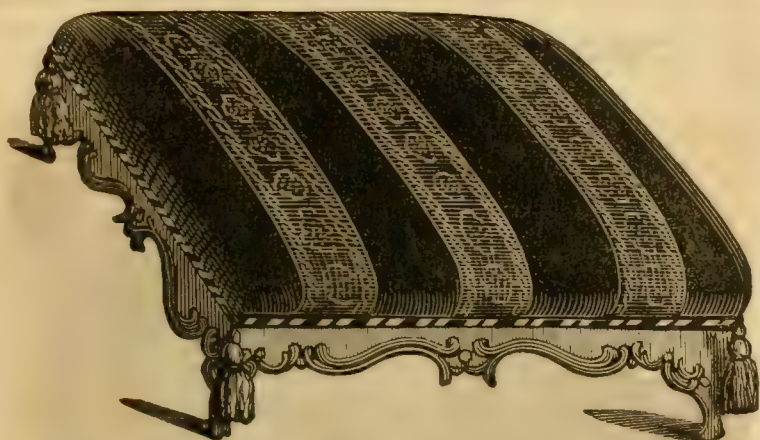
THE beads are chosen of shades which contrast somewhat strongly, the darkest being of a

decided orange, and the others straw-color. The borders and stars are done in the dark shade; the outlines of the medallions in the other.

Fill in the medallions in green, and also the inner part of the scroll; the rest in claret in cross-stitch.

The ottoman is to be made up in alternate stripes of work and velvet, and trimmed with rich cord and tassels.

Stripes of work and velvet being also much used for *Prie-dieu* chairs, this pattern would be very effective done in straw beading and wool. It will not do to use Penelope canvas for this, as the grounding is done in tapestry stitch, that is, taken over two threads in height and one in width. Select a canvas of which the straw will cover two threads, and run a line on, across the width of the canvas, in small neat stitches. Work with the wool all the parts which form the grounding, leaving the straw to represent the beads.

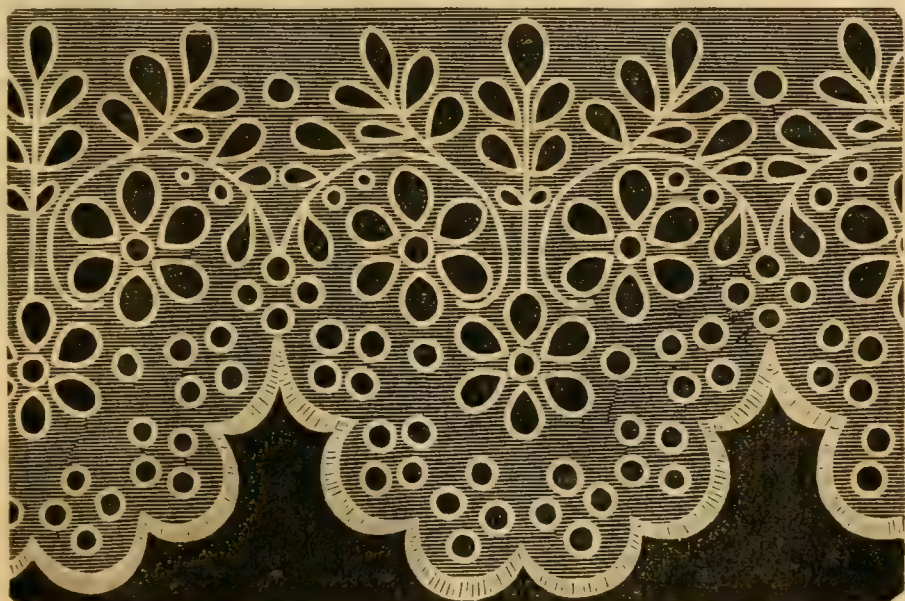


Each row of straw must be run on, worked, before proceeding to the next.

This design will be found appropriate for many purposes besides that for which we have given it. Carriage-bags, foot-stools, and a variety of other articles, will look well done in it.

The beads set on canvas-work being especially required to be sewed on *very strongly*, we particularly recommend that the thread we have indicated should be used for that purpose, to render the work perfectly secure.

HANDSOME PETTICOAT TRIMMING, IN BRODERIE ANGLAISE.



Materials.—Fine long-cloth, and embroidery cotton, No. 14.

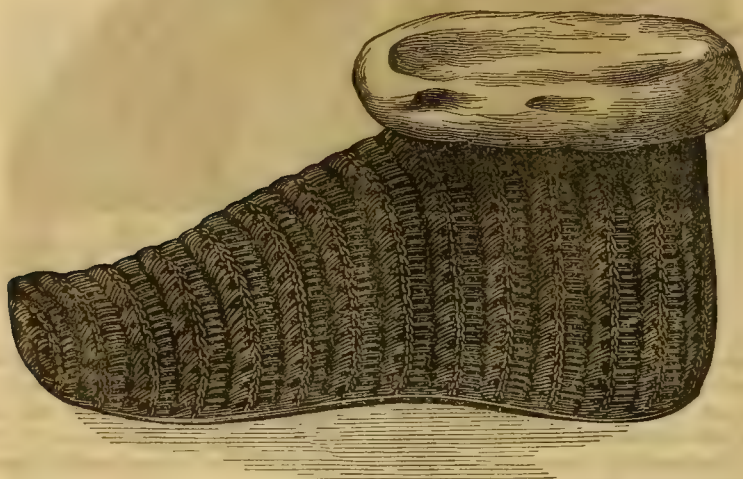
ALL the open-work in this design is to be simply sewed over, after being carefully traced all round. The stems are also to be sewed.

The edge is done in graduated button-hole stitch, considerably raised in the centre of each scallop.

Being given of the full size, the pattern may be traced from the engraving.

CHILD'S WARM SHOE, IN CROCHET,

TRIMMED WITH IMITATION KERMINE FUR.



Materials.—One ounce scarlet or green shaded 4-thread wool; one ounce white ditto; a skein of black and pale straw-colored ditto; a pair of cork soles; crochet hook, No. 15; a pair of knitting needles, same size; and a mesh, half-inch wide.

BEGIN by working the shaded wool for the shoe. Nine ch, work in single crochet on it, with three stitches in the centre one. Turn, and work in single crochet, a stitch on every stitch; turn again and increase as before by doing three in the centre stitch. The next row is without increase. Continue to work thus, increasing two stitches in every alternate row, until you have done eight ribs. If the child has a very high instep, it will be necessary still further to increase the size in the last three ribs, by doing two stitches, in lieu of one, in the last stitch of *every* row. In working ribbed crochet, a chain-stitch must also be made at the end of each row, that the edge may not be contracted.

Now do one side of the foot, by working as far as the centre-stitch only, and then turning back. About six ribs will suffice for the heel. Work the other side in the same way, and crochet up the heel.

FOR THE FUR.—With the white wool cast on six stitches, and knit in common garter-stitch as much as will go *easily* round the top of the shoe. Making the fur is then done by a process exactly resembling raised Berlin work, only the ground is knitting instead of canvas. Thread a coarse rug-needle with a double strand of wool, so that you will work with *four* thick-

nesses. Work on the rib of knitting in cross-stitch, taking the wool over the mesh. Cut each line before you withdraw the mesh. After three lines of white only, do in the centre two yellow stitches, and in the next row two black over them. When combed and cut, this makes a very pretty, washable fur.

Bind the cork soles with ribbon, or strips of thin leather, and sew on the shoe, also the fur round the top.

These directions, applied to 8-thread Berlin wool, with a coarser hook and a longer foundation-chain, will suffice for a lady's dressing-slipper or over-shoe.

The number of ribs may, of course, be increased, according to the size of the wearer's foot.

BUTTERFLY ROSETTE.



EMBROIDERED SCARF IN COLORS.

(See blue plate in front.)

Materials.—A strip of black filet, No. 2, forty-eight inches by nine, cut on the square; a skein of ombre pink and violet silk, a skein of plain cherry, two of emerald green, and part of one vertislay.

This design is simply darned with the various silks on the filet, in the natural colors. The ombre pink answers admirably for the carnation, and the violet for the anemone: the vertislay for the leaves of the former, and the emerald green for those of the latter. To form the border, the filet is folded along the sides and ends, the depth of four squares, and the design is then darned on it, the stitches being taken, when necessary, through the double material. The Greek border is done in emerald green, and the stars in cherry. The fringe is knotted on the lowest row of holes, thus: Cut lengths of shaded violet and cherry, and of each green nearly half a yard long; take four strands of violet, pass them through the corner hole of the end, and tie in a knot; miss two holes, and tie in the third four strands of green, then cherry in the third from that, then the other green. Begin again with the violet: now knot four threads of violet with four green, the other four violet with four cherry; the rest of the cherry to the next violet, and green with green. Another row of knots will unite the same set of strands as at first—that is, the eight ends of violet together; then green, then cherry, then green again. This makes a very handsome

fringe, and may be made richer by using six, or eight, instead of four threads.

No engraving can really give an idea of the beauty and novelty of this scarf, as the colors cannot be represented in it.

FANCY PURSE.

MADE of two round pieces, worked the long open stitch, and sewed together; trimmed at



the bottom with a fringe of gold beads and three tassels. A gilt clasp fastens the purse.

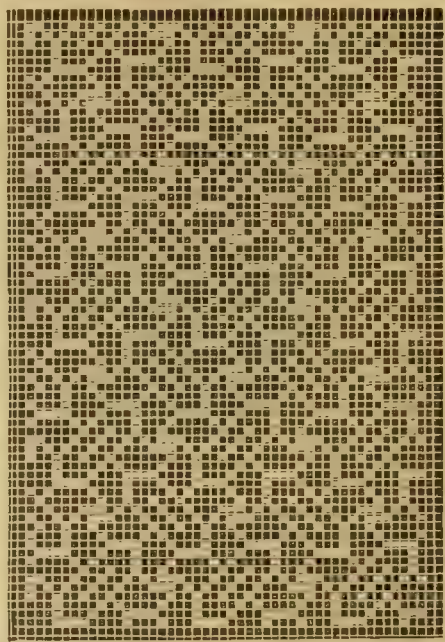
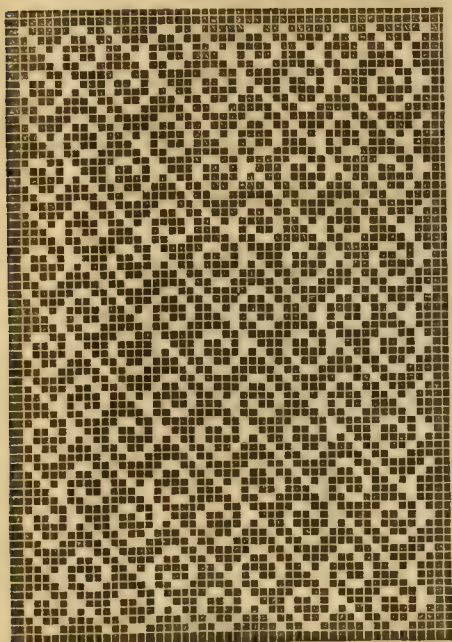
SHOE ROSETTE.



PATTERNS IN CROCHET.

We give this month two patterns for the centres of either antimacassars, berceauunette

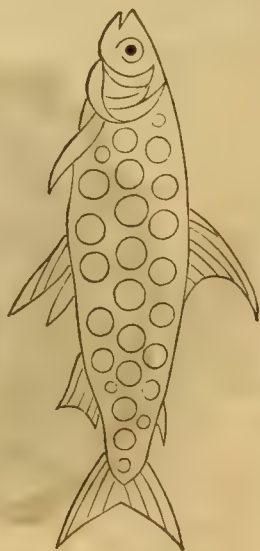
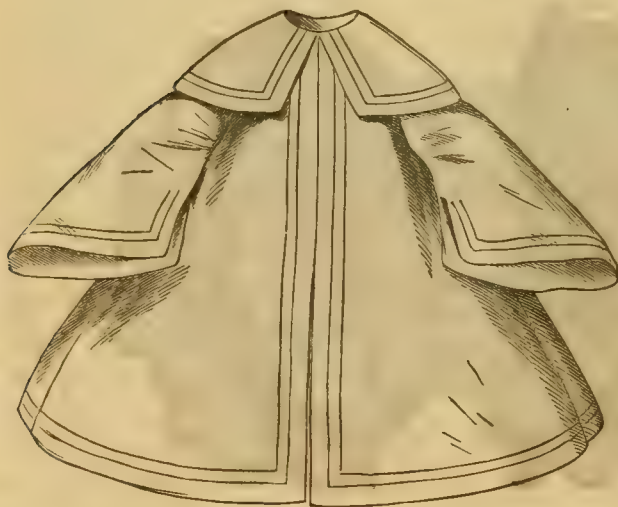
covers, or toilet mats. They are worked in solid and chain crochet, and are extremely durable, as well as pretty. The cotton used for working them should be about No. 10.



They may be finished with either a fringe or a lace. A border round them, of a light, open description can be added, if they are intended for drawing-room antimacassars; but they are

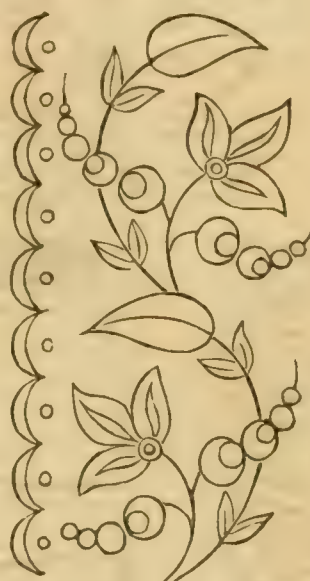
more simple to execute if a square is worked of the pattern, and finished with a fringe tied in to every loop, a row of crochet being added all round for the purpose.

LITTLE GIRL'S SACK.



FOR CHEMISE YOKES.

COAT FOR GIRL OR BOY.

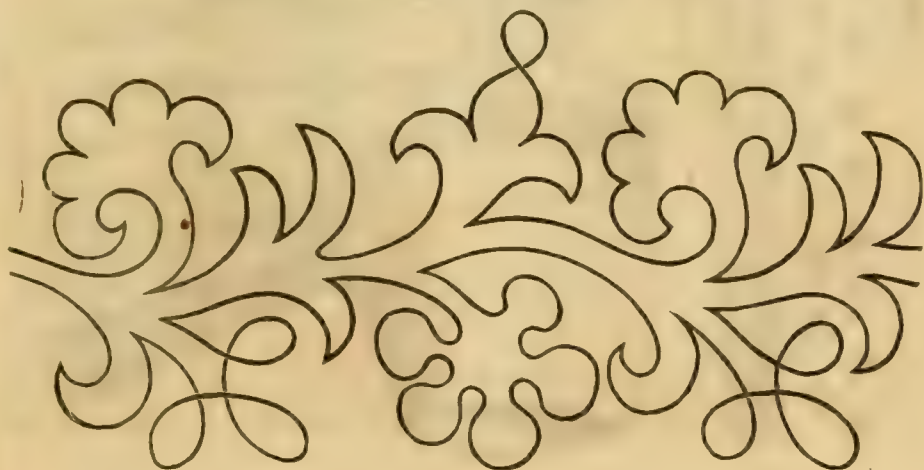


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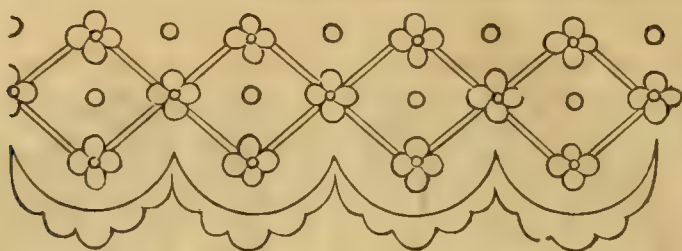
EMBROIDERY.



BRAIDING PATTERN FOR CHILD'S DRESS.



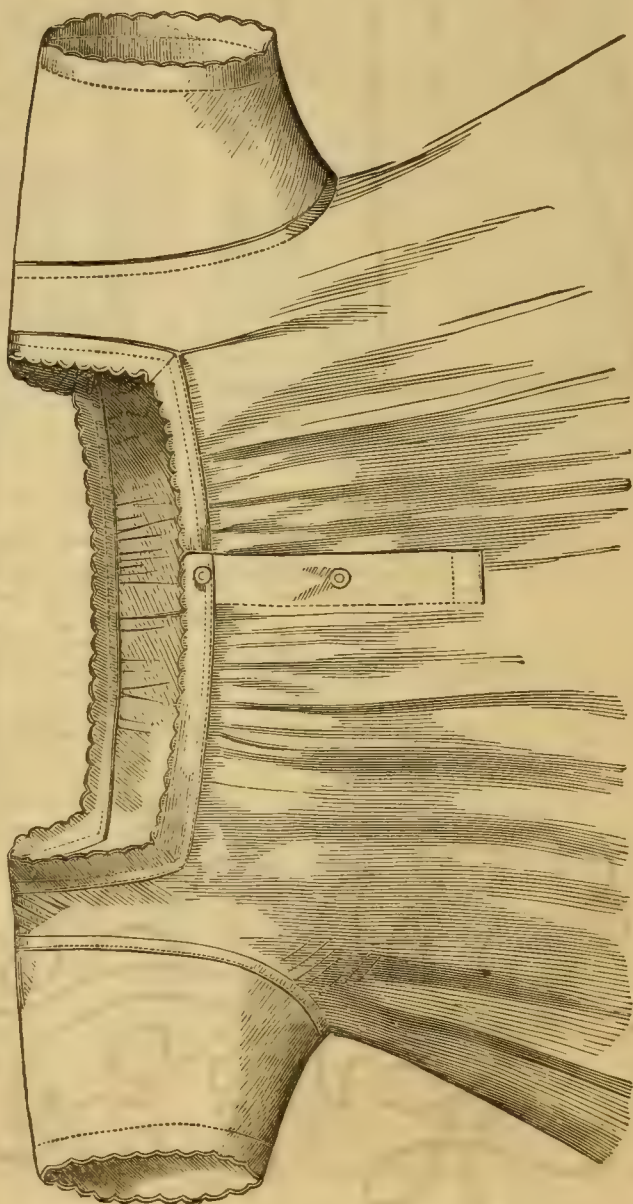
EMBROIDERY.



EMBROIDERY PATTERNS.



A SIMPLE STYLE OF CHEMISE.



Receipts, &c.

THE PREPARATION OF FOOD BY KEEPING.

GENERAL REMARKS.

A GREAT many articles of food are the better for keeping a longer or shorter time, varying, according to their nature, to the state of the weather, and to the place where they are kept. Among the chief of these are—*butcher's meat, venison, game, some kinds of poultry, and a few kinds of fish.* Even some vegetables are the better for a few hours' keeping, after they are brought in from the garden, such as young potatoes and Jerusalem artichokes; but this is an exception to the general rule, which enforces the necessity of dressing vegetables as soon as possible after they are gathered. On the other hand, many fruits require keeping for some time. The best mode, therefore, of keeping these several articles will here be given.

ESSENTIALS FOR KEEPING.

The Larder is the place set apart for keeping fresh provisions in, and should be placed where it can have a thorough draught, and where it is sheltered from the sun. But in many cases, especially in towns, this cannot be managed, and all that can be devoted to the purpose is a small box of wood with perforated-zinc sides, and called a "safe." This is often placed in a small room or closet, perhaps adjoining the kitchen; and then it is not surprising that meat becomes putrid, in warm weather, the day after it comes from the butcher. When there is a back-yard, this safe may often be suspended there with advantage during the part of the day when the sun is shaded off by the surrounding buildings; or permanently, if it is entirely excluded. Dry heat is not so injurious as the moist, yet warm atmosphere, which always prevails in underground kitchens; and even a much higher temperature, if dry, will do less mischief than one comparatively cool, but moist; that is to say, if the latter is above 60 or 70 degrees Fahrenheit, for below that point decomposition does not go on with any degree of rapidity. It must be remembered, that almost all kinds of animal food intended for roasting require a certain amount of decomposition to make them tender, the only exception being those which are, in the first place, sufficiently so when quite fresh, and, in the second, are so prone to rapid decomposition, that they are not to be kept without great risk; such are veal and some kinds of poultry, which in moderately cool weather will not keep more than a few days, and in summer, are not always to be depended on for twenty-four hours. For this reason, in frosty weather, meat may be kept for an indefinite time without altering its condition; and, in long frosts, there is scarcely a possibility of getting it into a state fit for the spit. Hence, it is always desirable to maintain in the larder a temperature considerably above the freezing point, and below 50, or at all events 60 degrees, with a good current of air free from moisture.

DIRECTIONS FOR KEEPING.

Whenever these conditions can be obtained, meat, the produce of mature animals, may be kept with advantage, if it is constantly watched and protected from the flies, for a period of time varying, according to the weather, from a few days to three weeks. It must also be kept dry, by wiping the moist parts every night and morning, taking care to separate all the crevices and dry them to

the bottom. Beyond the above time no meat improves by keeping, if it is not frozen, but in that case nearly the whole period during which it has been in that state must be deducted, and the time calculated independently of it. There appear to be two kinds of decomposition in animal substances, which are quite distinct from each other, and not always depending upon the state of the atmosphere. In the one kind, the change begins in the parts in contact with the air, especially in those which are the most moist. From these it gradually extends to the deeper parts; but so slowly, that very often the surface is quite putrid, and greenish-brown in color, while the parts round the bone are as sweet as ever, and maintain their original red. This is a true oxygenation, and is the result of keeping healthy animal substances in a good and proper current of dry air. But in the other kind of decomposition, either the whole mass changes together, or the deep parts go first, and gradually extend their influence to the surface. This is clearly not the result of a union with a fresh supply of oxygen, because that gas would surely affect the surface more than the interior; but it appears to be a new arrangement of the elements already existing in the substance, by which ammonia, and some others of the changeable organic compounds, are evolved. It generally, but not always occurs in hot and thundery weather, but always with the thermometer above 60 degrees; there is almost always a crackling feel given to the hand in pressing meat when in this state, depending upon the bubbles of gas confined within its meshes; and the smell is of a peculiarly nauseous kind, accompanied with a pungent impression upon the mucous membrane of the nose, which is not very agreeable. When meat is in this state, it is very unwholesome, and is even unfit for pigs or dogs. It should, therefore, be buried deeply beneath the surface, out of all risk of affecting the health of the neighboring inhabitants.

MISCELLANEOUS COOKING.

RABBIT SOUP.—Begin this soup six hours before dinner. Cut up three large but young and tender rabbits, or four small ones (scoring the backs), and dredge them with flour. Slice six mild onions, and season them with half a grated nutmeg, or more, if you like it. Put some fresh butter into a hot frying-pan (you may substitute for the butter some cold roast-veal gravy that has been carefully cleared from the fat), place it over the fire, and when it boils, put in the rabbits and onions, and fry them of a light brown. Then transfer the whole to a soup-pot; season it with a very small teaspoonful of salt, a teaspoonful of whole pepper, a large teaspoonful of sweet marjoram leaves stripped from the stalks, and four or five blades of mace, adding three large carrots in slices. Pour on, slowly, four quarts of hot water from a kettle already boiling hard. Cover the soup-pot, and let it simmer slowly, skimming it well, till the meat of the rabbits is reduced to shreds and drops from the bones, which will not be in less than five hours, if boiled as gently as it ought. When quite done, strain the soup into a tureen. Have ready the grated yolks of six hard boiled eggs, and stir them into the soup immediately after it is strained, and while it is very hot. Add, also, some bread cut into dice or small squares, and fried brown in fresh butter. Or substitute for the fried bread buttered toast, with all the crust removed, and cut into very small bits or mouthfuls.

SOUP-MEAT.—To make the soup *very good*, the meat of which there should be a large proportion, rather

more than a pound to a quart of water) must remain in till it drops entirely from the bones and is boiled to rags. But none of these fragments and shreds should be found in the tureen when the soup is sent to table; they should all be kept at the bottom of the pot, pressing down the ladle hard upon them when you are dipping out the soup. If any are seen in the soup after it is taken up, let them be carefully removed with a spoon. To send the soup to table with bits of bone and shreds of meat in it is a slovenly, disgusting, and vulgar practice, and should be strictly forbidden, as some indifferent cooks will do so to save themselves the trouble of removing it. A mass of shreds left at the bottom of the tureen absorbs so much of the liquid as to diminish the quantity of the soup; and if eaten, is very unwholesome, all the nourishment being boiled out of it.

Mutton, however, need not be boiled to pieces in the soup, which will have sufficient strength if the meat is left whole. A piece of loin of mutton that has been cooked in soup is to many persons very palatable. It is well worth sending to table.

ROASTED SALMON.—Take a large piece of fine fresh salmon, cut from the middle of the fish, well cleaned and carefully scaled. Wipe it dry in a clean coarse cloth; then dredge it with flour, put it on the spit, and place it before a clear, bright fire. Baste it with fresh butter, and roast it well, seeing that it is thoroughly done to the bone. Serve it up plain, garnishing the dish with slices of lemon, as many persons like a little lemon-juice with salmon. This mode of cooking salmon will be found excellent. A small one or a salmon-trout may be roasted whole.

BAKED SALMON.—A small salmon may be baked whole. Stuff it with forcemeat made of bread-crumbs, chopped oysters or minced lobster, butter, Cayenne, a little salt, and powdered mace; all mixed well, and moistened with beaten yolk of egg. Bend the salmon round, and put the tail into the mouth, fastening it with a skewer. Put it into a large, deep dish; lay bits of butter on it at small intervals, and set it into the oven. While baking, look at it occasionally, and baste it with the butter. When one side is well browned, turn it carefully in the dish, and add more butter. Bake it till the other side is well browned; then transfer it to another dish with the gravy that is about it, and send it to table.

If you bake salmon in slices, reserve the forcemeat for the outside. Dip each slice first in beaten yolk of egg, and then in the forcemeat till it is well coated. If in one large piece, cover it in the same manner thickly with the seasoning.

The usual sauce for baked salmon is melted butter, flavored with the juice of a lemon and a glass of port wine, stirred in just before the butter is taken from the fire. Serve it up in a sauce-boat.

TO STEW RED CABBAGE.—Having stripped off the outer leaves and washed the cabbage, quarter it, remove all the stalk, and cut the cabbage into shreds. Slice some cold ham as thin as possible, and put it into a stewpan, alternately with layers of shred cabbage, having first laid some bits of fresh butter in the bottom of the pan. Add about half a pint of boiling water. Cover the pan closely, and let it stew steadily for three hours, till the cabbage is very tender and the liquid all wasted, taking care not to let it burn. If you find it so dry as to be in danger of scorching, add a little more *boiling* water. When done, press and drain it through a colander, and serve it up with the cabbage heaped in the middle of the dish, and the ham laid round.

It may be improved by adding, before it begins to stew, a gill of red best vinegar.

White cabbage may be stewed as above; also cauliflower or broccoli, omitting the vinegar.

ONION CUSTARD.—Peel and slice some mild onions (ten or twelve, in proportion to their size), and fry them in fresh butter, draining them well when you take them up; then mince them as fine as possible. Beat four eggs very light, and stir them gradually into a pint of milk, in turn with the minced onions. Season the whole with plenty of grated nutmeg, and stir it very hard; then put it into a deep white dish, and bake it about a quarter of an hour. Send it to table as a side dish to be eaten with meat or poultry. It is a French preparation of onions, and will be found very fine.

FRICASEED SWEETBREADS.—Take half a dozen sweetbreads, clean them thoroughly, and lay them for an hour or two in a pan of water, having first removed the strings and gristle. Then put them into a stewpan with as much rich milk or cream as will cover them well, and a very little salt. Stew them slowly till tender throughout and thoroughly done, saving the liquid; then take them up, cover them, and set them near the fire to keep warm. Prepare a quarter of a pound of fresh butter, divided into four pieces and rolled in flour. Put the butter into the milk in which the sweetbreads were boiled, and add a few sprigs of parsley cut small, five or six blades of mace, half a nutmeg grated, and a very little Cayenne pepper. Have ready the yolks of three eggs, well beaten. Return the sweetbreads to the gravy, let it just come to a boil, and then stir in the beaten egg *immediately before* you take the fricasee from the fire, otherwise it will curdle. Serve it up in a deep dish with a cover.

Chickens, cut up, may be fricaseed in this manner.

CHICKEN GUMBO.—Cut up a young fowl as if for a fricasee. Put into a stewpan a large tablespoonful of fresh butter, mixed with a teaspoonful of flour and an onion finely minced. Brown them over the fire, and then add a quart of water and the pieces of chicken, with a large quarter of a peck of ochras (first sliced thin and then chopped), and a salt-spoon of salt. Cover the pan, and let the whole stew together till the ochras are entirely dissolved and the fowl thoroughly done. If it is a very young chicken, do not put it in at first, as half an hour will be sufficient to cook it. Serve it up hot in a deep dish.

A cold fowl may be used for this purpose.

You may add to the ochras an equal quantity of tomatoes cut small. If you use tomatoes, no water will be necessary, as their juice will supply a sufficient liquid.

CAKES, CUSTARDS, ETC.

SCORCH SHORT-CAKE.—Take a pound of Zante currants, and, after they are well picked and washed, dry them on a large dish before the fire or on the top of a stove. Instead of currants, you may use sultana or seedless raisins cut in half. When well dried, dredge the fruit profusely with flour, to prevent its clodding while baking. Have ready a teaspoonful of mixed spice, powdered mace, nutmeg, and cinnamon. Sift two quarts of flour, and spread it to dry at the fire. Cut up a pound of the best fresh butter, put it into a clean saucepan, and melt it over the fire, shaking it round, and taking care that it does not burn. Put the flour into a large pan, and mix with it a pound of powdered white sugar. Pour the melted butter warm into the midst of the flour and sugar,

and with a large spoon or broad knife mix the whole thoroughly into a soft dough or paste, *without using a drop of water*. Next sprinkle in the fruit, a handful at a time, stirring hard between each handful, and finish with a heaped teaspoonful of spice, mixed in a large glass of brandy.

Strew some flour on your paste-board, lay the lump of dough upon it, flour your hands, and knead it a while on all sides. Then cut it in half, and roll out each sheet about an inch thick. With a jaggings-iron cut it into large squares, ovals, triangles, or any form you please, and prick the surface handsomely with a fork. Butter some square pans, put in the cakes, and bake them brown.

For currants and raisins, you may substitute citron cut into slips and floured. This cake will be found very fine, if the receipt is *exactly* followed. In cold weather it keeps well, and, packed in a tin or wooden box, may be sent many hundred miles for Thanksgiving Day, Christmas, or New Year's.

This cake will be greatly improved by adding to the other ingredients the grated yellow rind of two lemons and their juice. For the brandy you may substitute a wineglass of rose-water.

RISE WAFFLES.—Take a teacup and a half or a common sized tumbler and a half of rice that has been well boiled, and warm it in a pint of rich milk, stirring it till smooth and thoroughly mixed. Then remove it from the fire, and stir in a pint of cold milk and a small teaspoonful of salt. Beat four eggs very light, and stir them into the mixture, in turn with sufficient rice flour to make a thick batter. Bake it in a waffle-iron. Send them to table hot, butter them, and eat them with powdered sugar and cinnamon, prepared in a small bowl for the purpose.

EGG POSE.—Three eggs, a quart, of Indian meal, a large tablespoonful of fresh butter, a small teaspoonful of salt, a half pint (or more) of milk. Beat the eggs very light and mix them with the milk. Then stir in gradually the Indian meal, adding the salt and butter. It must not be a batter, but a soft dough, just thick enough to be stirred well with a spoon. If too thin, add more Indian meal; if too stiff, thin it with a little more milk. Beat or stir it *long and hard*. Butter a tin or iron pan, put the mixture into it, and set the pan immediately into an oven, which must be moderately hot at first and the heat increased afterward. A Dutch oven is best for this purpose. It should bake an hour and a half or two hours, in proportion to its thickness. Send it to table hot and cut into slices. Eat it with butter or molasses.

HOMINY CAKES.—A pint of small hominy or Carolina grits, a pint of white Indian meal, sifted, a saltspoonful of salt, three large tablespoonfuls of fresh butter, three eggs or three teaspoonfuls of strong yeast, a quart of milk. Having washed the small hominy and left it soaking all night, boil it soft, drain it, and, while hot, mix it with the Indian meal, adding the salt and the butter. Then mix it gradually with the milk, and set it away to cool. Beat the eggs very light, and add them gradually to the mixture. The whole should make a thick batter. Then bake them on a griddle in the manner of buckwheat cakes, greasing or scraping the griddle always before you put on a fresh cake. Trim off their edges nicely, and send them to table hot. Eat them with butter.

Or you may bake them in muffin rings.

If you prefer making these cakes with yeast, you must

begin them earlier, as they will require time to rise. The yeast should be strong and fresh. If *not* very strong, use four tablespoonfuls instead of two. Cover the pan, set it in a warm place, and do not begin to bake till it is well risen and the surface of the mixture is covered with bubbles.

FOR RICH CUSTARD.—Boil a pint of milk with lemon-peel and cinnamon, mix a pint of cream and the yolks of eight eggs, well beaten; when the milk tastes of the seasoning, strain it, and sweeten it enough for the whole; pour it into the cream, stirring it well; then give the custard a simmer till of a proper thickness. Do not let it boil; stir the whole time one way.

Or: Boil a pint of cream with some mace, cinnamon, and a little lemon-peel; strain it, and when cold, add to it the yolks of four and the whites of two eggs, a little orange-flour water, and sugar to your taste. A little nutmeg and two spoonfuls of sweet wine may be added, if approved. Mix well, and bake in cups.

RISE CUSTARDS.—Sweeten a pint of milk with loaf-sugar, boil it with a stick of cinnamon, stir in sifted ground rice till quite thick. Take it off the fire, add the whites of three eggs, well beaten; stir it again over the fire for two or three minutes, then put it into cups that have lain in cold water; do not wipe them. When cold, turn them out, and put them into the dish in which they are to be served; pour round them a custard made of the yolks of the eggs and a little more than half a pint of milk. Put on the top a little red currant jelly or raspberry jam. A pretty supper dish.

ORANGE CUSTARD.—Boil very tender the rind of half a Seville orange, beat it in a mortar to a paste, put to it a spoonful of the best brandy, the juice of a Seville orange, four ounces of lump-sugar, and the yolks of four eggs. Beat all together ten minutes, and pour in by degrees a pint of boiling cream. Keep beating until the mixture is cold; then put into custard cups and set them in a soup dish of boiling water; let them stand until thick, then put preserved orange peel, in slices, upon the custard. Serve either hot or cold.

Or: Take the juice of twelve oranges, strain it, and sweeten it well with pounded loaf-sugar, stir it over a slow fire till the sugar is dissolved, taking off the scum as it rises; when nearly cold, add the yolks of twelve eggs well beaten and a pint of cream; stir it again over the fire till it thickens. Serve it in a glass dish or in custard cups.

SWEET POTATO PUDDING.—Beat to a cream one pound of sugar and one pound of butter; boil and pound fine two pounds of potatoes; beat the potato by degrees into the butter and sugar; add five eggs beaten light, one wineglass of wine, one of brandy, and one of rose-water; two teaspoonfuls of spice, and half a pint of cream.

Bake it in a crust. This will fill seven puddings.

EGG'S PUDDING.—Take six large, fair, juicy apples; pare, core, and chop them fine; six ounces of bread crumbs, six ounces of currants, six eggs, and three ounces of sugar. Mix them well and boil in a mould or closely covered pan for three hours; serve with sweet sauce.

THE TOILET.

HAIR GREASE.—Melt half a pound of lard and six ounces of olive oil in a jar placed in hot water; when nearly cold add about two drachms of essence of lemon, oil of lavender, or any other perfume, and then pour it into glass bottles, or earthen pots.

A HIGHLY PRESERVATIVE TOOTH-POWDER.—Take of prepared chalk and washed sulphur, of each one ounce; powdered myrrh and Armenian bole, of each two drachms. Mix.

A GOOD WASH FOR THE HAIR, OR ROUGHNESS OF THE SKIN.—Take of Belmont glycerine one ounce, oil of rosemary half a drachm, proof spirits one ounce, honey half an ounce, lavender-water half a pint; mix the oil of rosemary with the honey and spirits, and add the lavender-water gradually, shaking them well up; then put in the glycerine, and cork.

TO PREVENT THE HAIR FALLING OFF.—Apply a little of the following lotion to the roots of the hair two or three times a week: Spirit of turpentine, trotter oil, of each one ounce, with the addition of thirty drops of acetic solution of cantharides.

HUNGARY WATER.—To one pint of proof spirits of wine put an ounce of oil of rosemary and two drachms of essence of ambergris; shake the bottle well several times, then let the cork remain out twenty-four hours. After a month, during which time shake it daily, put the water into small bottles.

HONEY WATER.—Take a pint of proof spirit as above, and three drachms of essence of ambergris; shake them well daily.

LAVENDER WATER.—Take a pint of proof spirit as above, essential oil of lavender one ounce, essence of ambergris two drachms; put all into a quart bottle, and shake it extremely well.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TO EXTRACT INK STAINS FROM THE COVERS OF CLOTH BOOKS.—Many of the preparations for removing ink spots not only entirely remove the said stains, but the color also. The following, however, will be found perfectly harmless: To half an ounce of oxalic acid put a fluidounce of distilled water; when nearly dissolved, add half an ounce of citric acid: this will be a saturated solution, and will entirely remove ink without injuring or discoloring the substance, whether silk, cotton, linen, cloth, velvet, &c.

TO TAKE GREASE OUT OF COLORED SILK.—Take French chalk, finely scraped, and put it on the grease spot, holding it near the fire, or over a warm iron reversed. This will cause the grease to melt, the French chalk will absorb it, and it may then be brushed or rubbed off.

HOW TO MAKE OLD WRITING LEGIBLE.—Take six or seven bruised galls, and put to them a pint of strong white wine; let it stand in the sun forty-eight hours; dip a brush into it, and wash the writing.

TO CLEAN SILKS.—Dresses cleaned by the following method have not the appearance of being cleaned: Quarter of a pound of honey, quarter of a pound of soft soap, two wineglasses of gin, three gills of boiling water. Mix, and let stand until blood warm. Spread the silk on a clean table, with a cloth under it—there must be no gathers. Dip a nail-brush into the mixture, and rub the silk well, especially where there are stains, or the most dirt or spots, and with a sponge wet the whole breadth generally, and rub gently. Then rinse the silk in cold soft water; hang it up to drain, and iron it damp. The quantity stated is for a plain dress.

TO GILD STEEL.—Immerse the steel in a solution of nitro-muriate of gold, which will leave a coat of gold upon the steel, which must be immersed in water the moment it is gilt. The adhesion and appearance of the

gold are considerably improved by the use of the burnisher.

A FEW DROPS OF ANY PERFUMED OIL WILL SECURE LIBRARIES from the consuming effects of mouldiness and damp. Russian leather, which is perfumed with the tar of the birch-tree, never moulds; and merchants suffer large sales of this article to lie in the London Docks in the most careless manner, knowing that it cannot sustain any injury from the damp.

CURE FOR DAMP WALLS.—It is said (and in some cases where it has been tried it has been found successful) that if a damp wall is washed over on the outside with sulphuric acid and water, in the proportion of one to six, it will not, after such dressing, show any symptoms of damp.

LIQUID GLUE.—The following recipe is given by a New York paper for making the liquid glue now so popular in America: In a wide-mouthed bottle dissolve eight ounces of best glue in a half-pint of water, and heat it till dissolved. Then add slowly, constantly stirring, two and a half ounces of strong aquafortis (nitric acid). Keep it well corked, and it will be ready for use. It is a handy and valuable composition, as it does not gelatinize, nor undergo putrefaction and fermentation, and become offensive, and is always ready for use.

HOW TO STOP THE FLOW OF BLOOD.—Housekeepers, mechanics, and others, in handling knives, tools, and other sharp instruments, very frequently receive severe cuts, from which blood flows profusely, and oftentimes endangers life itself. Blood may be made to cease to flow as follows: Take the fine dust of tea and bind it close to the wound; at all times accessible and easily obtained. After the blood has ceased to flow, laudanum may be advantageously applied to the wound. Due regard to these instructions would save agitation of mind, and running for the surgeon, who would, probably, make no better prescription if he was present.

WASH YOUR OWN LACES.—The difficulty of getting laces washed right, especially out of a great city, is very great. Every lady, therefore, should know how to wash her own thread lace. If any fair lady is ignorant of this art, we can teach her in a very few words. Let her first rip off the lace, carefully pick out the loose bits of thread, and roll the lace very smoothly and securely round a clean black bottle previously covered with old white linen, sewed tightly on. Tack each end of the lace with a needle and thread to keep it smooth, and be careful in wrapping not to crumble or fold in any of the scollops or pearlings. After it is on the bottle, take some of the best sweet oil, and with a clean sponge wet the lace thoroughly to the inmost fold. Have ready, in a wash kettle, a strong lather of clear water and white Castile soap. Fill the bottle with cold water to prevent its bursting; cork it well and stand the neck secured well to the ears or handle of the kettle, to prevent its knocking about or breaking while over the fire. Let it boil in the suds for an hour or more, till the lace is clean and white all through. Drain off the suds and dry it in the sun; when dry remove the lace from the bottle, and roll it round a wide ribbon-block, or lay it in long folds; place it within a sheet of smooth white paper, and press it in a large book for a few days.

GINGERBREAD.—Two pounds of flour, one pound of raw sugar, one pound of golden syrup, three-quarters of a pound of butter, one-quarter of a pound of candied peel, and one ounce of ground ginger. Warm the treacle, butter, and sugar together.

Editors' Table.

THANKSGIVING DAY: THE LAST THURSDAY IN NOVEMBER.

Oh, praise the Lord, for he is good, and his mercy endureth forever. PSALMS.

Yes, amidst all the agitations that stir the minds of men and cause the hearts of women to tremble in fear and sorrow, among all the woes generated by human passions and human sins, the mercy of the Lord is over his children. It is the King of Heaven who gives us, year by year, the kindly fruits of the earth, and prepares our bread in due season. The past harvest has been a time of rich blessings over nearly all Christendom; from the greater portions of Europe, throughout the length and breadth of our own beloved land, come the glad tidings of food enough and to spare.

This past year has also been distinguished by its freedom from pestilence and wasting sicknesses. Health has been in all our borders—would that we could add, *peace has reigned, and good-will been extended!* but we must all acknowledge that the goodness of God has not failed. Shall we not, then, lay aside our enmities and strifes, and suspend our worldly cares, toils, and pursuits on *one day* in the year, devoting it to a public Thanksgiving for all the good gifts God has bestowed on us and on all the earth?

Surely it is ground for no ordinary thankfulness to know that even at a time like the present we have a surplus of food to spare, should the poor of other lands need a supply. Ought not this fact to teach us to extend our sympathies beyond the limits of our own country, and to do all that lies in our power to promote the reign of "Peace on earth and good-will among men?"

All nations are members of one brotherhood, under the fostering care of the one beneficent Father of humanity. What could do more to arouse and preserve the fraternal feelings which should exist, especially among the nations of Christendom, than the establishment and universal observance of one general Christian Festival of Thanksgiving, *on the same day of the year*, throughout those nations? All sects and creeds who take the Bible as their rule of faith and morals could unite in such a festival. The Jews, also, who find the direct command for a feast at the ingathering of harvest, would gladly join in this Thanksgiving, and in every country of Europe it would become, as we trust it will soon be in our own country, a universal holiday on the **LAST THURSDAY OF NOVEMBER.**

The enjoyment of it would be heightened in every land by the knowledge that in all other lands where the Bible was the Book of faith, in all places throughout the globe where Christians of any nation or creed could meet together, this happy, hallowed festival was and forever would be kept on the *last Thursday of November.*

We can do no more at present than to offer this suggestion for the consideration of the friends of peace and of religion in all countries, believing that it must commend itself to the sympathies of every one who will give it due attention; and that with judicious exertions it may be carried into effect. There is something so cheering and delightful in the idea of a **DAY OF UNIVERSAL THANKSGIVING**, set apart among all the branches of

the Christian family, when the storms of war would be hushed, and the strifes of factions, parties, and sects forgotten for a time, and all hearts united in one sentiment of gratitude to the Divine Father of humanity, that the mere proposal of the plan seems almost to insure its fulfilment.

The way is already prepared; for the last ten years or more the idea of our American national Thanksgiving has been gradually growing in favor and becoming an observance in all our States and Territories. *The last Thursday in November* has thus been known as the American Festival Day, and for the last three years has been observed by Americans in European cities and wherever our countrymen could meet together. It has been kept on board our fleets in the Mediterranean, African, and Brazilian stations; our missionaries in India, China, Africa have approved of this festival, and last year it was observed by our countrymen in Japan. Hon. Townsend Harris, American ambassador to that empire, inclosed in a letter to us his proclamation setting apart, in conformity with American custom, *the last Thursday in November* as a day of public Thanksgiving to Almighty God.

The following extract from a letter of an American resident shows how it was observed:—

"YOKAHAMA, JAPAN, Dec. 5, 1860.

Last Thursday, the 29th, was Thanksgiving, by proclamation of the American Minister at Jeddo and Gen. Dorr, our consul here at Kanagawa.

The Rev. Mr. Brown, one of the American missionaries of this place, preached a sermon at the residence of Gen. Dorr. Nearly all the American residents here at Yokahama and Kanagawa were present. Hon. Townsend Harris was down, and spent Thanksgiving with General Dorr."

Thus, from our Western world to the Isles of the rising sun, this chord of sympathy in thankful gratitude to the true God has been awakened, and the sentiment that makes Christian brotherhood a source of joy and hope has been strengthened. This feeling was strongly drawn forth at the last year's festival in Berlin, now the centre of German movements for nationality. The following pleasant description of the dinner will show the good influences it promoted as well as the happiness it conferred:—

THANKSGIVING DAY IN BERLIN.

BERLIN, Nov. 29, 1860.

"In the most splendid street in this great city, 'Unter der Linden,' is one of the loveliest little dining-halls I ever saw. Its walls are adorned with the portraits of Schiller, and Goethe, and Beethoven, and the other masters of pen and of song. These worthies looked very strange to-night, peeping out from the folds of innumerable 'stars and stripes,' which draped the walls on every side. The sides of the room seemed to be a greenhouse of large, luxuriant plants, and the table itself was groaning under its weight of flowers. A few minutes after five o'clock P. M., Gov. Wright, our ambassador to the Prussian Court, was seen to walk to the head of the

table, and take his seat. In a moment the hundred guests, students in Berlin, travellers to and from our native land, American residents of other cities, called in from their present homes to eat this patriotic dinner, together with a few German friends, took seats at the ample board. The band commenced; we all expected, from the preliminary flourishes, some unknown composition of Beethoven; but what was our surprise and delight to hear them soon fall gracefully into the grand measures of Old Hundred! By instinct every voice joined in the hymn—

'Praise God, from whom all blessings flow.'

Then a fervent prayer of praise and thanksgiving was offered by Rev. Geo. C. Robinson, of Cincinnati, and in a moment more every distinguishable sound was lost in the clatter of busy knives and forks.

* * * * *

There was everything which we could have got at grandmother's, except the pumpkin pies. The ladies tried it; but here the Dutch cooks declared that forbearance ceased to be a virtue, and openly rebelled against baking such "ausgezeig net nujeher!" (adverbs so transcendently superlative that they can't be described) compounds in their ovens! But, as a remuneration, Gov. Wright had generously imported at his own expense an abundance of most delicious sweet potatoes, and cranberries, and dried sweet corn direct from home! How we did feast on these goodies! And then we would sing a song, and make the kelner bring us one more plate of roast turkey, with just the least bit of sweet potato, and some of that delicious cranberry sauce. Ah, you hundred grandmothers, who prayed so fervently for your boys off here in a strange land, we had everything to remind us of you to-night.

* * * * *

And now the Governor arose; all was silence. He said, before he gave the first toast he wanted to make this a true American Thanksgiving by remembering the poor. The plate was passed, and seventy-five thalers were collected, to be distributed by a city missionary, recently established here through Gov. Wright's instrumentality in great measure, in imitation of similar institutions in New York.

And then began the speeches, and the toasts, and the stories. The enthusiasm soon kindled to such a degree that a German friend, Prof. Holsendorf, of the University, rose voluntarily and said he wished he had his countrymen here now who never heard anything about America except Bowie knives and steamboat explosions. At that, a student jumped to his feet and said he loved all the institutions of our country, even such peculiar institutions as steamboat explosions; for who would not rather be blown half way from New York to Albany than never get there!"

If this November does not seem the time for rejoicing, then consecrate the last Thursday in the month to benevolence of action, by sending gifts to the poor, and doing those deeds of kindness that will for one day make every American home the place of gladness and every American heart hopeful and thankful. A day of fasting might seem more becoming, if the festival had reference to the condition of the country or the deeds of men; but when God is the Benefactor we praise, the Ruler we exalt, have we not always cause of joy and gratitude? It was to human vision a gloomy time in Judea when the prophet said unto the people:—

Go your way, eat the fat, and drink the sweet, and send portions unto them for whom nothing is prepared,

for this day is holy unto our Lord; neither be ye sorry, for the joy of the Lord is your strength.—NEHEMIAH viii. 10.

Shall the 28th of November (the last Thursday) be this year an American Thanksgiving Day?

WHAT BRITISH WOMEN ARE DOING.—In these dark days of American literature it is a pleasure to find that the ladies of England are gaining honors and rewards for their genius, thus elevating the Anglo-Saxon women wherever they may reside. The English reviewers all give high praise to "Silas Marner," the last work of Miss Evans (or G. Elliot, as she styles herself), placing it above any of her other works, and, indeed, above any other novel of the day. One critic observes: "Of 'Silas Marner' it is impossible to say which is most admirable, the vivid painting of life itself or the profound remarks on the progress of life. Nor is this all; the kindly humor which glows through every judgment is as conciliatory as the verdict is convincing, and the more so as the author shows no foregone purpose in the construction of the fable, but leaves it to bear its own fruit."

The book has had a large sale.

"The Cruise in the *Claymore* on the Coast of Syria," by Mrs. Harvey, has just been published in London. The authoress presented to Queen Victoria, at the last drawing-room, a magnificent copy of this work, bound in carved cedar, from Lebanon.

"My Share of the World," is by Miss Frances Browne, whose poetry has given her a high place among those who struggle against great difficulties in the development of their genius. Miss Browne has been blind from childhood, and dependent on her own talents for support. This last book, her first prose work, is warmly praised. We hope it will be reprinted in our country.

WOMEN IN THE PRINTING-OFFICE.—The *London Review* says: "The Victoria Press, under the presidency of Miss Emily Faithful, is about to issue a volume called the 'Victoria Regina,' dedicated, by permission, to Her Majesty the Queen, and under her especial patronage, as a perfect specimen of the success of the Victoria Press, and also as a proof of the support afforded to them by the names most distinguished in literature. The volume will be edited by Miss Adelaide A. Procter, and will contain original contributions from Tennyson, Thackeray, Barry Cornwall, Kingsley, Frederick Manrice, Dean Milman, Anthony Trollope, the late Leigh Hunt, Miss Muloch, Mrs. Clive, the authoress of 'Paul Ferroll,' the late Mrs. Jameson, Lady Georgina Fullerton, Mrs. Grote, the Hon. Mrs. Norton, and many others. We may take the opportunity of giving an unqualified denial to the statement made by some journals, that the Victoria Printing Press in Great Coram Street is a failure as a woman's printing-office. There are eighteen young women employed at the Victoria Press, who are making considerable progress as compositors, and there are only three men employed in training and clicking for these apprentices. In the press-room men only are employed, as that branch of the business is unsuitable for women. We hear that the Victoria Press is already self-supporting, and in every way fulfilling the desires of its promoter, Miss Emily Faithful."—[A very appropriate name, as her deeds prove.]

WOMEN OF THE LAST CENTURY.—Two works of much interest have lately been published in London: "Auto-

biography and Correspondence of Mrs. Delany," and "Autobiography, Letters and Literary Remains of Mrs. Piozzi."

The *Christian Remembrancer* makes some excellent remarks on the characters of these distinguished ladies. While a certain parallel may be drawn between the external position of these two women, the events of their lives, the place they once held, the notice and admiration they once excited, and the intellectual superiority attributed to them, the mode in which they used the advantages and met the difficulties of their lot, constitute as strong a difference as can well be found. Their portraits as old women, which stand at the opening of their works, predetermine and define this difference—though thirty years' distance in date may possibly diminish its full significance. Mrs. Delany, in cowl and hood, comely and venerable, model of a wise, pious, decorous, acquiescent old age; Mrs. Piozzi, at nearly the same time of life, in hat and plumes, and false flaxen curls, to which her chronicler in candor bids us add, cheeks violently rouged. Each face is the type of a character and a career: in Mrs. Delany, of a harmony which is the characteristic of her life, adapting her to every successive stage of existence, causing her to fit in with every change and be always in keeping with the seasons of life as they came and passed by, from the tearful April and glowing May of her youth to the fall of Autumn and December snows: in Mrs. Piozzi's of exactly opposite characteristics—of a total want of this harmony and of the resolute hitch in her nature which disturbed all proportions; telling of a precocious womanhood, a girlish middle life, and a frivolous and fantastic old age. The one picture represents the gift of self-government, founded on a calm and modest self-reliance; the other that total incapacity for self-guidance, which so often is seen where vanity holds possession in the place of self-respect—the craving for the approbation or admiration of others rather than a wish to satisfy the individual judgment.

SEED-PEARLS.

YOUTH has its fascinating smile,
Its cheek of rose-bud ray;
They charm th' admiring eyes awhile,
Then fade and fleet away;
But AGE, with heaven-taught wisdom crown'd,
That waits the Father's will,
And walks in love with all around,
Hath higher beauty still.

SHE will sing the savageness out of a bear.

YOUR gentleness shall force
More than your force move us to gentleness.
PRAISING what's lost
Makes the remembrance dear.

AND ruder words will soon break in,
To swell the breach that words begin.

TATZ religion is the *art of being and of doing good*.

OUR AMERICAN SCULPTRESS.—While giving all deserved commendation to the talents and industry of British ladies, we venture to say that, for real genius, not an example can be given of such marked power and originality as our countrywoman has already stamped on her beautiful creations.

A letter from Rome in the *London News* says that Miss Harriet Homer, of whom America is justly proud, has completed her fine colossal statue of Col. Benton, to be

erected in bronze at St. Louis, when it shall have been cast by the Munich foundry, to which the mould will soon be consigned. He also says that Miss Homer will be nobly represented at the great exhibition in London next year by her statue of the "Captive Queen"—Zenobia.

We intend to give a more extended notice of Miss Homer when we have time to prepare it.

WOMEN'S MISSION TO WOMEN.—Next month will complete the year since we commenced our plea for the Heathen Women of the East, entreating that American Christian Women might be sent to teach those poor, ignorant idolaters the Bible, and their duties as God's Word has instructed us. In our next number we intend giving a sketch of the results thus far secured; we will only say, now, that we have much cause for thankfulness and hope. A few names and subscriptions have been sent us for this month; we trust that, now the summer wanderers have returned to their homes, we shall receive many additions to our list of members. *One dollar* sent us constitutes a lady member of our Society, and insures the record in the Lady's Book.

Mrs. Alice B. Haven, New York, \$2 00.

Mrs. Horatio Hale, Clinton, Canada West, \$1 00.

Mrs. Rev. James Carmichael, Clinton, Canada West, \$1 00.

Mrs. Lizzie Laura Woodbury, Boston, Mass., \$1 00.

MISS S. J. HALE'S BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, 1826 Rittenhouse Square, Philadelphia.

This school is designed to give a thorough and liberal English education, to furnish the best facilities for acquiring the French language, and the best instruction in music and the other accomplishments. The moral training and the health and physical development of the scholars are carefully attended to.

References: Mrs. Emma Willard, Troy, N. Y.; Henry Vethake, LL.D., Wm. B. Stevens, D.D., Wm. H. Ashhurst, Esq., Louis A. Godey, Esq., Philadelphia; Charles Hodge, D.D., Princeton, N. J.; and others.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.—The following articles are accepted: "When thou art near"—"Light in Darkness"—"Flown"—"The Locomotive"—"The Vision"—"A Plea for Jealousy"—"A Story from my Blank Book"—"The Falling Leaf" (the other poem not wanted; the writer can do better)—"The Old House on the Shore"—"The Ring" (the other poem declined for want of room)—"Mabel Moss"—"Cousin Bertha"—"Nixon"—"Memory"—"Past"—"The Rose which our Darling Planted"—"The Lady's Book"—and "After the Storm."

The following are not wanted: "Life's Changes"—"Dedicated To"—"An Old Maid"—"Songs"—"Dora"—"Lily Dean"—"Old Memories"—"Summer"—"Our Willie"—"Twilight"—"Dark Night"—"Ode"—"Lelia Courtenay's Destiny"—"Mischief"—"Leonora Simington"—"Be Friends Forgot"—"Blanche" (we have no room at present)—"An Indian Legend"—"Sonnet"—"The Oak"—"Sweet Hope Lincoln"—"The Dying Child"—"Edgar Poe"—"Song of Beauty"—"Trust in God, etc."—"Tis not the Value of the Gift" (we have no room)—"Glory"—"Thou art Going"—"La Vivandiere" (would do for a newspaper)—"The Love Test"—"A Few Days"—"Darning"—"My Niece"—and "The Art of Doing Nothing."

We have other manuscripts on hand that will receive attention next month.

Health Department.

BY JNO. STAINBACK WILSON, M. D.

MEANS OF PREVENTING WORMS.—In addition to the dieting and other hygienic measures recommended in a former article, some of the preparations of iron will be found very useful in bracing up the system, and thus guarding against the reaccumulation of worms after their expulsion. Indeed, iron is an excellent remedy for feeble children, and its use will in many cases correct that morbid condition of the stomach and bowels which favors the generation of worms, and in this way entirely obviate the necessity of resorting to more direct vermifuges. The best preparations of iron are anvil scales, vinegar and rusty nails, and steel dust. Of the steel dust as much as will lie on the point of a penknife may be taken three times a day, before meals. The steel dust is made by melting sulphur, or brimstone, on red-hot steel and letting the globules fall into water. The globules are then powdered in a mortar, and mixed with an equal quantity of powdered ginger. This is one of the very best of all the preparations of iron, and is appropriate in many cases not connected with worms, where a tonic is indicated. A half a teaspoonful of the anvil scales may be taken in syrup at the same intervals directed for the steel dust. The above preparations have the advantage of being almost tasteless. The vinegar and nails are prepared thus: Take as many rusty nails as can be grasped in the hand, put these into a pint of good vinegar, and give a teaspoonful or two three times a day. The acid has a good effect in dissolving and attenuating the tenacious mucus in which the worms find a congenial habitation. But the preparation is more unpleasant to the taste than the steel dust and anvil scales, and therefore not so readily administered to children.

After what has been said, it is hardly necessary to insist on the importance of diet, fresh air, bathing, and strict attention to all the hygienic agents in feeble children who have been or are likely to be troubled with worms. Suffice it, then, to say that the diet should consist of unbolted flour bread, corn bread, hominy, rice stewed, and ripe fruits; avoiding sweetmeats, grease, tea, and coffee. As to bathing and fresh air, we need only say that some form of bath should be used every day, and that fresh air should be breathed every hour, by day and by night.

DANGERS OF BARE ARMS.—A distinguished physician who died some years since in Paris declared:—

"I believe that during the twenty-six years I have practised my profession in this city twenty thousand children have been carried to the cemeteries, a sacrifice to the absurd custom of exposing their arms naked.* I have thought, if a mother were anxious to show the soft, white skin of her baby, and would cut out a round hole in the little thing's dress, just over the heart, and then carry it about for observation by the company, it would do very little harm; but to expose the baby's arms, members so far removed from the heart, and with such feeble circulation at best, is a most pernicious practice.

"Put the bulb of a thermometer to a baby's mouth; the mercury rises to 99 degrees. Now, carry the same bulb to its little hand; if the arms be bare and the eve-

ning cool, the mercury will sink to 40 degrees. Of course all the blood which flows through these arms and hands must fall from 20 to 40 degrees below the temperature of the heart. Need I say that when these cold currents of blood flow back into the chest the child's general vitality must be more or less compromised? And need I add that we ought not to be surprised at its frequently-recurring affections of the lungs, throat, and stomach? I have seen more than one child with habitual cough and hoarseness, or choking with mucus, entirely, permanently relieved by simply keeping its arms and hands warm."

We have before warned our readers against the "most pernicious practice," the dire effects of which are so forcibly presented in the above extract; but so prevalent is this evil, and such is the bending power of fashion, that the subject cannot be too often or too strongly urged upon the attention of mothers. The above remarks are as applicable to every part of our country as to the city of Paris, for from Paris we receive our fashions, and with Paris we must suffer the dreadful consequences of following the senseless requisitions of vanity and folly in preference to the plain dictates of reason, physiology, and common sense. Mothers can never expect health for themselves and their children until they make the *laws of health* their guide, instead of the decrees of fashion; until they study physiology and hygiene more, and French fashion-plates less.

ARE CRADLES INJURIOUS?—Some writers object strongly to cradles, on the ground that they promote sleep by causing an undue flow of blood to the head, which is likely to result in congestion, inflammation, and dropsy of the brain; but we think that the dangers of rocking are much exaggerated. As Dr. Condie remarks, "there are few infants to which this motion does not appear to communicate a pleasing sensation, predisposing to quietude and sleep; and we are convinced," he adds, "that when gentle and not resorted to to induce a state of repose at improper periods, it can be productive of no possible inconvenience or injury." In this opinion, thus qualified, we fully coincide, so far as freedom from danger or injury to health is concerned. But cradles are certainly rather inconvenient, if a crying child is an inconvenience. Dr. Condie admits that there is one great "disadvantage" attending the use of a cradle, "which is," in his own words, "that infants often become so habituated to its motion as to be with difficulty made to sleep without it; they require, in consequence, an almost constant attendance, awaking the moment the motion of the cradle is suspended, and continuing to cry until rocked to sleep again, whereas infants accustomed to sleep in a cot will remain comfortable and quiet for hours even after they awake." Every mother who has had much to do with cradles will readily admit the truth of the above statement, and we think that she will be as ready to grant that the state of things described is attended with very great "inconvenience." Apart from all considerations of health, a cot or bed should be preferred, then, to a cradle, if mothers would avoid that greatest of all troubles of motherhood, a fretful, crying child. We think mothers, in availing themselves of the permission of Dr. Condie to consult their "taste and convenience" in choosing between a cot and a cradle, will not hesitate long between the two.

ACTION OF OPIUM ON CHILDREN.—Opium acts with peculiar energy and uncertainty on infants. In one case, forty drops of Dalby's Carminative destroyed an infant; half a small teaspoonful of the syrup of poppies

* These and the following remarks are equally true of bare legs.

proved nearly fatal to a child eight or ten days old. The most dangerous symptoms have ensued from twenty drops of paregoric, and two drops of laudanum have been known to kill an infant—"Nay, in one case," says Dr. Beck, "a single drop destroyed a new-born infant."*

COLEMAN, &c.

Literary Notices.

BOOKS BY MAIL.—Now that the postage on printed matter is so low, we offer our services to procure for our subscribers or others any of the books that we notice. Information touching books will be cheerfully given by inclosing a stamp to pay return postage.

When ordering a book, please mention the name of the publisher.

From HANMER & BROTHERS, New York, through J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

LIFE AND ADVENTURES IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC. By a ROVING PRINTER. Our "roving printer" having been on a whaling voyage, has written a book, detailing the incidents and accidents of this voyage, from the preparatory fitting out and sail from New Bedford, Mass., up to the time of the final return to the same place. Proceeding on their way to Cape Horn, they take their first whale in the South Atlantic; and here we have a graphic description of the whole process of whale capture, from the cry of "There she blows!" from the man at the mast-head at first sight of the monster, to the "cutting in," "trying out," "storing down," and final "clearing up" of the ship and all hands after the whale is disposed of. This description will be particularly interesting to many who have not probably heretofore had the slightest idea of the manner in which this labor is conducted. Passing Cape Horn, they make their way into the South Pacific; touch at Juan Fernandez and at Talcahuana, Chili; and, during their cruise of nearly five years, traverse the ocean from the American to the Chinese coast, proceeding as high as the 30th degree north latitude, and visiting many of the islands of Oceania. To descriptions of these latter, their inhabitants, productions, &c., the author devotes many pages of his book, while the facts concerning them which he gives suggest to the reader that there lies a broad field for future civilization with its accompanying agriculture and commerce. There is no attempt whatever at style or elegance in the writing of this book; it is a plain narrative of events as they transpired, at times well interlarded with sailor's slang; and we must confess that some portions of it, intended to be particularly humorous, such as accounts of the jokes played by the crew against one another, although no doubt laughable enough in action, seem somewhat stale in print, and are, to our mind, the least interesting of all. Price \$1 25.

THE HOUSE ON THE MOOR. By the author of "Margaret Maitland," "The Laird of Norlaw," &c. Mrs. Oliphant, so well and so justly famed for her accurate pictures of Scottish life, has in no wise tarnished this reputation in the publication of the present work. Lanworth Moor is on the borders of England and Scotland, and on the edge of this moor in a house, removed ten miles "from the humblest attempt at a town," the

* "Infant Therapeutics." By John B. Beck, S.S. & William Wood, New York. This little work should be read by all mothers.

hero and heroine, a brother and sister, are introduced. They have been brought up here in the strictest seclusion, shut out as much as possible from all external communication by their father, whose life is bright and whose nature changed by some terrible secret. The effect of this secret is felt upon the son, who grows up at enmity with his father, possessing no affection for his sister, and discontented with the world. A relief to this sombre picture is given in the person of a kind old East Indian uncle, Colonel Sutherland, whose genial heart and simplicity and honesty of purpose are in strange contrast with most of the other characters. The book is not without its love story, and the princess is released from the enchanted castle where for so many years she has been imprisoned, by a knight well worthy of the bride he obtains. Price \$1 00.

A COURSE OF SIX LECTURES ON THE CHEMICAL HISTORY OF A CANDLE; to which is added a Lecture on Platinum. By Michael Faraday, D.C.L., F.R.S., Fullerian Professor of Chemistry, Royal Institution; Foreign Associate of the Academy of Sciences. Edited by William Crookes, F.C.S. This series of lectures was delivered before a juvenile auditory at the Royal Institution of Great Britain during the last Christmas holidays, and are in their language and plan especially adapted for the comprehension of the young. Nevertheless, such is their character and such the importance of the scientific facts elucidated by them that they are beneath the attention and perusal of no one who properly appreciates the science of philosophy. The book contains numerous illustrations of experiments made with the aid of philosophical instruments upon caloric and various gases.

LATIN ACCIDENCE AND PRIMARY LESSON BOOK, Containing a Full Exhibition of the Forms of Words, and First Lessons in Reading. By George W. Colford, A.M., Professor of Latin and Greek in the Brooklyn Collegiate and Polytechnic Institute. This work appears a superior one in its adaptation to the wants of beginners in the Latin language. Its method of learning seems simple and practicable, and the abundance and variety of its matter unusually great. The book is intended as an introduction and accompaniment to "McClintock's First Book in Latin."

From D. APPLETON & Co., New York, through SAMUEL HAZARD, JR., Philadelphia:—

FIRST LESSONS IN GREEK: The Beginner's Companion Book to Hadley's Grammar. By James Morris Whiton, Rector of the Hopkins Grammar School, in New Haven, Conn. In noticing this work, we can do no better than to quote the author in his preface. He says: "A book of Greek lessons must introduce the rapid learner to the classic authors in six months from his introduction to the alphabet, or it is rejected for some more speedy vehicle. The author has therefore presented a somewhat abbreviated series of exercises, although adequate to illustrate all the common forms of the language, while, by notes copiously illustrating the grammar, he has sought to render the pupil familiar from the beginning with that which should be his inseparable guide and oracle."

LEARNING TO SPELL, TO READ, TO WRITE, AND TO COMPOSE, all at the Same Time. By J. N. Jacobs, A.M., Principal of the Kentucky Institution for the Education of Deaf Mutes. The plan pursued in this work is to familiarize the child with words in connection with the objects they represent or the meaning they convey; and thus, by a gradual increase of subjects and

words, more rapid progress is made than by the usual tedious form of elementary education. The rudiments of grammar are also introduced before the close of the volume in a simple and natural manner. The number and variety of its illustrations will at once arrest the eye and the attention of the little scholar.

From TICKNOR & FIELDS, Boston, through S. HAZARD, JR., Philadelphia:—

THE RECREATIONS OF A COUNTRY PARSON. Second series. A delightful, soothing, lulling volume, suggestive of blue skies, shady lanes, and running brooks; a compound of fact, sentiment and fancy, philosophy and poetry, all charmingly blended together, until it is like a model garden, where fruits, vegetables, and flowers are alike found, the useful and beautiful so arranged and economized that they form a perfect whole. In perusing this volume one experiences a delicious state of mental *dolce far niente*. It is a book to rest one's self with. Price \$1 25 per volume.

From ROBERT CARTER & BROTHERS, New York:—

DISCOURSES ON THE CHRISTIAN REVELATION, VIEWED IN CONNECTION WITH MODERN ASTRONOMY. To which are added Discourses Illustrative of the Connection between Theology and General Science. By Thomas Chalmers, D. D., and LL.D. The late Dr. Chalmers is too well known as a writer, and these astronomical discourses have too wide a celebrity to merit eulogium now. In reading these essays you feel that you are holding communion with a great and a sound mind; one capable of comprehending, so far as the finite can comprehend the infinite, the Creator and the wonders of his creation.

DISCOURSES ON THE APPLICATION OF CHRISTIANITY TO THE COMMERCIAL AND ORDINARY AFFAIRS OF LIFE. By Thomas Chalmers, D. D., and LL.D. This volume, though it may be considered humbler in its pretensions than the preceding, displays no less power and genius, and is, we think, more practically useful and interesting. If the principles of strict integrity, taught in this work, governed the mercantile and daily life of America, our merchants would indeed be princes, and our homes the abode of order and comfort.

ON NATURAL THEOLOGY. By Thomas Chalmers, D. D., LL.D., Professor of Theology in the University of Edinburgh, and Corresponding Member of the Royal Institute of France. A work like this, in which so much of thought and observation is condensed, will always be valuable to the student of Theology. The arguments of Chalmers are so convincing, his style so clear and glowing, and his feelings so warm, earnest, and true, that it seems impossible for the oldest sceptic to read his writings and remain untouched. These works are indispensable in a complete family library.

Godey's Arm-Chair.

OUR NOVEMBER PLATES.—A veritable Godey plate is the one in this number—"The New Boy." Every one of us, in his time, has been a "New Boy." The hopes, the fears, the whims and vagaries that attend the first entry into school have been well portrayed by our artist. The incidents in this design will meet with recognition from old and young.

The boy himself is a mild, innocent little fellow—a

regular mamma's darling—and this is the first day of his apprenticeship in the rough school of the world. The elder boys of the school have already pounced upon him, and are preparing to tease him *secundum artem*, one turning into ridicule his neat attire, including the carefully-plaited shirt-frill, especially provided for the occasion by his fond mother; another preparing to give him a friendly "dig" in the ribs; another, with a pen, about to invest him with a pair of impromptu moustaches; whilst, to crown the whole, a capacious fool's cap is about to be pulled over his head. All this the youth bears patiently, yet bravely enough. Though somewhat awed and very pale, he is self-possessed, and he submits to the will of his tormentors as part of his destiny. In the closet off to the right, being the school-master's private parlor, the widowed mother is seen paying down the amount of her son's entrance fee and first quarter's schooling; whilst our young hero's little sister looks with mingled curiosity and anxiety at the process of initiation which he is undergoing. This little episode is cleverly introduced, and greatly enhances the interest of the picture. The plate contains eighteen figures.

Another exquisite Fashion-plate, containing seven figures. Here our subscribers have five more colored fashions in one number than are furnished by any other magazine; and, what is better, fashions of the day, not fancy figures.

We ask attention to the cloak patterns published in this number. The greatest variety ever given in one publication.

"Bob Cherry." A game played by children in cherry time. Some pretty hard knocks are sometimes got by trying to catch the cherries through the interstices of the chair.

We ask attention to our advertisement for 1862, published in this number. It is but a faint outline of what we will do, but will give some general idea of what the Lady's Book will be. In fact, it is hardly necessary for us to publish any advertisement. Our subscribers and the public know that we will publish the best lady's book in the world: and they have known us so long that they are willing to trust us, even without any promises on our part. We are thankful, very thankful for the patronage we have received for the last thirty-one years; and we can only add that, having found that fulfilling every promise made has been the best policy, that plan we shall still continue to pursue.

WHAT WE CONSIDER A COMPLIMENT.—We have obtained our immense list this year—and it is the largest in the States—and all other years, without offering a single premium, or, in other words, bribe of any kind. Those who have taken the Book have taken it on its own merits alone. We give a premium in every number, by giving so much more than any other magazine. There is scarcely a magazine now published that does not offer what they call an "inducement" to subscribe, and many subscribe for the "inducement," not the magazine. It is our proud boast that we have offered no bribes of any kind. We have adhered to our terms. We thank our kind friends who have thus sustained the Book, and assure them that it shall always be, as they have pronounced it, the best Lady's Book in the world.

AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY PREMIUMS.—We believe that the Lady's Book is the only magazine offered as a premium by the various societies in the different States.

MAKE UP YOUR CLUBS.—Remember that the Lady's Book is the best work for ladies published in this country. We have more than *one thousand* private letters testifying to this fact, and the press throughout the country is unanimous in saying that the Lady's Book is the best magazine of its kind in this or any other country. The difference in the club price of the Lady's Book and that of other magazines is only a few cents, and for these few cents you get nearly one-third more reading and engravings, besides other more expensive embellishments that a low-priced magazine cannot afford to give. Clubs must be for the Lady's Book alone, with one exception, and that is "Arthur's Home Magazine." One or more of that work can be introduced in a club in place of the Lady's Book, if desired.

Any person, with a very little trouble, can get up a club for the Book; we have frequently been so informed by ladies—the work is so popular. It is but to call and get a subscription. Clubs are always in time, as we are able to supply numbers from the beginning of the year; yet we like them sent in soon, to know how many we shall print. Remember, that a work with 150,000 subscribers can give five times as much as a work with only half that number, and the embellishments can also be made of a very superior character.

Our terms are made plain and explicit, so that they may be easily understood. We are often asked to throw in an extra copy. In no instance can this be done, as our terms are so low to clubs that it cannot be afforded. A shop-keeper would look amazed, if a purchaser should ask him to throw in an extra yard because she had purchased twelve. And yet we are asked to add an extra copy because twelve have been ordered. It cannot be done.

A BEAUTIFUL little illustrated guide to the cultivation of flowers and house plants, the care of bulbous roots, etc. etc., called "The Parlor Gardener," has been lately published by Messrs. J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston, in their well-known elegant style. They will send it, post-paid, on receipt of its price, 60 cents.

They are publishers of that valuable illustrated guide to drawing and painting of all varieties, called "Art Recreations," which they will also send, post-paid, on receipt of price, \$1 50. They have ready a new price list of artist's goods, which they will send free.

THE *Clinton Messenger and Palladium* gets off a very good notice of the Book in the following:—

"'Who! who! hallo, Postmaster—mail.' In quick time it is ushered into the office, and the first thing that meets the eye when it is opened, is a package of Godey's Lady's Book. 'Hurry up,' says one, and they begin to flock in for their pretty magazine. And can any one wonder that there should be such a tremendous rush for this magazine, when the publishers take every pride in making it one of the most entertaining in the country? Take this, and if Uncle Sam is not at fault, you are sure of it every month at just such a date."

OLD POST-OFFICE STAMPS.—Our subscribers are informed that the old post-office stamps are now of no use. The post-office has issued new stamps, and the old ones are valueless.

"HAST thou ever loved, Henrietta?" I sighed.

"I should rather imagine I had," she replied. "Oh, did not my glances, my feelings betray, when you helped me to pudding the third time to-day?"

We indorse the following, and we have always advocated the necessity of persons taking their own county papers, even before subscribing to the Lady's Book. It is a duty owing to the enterprising person who has devoted his means and time for your benefit. Every editor can furnish you his paper and the Lady's Book together at one dollar less than it would cost you to subscribe separately.

COUNTY PAPERS.—County papers are of much more use than most people imagine, or are willing to allow. We shall try to present some of their most prominent features. And in doing this we will merely say that a county paper is useful, in the following points:—

First, they aid in directing the attention of the public to matters in which every citizen of the county is either directly or indirectly interested. This position we shall not attempt to argue, but consider it a self-evident fact.

Secondly, on subjects of public interest, in a variety of ways, they contribute to the formation of public opinion.

Thirdly, in the counties in which they are published, they serve as efficient aids to give character and importance to those towns and counties by disseminating local news.

Fourthly, they create and stimulate a taste for reading, and disseminate in the course of one year an incalculable amount of useful information, which it is not at all likely would reach a great portion of their readers through the medium of any other channel. They are worth more in a county than all the light, trashy literature of the age.

Fifthly, in a family of children they are worth a quarter's schooling, for they foster a taste for reading. County papers enjoy an advantage, in this respect, over those published at a distance. Many of their items attract the children's attention, being of a local nature. The advertising columns to this class of readers are particularly attractive.

Sixthly, the local information of county papers is often the means of drawing new and valuable citizens to the counties in which they are published.—*Weekly Patriot*, Shelbyville.

INDIANA.

L. A. GODEY: DEAR FRIEND—I am enabled to say, "Ho, for Godey's Lady's Book!" another year. Inclosed, please find \$12 for six subscribers another year for the best magazine, in my opinion, on earth. I do not hesitate to say yours is the best in the world. I have six subscribers myself, and was instrumental in getting five more for another club, for Mrs. —. I desire so valuable a book circulated as widely and extensively as possible. I wish it was in the possession of every family in our country. Mrs. B.

EMMA, from Brooklyn.—Sorry we cannot oblige you, but we do not publish enigmas.—*Godey's Lady's Book*.

Beg pardon, but you publish an enigma monthly—at least it is an enigma to us to know how Godey can publish the best magazine in the Union at so cheap a rate. To all his competitors is he not truly a *good-eh*?—*Democrat*, La Crosse, Wis.

CLUB TERMS.—Godey's Lady's Book and Harper's Magazine, one year, \$4 50. Godey's Lady's Book and Arthur's Magazine, one year, \$3 50. All three of these magazines, one year, for \$6. No cheaper club than this can be offered.

OUR MUSICAL COLUMN.

THE opening feature of the musical season now upon us is the revival of the monster concerts *à la* Jullien, under circumstances which promise to make them as successful as they were last April and May. The conductor, Herr Engelke, was direct assistant of Jullien, who inaugurated the system of grand popular concerts at a low scale of admission, and, in the direction of these performances, he follows strictly the guide of the maestro even to the animation which he imparted to his coat tails. As we write, the rehearsals are proceeding with vigor, and by the time that the "last rose" shall be nipped by the early frost, the monster orchestra will be in full bloom. The company comprises about fifty performers, all resident musicians, and artists of the first class. The principal performances will be in Philadelphia, but it is the intention of the company to visit Boston, New York, and other cities. In Herr Engelke's *repertoire* are Classical Symphonies, overtures, operatic selections, mammoth quadrilles, valse, etc., including all the favorite pieces formerly belonging to Jullien himself, with Herr Engelke's own numerous and admirable compositions. Among the latter is a Grand War Quadrille, arranged for these concerts, descriptive of our National troubles. From the extraordinary care given to this grand piece at the rehearsals we doubt not that its production will be attended with splendid success. Some of Herr Engelke's operatic selections, the arrangements from the Huguenots, Il Trovatore, etc., are excellent, and will add largely to the enjoyments of these concerts.

The lady correspondent who claims the poetry of a piano-song recently published in the Book, as hers, is informed that no wrong was done her, as the composer only laid claim to the music. The word "Written" attached to a song refers to the words of the song, the word "Composed" to the music. This is the invariable rule. Where a song is "Written and Composed" by one person, then and then only does he lay claim to both the poetry and the music.

New Sheet Music.—The Banner of the Sea is a new patriotic song, composed by Geo. W. Hewitt, to words by D. B. Williamson. Published by Lee & Walker. Price 25 cents.

Our Good Ship Sails To-Night is a new popular patriotic song, by Stephen C. Massitt, sung by Madame Bishop. Published by Firth, Pond, & Co., New York. Price 35 cents.

Also the five following ballads from our own pen:—

The Passing Bell, or Home Returning from the Wars.

"Home returning from the wars,
Came the soldier, honor-laden."

O Lady, Touch those Chords Again. Price 25 cents.

Poor Ben the Piper. Price 25 cents. This song has become very popular, several editions having been sold. In order to increase its circulation at a distance, we offer to our friends eight copies, free of postage, for \$1. By a little exertion in disposing of it among their musical acquaintances our friends can thereby save sufficient to get their other music free of cost.

The Minstrel's Return. Price 25 cents.

The Grave of Old Grimes. Price 25 cents.

Or the five songs will be sent for \$1.

Musical correspondence and orders for music to be addressed to Philadelphia, to J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

POETRY.—We do not give any opinion about poetry. If good we accept it—if not, we reject it.

MICHIGAN.

L. A. GODEY: DEAR SIR—It is with great pleasure I again send you a club for your favorite magazine. All to whom I sent last year are highly pleased with the book; some declare their intention of taking it as long as printed. May you live long to gladden the hearts and brighten the homes of your countrywomen! I have a few more subscribers who have not as yet paid in the needful; when they do, I will send their names.

Respectfully, Miss E. E. K.

—
We have often had to do this:—

WRITE LEGIBLY.—A merchant of this city recently wrote a letter of importance to a gentleman of Ohio, and in due course of mail received a letter, with his own signature cut out and pasted on the back of the envelope, in which the writer stated that he had received his communication, but did not know who was the writer nor a word that was written in it, and that his only manner of finding the author was to cut out the signature and use it as the address, with the hope that the postmaster might be able to do more by it than he had.

A GOOD WIFE.—A good wife is Heaven's last, best gift to man—an angel of mercy—minister of graces innumerable—his gem of many virtues—his casket of jewels—her voice, his sweetest music—her smiles, his brightest day—her kisses, the guardian of innocence—her arms, the pale of his safety, the balm of his health, the balsam of his life—her industry, his surest wealth—her economy, his safest steward—her lips, his faithful counsellor—her bosom, the softest pillow of his cares—and her prayers the ablest advocates of Heaven's blessings on his head.

WASHINGTON.—A splendid line engraving, after Stuart's original picture, now at the Athenæum in Boston, has just been issued by Henry A. Brown, 35 Winter Street, Boston. This is the best production of the portrait of Gen. George Washington ever published. Hon. Edward Everett says: "The engraving is executed in a very masterly style, and seems to me most faithfully to represent the noble original." Copies may be secured of Mr. Brown. Only a limited number of impressions are to be issued, so that every one will be perfect, and the plate will not become common. Early application will alone insure a desirable copy.

CARRYING A JOKE TOO FAR.—A fellow stole a saw, and on trial told the judge he only took it in a joke.

"How far did you carry it?" asked the judge.

"Two miles," answered the prisoner.

"That's carrying the joke too far," remarked the judge, and the prisoner was committed.

—
THAT sterling old paper, the *Philadelphia North American*, says—

"The Lady's Book never 'stales its infinite variety,' and it may be said of it as was said of Cleopatra, that instead of cloying 'the appetite it feeds, it makes hungry where most it satisfies.'"

LITERARY ASSOCIATIONS.—We now commence in time to warn our subscribers against sending their money to any association purporting to furnish the Lady's Book as part of the inducement to subscribe, and promising them great prizes in some future drawing of a lottery. We will not be responsible in any way. We will also add that we have no agents for whose acts we are responsible. We only send the Lady's Book when the money is sent direct to us.

AN ARTICLE WHICH ALL LADIES OUGHT TO READ.—A lady in London was burnt to death by her clothes taking fire, and we extract the following from the report:—

"Unfortunately, she had on one of those crinolines made of steel hoops. Every means was tried to extinguish the fire about and under the hoops, with the sofa cushions and other things at hand. Her husband also knelt on and tried to compress and break them for the purpose of putting the fire out, but all without avail, and they had to be cut off before it could be extinguished. She had been writing with a candle by her side, which had burnt down in the socket, and he believed that she had tried to reach an envelope from the case, when the light caught her muslin sleeve. She died about five o'clock the following day. Thomas Glasgow, the butler, confirmed his master's evidence, as also did Ellen Fletcher, the nursemaid, who deposed to the difficulty in putting the fire out, owing to the 'hoops.' Dr. Gull deposed to seeing the deceased lady in her bedroom. She was conscious, although suffering greatly. She was burnt very much on the left arm, also on the right arm and about the head, face, and back. She was most extensively burnt about the legs. The deceased lady never rallied, as the shock to her system was so great, and she died from the effects of the injuries received. He wished to say one word with respect to the getting up of these light dresses. If the laundress in preparing these dresses would put a small portion of sulphate of salt or sulphate of soda into the starch, it would render them perfectly incombustible, at a very small cost. He had seen the experiment tried on two pieces of linen, one prepared with the sulphate and the other not. The one that was prepared was held over a candle, and the flame had no effect at all upon it, but directly the other was held over it was consumed. In these days of art and science he considered it was shameful that something of this sort was not done to prevent these sad occurrences. Dr. Gull said, so sudden was the combustion that the figures of the muslin dress were left on the floor unburnt. The Coroner, in summing up, said the suggestion made by the doctor was a valuable one, and he hoped it would be noticed by the press. He hoped, too, these things would be noticed by laundresses; for if, in the present case, something of the sulphate had been put into the starch, the deceased lady's life might have been spared. If it had not been for the crinoline, too, her life might have been saved. He thought that she was another victim of the prevailing costume among ladies. The jury returned a verdict 'that the deceased died from injuries received by accidental burning.'"

We clip the following from Dr. Mackenzie's article in the *Press*, upon the restaurants of Paris:—

"The only Frenchman we ever knew with the slightest idea of making tea was that noted cook, the great Alexis Soyer. He took about an ounce of tea, which he spread over a large dining-plate, and put into the oven for a few minutes. When the tea was hot and crisp, with a delicate fragrance elicited by the operation, he put it into a large tea-pot, and nearly filled that with boiling water, of the temperature which is sometimes called *screaming hot*. The tea-pot was then allowed to rest for five minutes on 'the hob,' with its spout looking out into the room (it inhales fire-smoke if the handle face the spectator), and this was sufficient time for it to *draw*. Never was better tea brewed, and any person can make it."

SOME HINTS.

In remitting, try to procure a draft, and don't fail to indorse it.

Address L. A. Godey, Philadelphia, Pa. That is sufficient.

If a lady is the writer, always prefix Mrs. or Miss to her signature, that we may know how to address a reply.

Town, County, and State, always in your letter.

If you miss a number of any magazine, always write to the publishers of the magazine. If *Arthur's*, address T. S. Arthur & Co., Philadelphia; if *Harper's*, address Messrs. Harper & Brothers, New York.

When a number of the *Lady's Book* is not received, write at once for it; don't wait until the end of the year.

When inclosing money, do not trust to the sealing matter on an envelope, but use a wafer in addition.

Mrs. Hale is not the Fashion Editress. Address "Fashion Editress, care L. A. Godey, Philadelphia."

When you send money for any other publication, we pay it over to the publisher, and there our responsibility ceases.

We can always supply back numbers.

Subscriptions may commence with any number of the year.

The postage on the *Lady's Book*, if paid three months in advance at the office where it is received, is *four* and a *half cents* for three monthly numbers.

Let the names of the subscribers and your own signature be written so that they can be easily made out.

REVENGE.—An earl marshal, being found fault with by his sovereign, for some misarrangement of a coronation, said, "Please your majesty, I will try and do better next time."

WOMAN AS A NURSE.—In the case of nursing the sick, no man would venture to offer himself in competition, or to invade the woman's province. And how much does this province include! All feel their need of health. The nurse is always welcome to the sick. Few are sensible of their spiritual needs, especially in the time of prosperity. What an opportunity has the Christian nurse! She is present when others would be intruders. She stands "by the well of water." She can watch for the moments when spiritual medicines are most fitly administered. And yet how utterly destitute are large masses of the population of such help at the times of need! Among the poor, generally, mothers of families have no notion of doing what an educated woman with some experience of nursing would do as a matter of course. What a difference would it make, both in spiritual and temporal things, both in town and country. If at times of sickness a woman were always present, with a mind to understand medical directions, and a heart to use her opportunities for religious good!

WHAT WE CONSIDER ALMOST IMPERTINENT.—To send a MS. to an editor stating that it is "the first attempt at writing," and asking pay. Requesting its return, if not accepted, and sending no stamps to pay return postage.

"My dear sir, you have used my half of our case of champagne."

"O yes; you are my friend, and I always take your part."

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

PINCUSHIONS.

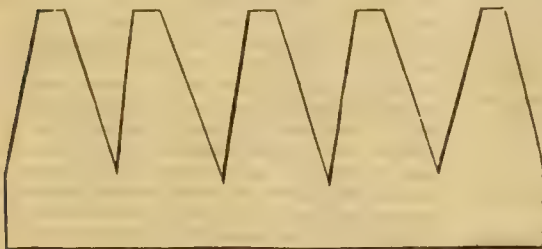
THESE may be made in almost every form and variety. We shall give a few specimens, and leave the rest to the taste and ingenuity of our young friends. As crinolines are now so popular, a very nice pincushion may be made in imitation of a fashionable lady.

Fig. 1.



The Lady Pincushion.—Purchase a small wooden doll, break off the legs, and then cut out a piece of strong white calico the shape of Fig. 2, and sew up the strips and the two sides together very firmly. Afterwards cut out a circle exactly the size of the bottom of this, and

Fig. 2.



sew the two together; stuff it full of bran from the hole in the top, put the doll in up to the waist, and fasten it firmly round; then dress her according to your taste, and it will make both an ornamental and useful article.

We continue to give one or two little games for our young friends. They will be found very interesting for passing away a long winter evening.

THE WOLF AND THE LAMBS.

In this game, all the ladies of a company may participate, but only one gentleman at a time—who should be

a man of dauntless courage and great powers of endurance.

This latter personage is called the *Wolf*. The principal lady takes the part of the *Shepherdess*. The others stand behind her in a single file, and constitute the *Flock*.

The aim of the *Wolf* is to catch the innocent lamb who may happen to be at the extremity of the flock. He, however, manifests his hostile intentions by the following terrible announcement!

"I am the *Wolf*! the *Wolf*! Come to eat you all up."

The *Shepherdess* replies, "I am the *Shepherdess*, and will protect my lambs."

The *Wolf* retorts, "I'll have the little white one with the golden boots!"

This dialogue concluded, the *Wolf* attempts to make an irruption in the line of the flock. But the *Shepherdess*, extending her arms, bars his passage. If he succeeds in breaking through, the lamb placed at the end abandons her post before he can catch her, and places herself in front of the *Shepherdess*, where she incurs no risk; and so on with the others in succession, till the *Shepherdess* finds herself the last of the row.

The game then finishes. The unlucky *Wolf* pays as many forfeits as he has allowed lambs to escape him.

If, on the contrary, he has contrived to seize one of them, he does not eat her, but has the privilege of saluting her, and compels her to pay a forfeit.

THE RULE OF CONTRARY.

THE rules of this game are not intricate. All the players standing up, take hold of the sides of a handkerchief. The president of the game (taking hold with the rest) makes mystic circles on the handkerchief with his forefinger, exclaiming—

"Here we go round by the rule of contrary; when I say 'Hold fast,' let go; when I say 'Let go,' hold fast."

He then says "Let go," or "Hold fast," as he may seem inclined. When he says "Let go," those who do not hold fast pays forfeits; when he says "Hold fast," all who do not immediately let go are punished in like manner.

It may be thought by those who have never attempted the game, that few victims are to be caught by so simple a contrivance. We advise all harboring such opinions, to try it at the earliest opportunity.

COME OUT OF THAT.

This game is not complicated, being confined to the following dialogue:—

"Come out of that!"

"What for?"

"Because you have such or such a thing, and I have not."

Care must be taken not to name anything you really possess yourself, or that has been mentioned by a previous player; that is, unless you wish to pay a forfeit.

It is the custom of English magazines, when they put in anything additional, to charge extra. We have now before us a magazine where the price of the January number is doubled. Now we have gone to an extra expense of nearly \$10,000 for double and extension fashion-plates, and have not increased our price one cent. We have also published, in addition to our extension colored fashions, other extension fashion-plates, and yet no extra charge.

A DESIGN FOR A COUNTRY RESIDENCE, WELL ADAPTED TO A SUBURBAN LOCALITY.

Designed expressly for Godey's Lady's Book by SAMUEL SLOAN, Architect, Philadelphia.



PERSPECTIVE VIEW.

WITHOUT belonging strictly to any of the numerous foreign styles of architecture, it will be observed that the elements of the two systems, variously termed the *Classical* and the *Romantic*, the *Horizontal* and the *Perpendicular*, etc., have, in some measure, been combined without discordant effect.



PRINCIPAL FLOOR.

Plan of Principal Floor.—A entrance piazza; B stair hall; C drawing-room, 20 by 20 feet; D library; E L passages; F kitchen, 10 by 20 feet; G dining-room, 14 by 15 feet; H pantry, 10 by 12 feet; I sitting-room, 16 by 15 feet; J rear verandah; K front piazza.

Plan of Chamber Floor.—L hall, M M passages, P bath-room, O bed-room, QRSN are chambers, with good closets.



CHAMBER FLOOR.

A CELEBRATED physician was called upon one day by a person suffering from the rheumatism, who insisted upon his doing something for him. The physician wrote a prescription, and, as the patient went out of the room, said to him, "I wish you would let me know if that does you any good, for I have not slept quietly this month for rheumatism."

GOOD ADVICE from the *Brookville Republican* :—

"Ladies, why don't you all take Godey? Don't borrow it, but subscribe for it, and at the end of one year, you will acknowledge you have three times the worth of your money."

PHILADELPHIA AGENCY.

No order attended to unless the cash accompanies it.

All persons requiring answers by mail must send a post-office stamp; and for all articles that are to be sent by mail, stamps must be sent to pay return postage.

Be particular, when writing, to mention the town, county, and State you reside in. Nothing can be made out of post-marks.

Mrs. B. B.—Sent chenille, August 19th.

C. W. S.—Sent articles by express 21st.

F. J. S.—Address J. Starr Holloway, care of L. A. Godey, Philadelphia.

M. M. N.—We don't know one kind of cat from another; we are not *au fait* in pussyology.

P. T.—There are no fashion-plates published monthly anywhere as large as in Godey.

Mrs. L. M. C.—Sent pattern 21st.

Miss L. E. B.—Sent articles 23d.

Miss E. B.—Sent ring 26th.

Mrs. S. G. B.—Sent shawl 26th.

R. W. T.—The old post-office stamps are worth nothing. We returned those you sent.

A. H.—The new three-cent stamp is not comparable to the old one. We think it a failure.

S. L.—We have no opening in our establishment such as you want.

Mrs. O.—Sent pattern 30th.

Mrs. L. J.—Sent pattern by express 30th.

H. V.—The pattern referred to was in September number.

C. H. T.—Apply at Madame Demorest's, 473 Broadway, New York.

Mrs. J. B. C.—Sent lead comb, September 4th.

L. A. O.—It is cheaper to purchase hair nets. Address our Fashion Editor.

Mrs. K. S.—Sent ring 10th.

L. B.—Sent ring 10th.

E. B.—Price 75 cents. Our Fashion Editor can furnish it.

Mrs. P. W. L.—To iron black lace cover it with tissue paper. It gives it the appearance of new lace. When black lace becomes rusty, wash it in alcohol. Stretch it out on a clean towel without ironing it, and it will look like new.

Mrs. E. M.—Sent edging 10th.

Mrs. S. J. A.—Sent pattern 10th.

Mrs. M. R. W.—Sent pattern 12th.

Mrs. C. A. M.—Sent pattern 12th.

Mrs. E. F.—Sent comb by Kinsley's express 12th.

Mrs. E. F.—Sent articles 16th.

B. F.—We know of no remedy for freckles. Unless the skin is removed, the freckles will remain. If you value your good looks, don't use any of the advertised nostrums.

E. P. J.—To purl is to knit a back row, having the thread in front of the needle.

Chemistry for the Young.

LESSON XX.—(Continued.)

445. The details, then, for the preparation of nitrogen are as follows: Upon the surface of water float a little pan, such as a paté pan, into which drop a piece of dry phosphorus. Then, having ignited the phosphorus by touching it with a hot wire, invert over it a closed receiver or bell-glass. Combustion will steadily proceed until all

the oxygen has been consumed. The remaining nitrogen will be pervaded when first prepared with disseminated phosphoric acid; but this may be separated by transferring the gas several times from one bell-glass to another.

446. In this experiment we have accomplished the separation of oxygen by means of *burning* phosphorus; but phosphorus, even without ignition, will, by long contact, also effect the separation of oxygen—this is what we succeeded in accomplishing in 415. Remark how the original level of the water of that experiment has risen, indicating the absorption of gas. We are now in a position to see how perfectly we analyzed the expired air of the lungs in that experiment.

By chloride of calcium we absorbed all the water.

By potash solution all the carbonic acid.

By phosphorus all the oxygen.

Leaving the nitrogen.

Had we measured the number of cubical inches occupied by the mixed oxygen and nitrogen gases, and then measured the number of cubical inches after the absorbing action of phosphorus had been exercised, we should have been in the position of arriving at a weighed result, inasmuch as the weight of both oxygen and nitrogen gases is perfectly well known. One hundred cubical inches of oxygen weigh thirty-four and four-tenth grains, and 100 cubical inches of nitrogen thirty grains. We will demonstrate that it is nitrogen, by the ordinary tests, 449.

447. The gas resulting from the operation 445 may be considered as pure nitrogen; although, in point of fact, it is admixed with a minute amount of carbonic acid gas; of which the atmosphere contains about one part in a thousand. If nitrogen be required absolutely pure, the carbonic acid may be separated by agitation with lime-water, as we have already seen.

448. Before proceeding to investigate the qualities of nitrogen, do not forget that, unconsciously perhaps you have effected an analysis of the atmosphere; from which oxygen has been separated by means of lime-water, and nitrogen has been left alone.

449. The experimental investigation of nitrogen need not detain us long. Its qualities are all negative. It does not burn, neither does it support combustion or animal life; does not redden litmus—does not brown turmeric—does not whiten lime-water; has neither taste, smell, nor color. The only gas with which the chemical novice could by any chance confound it is carbonic acid; but the latter possesses an odor, 405, 371, 408—9, whitens lime-water, and reddens litmus-paper.

450. Nitrogen is, perhaps, the strangest element with which the chemist has to engage himself. Apparently devoid of every chemical energy, as we have seen it to be, nitrogen, in its compounds, acquires powers of high intensity and opposite qualities. What substance more strongly manifests the functions of an acid than nitric acid (*aqua fortis*), a combination of nitrogen with oxygen? What substance involves within itself stronger alkaline properties than ammonia, a compound of nitrogen with hydrogen? Then how different in qualities to both these is cyanogen, or union of carbon with nitrogen, the basis of hydrocyanic or prussic acid! This quality of nitrogen to assume in its combination powers so energetic is very wonderful, and is participated to the same extent by no other body. This indication of the numerous compounds generated by the union of nitrogen with other bodies affords us an opportunity for stating that they cannot be generated by direct means. Thus, although nitric acid be a compound of nitrogen and oxygen,

it cannot, at least practically, be made by direct mixture of the two; neither can ammonia be generated by the direct union of hydrogen with nitrogen; nor cyanogen by direct combination of it with carbon. The processes for generating these compounds are indirect, as will be seen hereafter; and indeed the same remark applies to a very large number of chemical bodies. Although nitrogen, when undiluted, is fatal to animals which breathe it, yet this element enters very largely into nearly every animal constituent except fat; indeed it may be considered the element, *par excellence*, of animated beings. Vegetables contain it either in small quantities, or not at all.

Centre-Table Gossip.

THE STAR OF INDIA.

THIS is a new order, instituted by Queen Victoria, in her position as "Great Begum" or Empress of India, which more than rivals the ancient and humble Order of the Garter, which her nobles have delighted to wear. The motto is admirably chosen, and has a prophecy of good for this mighty Eastern nation, if England is true to her trust.

"HEAVEN'S LIGHT OUR GUIDE."

It is said that the insignia of the order is fashioned with true Oriental magnificence, as well as Parisian grace. The collar is of most exquisite design and workmanship. It is composed of the Rose of England and the Lotus of India, placed alternately at short spaces apart, the intervals between each being filled up with gold branches of the Palm, the emblem of peace, tied together at the crossings by their stalks by bands of pure white. At each edge of the collar is a marginal line of finely-worked gold, which holds the whole together. In this design all is gathered from the floral emblazonry of nature. The conventional rose of England, with its centre of Lancastrian red, and its outer petals of the unsoiled snow of the Yorkist flower, the beautiful lotus, held sacred by the land which it represents, united together by branches of palms, the emblem of peace, and which Linnæus in his own day called "the princes of vegetation"—all these are significant to the mind as they are beautiful to the eye.

The "Star of India," which forms part of the insignia, has five points, composed of costly diamonds, with a radiation surrounding it of gold. From a bow of pale blue ribbon, bordered with white, hangs a pendent medallion of Her Majesty, encircled with diamonds, and surmounted by another star of the same splendid gems. A second medallion portrait of the Queen is bordered by a rich and elegant framework of turquoise and the precious metal. The cost of these installation-gifts is at the rate of a thousand pounds for every knight.

This new Order of Knighthood is to comprise twenty-five members, to each of whom this splendid paraphernalia is to be sent from the hands of Queen Victoria, as its royal founder. Such of the Indian princes who have remained faithful and true to the English alliance will receive the investiture, and wear the "Star of India" and the glittering portrait of its donor, among the brightest of their lavishness of jewels, on all grand occasions; while Her Majesty, considering the "Star of India" as the richest appendage of her crown, will, we fervently hope, receive it sanctified by the prayer of its motto, "Heaven's Light our Guide."

"DRESS FOR OUT OF DOOR WORK"

At a farmers' club-meeting held at Ghent, N. Y., the ladies of the neighborhood participated in the meeting, and one of them—Miss Powell—read a very sensible original paper with the above title.

Miss Powell alludes to the decline of healthy constitutions among American women, a well-known and much to be lamented fact; and, though we attribute it as much to inherited delicacy, arising from the wear and tear of nerve and brain which every American parent undergoes, doubtless it may be greatly obviated by out of door exercise, as Miss Powell suggests. We have only to look to ourselves to see that we are oftentimes hindered in this by unsuitable clothing. Embroidered skirts, open wrappers, and dressing slippers are not particularly suited to a morning walk or work in the garden. The case is still worse in the afternoon; a heavy ottoman velvet or a nice silk in winter, and the delicate organdy and *barège* robes of summer are not improved by trailing along wet gravel walks or sloppy pavements; so we stay at home to take care of our "good clothes," instead of going out to take care of ourselves.

Every city woman should have a walking-dress, every country lady a working-dress as well. The walking-dress should be of a stuff stout enough for all pedestrian accidents, clearing the ground as to length, with a neat dark petticoat, and kid or kid-dressed walking-boots; these strengthen and support the ankle, and keep the stocking free from dust; in short, such a costume as a thrifty Philadelphia housekeeper wears to market. The slow, full-dress saunter in a dress that has to be carried with both hands, is of little use; it is the brisk, unimpeded walk that sets the blood coursing through the veins and brings the flush of health to the cheek.

For out of door work Miss Powell says: "I would suggest that the waist should be cut so as to give entire freedom to every muscle; the skirt for a woman of ordinary height twenty-five or twenty-six inches in length, with plain or Turkish trowsers of the same material. Every woman acknowledges the benefit of such a modification in dress, and in the actress, skater, and gymnast society respects and approves it. We commend it for all industrial pursuits, for in-door and out of door work."

A design of a dress for working in the garden, not unlike the above, appeared some time ago in the Lady's Book, the material to be of shepherd's plaid, or any woollen and cotton stuffs; made with plenty of pockets, and in every way convenient and comfortable. As for hoops, they are an impossibility, and a trailing skirt would soon prove its own torment to the wearer.

One of the gentlemen present suggested "that the Empress Eugénie be memorialized to adopt a style of dress which should embody all the physiological benefits and advantages" desired, thinking that "whatever she might adopt would soon become a popular and fashionable dress." We doubt whether the dainty little lady could be brought to forego the graceful and becoming, which has very little part or lot in a really useful working garb. The lilies of the field are allowed to wear gay clothing, for "they toil not, neither do they spin;" but we, of every-day, industrial life, must be content with more serviceable garments.

HOW TO BE A FINISHED MUSICIAN.

It is certainly much to be regretted that young girls who have neither taste nor talent for music should lose so many years of their lives, and their parents such large amounts of money in becoming indifferent vocalists and

planists. We have always earnestly contended that unless a child has a good ear, a pliant voice, and some definite idea of time, it is folly to keep her at the piano merely because young ladies who do not play the piano are marvels in these days of accomplishments. And those who have these natural advantages set before themselves such a low standard of attainment, and often none at all but to learn their lessons from week to week. Take any country church, for instance, in a wealthy neighborhood, the regular organist being called away, how many out of the fifteen or twenty of the congregation who play are able to go through the chants and hymns correctly, reading them at sight? Or, allowing that they have not acquired the organ touch, assemble them at a little party, how many are prepared to accompany a vocalist at sight, or play such quadrilles as the lady of the house may have on hand for the amusement of the company?

Sunday evening at home, and one yawns over her book, tired of reading; another, who has been working in the Sunday-school, is stretched on a sofa, too tired to talk; there is their father, whose "eyes trouble him," sitting in a shaded corner, meditating upon nothing at all, for the mind is wearied with two sermons and possibly a prayer-meeting. How soothing, how helpful, how elevating sacred music would be! not hymns exactly, for they are not in the mood for singing; but some of Mozart's or Handel's inspired strains, suited to just such a quiet home as this. But no, the expectant guest, who has heard "Traviata" and "Lucia" all the week, is told that "sister does not play sacred music," "does not read at sight," "these old-fashioned pianos are so horrid and difficult." It is because "sister" has contented herself with "The Lancers," and popular variations; she has had no real love of the art, and, above all, has lacked that patient application and study without which even the best natural musical talent becomes fruitless and worthless. Music is a study that calls for as much patience and perseverance as any of the sciences, and in its highest range strengthens and develops the mind as much as Latin or mathematics. But, above all, the student must have unlimited patience. We have just met with a favorite anecdote with which the once popular and successful teacher, Dorizo, was accustomed to admonish his classes; it is to the point:—

"Porpora, one of the most illustrious Italian composers, entertained a great feeling of friendship for a young man, a pupil of his. He asked his youthful acquaintance whether he thought he possessed courage enough to follow constantly the road he, Porpora, traced out for him, however wearisome it might appear. On receiving an affirmative reply, Porpora wrote down upon a piece of ruled paper the diatonic and chromatic scales, both ascending and descending, skips of thirds, fourths, fifths, etc., to teach him to master the intervals and sustain the sound, besides shakes, groups, *appoggiaturi*, and other vocal exercises of various kinds. This one sheet of paper furnished both master and pupil occupation for a year; the following year also was devoted to it; the pupil began to murmur, but the master reminded him of his promise; the fourth year passed, the fifth year followed, and still there was the same eternal sheet of paper; even during the sixth year it was not given up, though lessons in articulation, pronunciation, and declamation were added. At the end of the year, the pupil, who thought he was only engaged on the elements of his art, was surprised at hearing his master say: 'There, my dear boy, you have nothing more to learn; you are the first singer in Italy.' Porpora spoke the truth, for the singer was Cafferelli."

CLIPPINGS AT OUR CENTRE-TABLE.

1. This being the season when the amber-like product of the "busy bee" makes its appearance in market, we clip first of all for our cosy little evening chat some English directions on the way to manage honey. To judge of the best honey, it should be of a bright, pale color, thick, and a little aromatic. To obtain it from the combs in its pure state, it must be left to run from them without pressing. The color shows whether it is fine or inferior. If wanted to preserve some in the comb, choose the fairest and such as have not been broken; wrap each comb in white paper, such as lines the blue cover of loaf-sugar. Set it edgewise, as it stood in the hive, and it may be preserved many months. The combs meant to be drained must be cut in slices. Lay them on a hair-search, supported by a rack over the jar in which the honey is to remain, for the less it is stirred after draining, it keeps the better. Fill the jar to the brim, as a little scum must be taken off when it has settled. A bladder well washed in lukewarm water ought to be laid over the double fold of white paper with which it is covered.

2. Why small figured carpets, in grain and three-ply, are considered economical.

The two webs of which the carpeting consists are always much closer interwoven than in carpets where large figures upon ample grounds are represented. Simple enough.

3. We dare say it would interest to know exactly what people at court wear when they go into mourning; for instance, the Court of England last winter wore mourning for the Dowager Queen of Sweden in this fashion: the ladies were to wear black silk, fringed or plain linen, white gloves, necklaces, and earrings, black or white shoes, fans, and tippets. The gentlemen to wear black, full-trimmed; fringed or plain linen; black swords and buckles. The court to change the mourning on Thursday, the 10th January—viz.: The ladies to wear black silk or velvet, colored ribbons, fans, and tippets, or plain white, or white and gold, or white and silver stuffs, with black ribbons. The gentlemen to wear black coats, and black or plain white, or white and gold, or white and silver stuff waistcoats, full-trimmed, colored swords and buckles. And on Thursday, the 17th January, the court to go out of mourning. The whole arrangement to last one month.

4. Jewelry is about to be cheaper than ever, we should judge; not only are gold and gems imitated, but onyx, malachite, and other stones are thus "manufactured;" Some valuable colored compositions for making jewelry have been brought forward in England. One of these compositions is made by taking one pound of shell-lac, and melting it on a flat iron slab, then mixing it with an equal quantity of the dust of ebony wood, and adding three ounces of asphaltum, in powder, and three ounces of ivory black or charcoal, also in powder. This composition forms jet-black articles of jewelry, or it may be used for making boxes, etc. In making a composition for articles of a chocolate tint, three ounces of brown asphaltum, and one ounce of rouge are mixed with the lac. For light colored compositions, to imitate cameo-shell articles, boxwood dust is mixed with the shell-lac in the same manner as the ebony, and any coloring pigment may be used that is preferred for the work in hand.

The whole of these ingredients are thoroughly incorporated together when a homogeneous compound is desired. If a streaked or a veined composition is required, it is produced by twisting or rolling two dif-

ferent colored masses, whereby imitations of malachite, onyx, and other stones may be manufactured. When the composition is warm and plastic, it is taken off the iron slab, and placed in warm dies and submitted to pressure, to strike the different articles into form. To give very great tenacity, and prevent brittleness, some paper pulp is added.

Fashions.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

HAVING had frequent applications for the purchase of jewelry, millinery, etc., by ladies living at a distance, the *Editor of the Fashion Department* will hereafter execute commissions for any who may desire it, with the charge of a small percentage for the time and research required. Spring and autumn bonnets, materials for dresses, jewelry, envelops, hair-work, worsteds, children's wardrobes, mantillas, and mantelets, will be chosen with a view to economy, as well as taste; and boxes or packages forwarded by express to any part of the country. For the last, distinct directions must be given.

Orders, accompanied by checks for the proposed expenditure, to be addressed to the care of L. A. Givley, Esq.

No order will be attended to unless the money is first received. Neither the Editor nor Publisher will be accountable for losses that may occur in remitting.

Instructions to be as minute as is possible, accompanied by a note of the height, complexion, and general style of the person, on which much depends in choice. Dress goods from Evans & Co.'s; mourning goods from Besson & Son; cloaks, mantillas, or talmas, from Brodie's, 51 Canal Street, New York; bonnets from the most celebrated establishments; jewelry from Wriggins & Warden, or Caldwell's, Philadelphia.

When goods are ordered, the fashions that prevail here govern the purchase; therefore, no articles will be taken back. When the goods are sent, the transaction must be considered final.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL FASHION-PLATE FOR NOVEMBER.

Fig. 1.—Walking-dress à la Imperatrice. Material, rich brown poplin; the skirt has a ruche of velvet ribbon, the same on the caps of the sleeves which are plain. The body of the dress is ornamented with *palets* of green *moiré antique*, gracefully shaped, graduated in size, and surrounded by black velvet. This novel trimming is continued down the skirt. Bonnet of green Lyons velvet, with white plume.

Fig. 2.—The new pardessus, we have already given one design of, furnished by Brodie. This varies in style, but has the same marked plaits at the waist; square yoke, which, with the full sleeves, is ornamented by black lace. Fall bonnet of Belgian straw, trimmed with black plumes and damask roses, united by a ruche of black lace.

Fig. 3.—Carriage-dress of groselle reps silk; the skirt trimmed at the bottom with four narrow plaittings of ribbon, the same color. Simple mantle of Lyons velvet, corded with satin. The cape or pelerine is the novelty; it is divided into medallion lengths, each of which is ornamented by a fine pattern of embroidery; the pelerine is edged by a rich fall of black guipure. Graceful drawn bonnet, prevailing shade *tan d'or*.

Fig. 4.—Home-dress of one of these new silk and

woollen fabrics which have almost the glossiness and softness of silk. The figure is in silk, raised. It is cut in the Gabrielle style, and trimmed with graduated ruches of green and maroon velvet ribbon, the two colors alternating. A novelty of the season.

Fig. 5.—Reception-dress for a bride. Material, rich mauve-colored silk, of the most delicate shade; the skirt is very full, and trimmed with a pendouque ornament, that is, a narrow plain ribbon laid on in the shape of a pendant to the long old-fashioned ear-rings of our mothers' time; this is headed by a handsome bow, with flowing ends; sash of the same; corsage low, and trimmed around the neck by a plaiting of the silk, "on the double"—the plaits fastened only at the bottom; tucker of thulle, drawn very full and close to the neck; sleeves in two large puffs, the upper of silk, the under of thulle. Headdress to correspond, of mauve ribbon and black lace.

Boy's dress.—Algerine sack of the new shade sublime. Material, poplin; trimming, black braid and velvet; the turned-back cuffs and sash-tie at the side are new. Hat of gray felt, pompon feather (see Chitchat), with two plumes, in white and rose sublime.

Baby's dress.—Rich robe of cambric; the tablier or front is of a richly wrought diamond pattern, separated by longitudinal puffs of cambric; sleeve and waist embroidered in the same pattern. Cap of embroidery or lace, with bows of blue satin ribbon.

HEADDRESSES.

(See engravings, page 372.)

Fig. 1.—Front of headdress *Fig. 1*, October number.

Fig. 2.—The coronet is composed of black velvet, with three pearl or gold stars, a large one in the centre and a smaller one on either side. Two long white ostrich feathers, fastened in at the side of the coronet and crossing behind, complete this coiffure. It would be equally pretty made in pink or blue velvet, with feathers of the same color, the stars being made of pearl, studded with steel.

CHITCHAT UPON NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS, FOR NOVEMBER.

HOME AND WALKING DRESS.

THE winter dress materials are fairly opened, and make a brilliant display upon the counters of Stewart's, Arnold's, Evans's, and other of our principal houses. There are fewer decided novelties than last year, but the bright shades of color are many of them new, which gives variety.

Plain merinoes, cashmeres, and mousselines are quite behind the times; all these fabrics being printed, or brocaded, in small gay figures. The solid colors are of course imported, as they always will be, and chosen by a few; but they are not the style of the day. We find American mousselines greatly improved; they range from eighteen to twenty-five cents a yard, and compete in style and color, though not in quality, with the French and German goods. We notice particularly "a line," or a set, as we ladies should say of these goods, a graceful leaf, printed clearly on a black ground, in all the prevailing colors—bright purple, green, etc. Ame-ican chintzes have also improved; the grounds are usually plain brown, coffee-colored, etc., with a bright, clear figure. Stripes in everything have gone by, what is called "a set figure" having taken its place. Even the expensive reps in woollen and woollen and silk, that

last year were all brocaded, are many of them printed in this style; the ground a dark, rich, decided color; the figure green, purple, Magenta, rose sublime, or any of these shades, toned with white and black.

The newest fabric is perhaps the *foulard de laines*, a cloth resembling alpaca, in glossiness of texture, and all wool; on it are reproduced the favorite foulard designs, chintz patterns, in very bright colors.

The variety of reps is infinite, from the cotton and woollen mixture selling at twenty-five cents a yard, to the richest finest silk and woollen, at a dollar eighty. One of the best styles in reps is a diagonal chequer, the chequer raised from the body of the stuff, and having the effect of satin; in the middle of each chequer or diamond is a small bright figure, as for instance, a black ground and chequer, with a Magenta or rose sublime figure; the effect is quite as handsome as if the material were a heavy brocaded silk, and it will be found far more serviceable. These goods have in a great measure taken the place of plain cashmeres and merinoes for street dresses, and, in fact, have superseded the showy silks so unsuitable for inclement weather.

The delicacy to which the art of printing has attained is fully shown on the fine cashmeres, merinoes, and mouselines of French manufacture. We have before us a specimen of one of the finest among Stewart's importations; the ground is maroon, a green leaf in the brightest of June tinting is carelessly thrown over the surface, contrasting with the same leaf reversed, showing its silver lining, as in the American poplar, etc. A tiny autumn leaf, in gray and Magenta, is added here and there to brighten its effect, and this is all, a fine artistic contrast to the gaudy, nondescript figures, stretching over the whole ground, often the style of furniture chintz, which were brought out a year or two since.

Plain poplins, in all colors, are about the only plain goods that will be worn; a deep rich brown, maroon, and a deep bright shade of mauve, are the favorite winter colors; also Azurline blue, and Polish green, and a light shade of coffee-color, called by the French *Havane*. Plaids in poplin and woollen goods are used only for children's dress. The usual variety of all-wool plaids, which are manufactured with little variety from year to year, are to be found.

In making up, the gored or Gabrielle style, as we have before said, will be very popular for the materials we have named. Ribbons and bright-colored flat gimps are the most suitable trimmings for woollen goods; also ruffles, "on the double," of silk the shade of the brightest tint in the dress; ruches of silk, plaited through the middle, and pinked on the edges will be also much worn, and plain bands of silk singly, or in alternation with bands of the stuff. Velvet ribbon and bands of velvet are very suitable for reps, and other costly, weighty goods. Several new gimps have appeared, which will be described more particularly in our next; also winter silks, furs, etc.

As every one is selecting winter wraps this month, we have made our usual *reconnaissance* at Brodie's for the benefit of our readers. First of all, there is a tendency to shorten the length of cloaks; all the importations are much shorter than the American taste will at present admit; for, as we are told at this favorite establishment, it requires full six months to persuade the popular taste to change materially, no matter what designs rule in Paris. We find, also, from Mr. Brodie that the cloaks which have plaitings at the back are most in favor, though there is so great a variety in shape that one can scarcely go amiss. The materials are velvet and cloth,

the latter of black brown, or gray chiefly. There are several new styles of ornament, the most tasteful oak-leaves, vine-leaves and grapes, etc., cut out or rather stamped out in cloth, velvet, etc., and these are applied as *poiles*. For instance, we may describe a velvet cloak made something in the old Raglan shape, but reaching to within nine inches of the hem of the dress, the sleeve large and loose, falling open so as to show a richly quilted lining in black satin. At the top of the sleeve is a passementerie ornament, a wreath of vine-leaves and clusters encircling the arm like a cap, a *patie* of the same on each side of the front. This cloak has a novel effect, given by a thick cording of gold-colored satin all around and edging the sleeve.

A brown cloth cloak, with ornaments of knots and bows, cut or stamped from cloth, fastening the plaits behind and appearing on the shoulders. A plaiting of cloth edges the front on each side.

Gray wrap, very heavy tricot cloth, wide, loose sleeve with lappets of cloth, bound with purple, and fastened by large buttons of gray with a bright purple centre. A serpentine trimming, formed by a flat band of purple silk, to match the edging of the cloak, extends from the collar to the hem, with a button like those on the sleeve in each turn.

Black and white cloth wrap in the bournous style, edged by a box plaiting of broad velvet ribbon. The pelerine, which is hollowed up on the shoulder, forms a hood behind, caught by a broad bow of black velvet ribbon. The hood and pelerine edged by box plaited velvet ribbon.

Rich cloak, with wide gores of purple velvet let in, alternating with full breadths of black Lyons velvet, rounded at the bottom. The deep hanging sleeve has also its broad gore of purple velvet; these gores are richly embroidered in a leaf pattern; the black velvet breadths have a Grecian chain pattern in embroidery, and are each edged by sharp plaitings of velvet ribbon, set on the edge, as are the sleeves and the hem of the garment. A graceful bertha, in the fancheon shape, of costly guipure, on the back of the cloak.

Ample black velvet cloak, the hem apparently four inches deep, headed by a line of white silk. The graceful pelerine is almost in a hood shape, coming close to the throat in front and on the shoulders, deepening to the waist line behind. The centre is a band of velvet, edged by white silk, the upper and lower portion rich guipure lace.

Dark brown wrap of Astrachan cloth (shaggy), with lappels turning back in front, *à gilet* (waistcoat fashion).

Shawl-shaped black cloth cloak, drooping pointed sleeves, shawl-shaped pelerine. It is bound by two rows of black satin piping, an inch apart, placed three inches above the hem of the garment, sleeves, etc.; a rich ornament in braid, the Egyptian coil, on the back of the sleeve and in each corner of the garment.

We learn from Mr. Myers, of Reynold's Bazaar, that the ruling shape for children's felt hats will be a modification of the shell-shapes and turbans so universal this summer. The shell-shape (the crown set down into the brim) has a square, or rather flat crown instead of the round one of the past season, which we think a great improvement. Black, brown, and gray felts and beavers will be trimmed with rich shades of velvet, such as green, rose sublime, Magenta, etc.; the pompon feather being used chiefly instead of plumes, though a really good plume is always acceptable. The pompon feather is also much used in bonnets. Winter bonnets in our next.

FASHION.







GOODE'S FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER 1861.





THE ROBIN'S FRIENDLY VISIT.



THE CHRISTMAS TREE.



SEER A DE.

COMPOSED FOR THE PIANO-FORTE, FOR GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK,

BY O. M. BREWSTER.

Soft - ly the moon - light is
See the light pi - nace Draws

shed on the lake,
nigh to the shore,

Cool is the sum - mer night,
Ev - ger the boat - man's arm

Wake! Plies at the oar.

Faint - ly the cur - few is
Forth from the lat - tice, With

heard
 step
 from
 a - far,
 and
 gay,
 List
 The mild
 ye! O
 bet!
 To the
 ly
 gul - lar,
 a - way
 and
 a - way.

1
 2
 1
 2

THE AISSA CLOAK.



GRAY cloth, checked; bordered by a bias-piece of silk braided in trefoils. The ends being raised form three points for the sleeve. A small piece in the back, turning towards the front.

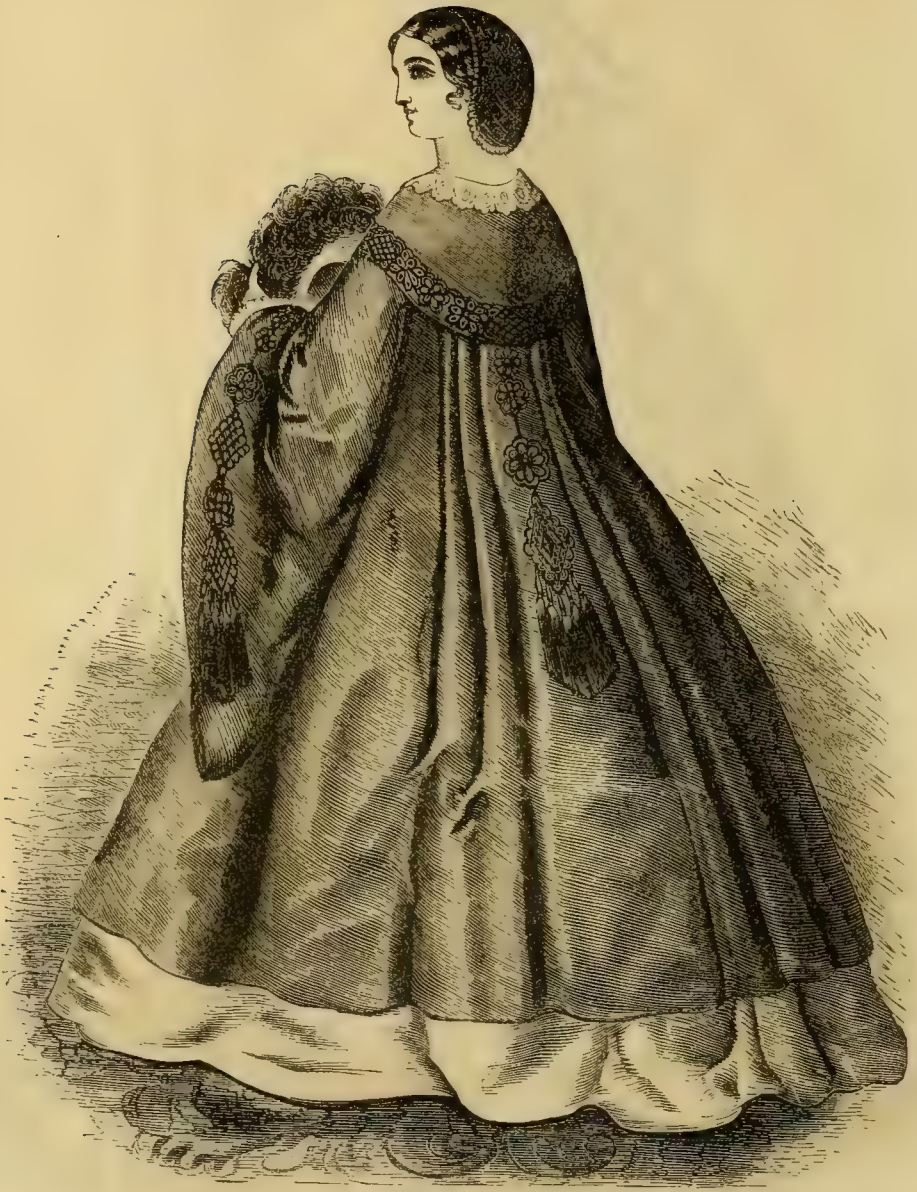
THE EPERNON CLOAK.



OF light-colored cloth, edged with silk. Three hollow plaits start from the neck : one on each shoulder and one in the middle of the back. Pieces braided and terminated by a tassel are laid on each plait. This cloak is raised on the arms, and drapes amply behind.

THE ANDALUSIAN.

[From the establishment of G. BRODIE, 51 Canal Street, New York Drawn by L. T. VOIGT, from actual articles of costume.]



THIS exceedingly graceful combination bids fair to be widely adopted. The skirt is set upon a yoke in the back, arranged in the broad middle, with two plaits upon either side of it; this is ornamented with a magnificent passementerie. The sleeves are long and flowing, trimmed to match the back, while the edge of the yoke is similarly adorned.

THE PARIS SKIRT.



For the winter season we introduce, as a substitute for the Balmorals, black silk skirts, quilted with white, gold color, or crimson silk. This work is to be done by a machine, or otherwise it would be exceedingly expensive and tedious. They can be wadded or not, as the person may desire, but when worn over hoops they are seldom wadded. Any design can be put on them and they are far handsomer and more *distingué* than the striped woollen skirt of former seasons. If a very rich skirt is desired, narrow bands of crimson velvet can be stitched on to form a pattern.

BONNETS FOR THE SEASON.

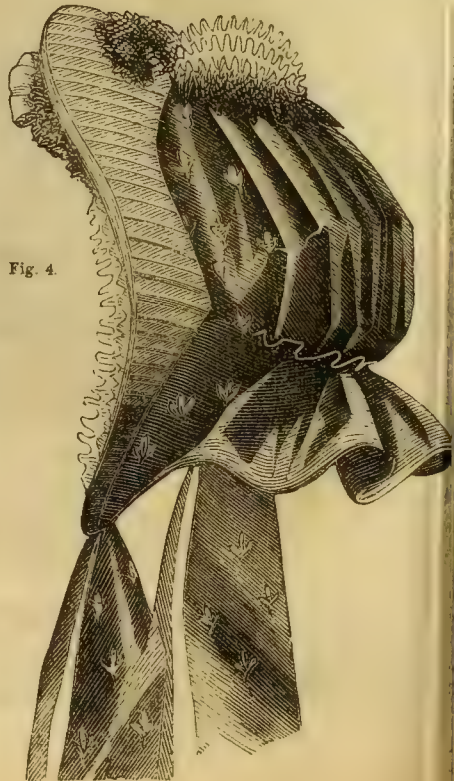
(See description, Fashion Department.)



Fig. 1. Fig. 2.



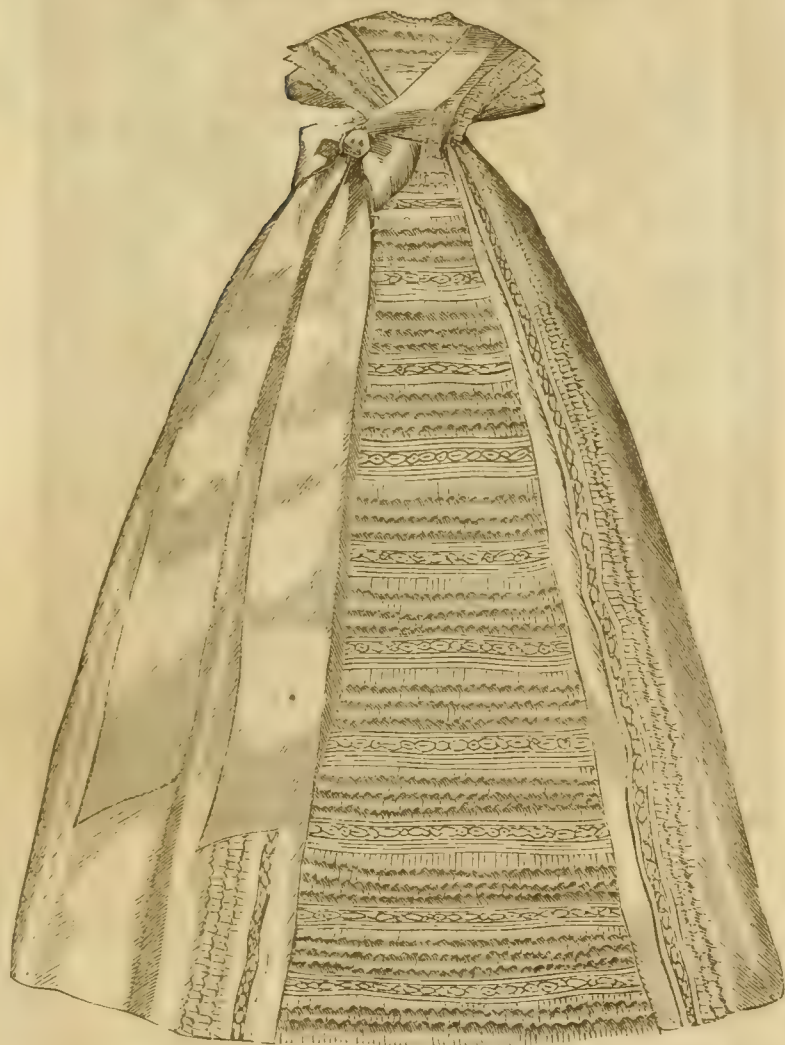
Fig 3. Fig. 4.



NAME FOR MARKING.

Harriet

INFANT'S CHRISTENING ROBE.



MADE of fine French muslin, and trimmed with fluted ruffles and inserting. The sash is of very broad white ribbon.

NETTED TIDY.



Materials.—Cotton, No 6. A long netting needle and flat mesh, nearly an inch wide. A large rug needle for darning.

BEGIN with one stitch and increase one stitch at the beginning of every row, until there are 100 loops. *This is now the width* Now to make it longer than it is wide, increase one stitch at the beginning of each row, and decrease one at the end of each row, by omitting to net into it, till there are 142 stitches on the long side. This is now the length of the Tidy.

To finish.—Instead of increasing, take two stitches into one at the beginning of row, and still decrease one at the end of row, till there is only one stitch left. Now let the netting be well washed, starched, and pulled evenly; then left to dry (or, it may be ironed).

To Darn the Pattern, for which reference must be made to the engraving, commence working exactly in the centre of the Tidy. It were well to darn in just the centres of all the patterns first, and these centres are sixteen stitches apart. The dots of darning are worked round each pattern at equal distances.

EMBROIDERY.



CHRISTMAS BASKET.

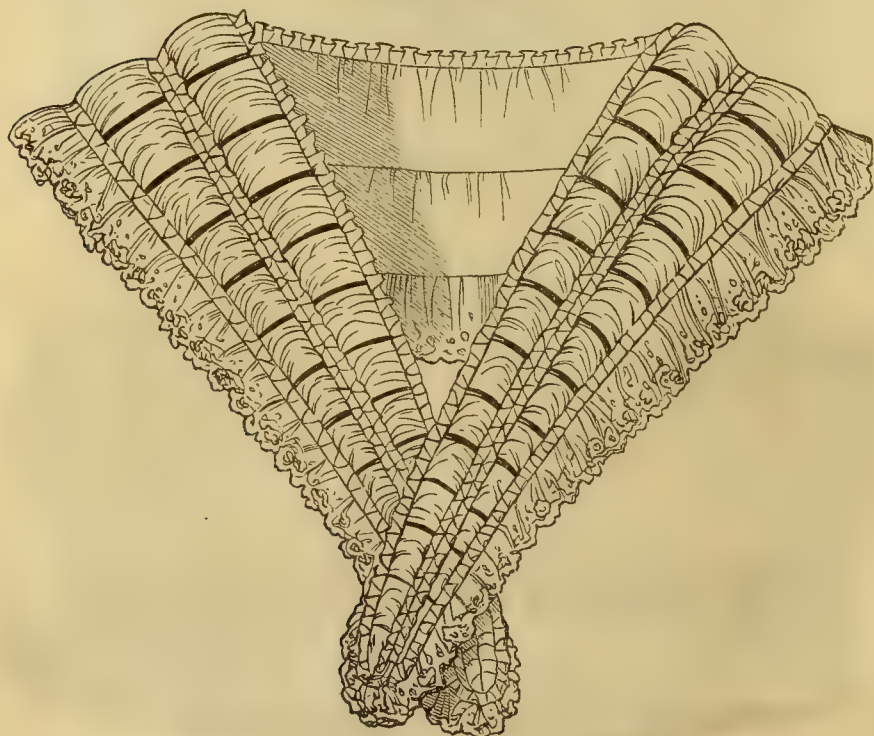
(See description, Work Department.)



EMBROIDERY FOR A SKIRT OR TOP OF PINCUSHION.



MUSLIN FICHU.



To be trimmed with black velvet and a worked ruffle.

GODEY'S

Lady's Book and Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER, 1861.

WHAT LADIES HAVE DONE FOR MARITIME DISCOVERY.

QUEEN ELIZABETH of England affords another striking example of what ladies have done for maritime discovery. But her patronage was of a different character from that of Isabella. The noble Queen of Castile acted from feeling, the stately Queen of England from far-sighted policy. Both laid the foundations of the future greatness of their respective countries by their patronage of maritime discovery.

Elizabeth permitted her subjects to engage in depredations on Spanish commerce without openly declaring war. Francis Drake engaged in this service, and was the first Englishman who beheld the Pacific Ocean. He instantly formed a scheme for attacking the Spanish commerce on its waters, and the Spanish forts on its shores. On his return to England, Sir Christopher Hatton, Vice Chamberlain Counsellor of the Queen, presented him to Elizabeth; to whom Drake imparted his scheme of ravaging the Spanish possessions in the South Sea. The queen listened; but whether she gave him a commission, or merely assured him of her favorable sentiments, is a disputed point. It is alleged that she gave him a sword, and pronounced these singular words, "We do account that he which striketh at thee, Drake, striketh at us." He fitted out an expedition at his own expense, and with the help of friends and partners in the enterprise, consisting of five ships, and got to sea on the 13th of December, 1577.

But this expedition was of a very different character from that of the noble Columbus. Historians characterize it as half piratical and half national. At any rate it was altogether warlike, and fully answered Elizabeth's pur-



SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

pose of annoying the haughty Spaniards. To show something of its character, the spirit of the times, and the manner in which Elizabeth stimulated British maritime enterprise, by her patronage of Drake, we quote from Mr. Goodrich the concluding paragraphs of his narrative

of this expedition. It commences at a point where Drake, having committed extensive depredations on the Spanish commerce and possessions on the Pacific, is about to leave Acapulco, a port on the southwest coast of Mexico.

"Before leaving Acapulco, Drake put the pilot, Nuno da Sylva, whom he had taken at the Cape Verds, on board a ship in the harbor, to find his way back to Portugal as best he could. He then sailed four thousand five hundred miles in different directions, till he found himself in a piercingly cold climate, where the meat froze as soon as it was removed from the fire. This was in latitude forty-eight north. So he sailed back again ten degrees and anchored in an excellent harbor on the California coast. This harbor is considered by numerous authorities as the present Bay of San Francisco. The natives, who had been visited but once by Europeans, under the Portuguese Cabrillo, thirty-seven years before, had not learned to distrust them, and readily entered into relations of commerce and amity with Drake's party. From the Indians the latter obtained quantities of an herb which they called *tabak*, and which was undoubtedly tobacco. The Californians soon came to regard the strangers as gods, and did them religious honors. The king resigned to Drake all title of the surrounding country, and offered to become his subject. So he took possession of the crown and dignity of the said territory in the name and for the use of her Majesty the Queen. The Californians, we are told, accompanied this act of surrender with a song and dance of triumph, 'because they were not only visited of gods, but the great and chief god was now become their god, their king and patron, and themselves the only happy and blessed people in all the world;' Drake named the country New Albion, in honor of Old Albion or England. He set up a monument of the queen's 'right and title to the same, namely, a plate nailed upon a fair great post, whereon was engraved her Majesty's name, with the day and year of arrival.' After remaining five weeks in the harbor, Drake weighed anchor, on the 23d of July, resolved to abandon any further attempt in northern latitudes, and to steer for the Moluccas, after the example of Magellan.

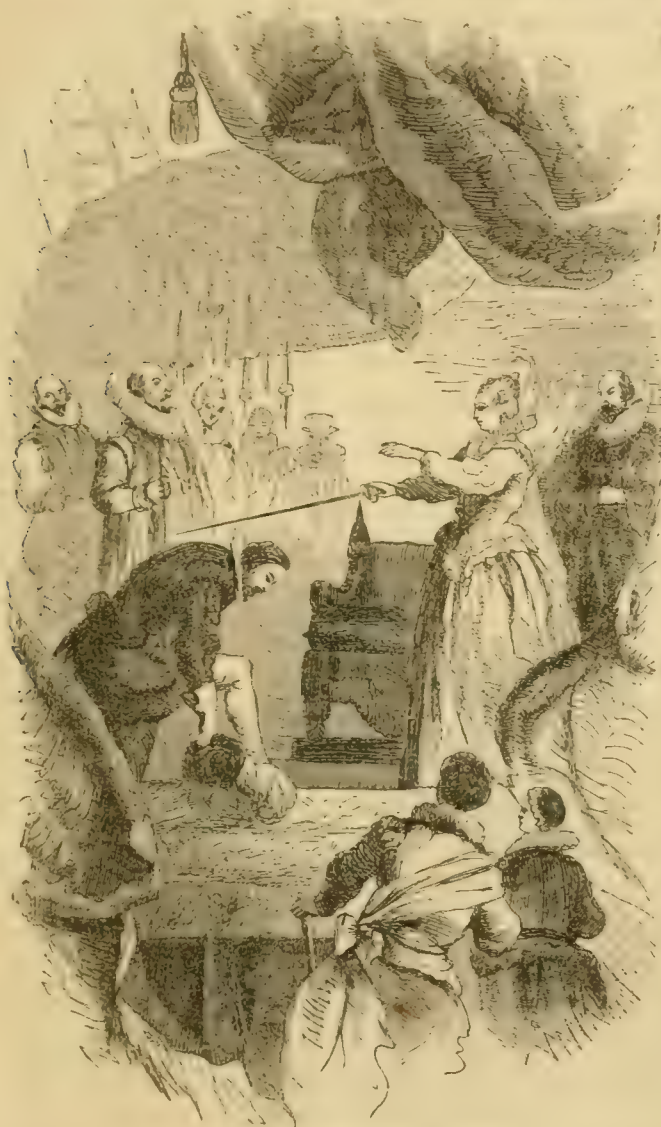
On the 13th of October he discovered several islands in latitude eight degrees north, and was soon surrounded with canoes laden with cocoanuts and fruit. The canoes were hollowed out of a single log, with wonderful art, and were as smooth as polished horn, and decorated throughout with shells thickly set. The ears of the

natives hung down considerably from the weight of the ornaments worn in them. Their nails were long and sharp, and were evidently used as a weapon. Their teeth were black as jet—an effect obtained by the use of the betel-root. These people were friendly and commercially inclined. Drake visited other groups, where the principal occupation of the natives was selling cinnamon to the Portuguese. At Ternate, one of the Moluccas, the king offered the sovereignty to Drake, and sent him presents of 'imperfect and liquid sugar'—molasses, probably—'rice, poultry, cloves and meal which they called sagu, or bread made of the tops of certain trees, tasting in the mouth like sour curds, but melting like sugar, whereof they made certain cakes which may be kept the space of ten years, and yet then good to be eaten.' Drake stayed here six days, laid in a large stock of cloves, and sailed on the 9th of November. At a small island near Celebes, where he set up his forge and caused the ship to be carefully repaired, he and his men saw sights which they have described in somewhat exaggerated terms: 'Tall trees without branches except a tuft at the very top, in which swarms of fiery worms, flying in the air, made a show as if every twig had been burning candles; bats bigger than large hens—a very ugly poultry; cray-fish, or land crabs, one of which was enough for four men, and which dug huge caves under the roots of trees, or, for want of better refuge, would climb trees and hide in the forks of the branches.' This spot was appropriately named Crab Island.

On the 9th of January, 1580, the ship ran upon a rocky shoal and stuck fast. The crew were first summoned to prayers, and then ordered to lighten the ship. Three tons of cloves were thrown over, eight guns, and a quantity of meal and pulse. One authority states distinctly that no gold or silver was thrown into the water, though it was the heaviest part of the cargo; another authority asserts the contrary in the following passage: 'Conceiving that the best way to lighten the ship was to ease their consciences, they humbled themselves by fasting, afterwards dining on Christ in the sacrament, expecting no other than to sup with him in heaven. Then they cast out of their ship six great pieces of ordnance, threw overboard as much wealth as would break the heart of a miser to think of it, with much sugar and packs of spices, making a caudle of the sea round about.' The ship was at last freed, and started again on her way. Her adventures from this point offer no very salient features; she stopped

at Java, the Cape of Good Hope, and Sierra Leone. In the latter place Drake saw troops of elephants, and oysters fastened on to the twigs of trees and hanging down into the water in strings.

Drake arrived at Plymouth after a voyage of two years and ten months. Like Magellan, he found he had lost a day in his reckoning. He immediately repaired to court, where he was graciously received; his treasure, however, be-



QUEEN ELIZABETH KNIGHTING DRAKE.

ing placed in sequestration, to answer such demands as might be made upon it.

Drake was denounced in many quarters as a pirate; while in others, collections of songs and epigrams were made, celebrating him and his ship in the highest terms. The Spanish am-

bassador, Bernardino de Mendoza, who called him the Master Thief of the Unknown World, demanded that he should be punished according to the laws of nations. Elizabeth firmly asserted her right of navigating the ocean in all parts, and denied that the Pope's grant of a

monopoly in the Indies to the Spaniards and Portuguese was of any binding effect upon her. She yielded, however, so far as to restore to the agent of several of the merchants whom Drake had despoiled, large sums of money. Enough remained, however, to make the expedition a remunerating one for the captors. The queen, then, in a pompous and solemn ceremony, gave to the entire affair an official and governmental ratification. She ordered Drake's ship to be drawn up in a little creek near Deptford, to be there preserved as a monument of the most memorable voyage the English had ever yet performed. She went on board of her, and partook of a banquet there with the commander, who, kneeling at her feet, rose up Sir Francis Drake.

The Westminster students inscribed a Latin quatrain upon the mainmast, of which the following lines are a translation—

'Sir Drake, whom well the world's end knows, which thou didst compass round,

And whom both poles of heaven saw—which north and south do bound,

The stars above will make thee known, if men here silent were:

The sun himself cannot forget his fellow traveller.'

The ship remained at Deptford till she decayed and fell to pieces; a chair was made from one of her planks and presented to the University of Oxford, where it is still to be seen.

Such was the first voyage around the world accomplished by an Englishman. Drake's success awakened the spirit and genius of navigation in the English people, and may be said to have contributed in no slight degree to the naval supremacy they afterwards acquired. If, in accordance with the manner of the times, he was quite as much a pirate as a navigator, and mingled plunder and piety, prayer and pillage, in pretty equal proportions, and is to be judged accordingly, he at least made a noble use of the fortune he had acquired in aiding the queen in her wars with Spain, and in encouraging the construction of public works. He built, with his own resources, an aqueduct twenty miles in length, with which to supply Plymouth with water. He died at sea, while commanding an expedition against the Spanish West India Islands. He wrote no account of his adventures and discoveries. A volume published by Nuna da Sylva, his Portuguese pilot, whose statements were confirmed by the officers, has served as the basis of the various narratives in existence."

Thus far Mr. Goodrich's notice of Queen Elizabeth's patronage of Drake; which bore fruit in a few years, when the maritime power of England had so far increased as to offer effectual resistance to the famous "*Invincible*

Armada" of Philip II. Mr. Goodrich's notice of this affair is so interesting that we quote it entire as a closing extract.

"From what we have said of the piracies of the English and of their encroachments upon the domain of the Spanish, and of the ardent desire of the latter to retain the monopoly of the trade with the natives of America, and to hold the exclusive right to rob and slay them at their pleasure, the reader will be prepared for the imposing but bombastic attempt made by Spain against England in 1588. Philip II. determined to put forth his strength, and his fleet was named, before it sailed, 'The most Fortunate and Invincible Armada.' It was described in official accounts as consisting of one hundred and thirty ships, manned by eight thousand four hundred and fifty sailors, and carrying nineteen thousand soldiers, two thousand galley slaves, and two thousand six hundred pieces of brass. The vessels were named from Romish saints, from the various appellations of the Trinity, from animals and fabulous monsters, the Santa Catilina, the Great Griffin, and the Holy Ghost being profanely intermixed. In the fleet were one hundred and twenty-four volunteers of noble family, and one hundred and eighty almoners, Dominicans, Franciscans, and Jesuits. Instruments of torture were placed on board in large quantities, for the purpose of assisting in the great work of reconciling England to Romanism. The Spaniards and the Pope had resolved that all who should defend the queen and withstand the invasion should, with all their families, be rooted out, and their places, their honors, their titles, their houses, and their lands be bestowed upon the conquerors.

Elizabeth and her counsellors heard these ominous denunciations undismayed, and adequate preparations were made to receive the crusaders. London alone furnished ten thousand men, and held ten thousand men in reserve: the whole land-force amounted to sixty-five thousand. The fleet numbered one hundred and eighty-one vessels—fifty more in number than the Armada, but hardly half as powerful in tonnage. Eighteen of these vessels were volunteers, and but one of the one hundred and eighty-one was of the burden of eleven hundred tons. The Lord High Admiral of England, Charles, Lord Howard of Effingham, commanded the fleet, with Drake, Hawkins, and Frobisher in command of the various divisions. A form of prayer was published, and the clergy were enjoined to read it on Wednesdays and Fridays in their parish churches. In this, Elizabeth

was compared to Deborah, preparing to combat the pride and might of Sisera Philip. The country awaited the arrival of the Spaniards in anxiety, and yet with confidence.

The Armada sailed from the Tagus late in May, with the solemn blessing of the Church, and patronized by every influential saint in the calendar. A storm drove it back with loss, and it did not sail again till the 12th of July. It was despatched off Plymouth on the 20th 'with lofty turrets like castles, in front like a half moon; the wings thereof spreading out about the length of seven miles, sailing very slowly, though with full sails, the winds being as it were weary with wafting them, and the ocean groaning under their weight.' The English suffered them to pass Plymouth, that they might attack them in the rear. They commenced the fight the next day, with only forty ships. The Spaniards, during this preliminary action, found their ships 'very useful to defend, but not to offend, and better fitted to stand than to move.' Drake, with his usual luck, captured a galleon in which he found fifty-five thousand ducats in gold. This sum was divided among his crew. Skirmishing and detached fights continued for several days, the Spanish ships being found, from their height and thickness, inaccessible by boarding or ball.

They were compared to castles pitched into the sea. The Lord Admiral was consequently instructed to convert eight of his least efficient into fire-ships. The order arrived as the enemy's fleet anchored off Calais, and thirty hours afterwards the eight ships selected were discharged of all that was worth removal and filled with combustibles. Their guns were heavily loaded, and their sides smeared with rosin and wild fire. At midnight they were sent, with wind and tide, into the heart of the invincible Armada. A terrible panic seized the affrighted crews: remembering the fire-ships which had been used but lately in the Scheldt, they shouted, in agony, 'The fire of Antwerp! The fire of Antwerp!' Some cut their cables, others slipped their hawsers, and all put to sea, 'happiest they who could first be gone, though

few could tell what course to take.' Some were wrecked on the coast of Flanders; some gained the ocean; while the remainder were attacked and terribly handled by Drake. The discomfited Spaniards resolved to return to Spain by a northern circuit around England and Scotland. The English pursued, but the exhausted state of their powder magazine prevented another engagement. The luckless Armada never returned to Spain. A terrific storm drove the vessels upon the Irish coast and upon the inhospitable rocks of the Orkneys. Thirty of them were stranded near Connaught; two had been cast away upon the shores of Norway. In all, eighty-one ships were lost, and but fifty-three returned home. Out of thirty thousand soldiers embarked, fourteen thousand were missing. Philip received the calamity as a dispensation of Providence, and ordered thanks to be given to God that the disaster was no greater.

A day of thanksgiving was proclaimed in England, inasmuch as 'the boar had put back that had sought to lay her vineyard waste.' Some time afterwards, the queen repaired in public procession to St. Paul's. The streets were hung with blue cloth; the royal chariot was a throne with four pillars and a canopy overhead, drawn by white horses. Elizabeth knelt at the altar and audibly acknowledged



PROCESSION IN HONOR OF THE DEFEAT OF THE ARMADA.

the Almighty as her deliverer from the rage of the enemy. The people were exhorted to render thanks to the Most High, whose elements—fire, wind, and storm—had wrought more destruction to the foe than the valor of their navy or the strength of their wooden walls."

CITY RELATIONS: OR, THE NEWMANS' SUMMER AT CLOVERNOOK.

BY MARY W. JANVRIN.

(Concluded from page 386.)

CHAPTER V.

OCTOBER came, with nut-brown and crimson forests, sluggish mists veiling the river, and the soft, dreamy Indian summer haze upon the air. That had been a pleasant summer at Clovernook. There were rides for the invalid Mrs. Newman, who latterly complained less of her ailments than of old; afternoon strolls in the deep woods, under the glossy foliaged oaks or graceful feathery branched hemlocks; romps in the great barn, fragrant with mows of new-mown hay, or morning chats in the farm-house for the two girls; but with the advent of October the visitors began to talk of their return to their city home.

Gorham had left Clovernook when the August heats were over. "Aw, but it was so deuced dull up there in New Hampshire," he confided to his intimate friend, Bob Atherton, as the two promenaded Washington Street one clear September morning, after his return to town, "by Jove, a fellah couldn't stand it! To be sure, there was Cousin Dora, a confounded pretty girl, with an eye bright enough to kindle tinder in a susceptible fellah's heart-aw; but you know, Bob, when a fellah has travelled, and seen all the beauties of the Old World, he is apt to get a little *blasé* on the subject of feminine charms-aw. Liked me vastly, Cousin Dora did! Haven't the least doubt, 'pon my word-aw, but I could have cut out a clever rustic who is trying to look sweet in that quarter, if I'd entered the lists; but-aw, to tell the truth, Bob, the weather was deuced hot, and I was too lazy-aw. Wanted Jenny to come back to town with me-aw, but it was no go! Suppose the govenaw'll go up and fetch 'em home next month-aw. Deuce take me, Bob, if I'd live in the country-aw! A fellah can enjoy it awhile, laying off under the trees and fishing—used to catch splendid trout up there, Bob; but when it comes to staying there into cool weather, I'm off-aw."

Gorham Frederick quite forgot to impart to his friend farmer Littlefield's standing joke about "catching fish with that new-fangled city bait," and perhaps his self-complacency might have been slightly disturbed had he heard pretty Dolly, standing in the open front

door, late the Sunday night after his departure, in rather suspicious proximity to tall, handsome Ned Rollins, confess "that, for her part, she was not sorry for Cousin Gorham's departure," which declaration Ned stoutly affected to disbelieve, affirming, with a roguish smile, that he harbored jealousy against "that city sprig!"

But now October had come; trunks were packed, bundles of dried herbs, which Deborah Littlefield held good as tonic, stringent, or laxative "in sickness," jars of delicious preserves, balls of golden June butter, and a brace of rich cheeses were added to the luggage which accompanied their guests to Clovernook. One Saturday night brought Mr. Newman from the distant city, a pale, anxious-faced man, with lines on his forehead that looked like the balance-marks on his ledgers, and who seemed to have left his thoughts behind him in his counting-house; and on the succeeding Monday farmer Littlefield's ample wagon was reined up at the farm-house door, and the farmer himself, in his Sunday suit, stood ready to drive the party over to the railway station in the village.

There were hearty, warm, and reiterated invitations from Deborah Littlefield for a visit "next summer" to the farm, for which invitations both the merchant and his wife returned thanks and similar biddings for a visit to Boston, while Jenny romantically protested she should *die* without her dear Dora, and vowed an interchange of letters every week till they should meet again. "And Dora has promised to visit me this winter, haven't you, darling coz? and you *will* let her, won't you, dear, good Mr. Littlefield?" she asked, repeatedly.

"We'll think on't! Don't like to promise, 'cause you see my little wood-squirrel might get lost in your great Babel of a Boston," laughed the farmer, good-naturedly. "Howsomever, if she should ever take it into her curly head to run away from home for a spell, s'pose you'll keep her straight, neighbor Newman?"—turning to Jenny's father.

"Certainly, certainly," smiled the merchant, nervously pulling on his glove. "Let her come to see us soon; and I dare say she'd like a peep at city novelties. Come down yourself, Mr. Littlefield, you and your wife, and

we'll do our best to repay your kindness and hospitalities this summer."

"Thankee, thankee, sir; but 'tain't much likely mother 'n I'll ever git so fur from home; the farm keeps us tied up here, you see; but maybe Dolly'll have a notion bimeby to take a trip down to Boston, p'raps to buy some extra fixin's, a silk gown, or fancy bunnit, or some sich, when *somebody* takes it into his head to hurry up a certain occasion, you know!" And he winked and nodded slyly, while pretty Dolly blushed and pouted saucily.

"That's right," replied the merchant, moving from the door as he spoke, with the air of a man impatient to get back at his business again. "We shall expect to see you at Boston soon, Miss Dolly. Come, wife, come, daughter. I'm fearful we sha'n't reach the train in season, and I can't be left, for I promised to meet a man on State Street this afternoon." And in another minute the last good-byes were said, and farmer Littlefield's wagon was bearing them away, while Dolly and her mother stood in the door, watching them till the last bend in the white turnpike carried them out of sight.

"O dear, mother," said Dolly, in a dispirited tone, as they returned to the sitting-room, "I shall miss Jenny so! and, if 'tweren't for thinking how much I've got to do this fall, I'd sit down and have a good cry. Mother, did you hear what father said?" she asked, after a little pause, a deep blush creeping over her fresh cheeks. "But he didn't know how *true* 'twas, for Ned asked me last night, mother—" But here the blush deepened, and Dolly could not speak for embarrassment.

Mrs. Littlefield's eye read that pause, and perhaps her fond mother-heart trembled at the thought that her home-bird was about seeking another nest; but, concealing her emotion, she asked cheerfully, while her housewifely hand ranged the chairs in due order against the wall: "Well, Dolly, and when does Ned want to be married?"

"Oh, mother! last night he said his house was ready and waiting, and as soon as you, and father, and I thought best," stammered Dolly, brokenly. "He named Thanksgiving, but I said that was too soon, and then he wanted it—the *wedding*, you know, mother—to be Christmas or New Year's. I don't know; what do you think, mother?" And Dolly went and laid her head on her mother's shoulder.

Mrs. Littlefield's arm tightened about her daughter, her only girl. For a moment the thought rose in her mind, "Why does Ned Rollins come to take away our darling?" but

in a moment more that passed. They would not be widely parted; the home to which the young farmer was to take her was but three miles away; where the girl's heart led her she would not hold her selfishly back, so she fondly stroked the curly head, and said with a quiet smile: "Ned's in a hurry, my child; I guess father'll say you'll have to put him off till somewhere towards spring. Let me see—the 20th of February is your birthday, Dolly, and that's soon enough. *That* shall be your *wedding-day*, daughter. There, don't cry, Dolly; you'd be ashamed to have Ned come in and see you now, wouldn't you? Jest think what's to be done, Dolly. We shall have to put the quilts in right away, and I guess I'd better ask in the neighbors two or three afternoons; many hands make light work, you know. I shall keep Mirandy with me this winter. And I guess, Dolly, you'd better go down to Boston for a week or two about New Year's, and get your wedding things. Cousin Jane or her Jenny'll go out shopping with you; they invited you so politely. I declare, how much better Jane Newman looked when she went away than when she come! like another woman. My herb teas and diar drink done her a sight of good. Come, Dolly, let's go up into the linen press, and look over the blankets and bedding." And, on housewifely calculations intent, motherly Deborah Littlefield bustled away.

"Gosh ninety, Mirandy! the kitchen's clear agin, now them stuck up city folks have cleared out," was the comment of blunt Seth Warner, coming in and hanging up his old straw hat on a peg, then sitting down to watch "Mirandy" in the operation of getting a boiled dish for dinner. "Feel mighty relieved, like, don't ye, Mirandy?"

"Hum! ask me no questions, and I'll tell you no lies," answered "Mirandy," shortly, tossing her head and dropping the turnips into the boiling pot. "But I *can* tell you *one* thing that's true enough, Seth Warner," she added, after a little silence. "Ned Rollins stayed purty late last night, and I jest see *Miss* Littlefield and Dolly up stairs in the linen press overhauling things, and in *my* opinion things is workin' there."

"'Sho', now, you don't say, Mirandy!" replied the astonished Seth, opening wide his eyes, and following Miranda in her journeyings from the cooking-store to the table. "When do you suppose it'll be—the *weddin'*, Mirandy?"

"Don't know, can't tell," and Miranda jerked

outer words with unwonted asperity, "couldn't purtend to say; but I calkelate Ned Rollins ain't the feller that's forever and a day after makin' up his mind. It's a word and a blow with him; ain't like *some folks*"—another toss of the head—"dilly-dallying round, and never know nothin'. I s'pose I shall stay till it happens, for I promised *Miss Littlefield*, when I came, to stay as long as she wanted me; but in the spring I'm going over to keep house for Jabez Hopkins; he can't do a thing with them two children of his, runnin' wild ever since poor *Miss Hopkins* died."

"No, you ain't! say you *ain't* goin' over to keep Jabe Hopkins's house, Mirandy!" said Seth, imploringly, getting up and laying his hand on the girl's arm.

"Lord, what ails the critter?" said Miranda, bridling and tossing off his hand. "What's the *reason* I ain't a goin' over to keep house for Mister Hopkins, I should like to know, Seth Warner?"

"Oh, nothin', nothin' in the world, Mirandy, if you *say* so!" replied poor Seth, sitting down despairingly, and leaning his face on his hands. "Nothin', as sure as I'm 'live, if you *say* so; but I did kinder hope that p'r'aps—mebbe—you know what I've been a lookin' forrard to, Mirandy! I swanny, I'll go straight off and sell my new house I've bought this summer, now there's nobody to keep it for me; I vow I'll do it, Mirandy!"

Whether Seth's air of real sorrow at her words, or his sudden resolve to dispose of the neat little cottage he had bought with money of his own earnings, and mayhap over which she had looked forward to preside as mistress, caused Miranda Pike to waver in her avowed intention to "keep house for Mister Hopkins," a spruce widower, certain it was that that determination must have been shaken; for, going up close to poor Seth, and laying her red hand on his arm coaxingly, Miranda said in a soothing voice: "There, don't act so, Seth. How in the world do you s'pose I knew you wanted *me* to wait for you? And Mister Hopkins has called over two or three times—"

"Jabe Hopkins go to thunder!" vociferated Seth, grasping Miranda's hand tightly, and springing from his chair. "I'll shake him out of his boots, if I catch him on the Clovernook farm agin this winter. Say, Mirandy," he added, subsiding into a calm, "gentle as a baby," as Miranda afterwards told Miss Dolly, in confidence, and looking up sheepishly, "when do you calkelate you can be ready to keep

house for *me*? What say to settin' up airy in spring? say about plantin' time?"

And I suppose "Mirandy," looking flushed and pleased as she added another contribution of vegetables to the contents of the boiling pot, fully coincided in Seth's idea—"about plantin' time."

CHAPTER VI.

It was the afternoon of a cold but bright January day when Dolly Littlefield emerged from the cars, after a five hours' journey, into the crowded Boston and Maine Depot. The clatter and din of the porters trundling their hand-carts to and fro, the loud voice of the baggage-master standing over piles of trunks within his inclosure, and calling out the numbers of the checks, the deafening cries of the hackmen, vociferating and gesticulating violently from behind their railing, and the swarm that thronged about her as she walked somewhat timidly along the depot, pulling at her arm and almost snatching her travelling satchel from her hand, all conspired to confuse the girl who for the first time stood within the precincts of a noisy city.

"Have a hack?"—"A hack?"—"A coach, Miss?" rung in her ears; but she walked up the depot slowly, looking around in every direction among the pressing throng, a shade of disappointment settling over her face.

"Take my hack? Where are you going? Take you right there, Miss!" urged one voluble driver, who had followed the girl's steps.

"I was expecting my cousin to meet me here," she replied, "but I don't see him anywhere. I suppose Gorham did not get my letter," she added, *sotto voce*.

"Better ride with me, Miss! This way!—your check for your baggage! one trunk, you say, miss?" said the hackman, observing her increased air of disappointment. And she followed him outside the depot, and entered one of the line of carriages drawn up at the curbstone.

"Where shall I carry you?" he asked again, after putting up her trunk.

"To Mr. Newman's—John Newman's, No. —, Tremont Street."

The driver jumped upon his box, and the bells jingled merrily, for there was deep snow lying trampled and soiled in the narrow city streets. Emerging from Haymarket Square into the foot of Hanover Street, everything wore the aspect of novelty to the country girl who looked for the first time on a great city; and

Dolly's keen, bright eyes took in much of life during that ride, gazing alternately from either window of the coach upon the crowded sidewalks.

Such gay shops, with bright goods displayed at doors and in windows! such elegant silks and brilliant cashmeres hanging in long folds as they neared the head of the street! and Dolly inly balanced the choice between "that striped" or "that plaid" for her wedding-dress. Such beautiful fancy articles she noted inside the great plate glass panes—vases, lamp-screens, china dolls for children! and then such splendid tea-services as shone and glittered through the windows of the shops after they had turned round Court and came into Washington Street! It all seemed like the creations of Aladdin's lamp to the delighted gazer from the coach window. And then what long, unbroken lines of teams, drays, coaches, some on wheels and some on runners, at the corners of streets where the driver was forced sometimes to rein up a minute or so! and such crowds of people—gentlemen with heavy whiskers and loose Raglans; ladies in tiny hats, rich furs, and cloaks; and children dressed out so handsomely in hats with scarlet ribbons, all so stylish-looking that little Dolly, in her plain beaver bonnet and gray cloak, felt quite "countryfied," little recking that many a faded, rouged, velvet-clad lady on yonder sidewalk would have gladly exchanged her costly apparel for the sweet country maiden's dimpled cheeks and air of fresh health and loveliness. And then those two great open sleighs—omnibuses, Dolly knew they were called—that they met, filled with gay-looking people returning from an afternoon excursion out on "the Neck!" and what a stylish-looking man that was in the fur collar and cuffs (though a trifle bold, to stare so, Dolly thought), who looked so earnestly in at the coach window where she sat while passing by! And what tall houses, so quaint-looking, some of them! But the *streets*—Dolly thought what a pity they had not been made wider; then suddenly she recollected the old story that they were once "cow-paths in Puritan times," which accounted for their narrowness and crookedness. Then she noticed a sign with gilded letters hanging from a door, "The American Union Newspaper Office;" she had often read the beautiful stories published in that sheet; and then she looked round for the office of the *Farmer*, for that found its way to Clovernook every Saturday; it was the paper her father liked best, and her school friend, Hattie Cleaves, wrote poems for it under a *nom*

de plume. "I wonder if that is the editor standing there by the doorway?" Dolly thought; but just then he turned to walk up the sidewalk, and, by the badge on his cap and the star on his breast, Dolly's editor resolved into a policeman. Then they passed a tall church, where the hands of the clock in the tower pointed to four, and the girl ventured to inquire of a fellow-passenger if that was the Old South Church; and, on receiving an affirmative answer, straightway recalled what she had read in her history in her school-days, how the British had once turned the church into a stable. (I wonder how many daily passing and repassing the old edifice up and down Washington Street bethink them of this threshold over which trampled the hoofs of British war-horses in "the time that tried men's souls?") Then, farther up, passing larger and gayer shops, while the crowds on the sidewalks grew denser, and the gas jets began to light up the windows and streets in the early winter's twilight, Dolly noted rich silks, bright worsteds, splendid carpetings, gay millinery, and "the whirling lady" in Partridge's window, round which a knot of gazers were collected; then she saw miracles of tempting confectionery in Vinton's windows; and still above there were pictures—paintings and engravings so beautiful that she would scarce have known which to choose, could she have had either bestowed upon her for the asking. And presently the girl's eye noted a large, elegant building on her right, with great placards in blue letters on the vestibule door, announcing, "Positively the last engagement of the young tragedian, Edwin Booth, in the play of Hamlet, this evening." "Oh, that is a theatre! How I should like to see a real play! I have read all of Shakspeare's!" mentally ejaculated Dolly. "I do hope Cousin Gorham will take Jenny and me some night while I stay." But a sudden pause of the hack to disembark a passenger disturbed the thread of her thoughts, then a *detour* and a turn through another street, and a short drive brought her into Tremont.

"Are you quite sure this is my cousin's—John Newman's?" the girl asked, somewhat timidly, looking up at the imposing stone front with its high flight of steps as she stood on the sidewalk.

"That's the name on the door," replied the driver, good-humoredly, unstrapping her trunk, then running up the steps to ring the bell, while the girl followed him.

"Is Mrs. Newman in?" was her question of the shock-headed daughter of Erin who answered the bell-pull, "or Jenny?" she added.

"Is it the misthress ye're wantin'?" answered the girl, somewhat insolently, eyeing the new-comer's plain and scarce fashionable attire, so different from the plumes and flounces of the fine ladies who daily rang the bell or left their cards at the merchant's mansion. "Miss Jenny is engaged, dressin' for the theater or somethin'."

"Tell Mrs. Newman I wish to see her!" said Dolly, drawing forth her purse to pay and discharge the hackman.

"Yer name, Miss, if ye please!" said the Irish girl, still eyeing the trunk deposited in the hall.

"Tell them Dolly Littlefield has come," she replied, quietly, and with a look which quite quenched the insolent air of the servant, who evidently regarded visitors with no favoring eye.

"Jist take a sate in the dhining-room, while I carry yer name up, Miss," said the girl, more respectfully, throwing open the door of a handsomely furnished, gas-lighted apartment opening into the carpeted hall, which Dolly thought quite good enough for the best parlor, and where she now seated herself, inly contrasting the ill-bred Irish domestic who had just left her with their own good-mannered though country "Mirandy."

"Sure, and it's one of the country cousins has come, where the misthress went visitin' last summer," soliloquized Margaret O'Connor, as she took her errand up to the dressing-room where sat Jenny Newman and her mother; and presently she returned with a message for the new-comer to follow her up stairs, where, if the protestations of delight with which she was greeted were *sincere*, Dolly certainly could not complain of her reception.

"Oh, Cousin Dora, why didn't you write, and let us know you were coming?" queried Jenny, tossing a silk dress she held to a sofa, and embracing the girl who entered the luxurious chamber. "I'm delighted, charmed!"

"I did write to Gorham, asking him to meet me at the depot, but I suppose he never received the letter. It was very lonesome when I got here among strangers, but the coachman was very kind," replied Dolly, innocently, unnoticed the little cough of her cousin as she assisted in removing her things, or the embarrassed air of Mrs. Newman, who just then left the room a moment. How could the simple country girl know that the elegant Gorham Frederick, tossing her letter to the breakfast-table that morning, vowed "he wasn't going down to the depot to gallant the little rustic-

aw, for he'd got an engagement with a fellow at the reading-room, and the coachman might bring her up-aw," or that Jenny and her mother had consequently resolved to betray no knowledge of their appraisal of the visit?

So Dolly gave her cloak and hat into Jenny's hands, drew up a low chair to her cousin's side, and innocently told her "that she was going to be married next month, and had come to Boston to buy her wedding things."

"Oh, that is charming! delightful!"—and Jenny clapped her little jewelled hands. "And of course you will get fashionable things"—a side glance at the beaver bonnet and plain, cloak on the lounge; "there are some splendid silks opening at Hovey's!"

Dolly looked down at her plain merino, and for a moment felt almost abashed at the contrast between it and the richly trimmed cashmere Jenny wore; but her practical good sense came to her aid, and she replied: "I sha'n't get anything *very* splendid, Jenny."

A little time passed in conversation, then Mrs. Newman came in, and then, when Dolly stood before the mirror brushing out her thick, glossy hair, the tea-bell rang.

In the brilliant, gas-lighted dining-room, at the tea-table garnished with its bright-colored cover, snowy china, silver forks, and folded napkins, Dolly met Gorham Frederick, who, divesting himself of Raglan and fur collar in the hall, came lounging gracefully in.

"Aw, bless ma soul, Cousin Dora! did you rain down from the Granite State-aw?" he exclaimed, with an air of affected surprise, extending the tips of three fingers. "'Pon my word, I'm chawmed at seeing you, and rosy and smiling as ever!"

"I felt a little sorry that my letter did not reach you," said Dolly, when the greetings were over. "I almost got lost in the crowd at the depot, Cousin Gorham."

"*Lettaw?* Wondaw where it went? Should have been chawmed to escort ma fair cousin up to Tremont Street," unblushingly replied the young gentleman (?), conveying a spoonful of stewed oysters to his mouth.

"Oh, it was no matter; I found the place nicely, and had a nice ride coming up," replied Dolly, smilingly. "I have quite an idea of Boston already, Gorham."

"And how will it compare with New Hampshire, ma fair coz, think you-aw?" queried the youth, in a drawling tone.

"Oh, I'm not prepared to say yet. We will compare notes at some future time, if you please," she returned, laughingly.

Later, Mr. Newman came in, looking careworn, harassed, and with the lines in his forehead grown deeper. But his greeting was *real*, and Dolly felt that it had a heart in it, for somehow, though vaguely as yet, the girl was feeling that the city welcome lacked something of the warm, whole-souled hospitality of the country one. But the merchant swallowed his tea hurriedly, ate but little, talked but little, then hastened away down town again, and the family went up stairs into the parlor.

Could she have heard the brief, whispered consultation between Jenny and her brother as they lingered behind a minute in the hall, Dolly might no longer have doubted the insincerity of their welcome.

"How provoking, Gorham!" whispered Jenny. "Here's Ellis Loring coming to take me to the Boston to see Booth in Hamlet, and this country cousin must happen here! How I'm to get off is more 'n I can see; but I'm resolved I won't take her along! Just think of that old-fashioned hat and that dowdy cloak of hers! Dora isn't homely or awkward, but she lacks *style*, and I shouldn't want Helen Loring, or the Wentworths, or the Farrars asking who she was, and I have to introduce her as 'my cousin.' What *shall* I do, Gorham?"

"Do, sis? Why, get off as I did about the lettaw—tell a little fib or something. Tell mother to say she's too tired with her journey, or something of that sort, and get her off out of the parlor when Loring calls," said the young gentleman, twirling his moustache.

"But it doesn't seem quite right," replied Jenny, with some faint compunctions of conscience. "I declare, I felt so nervous about that letter at the tea-table, Gorham! How *could* you deny it so?"

"Oh, I didn't exactly *deny* its reception, you see-aw, Jen; but if the little rustic chose to put *that* construction on it, do-aw you suppose I was going to *confess* it? But about going to see Hamlet to-night, sis," he continued, "they say Booth's *foine*, deuced smart in that. You see I'm engaged to go with a party of fellahs I'm going to meet at Parker's, so it's quite impossible that either you or I can devote ourselves to our rustic visitaw."

"But I can't forget how much they did to make us enjoy our visit up at Clovernook last summer, and really, Gorham, it isn't very polite to leave her," said Jenny, hesitatingly.

"O pshaw! that's different, sis; those sort of things are expected when people go into the bushes-aw; but our country visitaw, I take it, will not mind much the loss of seeing Ham-

let-aw. I'll take her into the museum some evening as an offset, and you can show her the elephant-aw going out shopping, for I suppose that's what she came 'to taown' for."

"Yes, Dora's going to be married next month, and came to buy her things."

"Aw, married? And to that rustic lovaw we saw up there last summer, I suppose? the fellah that invented the patent agricultural implement-aw? Well, I promised to meet the boys early; so I'm off, Jen."

And so, without extending the invitation to accompany her to witness the play, Jenny coolly excused herself to Dolly on the plea of "an engagement" when Ellis Loring called, leaving her mother to cover the matter by saying, as a matter of course, while they sat in her dressing-chamber that evening: "I knew you were too tired, my dear, to think of such a thing as going out, so we will make ourselves comfortable at home to-night, Dora."

Dolly Littlefield could but reply "Yes;" though, as she was shown to her room by Irish Margaret full two hours before the theatre-goers returned, she could but think that the truer politeness would have been to leave the question of fatigue to her own judgment, as well as the choice of seeing the play or not to her own wish.

CHAPTER VII.

It is not our intention to follow our little country maiden through the various incidents of her two weeks' visit at the Newmans', the visit which might have been so pleasant, but which, in reality, was far from that to her; for, with that quick intnition of human nature which Dolly inherited from her shrewd father, she saw that the people she had so loved and devoted herself to the previous summer, the people who had flattered, fawned, and rendered themselves agreeable to the hospitable dwellers of Clovernook, seen here in their own home, were widely different in character from what she had imagined them to be. Had Dolly been over-sensitive or timid, like most girls, she might have made herself very miserable at this discovery; but, possessing strong, practical good sense, she very wisely determined to accomplish the object of her visit, outwardly taking no note of the selfish conduct which a faint show of politeness could not cover, all the while intently studying their characters with scorn, contempt, and a shadow of wounded feeling deepening in her heart. "I owe them

no favors," said the independent girl; "they are indebted to father, mother, and myself for a long summer's hospitality, and during my brief visit I will test the truth of father's estimate of 'city folks' before they came to Clover-nook." So Dolly very quietly concealed her feelings, never intruded her company on Jenny or her fashionable callers, but asked her assistance in her shopping; accepted Gorham Frederick's loth invitation to visit "the museum," and set about enjoying herself as much as possible, even while she fully understood the feelings of her city relatives toward their "country cousin."

Jenny was in a dilemma; the share of good sense which she naturally possessed bade her banish the idea of uneasiness lest her fashionable friends should recognize in the plainly attired girl a country relative, but the foolish pride which had been fostered by a weak, injudicious mother prevailed. Dolly, with a quick eye, detected this; and, one evening, being in the parlor when Ellis Loring called, and over-hearing Jenny say, in a low tone, "only a country cousin, Mr. Loring," as the twain went to the piano after the hurried introduction, she quickly resolved, with the true spice of womanly mischief, to repay her when occasion occurred.

This happened next day, when the two girls were shopping. Looking at silks at Hovey's, Dolly turned to observe Ellis Loring and his haughty, elegantly attired sister lounging over the same counter, and Jenny chatting with Miss Loring. With a little nod to the handsome gentleman, who coolly returned it, a mischievous idea entered Dolly's naughty brain.

"Cousin Jenny," she began, with the genuine nasal twang of a verdant specimen of up-countrydom, "naow, which of these 'ere silks would you advise me to git? Mother said be sure and git one't I could *turn* bimeby, or 'twouldn't be thin and slazy, if I got it colored some day."

The elegant Helen Loring slightly raised her eyebrows, and looked superciliously at the speaker, to whom Jenny Newman had taken good care not to present her; Jenny colored crimson and bit her lips, staring in amazement at her cousin, and "mortified to death" at noting Miss Loring's air of disdain; the clerk was too well bred to smile as the purchaser appealed to him for advice, adding: "I don't know about gitting that overshot (brocade) goods: am afraid 'twon't be durable. P'r'aps you 'd give me a pattern just to take up to Miss Newman's, Cousin Jenny's mother, and see what

she thinks about it? Ain't it something like that gown you wore up to our house last summer, Jenny?"

Jenny turned an appealing look toward her, so imploring that Dolly would have laughed and relented but for the remembrance of the preceding evening's insult. She remembered how, last summer, she had taken special pains that Ned Rollins, her own Ned, should walk, drive, talk with, or entertain in a hundred ways *her* visitor; and then she thought of the return meted out to her, to be spoken of as "only a country cousin," and left to amuse herself the livelong evening, while the pair sang, flirted, or laughed, quite ignoring her presence. So little Dolly Littlefield quite unheeded the supercilious stare of either Ellis Loring or his haughty sister, quite unheeded crimson-faced Jenny's air of mortification, and turned again to the clerk, who replied blandly:—

"We don't give patterns, but I shall be happy to cut you a dress, Miss. Or will you look at some rich striped silks? We have some new and choice styles just opening."

"Wall, I guess I'll look at the *stri-ped* ones, and mebbe I shall find something that'll answer for a standin'-up gown. O Lor! I forgot I hadn't oughter said that," she added, clapping her hand over her lips with a ludicrous air of simplicity and *gaucherie*. This time the clerk smiled. "Naow, how much do you ask a yard for this 'ere piece of goods?" she inquired, fingering a handsome blue silk with satin stripe. "Purty good quality, but I s'pose it's too dear."

"That's one dollar fifty, Miss, and a bargain at that. Newest style, just invoiced; can't get them at any other house in the city so cheap."

"O Lor! that's what you storekeepers always say. Mother said I must beat you down; said you always asked too high in the first place. Naow, mister, what's the lowest you'll take a yard for a gown off of that piece? and mebbe we'll make a trade." And the little bargainer put on quite a business air.

"We have but one price, Miss; never take less," imperturbably replied the clerk, proceeding to fold up the goods.

"O Lor, don't be in a hurry, naow. Ain't mad, be ye? Mebbe we'll trade, for I kinder like the goods. I'd got sot on blue, though I dunno but mother'll think I'm too extravagant. Howsomever, I might as well be killed for an old sheep as a lamb, an' I guess father'll be on my side, and like the gown. Jest measure me off—lemme see, sixteen yards, I guess; I'm

gonn' to have a *lash*, and we have to make the skirt dreadful wide these days, you know, mister."

The clerk bit his lips and cast a strange quizzical glance at the little maiden; but her cherry lips were puckered up demurely, and a very staid expression veiled the spirit of mischief in her blue eyes. The silk was duly measured.

"Lemme see! sixteen and eight's twenty-four; that's it, good old Granite State money, some of that father had paid him for the yoke of steers. That's right, mister, ain't it?"—counting out a roll of bills.

"Perfectly right, miss. Where shall I send the bundle?" bowed the clerk.

"O Lor! jest as if I was too proud or lazy to carry that home." And she grasped the package.

"The silk is really very desirable, very pretty," said the elegant Helen Loring, desiring to banish poor Jenny Newman's *distrain* and mortified air.

"I hope it will wear well, and won't *spot*—blue is bad to spot sometimes," complacently replied Dolly, appropriating the remark. "But then I can get it colored black, you know. But come, Jenny, if I've got to git my bunnit this forenoon, hadn't we better be going? Good morning, mister." And, bowing to the clerk behind the counter, and quite unheeding the elegant Ellis Loring leaning on the counter, Dolly hurried her cousin away.

"Dolly Littlefield, how could you?" asked Jenny, with much asperity, as they gained the sidewalk: "and before my friends, too!"

"Jenny Newman, how could you? and last night, before your friends, too! 'Only a country cousin!'" replied the girl, quietly, but with a sudden flash in her eye which quite precluded any further remark.

Jenny bit her lip. Dolly did not purchase her bonnet that morning, and the two girls walked home in silence.

That afternoon, as Jenny kept a pouting reserve over a book in her chamber, and Dolly sat in her own room arranging her purchases, Irish Margaret answered a ring at the door-bell, and presently brought up the message, "A gentleman in the parlor waitin' to see Miss Littlefield," and Ned Rollins, who had "come to Boston on a little business," he said, met his Dolly with a tender kiss and a loving pressure of the hand, which brought the tears of happiness to her eyes. Midst so much heartiness, to know that he, so good, so manly, so noble, was true!

Dolly did not prolong her stay beyond the next day, nor did she return to New Hampshire alone, for that next day, when the cars slowly puffed their way from the depot in Haymarket Square, Ned sat beside her, and that evening, when they had reached the terminus of their railway ride, she found Ned's sleigh and sorrel colt awaiting them at the depot in Arostook. Ned held the reins with one hand as they drove homeward, while the other stout, protecting arm encoiled the plump form in the plain gray cloak beside him. And when, pausing in the white highway before the new frame house they were passing, the house where he and Dolly were soon to set up their "household gods" and dwell in their own happy home, Ned asked with a smile:—

"Well, Dolly, which do you like best, city or country?"

Then, with a little burst of laughter mixed with indignation, the girl replied—"Oh, here best, Ned! I wouldn't live in Boston for anything in the world!" And afterwards she told him all, how she "took down" Jenny Newman's foolish pride by enacting the character of "the country cousin." What merry bursts of laughter—Ned's hearty, sonorous peals, and the girl's gay, silvery ones—floated out on the clear, frosty air of the winter's night as they dashed along, the jingling sleigh-bells and the pulses of their own happy hearts beating a sweet echo chime!

"Blast 'em!" said farmer Littlefield, with flashing eyes, and growing very red in the face, when the straightforward Dolly again related the story at home. "There! jest as I told you, mother—jest as I took 'em to be!"—shaking his head at Deborah Littlefield, whose honest, motherly face glowed with indignation and injured feeling. "Don't care for us half as much as the wind whistlin' round the corner of the house out door, only for what they can git out of us! Blast 'em!"—this was the nearest Jacob Littlefield ever came to "swearing"—"they're a confounded selfish set, the whole posse of 'em. Needn't try to cover it up, daughter"—to Dolly, who had interrupted him with the representation that "Mr. Newman seemed very glad to see her, and treated her very politely;" "needn't excuse it; a man that can't rule his own house and bring up his own children to know the common laws of good manners, to say nothin' of decency, ain't no man at all! I've allers known Jane Newman rules the roost. He makes the money and she spends it, and she's shown herself out the very woman I allers took her to be, selfish and ill-

mannered. But there, Dolly, there! I guess 'tain't no use workin' myself into a passion about it. 'What's bred and born in the bone must come out of the flesh,' and I knew Jane Newman when she was a girl—Jane Sawyer—vain, self-conceited, though purty good-looking then. Hey, Dolly, she even tried to cut out your mother once; didn't know that, did ye? But she found out 'twas a hard bargain, I reckon, so went off to Boston, to pick up a husband there"—and the farmer's merry eyes twinkled roguishly as he met his wife's smiling "There, there, Jacob!" "Howsomever," he continued, "I can't say I'm sorry these city folks have shown themselves out, for we shall know jest how to treat 'em now. Mebbe they'll want to 'visit Clovernook farm to see their dear cousins' agin next summer; but we'll send 'em word we don't *keep boarders*, hey, mother?"

But, reader mine, who have patiently fol-

lowed this narrative thus far, and are doubtless as patiently waiting our *congé*, what need to prolong the story? Of course there was in due time a wedding at Clovernook farm, and sweet Dolly Littlefield was made Dolly Rollins in the "stri-ped silk," in which she also "appeared out bride" at the village church the following Sabbath; and, though Mrs. Newman and Jenny sent a letter of congratulation, nobody replied; and it furthermore happened that "Mirandy" Pike and Seth Warner linked together their hands, hearts, and fortunes (much to the discomfiture of the widower, "Mister Jabez Hopkins") the ensuing spring, "about plantin' time;" while it also as duly came to pass that future summers failed to bring the city relatives of the Littlefields to pass the heated term either at Mrs. Edward Rollins' new home or the old farm at Clovernook.

ACTING CHARADE.—REFINEMENT.

BY S. ANNIE FROST

Characters.

MR. FREDERICK STANLEY, *a young married man.*

MRS. KATE STANLEY, *his wife.*

MISS CARRIE BUTLER, *Mrs. Stanley's sister.*

MR. CHARLES HOLBROOK.

REFINE.

SCENE 1.—MR. STANLEY'S *parlor.* *Curtain rises, discovering KATE and CARRIE arranging some flowers in a vase.*

Carrie. But, my dear Kate, this may be entirely your fancy. It is only two months since your wedding-day; surely Mr. Stanley cannot already be tired of his little country girl.

Kate. Not exactly tired of me, Carrie, but—well, it must come out, he's ashamed of me. You see, Aunt Mary's taking you when you was little, and giving you schooling and all that makes a lady of you, and I am nothing but a stupid country gal, that's just the long and short of it. I can't learn manners all in a hurry, and Fred's fond of parties and all them things, and he says I'm gawky, and awkward, and boisterous, and I don't know what all.

Carrie. But, sister, why do you not endeavor to correct any such deficiencies?

Kate. Hey?

Carrie. Try to improve, I mean.

Kate. My stars, I do try; I'm all the time a-trying. Jupiter! ain't it 'tarnal hot?

Carrie. It is oppressively warm. What a pretty country-seat this is, and so near the city, too!

Kate. Plaguey near! Fred is always lugging out some feller or other to dinner or stay all night, and I always get a blowing up for awkwardness after it. Fred's turned what he calls gentleman farmer; a heap he knows about farming; he bought his pigs, cows, and chickens yesterday.

Carrie. We must visit them after dinner.

Kate. See here, Cad; I don't kinder like to ask you, but just s'posing while you're here you try to larn me manners. Oh, Carrie, I can't bear to have Fred ashamed of me when I loves the very ground he walks on. You'll larn me to be a fine lady, won't you?"

Carrie (cheerfully). We will practice etiquette, if it is only to make you the same light-hearted Katie you were before your marriage. Mr. Stanley has succeeded in making you sad and constrained, if nothing else.

Kate (listening). Hark! that's my husband's step.

Enter FREDERICK.

Kate (embracing him). Oh, Fred, dear, I'm so glad you've come.

Frederick. How vehement you are, my love ! A little more gentleness would be more refined. Do try to cultivate an easy repose !

Kate. I forgot ! Here is my sister Carrie, Fred, come to make a visit. Ain't it nice ?

Frederick (bowing to Carrie). You are most welcome, Miss Butler. Although we have not met before, Kate has often spoken to me of her dear sister.

Carrie. And her letters to me, whilst I was abroad with my aunt, made me fully prepared to esteem my new brother.

Kate (aside). Oh, luddy, how stiff, bowing and scraping !

Frederick. Have you come direct from home, Miss Butler ?

Kate. For patience sake, call her Carrie ; Miss Butler is horrid stiff.

Frederick. Kate, pray try to recollect my request to you to avoid the use of such exclamations as "patience sake" ; they are shockingly vulgar. (*To Carrie.*) Have I your permission to address you by your Christian name ?

Carrie. Oh, certainly ! Are we not brother and sister ?

Frederick. Then, Carrie, since you are so kind, allow me to claim a brother's privilege. (*Attempts to kiss her.*)

Carrie (stepping back). Stay, stay ; I will consider the matter.

Kate. Oh land, Carrie ! kiss Fred.

Frederick. My dear, I have requested you very frequently not to abbreviate my Christian name. It is not refined.

Kate. You are forever snubbing me !

Frederick. Snubbing is an elegant word in a lady's mouth. Ah, the pleasure of seeing your sister made me quite forget to mention that I have invited an intimate friend of mine, Mr. Holbrook, to dine with us to-day. Now, Kate, he is one of the most perfect gentlemen of my acquaintance ; do, for my sake, receive him cordially, but gracefully. I must tell James to put some wine on the ice. (*Exit Frederick.*)

Kate. You see, Carrie ! Scold, scold, scold, all the time ; and I hear nothing from Monday morning till Saturday night, and all Sunday, too, for that matter, but refine ! Refine here, refine there ; I'm sick of the word. Oh, dear, what did Fred marry me for, if I am such a case ?

Carrie (warmly). Because under some little ignorance my sister has the warmest, kindest heart that ever throbbed. (*Aside.*) I suppose it will hardly do to call her husband a conceited puppy.

Kate. Carrie, just 'sposing you tell me now

how to behave when he brings this new city feller out here. I'll do something awful for certain. Must I shake hands ? Fred says I always grab a hand like a pump-handle.

Carrie. It is not necessary to shake hands. Courtesy in this way (*courtesies*), saying, Good-morning, Mr. Holbrook !

Kate (courtesying awkwardly). So !

Carrie. No, you do it too abruptly, and too low. Slowly, and do not bend so much. (*Kate tries a second courtesy.*)

Carrie. That is better. Then, Kate, don't tell him as you did me that you are "'mazing glad" to see him ; say very glad, and do not use any of the exclamations Mr. Stanley objects to. Call your husband Mr. Stanley when speaking of him, and—

Kate. Stop, stop ! That's enough for one day. Oh, land, it's monstrous hard work to refine !

Enter FREDERICK and CHARLES.

Frederick (speaking as he comes in). You are quite right, my dear fellow, quite right.

Carrie (aside to Kate). Now, sister, remember !

Frederick. Mrs. Stanley, allow me to introduce a most dear friend, Mr. Holbrook.

Kate (with a cold, stiff courtesy and grave face). Good-morning, Mr. Holbrook !

Charles (bowing). Good-morning, madam ! (*Aside to Frederick.*) I say, my boy, am I *de trop* ?

Frederick. Not at all, my dear fellow. (*Aside.*) What does Kate mean ? (*Aloud.*) Miss Butler, Mr. Holbrook. Charlie, let me introduce my wife's sister. (*Charles and Carrie bow.*)

Charles (taking one of the flowers from table). Is the lovely arrangement here, your taste, Miss Butler ?

Carrie. Flowers are one of my sister's passions. Here is a new specimen of pansy, quite rare. (*They converse over the vase.*)

Frederick (to Kate). What do you mean by receiving my friend in that manner ?

Kate. Manner ? I—I was trying to be polite, to refine—

Frederick. Pshaw ! You were so stiff he fancied he was unwelcome—in the way.

Kate (running over to Charles). See here, mister, I'm 'mazing—no—I mean very sorry you conceited—no—oh, what is the word Fred said to use for conceited ? I know, I'm very sorry you imagined you was in the way. Bless my heart ! No, I don't mean that—but I'm 'mazing glad to see you. I am, indeed, 'cause you are one of Fred's—no—Mr. Stanley's friends.

Charles (bowing with grave surprise). Madam, you are most kind.

Frederick (aside, petulantly). I wish I had held my tongue.

Kate. Ain't them pretty flowers? Oh, Fred, one of them 'ere pigs you bought yesterday died this morning. It was run over. Cricky, how it squalled!

Frederick. After its decease?

Kate. It hadn't no decease; it was run over!

Frederick (taking Kate aside). My dear, had you not better make some additions to your dress before dinner?

Kate. Why, this 'ere muslin is the very one you used to like such a heap afore we was married! You used to call me beauty when—well, something about adorning, and you said it meant—prettiest without fixings.

Frederick. But now, you have other dresses more suitable.

Kate (in a loud whisper). Look how that fellow's sparkin' our Cad.

Frederick. Hush, they'll hear you.

Kate. I say, mister!

Charles. Did you address me, madam?

Kate. Sittin' 's as cheap as standing. Take a chair, and give Carrie one.

Charles (offering Kate a chair). Pardon my negligence.

Kate. I don't want it. Here, Carrie, you take it! Oh *(to Charles)*, what beauty studs! Where did you get 'em?

Frederick (aside). Oh, this is fearful!

Charles. I am glad your taste agrees with mine.

Kate. I wish dinner was ready; I'm pretty nigh starved. Oh, see here, Fred, the man cheated you about them 'taters.

Frederick. I do not imagine, my love, that Mr. Holbrook is interested in our domestic arrangements. *(Aside to Kate, fiercely.)* Will you never cease mortifying me?

Kate. I'm sure I didn't mean any harm; don't get mad!

Carrie (to Charles). Have you seen Bulwer's last novel?

Charles. "What Will he Do with It?"

Kate. Why sell it, now he's writ it! *(Bell rings.)*

Kate. Dinner! I'm glad of it. Come along, all of you. *(Runs out. Charles offers his arm to Carrie and follows.)*

Frederick. Was ever a man so annoyed! With Kate's kind heart and natural talents, she would be perfect with a good address, but her whole manner is so terribly counterfeited it seems almost impossible to refine it. *(Exit.)*

[Curtain falls.]

MEANT.

SCENE 2 same as SCENE 1. *Curtain rises, discovering KATE, alone, reading.*

Kate (reading).

"So we grew together,
Like a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet a union in partition"

I wonder what that is, a union in partition. Oh dear, it's no use, I'll never know nothing. Fred has been gone a week, and he'll be three years in Europe. I meant to refine while he was gone and please him, but I can't. Carrie told me to read! What's the use of reading when you can't make head or tail of it? This is the biggest book on the shelf *(reads the title)*, "Shakspeare's Works," and it is orful stupid. I'm tremendously sleepy reading it, but I've got through a good deal. It seems to be a kind of mixed up. I reckon he didn't know much, beginning all the lines with capitals when they don't make verses. Verses always has a jingle at the end of the lines. I know that much.

Enter CARRIE, slowly and sadly.

Carrie. It is all over! Oh, are you there, sister?

Kate. Why, Carrie, what 's the matter? You look dumpty!

Carrie. Nothing; I—I—nothing in particular. *(Begins to cry.)*

Kate. Why, Carrie. Don't cry, Carrie dear—don't! What 's the matter?

Carrie (sitting down beside Kate). Oh, Kate, I'm such a dunce!

Kate. No, you ain't. There's only one dunce in our family, and that's me. Where's Mr. Holbrook? I thought he was with you.

Carrie (sadly). He will never come here again.

Kate. Never come here again. Carrie Butler, you and him's fit!

Carrie. I—I—he, that is we—well, Kate, I'll tell you. He asked me to marry him.

Kate. Good! He's a duck!

Carrie. I, just to plague him, pretended to be indifferent, and—and—

Kate. You didn't say no?

Enter CHARLES, who stands unperceived by the others.

Carrie. Yes, I did; all girls say no at first.

Kate. I didn't!

Carrie. I meant to say yes, afterwards; but

he went away so cold and dignified, he 'll never come back.

Kate. But, Carrie, what on earth made you say so, when you meant *yes*?

Carrie. Just to tease him. To—to— Oh, Kate, I love him so much, I was afraid to let him see it.

(*Charles touches Kate on the shoulder, unperceived by Carrie, and motions her to be silent.*)

Kate (to *Carrie*, nodding to *Charles*). And he will never come back?

Carrie. He is so dignified, and he was offended because I have encouraged him. Oh, Katie, Katie, I am so sorry. (*Bends her head to the table, weeping.*)

(*Kate, rising, motions Charles to take her seat, and leaves the room.*)

Carrie (still sobbing). If he would only come back!

Charles. Carrie, darling!

Carrie (starting up). You here! Kate gone!

Charles. I am here. Will you send me away again?

Carrie. No, no. I was wayward, foolish—I—

Enter KATE.

Charles (embracing *Carrie*). You are mine, then!

Carrie. All yours, if you will forgive me!

Kate. Well, Carrie, have you said *yes*?

Carrie. I have, sister, said it, and—

Kate. Meant it! [*Curtain falls.*]

REFINEMENT.

A lapse of three years is supposed to take place between SCENES 2 and 3.

SCENE 3, same as SCENES 1 and 2.

Enter KATE, dressed with great elegance.

Kate. To-day! to-day! Oh, I can scarcely restrain my impatience! After an absence of three years, dear Fred will return to-day. I long, yet almost fear to see him. Carrie assures me that my weary time of study, and the course of dancing lessons, with her instructions upon points of etiquette, have improved me, yet Fred was so fastidious. Easy repose! that was one of the first requirements in his catalogue. Well, patience! patience!

Frederick (behind the scenes). Where is she? (*Calls.*) Kate! Katie, darling!

Kate (springing towards the door). There he is! Fred! my husband! (*Returning slowly.*) No! running to meet him will earn me another lec-

ture upon boisterous manners. I—he's coming—I must retire, and meet him with easy repose and refinement. (*Exit at left of stage.*)

Enter FREDERICK, at right of stage.

Frederick. Home at last! Where is Kate? Ah, what a fool I was with my bounny Kate! After three years spent in cold, heartless, fashionable life abroad, I have learned to appreciate her warm-hearted sincerity, and even if sometimes she used expressions or gestures that grated harshly upon my sense of propriety, kindness, not continual fault-finding, was the remedy. Where is Kate? I long for one of her hearty embraces.

Enter KATE, slowly, and with dignity.

Frederick (rushing up to her). Katie, darling!

Kate (coolly, waving him off). You are very vehement! How are you?

Frederick (amazed). Why, Kate!

Kate. Katherine! Pray do not abbreviate my Christian name.

Frederick. But—

Kate (sitting down). Pray be seated, Mr. Stanley. Did you have a pleasant voyage?

Frederick. Thunderation!

Kate. If I may presume to criticize, violent exclamations annoy me exceedingly. Pray take a chair.

Frederick. Is this the way you receive your husband after three years' separation?

Kate (carelessly). Oh, if you remember, you wrote to me very frequently.

Frederick. Wrote! I do not understand all this.

Kate. I cannot see anything puzzling. You have come home; I am delighted; yet there is no necessity for any energetic display of our feelings. Might I trouble you to hand me my fan? It is near you, on the table.

Frederick (handing the fan). I think you are quite cool enough now. (*Sits down angrily, with his back to Kate.*)

Kate. Your long visit to Europe does not seem to have added to the refinement of your manners, Mr. Stanley.

Frederick. Hang refinement!

Kate (aside). Amen! (*Aloud.*) Your coat sits very nicely across the shoulders.

Frederick (suddenly turning to face her). May I ask, madam, for an explanation of your most extraordinary conduct?

Kate. Extraordinary! I do not exactly understand you!

Frederick. What has happened in my long absence to make you cease to love me?

Kate (coolly). Love is a very old-fashioned word, Mr. Stanley. Married people in the present age entertain a high mutual esteem or admiration for each other. But love—oh, love is quite out of fashion.

Frederick (beginning to walk rapidly up and down the stage). Confound fashion!

Kate. Indeed, Mr. Stanley, this constant use of vulgar phrases is very trying to my nerves.

Frederick. Nerves, too! Oh, this is too much!

Kate. We regretted your absence at my sister's wedding. It was quite a brilliant affair.

Frederick. Well, Mrs. Stanley, since my return calls forth no more warmth than this in your reception, I will return to Europe by the next steamer.

Kate. Return to Europe!

Frederick. In the mean time, if you wish to address me, I will be at the — hotel. Good-morning. (*Going.*)

Kate (springing up). No, no! Fred, dear Fred!

Frederick. I little expected to find my warm-hearted, impulsive little Kate turned into an icicle.

Kate. Do—you—prefer—the—old—wife?

Frederick. It is partly my fault, I admit. I never dreamed that forms, etiquette, and study could so change an ardent, loving nature. Oh Kate! Kate!

Kate (hesitatingly). You were always advising her to cultivate an easy repose, and air of refinement.

Frederick. But not at the expense of love and feeling.

Kate (coming close to him). Then you would welcome your little country girl if she returned?

Frederick (joyfully). Is she here?

Kate. Here, here! Oh, Fred, Fred darling, I am glad to see you.

Frederick (embracing her). That's my bonny Kate!

Kate. You will overlook your little wife's faults, Fred?

Frederick. She has not one!

Kate. Then—then—promise never to say refine to her again.

Frederick. I promise; for I call on these ladies and gentlemen to witness that Mrs. Frederick Stanley is a model of refinement!

[*Curtain falls.*]

JUSTIFIABLE ANGER.—Wise anger is like fire from a flint; there is great ado to get it out; and when it does come, it is out again immediately.

AFTER THE STORM.

BY L. S. GOODWIN.

My children are playing out in the snow,
That filtered last night the clouds below;
I pause at my tasks to see the show

Of their own little pleasant device—

With the breakfast cloth, from before the grate,
Ere shaking the crumbs at the kitchen gate,
Which doves, looking out of their windows, wait,
'Neath pendants of glistening ice.

Loulie with her small and fearless feet,
A rural cottage has traced complete,
With lowly gable—and garden seat

In the shrubbery plot before:

June and September have shaken hands,
And ever a fruited nectarine stands
Guarding a rose whose bloom expands
As a mitten tip glides o'er.

But Victor has pictured a castle bold,
With postern and corridors manifold,
A wide moat 'round and a drawbridge old,
And chafing steeds in the court—
And dogs that crouch and crave to be gone
Out of the gate and across the lawn,
Where deer-trails lead in the frosty dawn
To the loved and lordly sport.

Nor yet the red blood pitiful flows;
Down the pathway's curve the young lord goes,
To the cottage maiden "under the rose"—

So well does he know life's part:

The frost and sunshine meet in his hair,
And gild him a crown a king might wear,
And his way is 'mid gems and diamonds rare,
To offer all for a heart.

The masks are off with wooer and bride!

Two rosy children meet side by side,
One less her shyness and one his pride—

Fond brother and sister they.

His scarf's o'er her neck in circlets three,
And, tiptoe, she kisses him warm and free,
Then both smile up at the window to see
I'm watching their careless play.

WINTER.

BY LILLIAN.

The harvest moon has blest the golden fruit
Maturing in the sunbeams' waning heat,
The voice of autumn birds has long been mute,
Earth's autumn paintings faded at our feet.

The cold-winged winds have blown the herald horn
Of aged winter with his ice-mailed train,
Foretold him with full many a frosty morn,
Bleak storms of sleet and bitter frozen rain.

And he now from off his hoary locks,
His treasured gifts of crystal sheen pours down,
Till hills and valleys, trees and rugged rocks,
Wear shinningly a snow-embroidered crown.

But still my yearning heart goes out in thought,
And prays that life's chill winter be as pure,
Its snows prove spotless robes with pearls inwrought.
Its garnered harvests heaven's own bliss insure!

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY MARY FORMAN.

MR. CURTIS sat alone in his office; it was just at the turn of the day, when the shadows in the corners were softly trooping forth to turn the twilight into darkness. There had been unusually painful cases in the court upon that day, and the lawyer's brow wore a look of thoughtful sadness, and he leaned his head on his hand with an air of weariness which was at variance with his strongly marked features, and the energy of his usual movements and words. Rousing himself after an hour of thought, he lighted his room, and then sat down to write; his first task was the following letter:—

MY DEAR MADAM: It grieves me, both as an old friend and your professional adviser, to have to tell you that our last hope failed to-day. You have assured me from the commencement of the suit that you looked for no other issue, and I most sincerely trust that the blow will be lightened by the anticipation of the result of our efforts. In any way that I can be of service to you, allow me to assure you that it will be my highest pleasure to be employed. Hoping that you will call upon me for any advice or assistance that you may need now, I am

Yours very truly, A. CURTIS.

MRS. E. BARCLAY.

He had scarcely finished writing the direction of this epistle, when a loud ring at the bell announced a visitor. He looked up to see at the door a small, childlike figure, dressed in mourning, with a veil over the face.

"Mr. Curtis, I believe," said a very sweet voice, and raising the veil the lady showed a face to match the gentle accents. She was very slight and small, and her fair smooth hair, large blue eyes, and small features gave a winning childish look to her face, with which a close widow's cap and heavy black attire made a touching contrast. Mr. Curtis rose instantly, handed the lady a chair, and then waited to hear her errand.

"You are Mrs. Barclay's legal adviser, I believe."

Mr. Curtis bowed assent.

"I am Mrs. Hastings; your uncle would know me well, but since I left home, I find I have lost an old friend in his death."

"I have heard my uncle speak frequently of Mrs. Barclay's friend, 'little Claire.'"

"Yes, I am 'little Claire.' I returned from Europe yesterday, and for the first time heard of"—the blue eyes were filling fast—"of dear Mrs. Barclay's troubles. I came here instantly to ask you to tell me all, for the accounts I hear vary."

"I should be—" Mr. Curtis paused.

"You are a lawyer," said Mrs. Hastings, smiling, "and I am making a blunder, I see, in my request. Did Mrs. Barclay, or your uncle ever tell you anything about me?"

"Only that you were a very dear friend of the lady's."

"Then, if I will not weary you, I will tell you my story, and you shall then judge whether it is best to answer my questions. Seven years ago, last Christmas eve, I was made an orphan. My father was a drummer in the orchestra of one of our theatres; my mother embroidered collars. One evening, Christmas eve, there had been a pantomime at the theatre in which my father was engaged, which required music behind the scenes, and in passing from the rear of the stage to the front, he fell into a trap, which was invisible in the dim light, and was killed instantly; they brought his body home, and the shock, acting upon a frame weakened by toil, poverty, and illness, was too much for my mother; she went from one swoon to another, and died in my arms just as the dawn of Christmas peeped into our little room. I was then just fifteen years of age; for the day which brought this weight of sorrow was my birthday.

"My parents' death threw me upon the world utterly penniless, and I was very young, sir. I am telling you all this to prove how much I owe to Mrs. Barclay. My parents had been poor from my birth, yet I was not wholly without education. My father had a natural genius for elocution, and had trained my voice for reading, while my mother taught me to sew, and an old violinist, a friend of my father's, had given me instruction in music. I could read, play on the piano, sing and sew; so, after I had seen all my parents' property sold to pay their funeral expenses, I started with a brave heart to make my living. You may well shake your head. I had not one friend out of the theatre, and there was no money to spare amongst them, so I went, in my childish hope of obtaining work,

from door to door. I was very small, and some smiled pityingly, some contemptuously at the idea of trusting the little wanderer with sewing. A whole week passed, and I had not earned one cent. Then I tried the stores; there, too, I failed.

"I was leaning one day against the counter of a store where embroidery was sold, and where my timid petition for work had met its last rebuff; I was crying, for I was cold, hungry, and hopeless. A kind hand was placed on my shoulder, and a low, sweet voice said—

"You are in trouble, my child; what about?"

"I looked up. Such a kind loving face bent over me, and such tender, pitying eyes looked into mine, that I was warmed and cheered instantly.

"If you please," I said, "I want some work."

"Work, child?"

"Yes, ma'am, embroidery; I can do it. Mother taught me," and then, encouraged by her sweet face and interest, I told all my troubles. I will not weary you by any more details. My questioner was Mrs. Barclay; she took me to her own house, and for four years she was a second mother to me; I was educated and protected, while every wish of my heart was gratified. I could talk for a week and not tell half the love and kindness she poured out upon the little orphan child, and it was not given as if I were a dependant upon her bounty, a charity ward, but every gift was sweetened by loving words and actions. I was told to call her Aunt Lizzie, and she introduced me to her friends as her child, making me her equal in station; and yet I had no real claim upon her; it was her own loving heart that found its return in what alone I could give, my gratitude and affection.

"When I was nineteen years old I married, and in parting from me, my dear benefactress gave new tokens of her loving care. I will not dwell upon my married life, its grief is too recent. We went, my husband and myself, to Paris, and for two years travelled through Europe. Ten months ago, Mr. Hastings died in Florence of malarious fever. I was very ill for a long time after I was widowed, but in the kind letters I received from home, I had no hint of Mrs. Barclay's troubles, and when she requested me to change the address of her letters, she did not say that she had been forced to leave her home, the dear home where she had made my life so happy. Not until yesterday, when I landed in New York, did I receive the least intimation of the change of my friend's prospects, and I came here as soon as possible. I have just arrived in the city, and I came to you as the person

who could best give me the information which I seek.

"My husband left me wealthy, and I am sole mistress of my property; my benefactress is, I hear, poor. Now judge if I have a right to ask for the statement of her trouble."

Mr. Curtis replied instantly. "You have every right, and I will meet your confidence with equal frankness; but first you must allow me to insist upon your having rest and refreshment. Nothing can be *done* before to-morrow, and after tea I promise you all the information which it is in my power to give you. Mrs. Curtis is in the drawing-room. Will you allow me to present you?" and, rising, he offered his arm to the lady.

Mrs. Curtis, a tall handsome lady, received her husband's little guest with pleasure, one sight of the childish face with its sad setting enlusting all her womanly sympathies. The name, however, added to the warmth of her welcome.

"Mrs. Hastings, I feel like an old friend, for you were my sister's classmate in the Italian class at Dr. Manara's. Do you not remember Lottie Banks?"

"And you are Sara. I shall have a thousand questions to ask, but first I must trouble Mr. Curtis to speak to the hackman, and tell him to call for me later in the evening."

"Where are your trunks?"

"At the G— House."

"Mr. Curtis," said his lady, laughingly, "do you, on pain of my displeasure, instantly send for Mrs. Hastings' trunks. No words; you are our guest while you are in the city."

"I shall be a lifelong inmate, then," was the reply; "for I intend to reside here in future. I accept your invitation with pleasure, for I have to find a house. Mr. Curtis, when you send for the trunks, will you please send for my baby?"

"If there is so precious a package as that to be delivered," said Mr. Curtis, "I will go myself for the baggage."

"Room 139, and you will find Meta, the nurse, there. You speak German?"

"Yes."

"Because she is profoundly ignorant of English. My baby is German, born there sixteen months ago, and I brought a nurse from Germany when we left there."

Mr. Curtis departed upon his mission, and Mrs. Hastings, having doffed bonnet and cloak, was soon chatting with her hostess.

Tea over, the baby put to bed, and the lawyer disengaged, the sad story of Mrs. Barclay's

troubles came up again. It was brief. A relative of her late husband's had made a claim against the estate, and after a long lawsuit the court had given the case to the widow's opponent.

"She left the house immediately after the claim was made," said Mr. Curtis, "and was only persuaded, after a very long course of urging, to resist the demand."

"Where is she now?"

"In H——."

"But how does she live? Was there nothing left?"

"Nothing! From luxury, she was deprived of all. She is now teaching French in a young ladies' seminary. It will be a year in January since she has been there."

Claire's tears were flowing fast; but, after a moment's pause, she said, brightly: "All the events of my life, excepting the last"—and she glanced at her black dress—"have happened to me on Christmas. I was born on that day, orphaned, married, all on Christmas day, and I should like to associate a great pleasure more with the time; it is only one month. Will you help me in a plan for the next Christmas?"

"I will," said both Mr. and Mrs. Curtis, and Mrs. Hastings told them her project.

"No letter from Claire; this is the first steamer she has missed; I hope she is not sick again." And an anxious cloud came over the speaker's face. She was an elderly lady, whose soft gray hair shaded a face where every gentle feeling had left a trace; the mild blue eyes, the full mouth, the soft, creamy complexion, all seemed to speak of the serene spirit within, which gave its charm to the delicate features. She was pacing slowly up and down in a long room, where globes, books, and desks told of little students; in her hand she held an unopened letter, but it was not directed in the pretty, ladylike hand for which she looked, and she let it stay sealed in her hand as she walked up and down. A fair childlike form and face, with a wreathing wealth of sunny hair, was before her as she mused, now in the coarse dress and thin bonnet in which it had first come to her, then in the full white lace and bridal wreath and veil in which it had last greeted her. She tried to picture it in the sad dress which now sorrow had made its own, and she whispered softly: "Not yet, not next time; I will write as before until she is a little more accustomed to her own grief. I cannot add to my darling's care. Perhaps at Christmas, the time when I met her first, I can write."

It was getting dark, and the entrance of the children and light reminded her of the letter. Opening it, she read:—

MY DEAR MADAM: I find that your signature is absolutely necessary to some papers which I hold and which I cannot trust to the mail. Will you come to the city on the 24th, when I will meet you and be ready for the signature? Mrs. Curtis begs that you will be her guest during your stay in town.

Yours, very respectfully, A. CURTIS.

"He is imperative," thought the lady; "but I will go. Any relief from this treadmill existence will do me good."

It was Christmas eve; a still, starry evening had succeeded a clear day, and as the cars dashed into the depot at nine o'clock, Mrs. Barclay was almost sorry her ride was over.

"I could not come earlier," she said, as Mr. Curtis met her. "My holiday does not commence until to-morrow, and the principal is exacting. Now I have a week of quiet rest."

"And I trust of great happiness," said the lawyer.

"I wonder what he means?" thought the lady, as they drove away from the depot. "He smiled very significantly. The suit is lost, that is certain. Has he saved anything from the wreck? We are driving away from his part of the city, and—and"—the carriage stopped. "My old house!" said Mrs. Barclay.

"I will explain presently," said Mr. Curtis, offering his arm.

Up the steps, into the wide hall, lighted and warmed, and up the stairs to the bedroom. Here Mrs. Curtis met the bewildered lady, whose eyes filled as they rested upon the furniture and ornaments which were just as she had left them.

"You will find all the rooms unchanged," said Mrs. Curtis, gently. "The man who took it did not disturb anything, and it was purchased as you left it. Will you come down, now?"

The parlor was lighted, and in the adjoining room a supper-table was spread for the traveler. Upon the mantelpiece lay a folded paper directed to Mrs. Barclay. In it she read only these words—"A Christmas gift from Claire's baby."

"Claire!" she cried; and, in answer to the call, the little figure appeared in the door, holding a baby in a festive dress of white. There was a sobbing cry of "Claire, my darling!" and somehow the baby was transferred to Mrs. Curtis, and Claire was folded in her adopted mother's arms.

Such a happy Christmas was not spent under many roofs, and the earnest it gave of a life of grateful care to repay that Claire had met in her sorrow was not disappointed.

ASHES FROM THE PIPE OF AN OLD SMOKER.

BY J. HAL. ELLIOT.

WITH the calm blue smoke curling silently up from my nut-brown meerschau, lounging carelessly before the glowing coals of my open grate, contented and drowsy under the benign influence of this aromatic Latakia, I am absolutely indifferent to all my surroundings. It is a lazy, but enticingly delightful habit; I sit thus for hours at a time, holding quiet communion with my inmost thoughts, cogitating and moralizing.

There is a winter hurricane out of doors, and the merry wind is piping shrill roundelays in the chimney, whistling cheerily through the keyhole, and dying away anon in low moans that come quivering in from the starlit night almost with a visible shudder. It has been blowing boisterously all day, this same wind, and little fleeces of ragged cloud have fretted the cold gray blue of the winter sky, as the fickle squalls fret a summer sea.

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good," they say; and I'm inclined to believe it equally true that it must be an unusually good wind that blows nobody any harm. Take, for instance, *this* jolly, whistling wind, that rushes harmlessly through the city streets, whirling along on its wings a cloud of sleety snow; sitting here before my fire, I don't care for it; I defy it to touch me. But hark! yonder, miles away, where a long line of white foam marks the dreary coast, do you hear the great waves come booming against the black rocks with a sullen roar? Do you see the white-capped waves, far out at sea, rocking up into the night like tottering mountains? This same jolly wind is the driver that lashes them to such dangerous and unmanageable fury, and perhaps the shrill whistle is not so charmingly poetical to the little sailor boy out there among those waves as it is to you and me, sitting by our own home firesides. Poor little fellow! it is his first voyage, his first storm. Clinging to the mast, drenched and shivering, with wild eyes he watches the laboring vessel as she climbs up to the summit of each gigantic wave, only to

fall creaking and helpless into the yawning gulf beneath. Poor little sailor boy! with his well-thumbed Bible pressed close to his heart, how his whole fearful, trembling soul goes out over the wide waste of water and land that separates them in one agonized cry—"Home! mother!" If you listen, you will hear that cry, as I do now, on the next blast that sweeps down the street.

Tall, dark, weather-stained buildings that hang like giant ghosts over the suburbs of our large cities, are rocking and trembling in this night wind, which is just courteous enough to push open the shakily doors, and rush with a plaintive, mocking cry up the rickety stairs into dank, gloomy apartments where the fire is long since gone out. A pile of musty straw would be an unwelcome bed for you or me to-night, my friend; a brother or sister of ours will freeze on such a couch to-night. The wind is bitter cold, but the freed soul will go up on its wings to a land we have seen in our dreams sometimes, a radiant land, where no ruder wind comes than the heavy breath of fragrant flowers and the aroma of ripe, luscious fruits. And is that all? Will no one hear the solemn voice of the Recording Angel?—"Inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of the least of these, ye did it not unto me."

"Alas for the rarity of Christian charity!"

Never so idly I lounge before my cheerful fire, replenish my pipe, and, puffing out great columns of smoke, shut my ears to the cry of want and woe that comes on every fitful gust of this winter wind; and yet it may not have been wholly in vain for me to sit here and moralize; to-morrow some withered, wrinkled, ragged, shaggy, sad-eyed old man will come tottering into my office—one came to-day, and went away unaided—and croon out a petition for money to buy bread. I shall shake my head, point to the door, think of this siesta, thrust my hand into my pocket, call him back, and send the frosty-haired old fellow off with a quicker step than he has known for many a day.

If we are not philanthropic enough to leave our own ruddy firelight to-night, and go out into the bitter cold on our errand of mercy, in the dark old tenement-houses, let us at least send up a silent, sincere petition to God for the famishing, the homeless, the freezing, and those "who go down to the sea in ships," remembering that He who had not "where to lay his head," left this legacy behind him—"For the poor ye have always with you."

A NEW VERSION OF PAUL AND VIRGINIA.

THE railway car was full of uninteresting people; doubtless all of them had souls moulded by the tragedies of human life; their faces were marred by suffering; but in travelling one likes to be diverted by watching agreeable countenances, and imagining *their* histories. The entrance of two ladies relieved the monotony; when they were fairly settled and the train was again in motion, some of the passengers studied them attentively. One was a widow, it was evident by the frill of her cap, by the length of the veil, by the looseness of the wedding-ring on the thin finger; those fingers had learned to take care of themselves. Her hair, brushed smoothly under the cap, had an auburn tinge, her mouth was one you liked to watch; when she spoke, the lips shaped themselves prettily and curved expressively. They admired the folding of the veil over the bonnet, the neatness of her gloves, even the manner in which her shawl was pinned; one judges character by trifles. She had with her a crimson-lined travelling-bag, not crowded, but full of dainty luxuries; when the clasp was unfastened, were visible a silver-topped cologne-bottle, a bronze morocco dressing-case. One would gladly have known that woman as a friend.

Her companion on the opposite seat was young; her face showed a fair and tranquil past. She looked happy and ready to be pleased; her eyes were thoughtful, her cheeks glowed with the excitement and vigor of youth. She seemed to have travelled little, and was attentive to all that passed, within and without. Her eyes had a peculiarly open look, caused by the unusual width between the lids. She was standing on the threshold, waiting with eager interest the events of her womanhood. All her appointments were handsome, from her silk umbrella to the soft Scotch shawl by her side. We involuntarily hoped that these two travellers had through tickets like ourselves.

The young lady looked often out of the window, and seemed a little restless; she did not compose herself with the air of one who anticipates a long journey, and far too soon, the train slackening at a small station, she deliberately gathered up all her property, and, bending forward to say a few hurried words to the other lady, imprinted on her lips a quiet kiss. In a few moments we saw her on the platform, pointing out rather timidly her trunks; we

caught a glimpse of a private carriage, evidently waiting for her, and then returned to our dull ride. Why *did* she stop at that small place?

The lady watched every movement until the cars were fast separating them from her, when she drew down her veil, and under its shelter a treacherous handkerchief betrayed her tears.

A blue violet transformed into a velvet-petalled pansy, such was Virginia Ravenel in the estimation of her governess. Mrs. Cameron, finding the young girl five years before in the indiscriminate training of a boarding-school, had discovered the pearl in the oyster-shell, and set herself to its polishing. The Scotchwoman was a governess in a large school, and Virginia had been her dearest pupil. An undeveloped, motherless girl could not have found a truer guide and friend. But in the beauty of a statue, the sculptor is forgotten; symmetry does not suggest the long-used chisel.

Virginia Ravenel stood on the platform looking wistfully after the retreating train. With it her old life seemed to have rushed away; now she must meet the new. The coachman opened the carriage door. Only a mile away lived the dreaded strangers to whose care she was consigned; her large trunks were placed on a baggage-wagon to follow her; there was no excuse for delay; Virginia was borne rapidly away to the residence of her guardian's mother.

By direction of her guardian, absent in Europe, the young girl, on leaving school, was ordered to accept his mother's hospitality until her future course could be determined. Virginia was nineteen, and not a common school-girl, therefore she rebelled with her whole heart at this disposition of herself.

The carriage stopped before an old house withdrawn from the village street by a lawn; she saw a row of pillars upholding the roof of the portico, and in the doorway an old lady waiting to welcome her. This was Virginia's first impression of her hostess. At a glimpse she saw the silvery hair which sheds a pleasant radiance over the face, like moonlight; the soft lace about the throat, in which the head seems to nestle lovingly, like a dove's in its snowy plumage. Of course she wore a black silk dress and a small black shawl over her shoulders; such a costume belongs to a woman of her age as much as white to a bride. Virginia met, moreover, a charitable eye and a mouth

on which smiles lived; she felt the pressure of a soft, warm hand, and received a motherly caress. After this welcome, Virginia soon felt quite at home in her large, comfortable room. At the tea-table were three ladies—the mother, the young girl in the freshness and beauty of her youth, heightened by a tasteful dress, and the guardian's sister, of whom Virginia could make nothing less than an old maid, her *particular* aversion. The tea-table was faultless in its arrangements, and Virginia, used to the plebeian cups and plates of a boarding-school, enjoyed fully the delicate china and bright silver on the tray. By the delicious light of a wood-fire the furniture of the room was revealed. Virginia, from her sofa, admired especially a stand of green-house plants set in the deep window between the lace curtains; a cluster of rose-colored geraniums she resolved to paint forthwith. Then her eye was arrested by a Gothic bookcase, dark as ebony, filled with books in luxurious bindings, but evidently much used. Some one lived here fond of books and flowers. Was it the mother or her daughter? An admirable bust of Shakspeare, over which the firelight flickered, stood on a carved pedestal, and a graceful group of statuary adorned the mantel. Who had so much taste? Virginia had not decided when she fell asleep. When morning came, she took a deliberate ante-breakfast survey of the house and grounds, and was more puzzled than ever.

Virginia, reared in a city boarding-school, had seen few flowers; occasionally she went to a green-house with her governess for a bouquet; of country flowers she had no conception. She saw them everywhere; the garden was full of June roses and early annuals, arranged with prodigal munificence. Within, every room was flower-perfumed. In the dim, still drawing-room, into which she peeped, were pure Parian vases filled with lilies of the valley. In one vase were two of the rich green leaves and a multitude of slender stalks covered with fragrant bells. The large lower hall was adorned with roses; vases of varied patterns and styles contained them, ranging from the darkest crimson to the most spotless white. In the centre was a pyramid of roses, their shades artfully blended; in a slender ground-glass vase was a single moss-rosebud; before one picture a cluster of blush-roses, before another a cream-colored spray; the hall was, in fact, a gallery of pictures, and each one seemed a shrine for its favorite rose. One portrait was especially honored; around it hung a wreath of dainty rosebuds, graduated from purplish crimson at the

base, through fainter shades of pink and flesh-color, to a virgin white at the summit. In an exquisite vase on the floor beneath, a lavish group of choice tea-roses made the whole place fragrant.

Who had stolen the early dew still lingering on the flowers, and arranged the floral offering? In the breakfast-room the mystery was solved; for, sitting stern and silent behind the coffee-urn, was the maiden sister, whose dress gave evidence of dew and garden-work. The old lady sat peaceful and passive in her usual chair. You would not have supposed that the stiff red fingers pouring the coffee could have been playing with roses and filling flower-baskets in the early dawn. There were flowers in the breakfast-room, trailing morning-glories filled a spreading vase on the table, the inimitable blue down not yet dimmed; one vine was trained by the window, and its blue eyes looked in cheerily.

Virginia was in ecstasies. Before breakfast was ended she determined that in her own house she would have exclusive lilies in the drawing-room, popular roses to greet one in the hall, and bright, emblematic morning-glories to make coffee relish better. Alas! it is not always June.

Miss Rachel allowed the enthusiastic young girl to follow her, after breakfast, while she finished the decoration of a few rooms.

"What is your favorite flower?" she asked, abruptly, as if it was a settled thing in every one's mind.

"My favorite?" said Virginia. "Why, I like them all."

"Nonsense, child, you ought to love one best; we all do; mother does, Paul does, every one of sense should."

They were passing through the hall. "Who is that?" inquired Virginia, looking at the flower-wreathed portrait.

"Why, that is Paul, my brother," said Miss Rachel, rather indignantly. "Who else could it be?"

Virginia meekly answered that she had never seen her guardian, and ran into the garden. Miss Rachel gathered honeysuckles for her mother's room, and with magic skill adapted them to a hanging basket for her window. "Mother loves these best; she likes honey at the heart, she says." Virginia ran about, gay as a humming-bird, unable to decide what her flower should be, until the dew was dried, and then she had merely time to tie a few geranium leaves with mignonette for herself.

Miss Rachel, divested of garden gloves and

dress, in a clean chintz wrapper, superintended Virginia's unpacking. Happily her trunks were in perfect order; the first was devoted to miscellaneous articles, and might quite fairly be called an index to Virginia's character and pursuits; in the upper tray was nicely folded a cloth riding-habit, with whip and gauntlets by the side. Miss Rachel hung it in the wardrobe, with hints about the dangers of riding. The second tray held one of those inviting Turkish writing-cases, fitted up with stores of cream-laid paper, bright pens, vermilion wax, and many little conveniences, all showing that its owner held the pen of a ready writer; Miss Rachel approved and placed it on a little table. Next appeared a caba of equal beauty and durability, and its polished thimble, spools of Coates' best, and sharp scissors, equal to cutting silk, attested that Virginia, before Hawthorne made it fashionable, had learned to sew with womanly dexterity. Then came a paint-box, each cake wrapped in cotton-wool, the sable brushes in nice order, the palette perfectly clean; Miss Rachel looked less pleased, and laid them in a drawer difficult to open. With equal favor she regarded a sketch-book and pile of drawing-paper with which the provident artist had supplied herself. From the depths of the trunk arose a jaunty riding-hat and stout walking-boots, suitable for country roads, a garden-hat and gloves, and a pile of music, whose melody lingered in the ends of Virginia's fingers; this was carried to the music-room below, while the pretty garden-hat rejuvenated the antlers in the hall. A few books, loved and prized, some stores of paper, ink, and sewing materials not procurable in country shops removed, and the trunk was ready to fill a niche in the well regulated garret. Before the day was over, the house grew very familiar with all Virginia's possessions, to say nothing of her light step and ringing laugh.

At the end of the upper hall a large organ attracted the visitor; she longed to touch the keys in the twilight, and, trying it, was discovered by Miss Rachel, who said, sharply:—

"No one touches that but Paul: I keep it locked."

"Does he play?" Virginia asked, superfluously.

"Yes, he does everything, and like no one else."

Of course, long before, Virginia had found out who was Miss Rachel's idol, and in a few days she regarded this unknown Paul as a grand centre around which his mother, sister, the flowers, books, and music revolved as satel-

lites. Involuntarily a feeling of dislike arose in her mind, particularly when she saw the grand organ unused and the imprisoned books debarred from her touch. Many privileges just within her reach were withheld by Miss Rachel's edict. Through all the pleasant midsummer days, the pet horse stamped in vain in the stable; without Paul's permission, he should not be used; the riding-habit hung idle on its peg. Virginia found herself ere long in the situation of poor Tantalus, to so many things were attached the "touch not, handle not;" even the flowers were jealously guarded.

Virginia learned to supply her own room with flowers from the fields and woods; for them she was indebted to no one. She would not touch one of Paul's flowers; these were far prettier, she tried to think. Shut out from the library and garden, Virginia lived a nomadic life in the neighboring groves and pastures, singing, talking to herself, botanizing, sketching, and sometimes sleeping on the fragrant turf. There came dull days of pitiless rain, when Virginia sought refuge in the old lady's homelike room, and mended all her clothes, hearing, meanwhile, a biography of Paul which would have filled many volumes.

In her secret heart sprang up many doubts about this traveller's goodness; and, when his mother ended her narration with the hope that he would soon return, how ardently she wished that he would be detained at least through the winter! Nevertheless, she did often stop before the portrait in the hall, fascinated by the eyes which she protested were the most disagreeable she had ever seen, and found herself wondering how old he really was, and when he would come home.

Flushed with delight, Virginia entered the parlor one evening, her hands full of water-lilies, which she declared were best loved by her of all the flowers that grew. Miss Rachel started and took off her glasses. "No, you cannot have them for your flowers. I did not know they were open yet. It is Paul's flower. How did you get them? in his little boat?" Virginia was ready to cry with vexation; they would not let her go off on a distant lake for her flowers without claiming them for that hateful Paul. If in Europe he contrived to spoil all her pleasure at home, what would he do when he returned? She threw down the flowers, and ran to her room; Miss Rachel coolly took them, and placed them, in an antique pitcher with exquisite grace, before her brother's picture. When Virginia was summoned to tea, she had the pleasure of seeing them

there, and accordingly made an ugly face at the unconscious portrait. She consoled herself by playing all the evening in the distant music-room, instead of reading the papers to the ladies, which they liked extremely, as she always picked out the most entertaining bits, and read them with rare distinctness and expression.

One thing puzzled Virginia more than she would have cared to own. She heard daily of Paul's accomplishments, of his taste, of his genius, his kindness, his wisdom; but never a word escaped his mother or sister of his loving or being loved. Over this mystery she frequently pondered, until by degrees Paul became to her a hero whose life had been embittered by a terrible disappointment.

Mrs. Stuart, a married sister, was spending the summer in her country house, with her little children. Virginia was at first quite charmed by her pretty face and pleasing manners; they drove and walked together, the young lady became the patron saint of the nursery, they "got on" nicely until the distant Paul became the bane of their conversation. Virginia was doomed to hear his praises sung by a different tongue in another key. While his mother dwelt on his disposition and moral perfections, and Miss Rachel constantly reminded you of his culture and intellectual abilities, the other sister spoke of him as an Apollo of grace and beauty. On such wise as this she soon became a thorn in Virginia's side: "How odd that your name happened to be Virginia!" she would say. "But you must not get up any romance about it. All the girls around here have been dying to captivate Paul for years; but none of them are good enough for him."

How the crimson rushed to the young girl's face! how she did long to humble this fastidious Paul, and make his heart ache!

Miss Rachel and her mother were spending the day with a friend, a rare occurrence, and Virginia was alone; she heard a rattling of keys, and, looking into the hall, saw Mrs. Stuart fitting one in a door never opened. "Would you like to see Paul's room?" she called out. "Rachel is away, and I want to see if he has anything new."

Virginia had her share of curiosity, although she pretended that, especially in regard to that room, not a particle dwelt in her, so, rather reluctantly, she followed Mrs. Stuart into the elegant apartment. "How selfish he is," she thought, "to appropriate this nice room and furniture, and then keep it locked up!" Mrs. Stuart could not induce her to acknowledge the

beauty of anything; for every perfection she could point out a corresponding fault. Finally they went into the library, and then Virginia's indignation knew no bounds, that this beautiful room was deemed unworthy for other than the scholarly presence of Paul. She was forced to admire the ingenious writing-table designed by himself, the well chosen books, the narrow stained windows, the few good pictures. Why should it always be darkened and empty, when she was fully able to appreciate the harmony and taste everywhere visible? His mother preferred her knitting and quiet gossip, his sister cared for housekeeping and order; she was the very one to creep into one of the easy-chairs and grow familiar with books of which she already knew something. But Mrs. Stuart, not allowing her to take down a volume, turned towards the door, and locked all the treasures within, out of her reach, informing her that the drawers were filled with curiosities and valuable engravings. Passing by the portrait ever looking at her from its niche, Virginia called it inwardly a very Nero, who delighted to watch the death of all innocent pleasures. She was destined to experience another trial. From the hall window she saw the saddle-horse led out for exercise, and thought of the pretty habit in the wardrobe, the hat never taken from its box. Still Virginia could not be unhappy; she threw herself on her own resources, and was the sunlight of the house, even in the eyes of her guardian's mother and sister. These annoyances shadowed her path at intervals. With her outdoor life she was perfectly content, and lavished her warmest love on birds and wild flowers.

Now the trees threw away their red and yellow leaves, and the days grew very short. Miss Rachel was reading a letter which made her cheeks redden like Virginia's, fresh from a frolic in the wind. The same news gave unutterable joy to two of the party, ill-concealed discomfort to the third, for Paul, that dear, that dreaded being, was coming home. What made Virginia pause before her mirror longer than usual that night, querying how she would strike a stranger? What made her hasten with her autumn sewing and try on her last winter's dresses to see which was most becoming? Miss Rachel commenced a vigorous putting of the house in order, and Virginia thought more of herself, less of her woods and outdoor amusements.

The day was lovely, with a fascinating haziness in the atmosphere inducing a subtle languor, a dreamy mood; Virginia yielded to it, and, arrayed in a half-worn dress and gipsy

hat, devoted herself to the enjoyment of one more ramble in the grove bordering the lawn. At last she spied a seat high up in the branches of a huge tree, accessible by a ladder which she coaxed the gardener to bring. This she reached with scratched hands and torn dress, and soon in her brown seat became engrossed with a story-book found in the drawing-room and a pocketful of apples gathered on the way. We all know the pleasures of fruit and a good story; imagine them on a tree on a warm, entrancing day. When Virginia at length looked up, she saw, carved on a branch at her side, the name of Paul. Vexed at this discovery, she uttered a contemptuous exclamation; and, drawing from her pocket a dull penknife, began to inscribe underneath, in larger characters, the word *Virginia*, as if to assert her superior right to the tree. Most intent was she on her occupation; she had reached the last *i*, and had broken off the point of the blade in making the dot, when she heard some one ascending her ladder, and, looking up, with perfect consternation, beheld at the topmost round the familiar, yet strange, the ugly, yet undeniably handsome face of the veritable Paul! Nor was her confusion lessened when she felt that his eyes were resting on the freshly-cut letters in his own favorite branch and tree. "Allow me to make the *a*," he said, gravely; "I have a better knife." So she sat with a deeper color than ever flushed her face before, while he, with a few sharp strokes, completed the pretentious *Virginia*.

The descent by a ladder from a tree is by no means a graceful proceeding. Virginia felt very unlike a heroine, very unlike the dignified ward advancing to meet her guardian, which scene she had often depicted in her fancy, when she gave him her cold scratched hand that he might help her down. Rushing into the hall precipitately, to gain her room as soon as possible, she encountered Miss Rachel, dressed in a grand silk and new headdress, with beautiful lace about her neck and wrists. Virginia was filled with fresh confusion, in her shabby calico and forlorn hat. Turning around to apologize humbly, she saw her guardian's amused look, and darted, without a word, up the staircase. Of what use would it be now to array herself in the crimson frock? Nevertheless, when the tea-bell rang, Virginia was quite presentable; nothing but the rich color reminded one of the tree-nymph; and very demurely she went through the introduction: "Miss Ravenel—my brother, Mr. McAlpine."

In the evening Paul sat close by his mother's

chair, and gave an outline of his wanderings, a description of the voyage; Miss Rachel asked many questions, and made many comments; Virginia heard everything in silence, and was apparently overlooked as she quietly bent over her sewing near the shaded lamp. Occasionally she thought how miserable it is to stay in a family where you have no claim! or how much he talks of himself! Once in a while she was really diverted, and laughed with the rest. Of every other object in the room the traveller seemed very mindful; he examined the plants on the flower-stand, and played all the evening with a geranium-leaf; he spoke of the minutest changes in the room, and smiled at the locked bookcase. "My books will be glad to see me, I think; no one else seems to care for them." Virginia involuntarily looked up, appropriating this accusation, and gave her guardian one of the glances she had frequently bestowed on the portrait in his absence. Then followed personal inquiries about friends; there were many bits of news to tell. Virginia was not interested; she folded her work, placed her thimble in its ivory box, the scissors in their sheath.

Her guardian said, in a half questioning, half commanding tone: "You will stay; I was about to read a Psalm."

He rose as he spoke, placed a Psalter on a carved reading-stand, and read in a melodious way a few verses; they seemed few, because the tone was musical and the meaning well rendered.

When Virginia heard the door of the long-closed room unlocked, a very small hour of the night had struck, yet all that time she had been thinking of the returned traveller, and if she ever could like him. By each plate at the breakfast-table was a tiny bouquet, fresh from the conservatory; and in passing through the hall Virginia had seen two horses, saddled, at the door; her heart beat quicker when she noticed that one was prepared for a lady.

"You are not afraid of a cold ride, I trust, Miss Ravenel?" asked the horses' owner. And Virginia's eyes danced with joy, in spite of Miss Rachel's remonstrances about the frosty morning and gay steed. Quickly equipped in the pretty riding-habit and jaunty hat, Virginia fearlessly jumped on the saddle, and took her first ride on the coveted horse. The exhilaration of the ride did not leave her during the day; even when she heard them unpacking Paul's boxes in the mother's room, she was quite satisfied to be amusing herself. Very soon she was called to see the pretty souvenirs, and was allowed, at Paul's suggestion, to take

the wrappings from some bronzes, and arrange the engravings in portfolios. Mrs. McAlpine held in her lap a pile of glossy satin, which she stroked fondly, and begged Virginia to admire, telling her that she should save it to wear at Paul's wedding. Virginia wondered if the bride was already chosen. She glanced a little curiously at her guardian, and met a roguish smile, too indefinite to be interpreted. Amongst the beautiful and costly gems of art that strewed the floor, Virginia perhaps paused to examine most frequently a pair of mosaic bracelets, set elaborately in Etruscan gold, and representing many scenes in Italy—in fact, being a miniature picture-gallery of Rome. However, she only stopped to look at them when her guardian was busy elsewhere; for worlds she would not have seemed to envy one trifle brought over the water. Miss Rachel employed her in dusting knickknacks and filling baskets with refuse paper and straw; she had long ago found out that Virginia could be trusted. Paul had evidently planned the disposition of all the *bijoux*, and after dinner hung the new pictures, while Virginia was permitted to hold the brass knobs, and make suggestions about the light. Several times her choice governed the arrangement, although Paul had the air of a connoisseur. Before sunset, this avalanche of pretty things had melted away into the house; only one trunk of less valued relics remained to be stored away.

Miss Rachel carried many presents to her own room; the library was a little crowded; Mrs. McAlpine rejoiced over her laces and shawls; the servants exulted in their remembrances; Virginia saw the gardener working in a new Scotch cap; she stood by the window looking at the dry leaves, and pretended she was very glad to be forgotten. The door of the library was now wide open; nothing would tempt her to enter; she heard the rustling of a newspaper, and caught a glimpse of a bright fire in the grate. Paul was again at home in his old places. Through the dining-room door she saw Miss Rachel, with keys in her hand, taking out sweetmeats for tea, busy and pleased. She seemed out of place as she walked up and down the long hall, wondering what she was made for, and if she should ever have a home to make happy. Music was always her resource in the twilight; she had played an hour old snatches of songs, sad airs full of pathos, and then tinkling melodies like the dripping of a brook through the ravine; she suited her varied moods as thoughts rose and died within her; she played idly, and yet revealed her character.

The tea-bell drew her from the piano and a dark figure from the sofa in the adjoining drawing-room; it preceded her through the hall. She felt that kind of indignation that takes possession of one when a stranger is found peeping into a letter or listening at the door.

Paul had letters to write; why need he bring his portfolio into the parlor, and usurp the table while she, having no reasonable excuse to offer, was obliged to read aloud the evening papers, being assured that nothing disturbed the penman? Of course she imagined that he heard every word; what she read sounded silly or dull; in rather an unamiable mood she entered her room, and going to the dressing-table to brush out her long hair found thereon a morocco casket containing on its satin lining those beautiful bracelets, in memory of the land where her father had died.

Virginia pushed them away contemptuously, then sat down and cried; she did not like presents given from duty, it was not necessary to include her in his charities, and these bracelets she certainly liked least; if he must give anything, why should he select these ornaments? The difficulty of thanking the giver then occupied all her thoughts; should she write a note, or stammer forth her gratitude? At all events, she would wait until she saw him alone; she would never wear them, on that she was resolved; jewels were worthless unless given by one you loved. In Paul's presence, Virginia seemed shy and silent, perhaps his perfect breeding and self-possession made her so; she certainly was apt to say the wrong thing, and blushed miserably at her frequent mistakes. Day by day her ignorance appeared to her more palpable; she asked ridiculous questions, and was snapped up by Miss Rachel when she did attempt to talk. If she could only bring herself to enter the library, and ask permission to borrow books, how hard she would study to find out something of the subjects about which they talked; for Miss Rachel was clever and understood her brother readily.

Winter settled down on the house; within it was warm and bright. What wonders this new member of the household wrought! Every room seemed to recognize his presence; it pervaded and bettered the entire household. This strong, manly son and brother, how he helped on the snowy, dull days!

Soon after his return, Mr. McAlpine became very busy, and continued so, finding time, however, to bestow on the household a thousand little attentions. With the greatest deference

he waited on his mother, and filled Miss Rachel's life with constant pleasures. She must have forgotten that she was growing old and plain when he was devoting himself to her. Virginia had quick powers of perception; she observed carefully, and her knowledge often made her sad. Mr. McAlpine treated his ward with perfect politeness, nay, even with a gallantry habitual to him; but Virginia confessed that they did not understand each other, and withdrew into herself.

In the depth of winter the house was decorated for a party; the handsome rooms gave the impression of summer, owing to their warmth and flower fragrance. Mrs. McAlpine wore her thickest silk, her softest illusion lace, and looked very stately by the drawing-room fire. Miss Rachel rustled in a steel-gray silk, with a lace barbe on her hair, and made an admirable hostess. Virginia came down last; the three were already stationed in their places, and she completed the group. They reminded you of the seasons as they stood there: the mother in her beautiful age, the sister in her autumnal gravity, the brother in his full manhood, the young girl in the loveliness of her springtime. She was dressed in white; the texture fell in soft, creamy folds; she had camellias in her hair sent for from a neighboring town, not begged from Paul's conservatory. On her bare arms glittered the bracelets set in Etruscan gold. Mrs. McAlpine noticed the *crêpe* dress, Miss Rachel the bought flowers, while Paul saw most distinctly the jewel-clasped arms.

In the course of the evening, Virginia found herself drawn by the surging of the crowd into the library; the air was fresher there. Almost before she was aware, she was facing one of the bookcases reading the titles of the unknown volumes.

"Have you read them all?" asked a familiar voice. Virginia turned, and saw her guardian evidently in earnest. "You shun my library," he said; "are you afraid of knowledge or of me? We are not dangerous." He gave her one of his most fascinating smiles and passed on.

The party over, Virginia was sleepless. Yes, she was afraid; he was dangerous, and hearing the fast beating of her heart, feeling the agony which the thought of the separation caused, she resolved to leave the old house, the pictures, the library, the flowers, the mother, Miss Rachel, her guardian; to leave them all, and in a new life forget the old. It was the only thing to do. In the morning Virginia knocked at the library door, and asked her guardian abruptly, "if she might go away."

"Where?" he asked, in astonishment.

"I wish to go back to school, to Mrs. Cameron," she said.

"Are you not happy here? do we not take good care of you?" He looked at her with a most penetrating glance.

"Yes," she said, with drooping eyes. "but I prefer to go away."

"Your father asked me as a dying favor to take care of you," he said; "I hoped to keep you here. Am I so disagreeable that you cannot stay?"

"Yes," she answered as before, "I would rather go away." Raising her eyes she saw him calm as ever, writing carelessly on a strip of paper before him.

"Then it is your deliberate choice," he urged; "you prefer Mrs. Cameron's guardianship to mine."

Women must sometimes conceal, with lightning speed, their true thoughts; Virginia completely deceived her guardian when she still said—

"She has been a good friend; I am safe with her; let me go at once."

A few days sufficed for the taking away from the house all reminders of youth and maidenhood. The stag's horns lost the garden hat, the little work-table missed the small gold thimble, the trunks were again packed, and Virginia went forth with only one new possession, an oppressive burden at the heart. Mrs. Cameron received her pupil in a little cottage, her home during the holidays. There they read and talked together, there Virginia grew outwardly happy, and never once did Mrs. Cameron look aright into the depths of her companion's eyes.

Miss Rachel found the bracelets tossed with some rubbish in a bureau drawer, and asked Paul if they did not belong to him. As he took them, Virginia had her wish, she did make his heart ache.

March came, dreary and desolate. There were three people in the world conscious of a want; it could only be supplied by spring.

A beggar stood in the rain before Mrs. Cameron's door; he asked admittance, and when it was granted, a great gift. Thus it happened that spring came earlier than usual that year, that the old house was again full of sunshine, that the old lady had her wedding-gown ready for Paul's wedding-day, that the bracelets found their way back to Virginia's arms.

Miss Rachel proved most unselfish, and resigned her brother willingly. Mrs. Stuart declared that she had always known how it would

end; and so at last another Paul found the right Virginia.

SUGGESTIVE READINGS.

SHUN AFFECTATION.—There is nothing more beautiful in the young than simplicity of character. It is honest, frank, and attractive. How different is affectation! The simple-minded are always natural. They are, at the same time, original. The affected are never natural. And as for originality, if they ever had it, they have crushed it out and buried it from sight, utterly. Be yourself, then, young friend. To attempt to be anybody else is worse than folly. It is an impossibility to attain it. It is contemptible to try. But suppose you could succeed in imitating the greatest man that ever figured in history, would that make you any the greater? By no means. You would always suffer in comparison with the imitated one, and be thought of only as the shadow of a substance—the echo of a real sound—the counterfeit of a pure coin. Dr. Johnston aptly compared the heartless imitator—for such is he who affects the character of another—to the Empress of Russia, when she did the freakish thing of erecting a palace of ice. It was splendid and conspicuous while it lasted. But the sun soon melted it, and caused its attractions to dissolve into common water, while the humblest stone cottages of her subjects stood firm and unmarred. Let the fabric of your character, though never so humble, be at least real. Avoid affecting the character of another, however great. Build up your own. Be what God intended you to be—yourself, and not somebody else. Shun affectation.

KEEP THE BRAIN FALLOW IN CHILDHOOD.—When we are considering the health of children, it is imperative not to omit the importance of keeping the brain fallow, as it were, for several of the first years of their existence. The mischief perpetrated by a contrary course, in the shape of bad health, peevish temper, and developed vanity, is incurable. Some infant prodigy, which is a standard of mischief throughout its neighborhood, misleads them. But parents may be assured that this early work is not, by any means, all gain even in the way of work. I suspect it is a loss; and that children who begin their education late, as it would be called, will rapidly overtake those who have been in harness long before them. And what advantage can it be that a child knows more at six years old than its compeers, especially if this is to be

gained by a sacrifice of health, which may never be regained? There may be some excuse for this early book-work in the case of those children who are to live by manual labor. It is worth while perhaps to run the risk of some physical injury to them, having only their early years in which we can teach them book-knowledge. The chance of mischief, too, will be less, being more like to be counteracted by their after life. But for a child who is to be at book-work for the first twenty-one years of its life, what folly it is to exhaust in the least its mental energy, which, after all, is its surest implement!

MAKING EVERY DAY HAPPY.—When you rise in the morning, form a resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow-creature. It is easily done, a left-off garment to the man who needs it; a kind word to the sorrowful; an encouraging expression to the striving, light as the air, will do it, at least for twenty-four hours, and if you are young, depend upon it, it will till you are old; and if you are old, rest assured it will send you gently and happily down the stream of human time to eternity. By the most simple arithmetic, look at the result; you send one person, only one, happily through the day—that is, three hundred and sixty-five in the course of the year, and supposing you only live forty years after you commenced that course of medicine, you have made 4500 human beings happy, at all events for a time.

Now, worthy reader, is not this simple? It is too short for a sermon, too homely for ethics, and too easily accomplished for you to say, "I would if I could."

A STRANGER'S HAND strikes thy child. Thou inquirest the cause of this, and learnest that thy child deserved the punishment, and thou knowest that the teacher, or whoever it may be, is, on the whole, a well-intentioned and benevolent man; and yet, as it is thy own child which is chastised, thy heart is greatly disturbed, and turns involuntarily against the chastiser. Why so? Because it is an unquestionable fact, that no one can have the love for thy own flesh and blood which thou hast.

Take heed, however, to thyself; reflect whether thine own hand, which chastises thy child, is not that of a stranger; whether thou dost not often punish in anger, produced by a totally different cause, the disobedience or negligence of thy child, with a severity which he has by no means deserved.

Take heed that thy own hand does not become that of a stranger to him.

THE THIRD CLASS HOTEL.

BY ALICE A. HAVEN.

"Mrs. Maxwell will be down presently," said the careless-looking waiter, in his white apron, and the brush, his professional badge of office, tucked under his arm.

The young lady he addressed scarcely bestowed a glance upon him while he was speaking. Her face and figure, both, were expressive of utter disgust at her surroundings; she occupied as little of the hair-cloth sofa as could possibly support her, and her dress was drawn up above her miraculously fitting French boot, as if she feared the contact of its flounces with the Brussels carpet. It was quite as clean as the velvet on the drawing-room of her own home, and the parlors were light and cheerful, though small for the present palatial style of hotels, and guiltless of the steamboat fashion of upholstery. In its day, the Ashley House had been a first-class hotel, second only to its lordly neighbor the Astor; but of late years the tide of fashion has stranded over that once favorite mansion, in its retreat up town, and its sounding corridors echo chiefly the hum of political cabals, or the firm free tread of those who are more familiar with the quarter-deck than the saloons.

The Ashley, having no such popularity to sustain it, had degenerated into a stopping-place for business men, making their spring and fall purchases, and anxious to lose as little time as possible. It was in the centre of the great wholesale trade. Look from any window you chose, the pavement was piled with boxes and the street choked with drays. It was the encounter with these actualities of life that had helped to ruffle the temper of Mrs. Maxwell's visitor. The carriage had been stopped by a blockade, at least ten minutes; she had been helped through the rush on the side-walk by a vulgar policeman, and had torn that lovely robe dress on a packing-box.

Now if her Uncle Maxwell had been a buyer and seller of Merrimac prints and Allendale flannels, there would have been some excuse for his peculiar fancy for stopping in this dingy little Ashley house, miles away from every one they visited; and in fact Helen Sturgis scarcely liked to say to her friends that Aunt Maxwell was in town, when she had to give her address at this out of the way place. If she would only

stop at the Brevoort House, or the Fifth Avenue, the Saint Nicholas, even, where it would be a pleasure to go, "but this dreadful, forlorn, miserable, dingy little Ashley House!"—and Miss Helen looked around her in high disdain, and wondered what kept her aunt so long, and reflected on the mortification of being recognized by some possible acquaintance, calling at such an unfashionable place.

"Well, Helen, how are you, dear? I am sorry to have kept you waiting, but I had to finish copying a letter for your uncle."

Miss Sturgis advanced, with considerable animation, to meet the speaker, a very well-dressed, fine-looking woman of thirty-five. To tell the truth, she did look a little out of place in these quiet old-fashioned parlors, with her rich lace and sweeping drapery; it was not often the mirrors had so brilliant a reminiscence of their old grandeur to reflect upon. It was not a limited income, evidently, that brought her to this stopping-place.

"We were *delighted* to hear you had come, Aunt Margaret! I *flew* down the moment we got your note! How is Uncle Maxwell? how are the boys? is Annie with you? or dear little Madge? and—you won't mind, will you—why in the world did you stop way down here, particularly now that we have gone up to Murray Hill?"

Mrs. Maxwell watched the shadow of disdain creep over the fair face before her with an amused smile. "Ask your uncle; here he comes! Archie, Helen is as distressed as I told you she would be."

"Yes, it's too bad"—and Helen adopted a pretty petulant manner with her uncle—"to drag Aunt Margaret out of the world so. Please change your mind and come up in our neighborhood. You've no idea how lovely 'the Fifth Avenue' is! Ah do!"

"Couldn't oblige you, could we, Madge? anything else"—and Uncle Maxwell bestowed a loving smile on his wife, and a provokingly mysterious one on her niece. "Couldn't be induced, could we?"

"Well, I don't see what the attractions are! and only think how it sounds! I should think you would hate to ask your friends to call on you here." And then she flushed with vexa-

tion, and the unintentional rudeness of her last sentence.

"I feel for you, Helen, indeed I do! Perhaps you don't think so! I know just how trying it will be when your devoted friend, Dolly Mandeville, asks you where your aunt is staying, to have to say in Maiden Lane! Horrible! Or to encounter that elegant and fascinating brother of hers on his way to Wall Street, just as you turn the corner! How he will lift up his aristocratic eyebrows! Never mind, Nell; if they show any disposition to cut you, remind them that their father had a retail boot and shoe store, and has taken my measure himself many a time, two doors below here."

"Goodness, uncle, you don't say so!"—and Helen's astonishment displaced all other emotions. "Why, they are the most exclusive people in our square; Mr. Mandeville has done no business for years."

"That's because he attended to it himself, when he was in trade; made excellent shoes," added Uncle Maxwell, with a recollective shake of the head. "As good shoes as old Williams did trowsers. I had my first real roundabout from him."

"Not the Jennings Williams family?"

"Just so."

"Well, I never would have believed it; *why* they declined to visit the Lawlers and the Hubbards last winter. I only wish I had known it!" And it was plain the Lawlers and Hubbards should know it by the very next opportunity. "If there's anything I hate, it is to see people setting themselves up." And Miss Helen shook out her flounces with the air of one who has some settled claims, and can afford to bid others be humble.

"That was when our grocery store was on the corner of John Street and Nassau; many a pound of sugar I've done up for Jack Williams to carry home, helping myself liberally."

"Uncle Archie!"—and Helen's face began to burn—"you are the worst tease!"

"Does it tease you? I'm sorry."

"Don't, Archie," interposed Aunt Margaret.

"Because you know it isn't so; you know grandpa was a shipping merchant," said Helen, vehemently.

"So he was, in your day; and so was Mandeville a leather-dealer, and Williams an importer; but 'great oaks,' you know—I have a remarkably good memory."

"There, Helen, he shall not tease you any longer. Go and attend to your letters, Archie; Helen will spend the morning with me. You have the carriage with you? can't you send it

home and stay? I cannot very well go up town before afternoon."

"Oh, you ask too much, Madge—Miss Sturgis taking lunch at the Ashley House; why the Williams family won't visit *her* next, if they get wind of such unheard-of proceedings!"

"I shall stay, just for that—now, then." And Miss Sturgis began to unbutton her gloves, holding them up after the manner of near-sighted people, not that she was near-sighted, but it was a popular way with the young ladies of the Vancouver Institute. "And I'll find out what brings you here before I leave, see, now. You can send Henry home, and tell him to come for us at three. Mamma expects you to dine; you will go, won't you, Aunt Margaret?"

"Dine at three! Horrible! What has occurred to peril the gentility of the Sturgis mansion so?"

"I did not say *dine* at three; *do* send him off! I don't see how you live with such a horrible tease! Does he always kiss you good-by?" asked Helen, as she followed her aunt to the opposite side of the house, where bright, cheerful apartments awaited them. "It's not so bad here, after all, is it? only the noise and confusion, and being so very far down town."

"And so unfashionable; say it out, Helen. But it's the dearest old spot in the world to me—and this room, the very sight of it makes me happy!"

Shutting out the noise of the street, as the heavy curtains and closed windows did on that wintry day, it was as cheerful a transient home as a traveller could have found in all Gotham. Evidently the state apartment of the house in its best days, and now, though the hangings were a little faded, everything was nicely kept, and the heavy furniture had its own old-fashioned elegance. The lounge and easy-chairs were drawn towards the hearth, where a ruddy fire glowed, reflecting its light from a burnished grate, and Helen presently found herself very comfortable basking before the blaze, and admiring her feet as they rested on the bright rug surrounding it. One hand lay idly on the arm of the lounging-chair, and with the other she held up an old-fashioned Indian screen that had been discovered behind one of the tall China jars upon the mantelpiece. It was evidently not at all distressing to have nothing to do for the next two hours; it appeared to be an employment she was entirely at home in. But her aunt had not had the privilege of an education in the Vancouver Institute, where "elegant

idleness" is taught as an accomplishment. Traveller as she was, her little green morocco work-box stood upon the table beside her writing-desk; and, as she fitted a shining gold thimble to her finger, she took up a cambric handkerchief, half hemmed, before she settled herself on a corner of the opposite lounge.

"Now, isn't this cosy, Neil? Quite as pleasant as your Fifth Avenue could be," she said, lightly.

"Oh, nice enough—better than I expected; but when one is travelling and has plenty of money, one might as well have the best."

"Exactly what brought us here the first time I ever saw the Ashley House. The Astor was full, for it was the height of the travelling season, and this was next best; in fact, many preferred it then, it was so well kept. It was my first real journey; I never had been beyond Albany before in all my life, and I was as old as you."

"Why, Aunt Margaret!"—for, from the time Miss Sturgis could remember, the family had always travelled in the summer, and she had just returned from a six months' European tour, to say nothing of two winters in Havana.

"Oh, that was in an unsophisticated age, when we read books of travel, and were satisfied to see with other people's eyes. Why, we were considered as very extravagant, 'stuck up people' at Otsego for going that year to Boston and the White Mountains, though it was not a fashionable route then. I had had a famous trip; I was very romantic, very susceptible, and, seeing more gentlemen in those two weeks than I should have done in five years at home, I had imagined myself in love twice at least, and looked upon every new acquaintance, if he was at all young or agreeable, as a possible lover. It was exhaustingly hot weather when we left Boston. The cars were crowded; as for the boat, people were piled all over the floor. It was impossible to sleep, so, after a bad night and a day of sight-seeing, you can imagine me pretty well wearied out. Still, nothing could have kept me in bed that evening; two of our late fellow-travellers stopping at the Astor, were coming over, and the hotel was thronged. I could not possibly miss such an opportunity for display. Tired as I was, and with a headache creeping on, I dressed my hair as carefully as if for a ball, sixteen long curls on each side—I had not turned it up yet—and put on my handsomest dress, a blue French muslin, and appeared with the rest at the tea-table. After tea, our visitors came; not particularly brilliant young men, but very complimentary—oh, very!

The lights were excruciating to my poor head, so was the hum of conversation in the parlors; but I bore it like a martyr until nine o'clock and after, when it began to be intolerable. Just then Cousin Lewis came in, and said to his wife, with whom I was travelling: 'Who do you think has just come in, in the train from Philadelphia?—our old friend Archie Maxwell!'

"What—uncle?"—and Helen started up from her languid attitude. "Why, I did not know you had known him so long before you were—"

"Yes, before I was married. I don't often speak of it, you know; but here, just in this house, I have a kind of 'Ancient Mariner' feeling; it is a pleasure to talk it over."

"But you were not engaged then?"

"Oh, we are not introduced yet, you know. Lewis said he had asked him to join us in the parlor after he had made his toilet, and presently he came in. Of course I was all curiosity. He could not have been such an old friend, for he had only left college a year, and that was where Lewis had known him, when he was tutor, while he studied law. You cannot recollect him very distinctly at that age. Well, I saw a tall, slender young man, with rather heavy whiskers, and fashionably dressed. I thought him particularly elegant in manner, and poor Abbot and Callender, who had been quite high in my good graces, dropped instantly. Not that he would ever notice such a chit as I was; he only bowed in acknowledgment of the introduction to me, and, taking a chair close to Cousin Anne, began to talk of mutual acquaintances at New Haven. I had a good opportunity, sitting on the other side of him, to study his face. His white, even teeth, his regular profile, his mellow, happy laugh, much what it is now, I admired exceedingly. I gave very absent replies to my visitors, for, apart from their lack of conversational capabilities, my head seemed bursting with pain, and I began to think I should certainly drop from the chair if I could not get to my own room. But there was the curious crowd in the parlor, groups much like our own scattered all about, staring at and criticizing each other in the absence of any more intellectual occupation; and between me and the door Mr. Maxwell's long limbs stretched out carelessly. At last I could bear it no longer, not even with the dim, distant hope of sharing his attentions presently. I rose hurriedly to my feet, and made one step forward; alas! I did just what I tried to avoid; in the blind dizziness of pain, stumbled over his feet, and was caught in his arms, out-

stretched instinctively to save me from the fall. I gave one imploring, deprecating glance upward, and met such a look of mingled amusement and kindness as Mr. Maxwell quietly set me on my feet again, apologized for his monopoly of the floor, and hoped I had not been hurt. It seemed to me that a general titter ran around the room, and that he was scarcely able to keep from laughter himself at my awkward predicament. I should have been greatly obliged if the floor had kindly opened and conducted me to the bar underneath."

"Don't believe her," called out a voice from the adjoining chamber.

"Why, Uncle Archie, is that you?"

"You abominable eavesdropper"—and his wife started up to meet him. "What business had you to come back so soon?"

"Oh, you gave me the wrong letter, with your usual accuracy. I posted down to Brown Brothers, with an account intended for the Metropolitan Bank. She wanted to bring me back, Helen, and have the pleasure of seeing me once more. You have no idea how wearing her attentions are. I have to submit to it, though!" and with a rueful face he kissed her with a very well executed appearance of heartiness.

"She's just as designing now as she was the night she pretended to stumble over my feet. Well, there; take another if you will have it," added Mr. Maxwell, showing no disposition to release his wife. "The fact is, Helen, we've never quite made up that five years! Come, I must be off; give me the other letter, quick—"

"And order lunch as you go out, to pay for eavesdropping." Mrs. Maxwell took up her work again, but her eyes followed her husband to the door.

"What loves they are still! dear me!"—thought Helen—"how long does that kind of thing last? John and Fanny have nothing of that going on, and they've been married only two years."

"Uncle's fond enough of you, now, at all events; isn't he, Aunt Margaret?" she added, aloud, as her aunt's half-amused, half-questioning look met hers.

"Yes, I think he is, judging from appearances."

"But that five years, as he said, how did you ever happen to lose it? Didn't you fancy him then?"

Mrs. Maxwell's eyes grew almost misty with tenderness. "I suppose I have loved him ever since. I went to bed that night to think of

him at all events, and with his face forever impressed on my memory. Sleep cured my fatigue, and I came down in my white morning-dress to breakfast, expecting to meet our party in the parlor; but it was earlier than I supposed; there were one or two strangers, and Mr. Maxwell standing by a window. I did not think he would know me; but he came forward immediately, and inquired whether I had been lamed by his awkwardness, kindly taking the awkwardness all to himself, and was so agreeable that I forgot the unpleasant part, and only remembered—well, I will tell *you*, Helen, that his kind, strong arms had been around me, though but for a moment.

"He went with us to breakfast, and to ride afterwards; we saw him constantly for the next three days, and you know how fast an acquaintance progresses in travelling. The night before we left, we all went to the old Park Theatre to see the Viennese children—little wreath dancers—it was before your day, and he walked home with me. We talked about it being the last evening; and he said he should miss us—well, miss *me*—and the hotel would be dreadfully dull. That his brother's family were out of town, and he was supposed to be reading law, and it would be a year and a half before he could be admitted to the bar; and his father's property could not be divided until his youngest sister came of age; talked quite confidentially, and as if we had known each other always. Then about our going away again—and that I should probably forget I had ever seen him in a month's time. We were just in the blaze of light at the Museum, when he said that, and I looked up, straight up into his face reproachfully; for I was feeling as if I should never be able to live without seeing or hearing from him; possibly you know what kind of a look I met without describing it."

"I can guess," and Helen thought of a certain evening at Long Branch the summer before, when she had not cared to dance, but had walked the piazza in the moonlight, and the loveliest organdie dress; and had met several such looks. The very recollection made her heart dance; but then, she had flirted afterwards with Lieutenant Bradshaw, and they had quarrelled. Heigh-ho!

"What a long sigh!" said Mrs. Maxwell, gathering something of Helen's story, from the light that came over her face, and the shadow and sigh that followed it.

"Your face looks almost as forlorn as mine did when the parting came, for your uncle had not only been confidential, but had almost said

"I love you," and even Lewis and Anne saw it, I am sure; for they allowed us to walk down to the boat together and rallied me about my dulness all day. It was not a very sentimental parting, for we were late, and I was hurried on board without the promise to write to me, which I felt sure to the last minute he intended to make; and I saw him last standing on the wharf watching the boat, amid a crowd of drays and produce, and porters, in a burning hot sun. Heigh-ho!"

"You are sighing now, Aunt Margaret."

"Am I?" and Mrs. Maxwell started from the commencement of a reverie. "I was thinking of that winter. I was really unhappy; I did not hear a word from your uncle, after all; Anne thought it so strange, and asked Lewis if he was sure Maxwell was a high-minded man, and he defended him warmly. You have no idea how miserable it is to be shut up in a country town, with little society, and very few interests, waiting and watching the post, from day to day, wondering and wearying over it; and at last I began to give up all hope, and accuse him of trifling, and myself of folly; and my face burned sitting all alone, when I remembered how I had allowed him to take my hand, when I met his eyes that night, and hold it all the rest of the way to the hotel, and how he had said—well, you can guess again."

And Helen could guess pretty near the truth, for she had experienced more than once how much could be said without coming to the point.

"I love you—will you be my wife?"

"Oh, dear Aunt Margaret, men are all such horrid flirts! but I never should have guessed uncle was! How can you love him so well, now?"

"It's not very hard," said Mrs. Maxwell, quietly, folding up the finished handkerchief, and taking another with the edge just turned.

"And how can you bear to sit sewing away like any seamstress? Why don't you have a sewing-machine?—we do. Lou and I never think of setting a stitch."

"I have one, too; your uncle brought home one the last time he was east; but no one has ever hemmed his handkerchiefs but myself, since I had a right to do it, or ever will."

"Yes, but you haven't told me—"

"I don't like to think about that part of my life very much. I grew more and more low-spirited and self-accusing, and then Judge Flint had that famous lawsuit with Lewis, and he was very courteous, and dignified, and attentive to me; and every one said what a good

match, and I had the silly idea of showing your uncle that he had not made me miserable, after all; and so it went on, and I had had a grand wedding, and became Mrs. Flint before I fairly realized what I was doing."

"And didn't you see uncle, or hear from him all this time?"

"Not a word; and after I became a wife I thought it was right to put away even the recollection of him. I gave away the copy of Tennyson's Poems that he had given me, and never sang the songs that I had sung to him—and Judge Flint was very kind, and I had the children to think of after a while; then he died, suddenly, and it was found he had speculated, and all his property was gone. At twenty-three, Helen, I was a widow, with two children, entirely dependent upon my own exertions."

"Dreadful!" Helen had about as much idea of earning a dollar as she had of wanting bread. "Ah, you poor child, you! what did you do?"

"All manner of things—sewed, taught, dragged along for two years, determined not to be separated from my children, nor be dependent on my friends. But it was no use: the horrid pain I had put off from day to day—the agony of parting with my children had to come. I can't talk of it, now," and Mrs. Maxwell's lips quivered, and her eyes dilated with starting tears. "To feel those little clinging arms around me, to hear that soft, lisping little voice: 'Come home to-night, mamma, and bring Robbie present'—and see the manly efforts of the oldest not to cry, not to make mamma feel badly, and know that death and sickness might rob me of them before I should ever see them again, or that they would forget me and cling to strangers. Oh, Helen, it stifles me yet! They were to be with Anne and Lewis, that was some comfort; I don't think I could have brought myself to it otherwise; and I came to New York with one of our neighbors, a merchant, to advertise for a situation South or West as governess."

"We came here. Mr. Grant's business brought him to the Ashley House, and the very name thrilled me with old recollections; how much more the room, the well-remembered furniture. The house was crowded; I had a bit of a room way up against the roof. We arrived in a terrible October storm. I never remember one like it. I was drenched going from the boat to the carriage, and almost blown off the side-walk getting into the house. My room being so near the roof, I heard it in full

force, and looking down into the street it was almost deserted, the awnings were torn off—shutters flapped drearily in the wind—the windows rattled. Oh, how desolate it was! Such a contrast to my last stay here. Then I was so young, so full of health and hope, surrounded by friends; now, in the care of a nominal acquaintance, broken in health, wearied out in mind and body, desolate and racked with the pain of that parting. All night I lay there listening to the storm, stretching out my arms to shelter my children, and turning on an empty pillow with great hot gushes of tears at the silence; thinking, too, of the past, and how different it might all have been.

"When morning came, I dreaded to face it, to set about the business of my journey, to make my first solitary step in life. I felt as if I could shut my eyes to the light forever; tempted to turn at once and fly back to my children, trying to familiarize myself with the long year at least that lay between me and the sight of their dear little faces. I had no sympathy to expect from Mr. Grant. He had come on business, and but half finished his hurried breakfast when he stretched out his hand for the advertisement he was to insert in a daily paper for me, and was gone, leaving me to the loneliness of an unoccupied stormy day.

"The week dragged by. I had had several applications, but none that I felt I ought to accept in justice to myself or my children. The more advantageous offers were to go too far from them, and some required too much—sewing and personal supervision out of school hours. It was pretty hard to find one's time and powers so keenly bargained for; I was questioned as closely as a chambermaid looking for a situation."

"Poor Aunt Margaret!" said Helen, thinking with a little self-reproach of the heavy-eyed Miss Ferris who taught her little sisters, and that perhaps she might have a story, too.

"I was almost disheartened"—and here the work dropped unconsciously from Mrs. Maxwell's white hands. "Mr. Grant was to go the next day, and the little money I had was melting away. I felt almost desperate, and said to myself, I would take the next situation, let it be what it might. Just between daylight and dark that last evening, a gentleman from the West called. The room was vacant, save the figure that rose to meet me, and it was so dusky that I could not see the face distinctly, but the gentleman was very kind in his manner, made me be seated, apologized for asking questions, but said it was necessary to make a few inqui-

ries. 'I had advertised for a situation as Mrs. F. Was I a widow? was I willing to go to Chicago? I seemed young—excuse me—for my position.'

"His kind and considerate manner, so different from anything I had experienced through the week, and a strange echo in his voice of one that had once spoken far more kindly to me, made me tell him my story briefly. I was not so young, twenty-five, a widow two years, and I was working for my children; and then I felt my fortitude and endurance leave me suddenly, with the thought of those wondering little faces watching in vain for me, and I sobbed out the last.

"He was so thoughtful as not to attempt to soothe me, though I felt that he was moved, for his voice was tremulous when he spoke again. It almost made me start, it was so like one I had heard on that very spot before, but I knew it was fancy, connecting it with the place.

"'I am truly sorry for you, madam,'—and then, before I could speak or think, the tremulousness deepened to entreaty, and I knew in an instant who it was that said, 'Oh, Margaret, your tears are choking me! We did not dream of all this when we parted. I thought you loved me then.'

"I tried to be cold, resentful, but I could not. I was too unhappy to refuse any comfort, and I could not put away his; for all that week the spell of the old time had been upon me, and I had turned a hundred times, thinking I must see him among all these strange faces.

"'Perhaps you thought hardly of me,' he went on, hurriedly; 'but I only meant to prove myself, and to work hard to be able to be nearer offering you a home when I did speak. I wrote you twenty letters that winter and destroyed them, all but one; I have one witness to speak for me. I started once to go to you, but I thought you understood me, and were waiting for me, and when the time came, I heard you had given yourself away.'

"I could not say one word; all that weary winter rose up—and to think that he had really cared for me.

"'I come to offer you a situation from my partner,' he said, presently; 'but if you did care for me, Margaret, I can make you think of me again. Be my little governess; I need one sadly; I have wandered out of all good ways since that great disappointment; you ought to guide me back again.'"

"And what *did* you say," asked Helen, eagerly, feeling as if she was in the second

volume of a sensation novel. "Why, it's as good as a real love-story."

"Oh, you know I had promised myself to take the next situation, let it be what it would," said Mrs. Maxwell, gayly, gathering up her work; "and so my poor deserted children got their mother back again, and a father too."

"Did it really happen in the parlor we were in just now?"

"Really; on that very dear old hair-cloth sofa your uncle kissed me for the first time in his life. If there is ever a sale of furniture here, we mean to have it bought in."

"So that's what brings you here. But how did you know it was you?"

"Why, it seems, after he became a banker in Chicago, he used to come here and stop for the sake of old times, and he had arrived the day before, one of his errands being to look for a governess, and some one had told him of me."

"Well, I don't know but I'd come here, too, in spite of Maiden Lane," said Helen, quite heartily. "I don't know but I'd go to Long Branch every summer, if—"

"If what?" asked her aunt, wondering if Helen had a heart after all.

"Oh, nothing!" But Helen was thinking if some fortunate accident should ever bring about an explanation between herself and Fred Graham.

"And you see some people do condescend to come and see us here," said her aunt, holding out a card brought in just at that moment.

Helen could scarcely believe her eyes as she read—"MRS. AUGUSTE BELMONT."

"I suppose you don't feel so badly about it now"—and Mrs. Maxwell stood up before the dressing-glass to assure herself of the rectitude of her collar. "Come, go with me, and have a look at the old sofa."

EAST INDIA PICTURE-FRAMES.

BY MRS. E. S. CUSTARD.

VERY delicate and neat picture-frames for Grecian oil or other light paintings can be made of rice and coffee. Take strips of white paste-board; cut them of any size you wish to fit the painting. Spread over one side of the frame a coat of glue (Spalding's prepared), and arrange the rice so as to form an ornamental edge both outer and inner. Place the grains one over the other in imitation of shell-work, dropping the glue so as to cause each grain to adhere, and arranging them in any manner which may please your taste. From each edge proceed to the centre, when take the lightest colored and

prettiest shaped grains of coffee and place them as your fancy may dictate. A running vine or imitations of flowers are very neat. Fill up every interstice with the rice, glueing both coffee and rice plentifully, and pressing each grain firmly to make it adhere. When one side of the frame is completed, proceed to do another until the frame is finished. Lay it away until perfectly dry, then take a small camel's-hair brush and varnish the whole with white copal or mastic varnish, and you will have an East India frame.

THE LAST DAY.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

THE fire burns low within the polished grate,
A mellow glow diffuses through the room,
The day is dying on his couch of state,
And crims in banners stream o'er flags of gloom!
The last day of the year is going hence
Into the cycles of eternity—
Unto its life hath come deliverance—
Its feet press downward to the mystic sea
Shadows creep on; the wind falls to a moan,
Nature in muteness mourns the pending death;
The wild old forest, earth's grand undertone,
In reverent silence holds its mighty breath.
The joys and sorrows of the year are done—
Its hopes and promises have taken flight;
The feverish race is o'er—the goal is won—
The peril past! 'Tis the Last Day, at night.

Be still, my soul! strain every listening power!
The last sand trembles! earth is lapsed in stills;
With slow precision flees th' eleventh hour—
A cold, dead quiet heaven's broad arches fills!
The clock's dark finger upward points—'tis come!
Twelve strokes ring out upon the waiting ear;
The pale young moon breaks from her eastern home,
To bring her offering to the new born year!

LIFE AND TOIL.

BY REV. JOHN B. HENRY.

LABOR below and rest on high,
Here a yoke and there a crown,
Smiles one day, but now a frown;
These ever beckon to the sky:
Loudly they call on every one,
On every one beneath the sun.

Life, with its toils, its sighs, its pains,
Its forms bowed by labor long,
Its busy, whirling, anxious throng:
An earnest these of lasting gains,
If the Holy One be feared,
The right in everything revered.

Toil, Pain, and Tears are spirits three,
Whispering of the better land—
The pleasures pure at God's right hand,
Where all are children, all are free!
Though sharp the voice, yet kindly hear
When the "sistered three" are near!

AUNTIE'S MERRY CHRISTMAS.

BY T. P. W.

"No Christmas presents this year; every dollar must be saved for that unfortunate debt to Mr. T——."

"We are not expecting any presents, mother," said Nelly; "we know it would be wrong to spend money for self-gratification, when debt presses so heavily upon us."

The financial reverses of 18— had swept like a simoom over C——, and the only son of Uncle Ellis, who had hitherto been in successful business, had become deeply involved, and, still worse, had also involved his father. The pretty cottage in which he lived with his beloved Nellie and their little ones was secured to him for a year; beyond that all was darkness in the future. Uncle Ellis believed there was deep meaning in the command, "Owe no man anything, but to love one another;" and he determined, by rigid economy, as soon as possible to pay his portion of his son's debts.

The custom of giving expensive Christmas presents was almost universal in C——; and, though Uncle Ellis and his children had not yielded to this custom as far as useless gifts were concerned, Christmas had hitherto been the time for the exchange of useful articles. The neat dressing-gown, slippers, silk dress for auntie, pretty winter dresses for the children, or similar presents, were sure to gladden the heart on Christmas morning.

"No Christmas presents this year!" It sounded sadly, and auntie sat thinking what could be done. There were others besides children and grandchildren who had always received Christmas gifts; Biddy *must* have one, and faithful Jake, who had been with Uncle Ellis fifteen years, *must* have one, too, and his wife and children, who lived in a cozy house at the foot of the garden, and were like members of the family, were just as sure of a present from auntie as they were that Christmas would come at all. Then there were nieces, nephews, and other loved ones—what *can* be done? Now that they all know there can be no expensive presents, the simple gifts of olden time may be acceptable.

Auntie hurried down town, and bought bristol-board, gold-paper, bright-colored sewing-silks, emery, white wax, colored worsteds, and bits of merino; the old patterns that forty years since gave variety to fairs were brought into requisition.

There were emery-bags, and little wax fishes with golden scales and fins; there were needle-books of bristol-board, cut in points, and wound with bright-colored silks, and between the leaves of these little books dimes were curiously fastened; there were merino pincushions, wrought with colored worsted; and baskets of bristol-board, cut like oak-leaves, bound with gold-paper, and pleasant verses written between the veins of the leaves. When Christmas eve came, there were twenty-seven little packages in readiness for distribution, the whole amount of the cost being two dollars and eighty-five cents!

The servants received useful gifts on Christmas morning; the rest were reserved for the evening of Christmas day, when the representatives of five families were to have a social gathering.

A group of relatives had collected at Uncle Ellis's to see what could be done by way of keeping Christmas, for Karl was on a visit from the West, and we wanted to make it pleasant for him.

"You must all come and spend the evening with us," said auntie; "but we can only have a very simple supper. Stop a little; I must see if Biddy will cheerfully give up an expected visit."

Biddy was called, and the case stated. "And sure I'll stay at home. Haven't I been here five years, and had every Christmas to meself yet? And I can cook the splendid turkey that Dr. C—— sent for a Christmas dinner, and I'll get Norah to spend the evening with me, and we'll have everything put to rights before bedtime."

"It is too bad for auntie to have the care of us all," said Ella, "when she is so feeble; suppose we make a kind of donation party of it."

The suggestion was received by acclamation.

"I will send a well-filled cake-basket," said one; "and I grapes and apples—and I candies—and I and I oranges, nuts, almonds, and raisins."

"And I," said Uncle Ellis, "will get as many first-rate Baltimore oysters as you can eat."

"And auntie must cook them," said Kate, "for there is no oyster soup like hers."

"And that is all that she shall do," said Frankie, "for we will set the table, see to the coffee, and do everything ourselves."

The extension-table, drawn to its full extent

in the back parlor, covered with a clean tablecloth, and ornamented with flowers and evergreens, looked bright and cheery, and there was room for all the guests. Uncle Ellis asked a blessing, and then there was a moment's silence, for all were looking at auntie. Close by the oyster-tureen was an elegant silver soup-ladle. On one side was engraven "H. D. Ellis;" on the other, "For Auntie, from Karl and Ella." There were tears in auntie's eyes, and she could only give the loved donors a look of affectionate gratitude.

The soup-plates were not grouped by the tureen, but one turned down for each guest. On taking them up, auntie's simple presents appeared, exciting as much apparent pleasure and eliciting as many notes of admiration as the most expensive jewelry could have done.

Never was there a more cheerful supper, or one more heartily enjoyed. When the meal was finished, the little ones were directed to amuse themselves in their own way. The whole house was thoroughly warmed and lighted, and every room opened. They bounded away in merry glee, with Uncle Frank as leader in all their sports and frolics. The other members of the party enjoyed such conversation as springs from intelligent, cultivated minds and warm hearts.

The piano was opened, and, after many modern pieces and songs, auntie was urged to play some old tunes. "Please play the first march you ever learned." "The Bugle March" was played, followed by "Auld Lang Syne" and "Adeste Fideles," with variations. Then we sang hymns, in which all joined.

At length the little ones came into the parlor, thoroughly tired. It was strange, for the old family clock that had for seventy years been a perfect timepiece pointed only to nine. On looking at watches, it was found to be half past ten; there was much winking and laughing among the children, but no one would tell who persuaded the old clock to stop precisely at nine.

"Now we must hurry, and get home as soon as possible."

"Before separating, let us unite in prayer."

We knelt while Uncle Ellis offered a fervent, heartfelt prayer. When we rose from our knees, there were a few moments of hushed silence, for all felt the presence of the Saviour, whose advent had this day been celebrated. After cloaks, overcoats, hoods, and furs were on, there was a reassembling in the parlor for last words.

"What a delightful evening!"

"I never enjoyed myself so well before!"

"Do let us meet in this way every year."

There was a general kissing of Uncle Ellis and auntie, a cheerful "good-night," and then the merry sleigh-bells sounding in different directions told us that the loved ones were going to their several homes. The evening had passed delightfully; not a single cloud to mar its brightness. And now

"The parents pair their secret homage pay,

And pray for us to Heaven, the warm request

That He who stills the raven's clamorous nest,

And decks them by His own flowery path,

Would, in the way his wisdom sees the best,

For them and for their little ones provide,

But chiefly in their hearts with grace divine preside."

BURY ME IN THE MORNING.*

BY MRS. HALE.

Bury me in the morning, mother;

Oh! let me have the light

Of one bright day on my grave, mother,

Ere I am alone with night;

Alone in the night of the grave, mother—

'Tis a thought of terrible fear!

And you will be here alone, mother,

And stars will be shining here:

Then bury me in the morning, mother,

And let me have the light

Of one bright day on my grave, mother,

Ere I am alone with night

You tell of the Saviour's love, mother—

I feel it in my heart:

But oh! from this beautiful world, mother,

'Tis hard for the young to part;

Forever to part, when here, mother,

The soul is fain to stay,

For the grave is deep and dark, mother,

And Heaven seems far away:

Then bury me in the morning, mother,

And let me have the light

Of one bright day on my grave, mother,

Ere I am alone with night.

Never unclasp my hand, mother,

Till it falls away from thine—

Let me hold the pledge of thy love, mother,

Till I feel the Love Divine:

The Love Divine—Oh! look, mother,

Above!—its beams I see,

And there an angel's face, mother,

Is smiling down on me.

Yet bury me in the morning, mother,

When sunbeams flood the sky—

For Death is the gate of Life, mother,

And leads to Light on high.

* The above poem, written by our editress, was published in the *Lady's Book*, October, 1853, page 356. We have lately seen the first and second stanzas reprinted as the production of that eminent statesman, Hon. Stephen A. Douglas. This mistake has been widely circulated in the newspapers; it seems, therefore, but justice to the distinguished dead, who needs no borrowed ornament of genius, as well as to the living authoress, to make this correction good. Mrs. Hale's poem as it was printed in our pages eight years ago.

L. A. GODET, Editor.

MR. AND MRS. RASHER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MISS SLIMMENS."



CHAPTER XVIII.

A MOVING CONCLUSION—RASH, RASHER, RASHEST!

You seem to be strangely happy, Timothy. You've been whistling and singing all day long, and bustling around as if you'd rather have moving-day come than the pleasantest holiday. For my part, I'm too tired to speak. I don't see anything amusing in moving out of our mansion on Fifth Avenue back into this dreary, old-fashioned house; leaving our appropriate spear, and retiring to this dismal street. We'll never see a friend's face here. People are not going to trouble to turn out of the usual way to come down here, and have their coachmen turning up their noses before the door while they are trying dreadfully hard to be polite to me, inquiring how I like the neighborhood, etc. When we moved on to the avenue, it was a different thing asking how we liked the neighborhood. I don't feel as if I wished them ever to inquire after my health, for I don't expect to be well in this tumble-down, dirty old house, with the damp in the basement, and the ceilings so low that there isn't chance for a breath of pure air. It's all well enough for an absurd little man like you, only five feet two, in your boots, to declare that the ceilings are high enough. They are not as high as those we've been accustomed to by at least three feet. "Thought these were the ones we'd been accustomed to!" Dear, dear! I'd certainly think you were cross-eyed, you see everything so perversely, if I hadn't the evidence of my own eyes to the contrary. You stick to it that there isn't any damp in the dining-room, that the street is highly genteel and quiet, that the

parlors are just the right size, and the wall-paper beautiful. "Your affection for the old home gilds over slight defects." It isn't the kind of gilding I admire; I'm free to confess I prefer the genuine article, such as we had on all those lovely cornices and panels. You'll be telling me this furniture is prettier than our satin French sets, I presume. However, it's good enough for all the accessories we'll ever have for it. Folks that have no friends do not need fine furniture. "You thought I had several hundred of the most devoted stamp." So I *did* until you acted up in the foolish way you did, first failing, and then paying your debts and coming down in our style. It would have made no visible difference, if it hadn't been for your notions about honesty. I could have had just as many carriages on my calling list this moment, if you'd have cheated your creditors and kept up appearances. Other people do it, and why shouldn't we? "Thought I'd promised you not to find any more fault on that subject." Well, I did try to reconcile myself; but now that I'm actually back here, and everything so real, I feel terribly, and I can't help it. "Suppose my friend Fitz will be in to console me." No, you don't suppose anything of the kind! You know she hasn't been near me for a month, the deceitful, selfish, ungrateful, hypocritical, slanderous creature! I despise her from the bottom of my heart! "That's right; give her Fitz!" So I would, if I had a good chance; I'd tell her to her face what I thought of her; I'd ask her if she'd got done with the wear of the shawl, and set of laces, and other trifles I'd loaned her! To be sure I *gave* them to her out and out; but I'd pretend I wanted them back. I don't suppose she'd blush if I did ask her; Fitz never blushes. I've heard of something she did that's so *awful* mean you wouldn't credit it if you were to hear it; you wouldn't believe her capable of it. What do you think, Rasher! she found out by some means, as she always contrives to about everybody, who you'd sold our silver to; and she hurried down to their store, for fear it would be melted up before she got there, and actually, poor as she is, purchased a set of teaspoons, for the sake of the coat-of-arms and the motto. She told the merchant she was a very particular friend of the family, and wished them as a

sacred memento; and, now she's got 'em, she uses 'em every time she has company, to laugh over in her sly way, and tell 'em she's tried to save a small piece of the bacon. It seems Flummery translated your hog-Latin to her, and she thought it a good joke. He and she'll have nice times, won't they, ridiculing us! If we'd have kept our money, they'd have stuck to us like a small boy to a piece of molasses-candy, and as long as *they* kept by us we'd have been all right. It's your fault; it's as plain as the nose on your face that it's your fault. If you hadn't given things up that didn't belong to you, we wouldn't be here this day, moving into this old shell, with only two servants to do everything. Why am I like the last of my fence? I am *not* like it in any respect, and I'll defy you to prove your assertion. "Because I'm always a *caulking* round the house," I had hoped, Timothy, that amid my accumulation of other trials, I should be spared any more of your wretched folly. A man of your age, with grown-up girls, and a ruined man at that, ought to give up such a trifling and preposterous habit. "You've always been a *ruin* ever since you were a married man?" Well, this is a pretty time to tell me of it; very generous and feeling of you, on moving day, and on an occasion like the present. I think it is *I* who should rue it, Timothy Rasher! "I do present a *moring* spectacle." Now, Rasher, if you go to making fun of me, I shall burst right out a crying. I'm too tired and worried to stand it. If you had the heart of a husband and father, it would be utterly impossible for you to go singing, and whistling, and punning about on this miserable occasion. There's Cerintha up stairs in her room, crying as if her heart would break, poor girl! She says the mean little closets won't hold half her dresses, and that if they *would*, it would make no difference, as she shall never have an opportunity of displaying them properly; she don't expect to go out any more; expects to live like a nun. "If she never *wears* 'em out, she'll never want any new ones!" And that's all you care about it. You've got us back here, and are going to shut us up like a prisoner in the Castle, and you don't feel any more remorse than as if you were shutting up a parcel of pigs in a pen. "Don't see why we shouldn't live as snug as bees in the winter?" Of course you don't see it; you're blind to everything but your own low tastes and habits. You haven't a spark of ambition about you. "Speaking of bees, why do they always find a ready market for their honey?" I scorn to attempt to guess.

"Because they sell it as fast as they manufacture it." Humph! you haven't hurt yourself, have you, my darling, with that effort? I wish you could have said as much for your pork, and we wouldn't have been in this pickle. But now that you're really out of the business, I'd advise you to do as other men of respectability do; take up with a nice, genteel employment that will secure to your family the position they have a right to expect. I've always heard tell that some of the most influential of our acquaintance which we made in our new circle did business on Wall Street. I don't know just what kind. The only objection I have to it is that it seems to be some kind of a market, and I've a horror of markets. You've always been in the fish line or the pork trade, and I'd like something entirely new. But it's too late for you to study law or the ministry, and you haven't the head for it, nother, and as for politics, the man that's so scrupulous as to give up the last dollar, as it were, to his creditors would never succeed in them—never! So if other people think bulls and bears are more aristocratic than pigs and beef, it isn't for us to quarrel with 'em about it; they're fashionable folks, and they know best. If we imitate them, we'll be sure to be somewhere near right; and if you wish to restore me to good spirits, and see me happy once more, you'll try and set up a little stock in Wall Street. Dear, dear! I don't see where they keep all them wild animals. I shall be mortal 'fraid to come and see you when you get your office full of such creatures. I've been through that street several times, and I never could see where they keep 'em. It looks all nice and quiet, and I never even heard 'em roar: and there's plenty of gold and bank bills in the windows, which shows how much money they make; and I suppose the bulls and bears are all kept in cages in the rear, aren't they? If I should come to pay you a visit, and you should lock me up in your private office, as you did once, I hope there wouldn't be any bears in it; I prefer pigs, of the two.

What's that, Felicia? The men can't get the mirrors into the parlors, at all? Oh, dear! what *shall* I do! I did hope to at least have the comfort of those mirrors. The books and pictures I felt willing to see go, but those lovely mirrors I couldn't bear to part with. Every time I stood before them they seemed almost a part of myself; such elegant plate-glass and such exquisite frames. What *are* we to do, Rasher? the ceiling is too low by more than a foot. "Told me so!" Well, supposing you did

tell me so ; that doesn't mend matters now that they're here and can't be stood up. "You'd suggest to have the ceilings raised!" I would if I could, mighty quick, Timothy Rasher; but the men can't be kept waiting while you're making sport of me; say, what can we do with 'em? "Ask *them* to reflect upon it and decide the question." Ah me! I suppose I shall have to send 'em back to the maker, and order a pair of smaller ones in place of them. It's one disappointment after another, until I'm completely broken down.

What did you say, Bridget? "The basket's fell down the ar'y steps, and broke the chany all to bits." Which basket was it, Bridget?—the one with that breakfast-set in that I packed myself—the Solferino and gold band with the pictures in the centre? Oh, dear! Flummery told me himself that that set was a perfect *shade over*, as they say in France. What's that, husband? "Severed porcelain is all the style, and it's severed now, if it never was before." It's *saver*, you simpleton, and not severed; if I couldn't speak French, I wouldn't try to. Well, that's gone with the rest. I suppose we may eat off plain white before the year's over, if we keep on as we've begun. Do I remember the half dozen blue flowered plates and cups and saucers that we begun with? No! most decidedly, I don't! I'm not troubled with a memory as vulgar as yours. I believe if we'd begun with tin cups and a wooden bowl you'd recollect it, and refer to it just when you hadn't oughter. "There's no making a whis—" Rasher! I beg of you, don't finish. I'd rather set a boy to firing off crackers on the Fourth of July, than to get you quoting your favorite sayings. That night at Mrs. Nelson's little sociable, when we got to playing "Proverbs," I trembled in my shoes, for I knew beforehand exactly what was coming. It wasn't difficult for the company to guess *your* proverbs, they knew 'em by heart already. I don't think all the good examples you have enjoyed for the past year have made you one grain more of a gentleman than you was before. You never were intended for society, while I was made for it; and that's the difference. It's my only consolation now, that *you* are back where you belong, whatever becomes of me. As for our poor children, Felicia is too much like you to feel our affliction as she ought; but Cerintha is so cut down, I don't think she'll ever recover her spirits again. The dear girl was made for an atmosphere of refinement; she should breathe nothing but Lukin's Extracts, and dwell in a world of silks and redowas. Now, what are you starting up,

and putting your arm behind you, and tearing, around just as you always do when you're mad, for? "Can't bear to hear such nonsense!" "Cerintha would be as sensible as any other girl, if she'd been brought up right!" "Ruin my children with my own silly ideas!" I guess I'd stop there, my dear, at least for to-day. "You'd be willing to become as poor as Job's turkey, if it would give the girls a chance to learn a little of real life." "Rather see 'em washing dishes, with check aprons before 'em, than sailing around in lace and satin, turning up their pretty noses at better folks than themselves!" That's *you* all over, Rasher! If you really think so, perhaps you'd better bind 'em out to learn trades, at once. "You think *home* should be the place for daughters to acquire all useful and necessary knowledge, and *mothers* should be their teachers." Really, said with quite an air! I guess you've been to some of Aunt Rasher's weekly meetings, lately. You and Aunt Rasher ought to have had the bringing up of our girls. I presume I know a mother's duty, and I believe I've done it for my children. I've done everything to secure to them a position in which they would be liable to make brilliant women and to find suitable husbands. They are accomplished, pretty, and would have been rich, if their father hadn't up and failed just at the most critical period of their prospects. If you've seen any girls that could dress more tastefully, or behave with more propriety, I don't know where it could have been. They're charmingly ignorant of everything coarse and common; *they'll* never be twitted by their husbands of knowing anything useful; they're as helpless and delicate as need be; they'll make splendid wives for men of money. To be sure, Felicia has not so much natural love for refinement as her sister, but I've done my best to eradicate her taste for common things. And now to be complained of for doing my best—don't sit so close to me, if you please! You want to make up now, after getting mad and flying around here, setting my nerves all in a quiver. "Do I remember how we came to meet?" Well, what if I do! "If I hadn't been a sewing-girl, and you hadn't wanted some shirts made, and been recommended—" stop. I won't hear it—I won't!

What, in the name of all that's ugly, is that coming into the house now? If it isn't that identical old sofa that I sold off when we left here for our mansion on the Avenue! "You hunted it up, bought it as a relic, and have had it stowed away in your warehouse all the time; and thought it would look pleasant to see it

restored to the old home." A sweet little piece of sentiment in a man like you, Rasher! really, just about what one might expect! I shall look for the blue-edged dishes next, and perhaps for a piece of rag from the shirts you say I made for you. I wouldn't try the sentimental dodge, my dear; it isn't becoming to you. You're ridiculous enough when you're funny, but when you come to try the touching, you're absurd. A dumpy little pig in tears couldn't be more so. What's that? "A man might as well have a cast-iron wife." I'm glad you are coming to a realizing sense of it. I've long been aware that we were not congenial spirits, Mr. Rasher; and every day confirms me more in my belief. If it were not for our daughters, I should hardly have been able to conceal my unhappiness from the eyes of a prying world. No, no, there's nothing congenial between us! It's not because I'm insensible to tender impressions that I can't abide your sentiments. It's the way you have of expressing 'em. If you'd approach me as you ought to, you wouldn't find me invulgerable; but instead of that it's always in some way to shock my taste. I guess if you'd try bouquets of hot-house flowers, sets of jewelry, a new carpet, or some of those delicate ways such as makes some men I know so charming, you wouldn't have reason to find fault with your reception; but when you get a twinge of the romantic, the first thing you do, is to hunt up some outlandish old thing or another, that I hate the sight of, and present it to me as hallowed by old associations. If there's anything I hate it's old associations! And you're as full of 'em as an egg is full of meat. I presume the next present I receive from you will be a paper of needles and spool of thread, to remind me of the days when we first met—you may even carry the matter so far as to beg me to sit down and spend my evenings making shirts, for the sake of reminding you of old times. Good land! I'll never forget that globe of gold-fishes you went and put in the conservatory last summer, to remind me of the fishmongery on A— street. I broke the glass on purpose, the very first day, though you thought it was an accident. After that, I shouldn't have been surprised at anything, not if you'd had a little gold pig with diamond eyes made to hold matches on the front parlor mantlety-shelf. No, Timothy, it is plain enough, we ought never to have been tied together; and I never realized it more than I do this day—moving back into this old place. It's the right spot for you; but I feel that me and the girls will waste our sweetness

on the desert air, as Flummery says. I'm wretched, perfectly wretched! I haven't the heart to say a word or to stir a hand. If the roof should fall in, I wouldn't rise out of this chair. And you, instead of sympathizing, go about whistling and singing, as if you hadn't been the means of it all.

I don't care, Felicia, what you do with it; do what you're a mind with anything and everything. Your pa and you can manage as you like. For my part, I'm going up stairs to try and comfort poor Cerintha. Me and her are the only ones who have any feelings. "Think it's your duty to try and cheer up your papa." Indeed, poor papa! *he's* greatly to be pitied, isn't he? Well, cheer him up, if it's to your taste; and attend to the draymen and see to the servants; I'm going to shut myself up till dinner's ready. I've stood as much as I'm able for one day. Don't mind your mother, or consult her feelings, Felicia; cheer up your father! that's right! For my part, I despise a man who can't provide properly for his family. He's no business with a wife and children. It's a man's business to keep his family well. If he won't do it, he ought to be despised. The only good trait your father ever had was making money; and if he's got over that, he's lost my respect and everybody else's. "Don't scold, to-day!" Scold! don't be impertinent, Felicia. I shall speak my mind whenever I feel compelled. If I wasn't too tired, I should have something to say, now; but I'm too completely dragged out to talk. I hope you'll have a decent spot for me to set down in, when I come back. But don't let it be on that horrible old sofa—I'll give that up to you and your pa.

(*A week later.*) I wish your father would come home, girls. I feel uneasy about him. It's two days, now, since he's been near the house. I don't doubt he's off on a spree; he's been drunk twice since we came into this house. Oh, dear, as if we hadn't trouble enough without his behaving so! I never thought Timothy Rasher would get to be a dissipated man. "Wouldn't, if he wasn't made so miserable at home." I've put up with a good deal of your sauce lately, Felicia, and I don't want any more of it. If he expects I'm going to be just as cheerful and pleasant as if I had everything to make me so, he's mistaken. I'm mad at him for failing, and I'm mad at him for paying his creditors and robbing his family, and I'm mad at him for coming back here and "beginning life over," as he calls it—and I mean he

shall feel the full weight of my displeasure. Because I'm discontented with his conduct, he'll make that an excuse for behaving still worse—staying out nights and spending what little money he has, instead of giving it to his family. He'll not break me down by any such process. As long as I have a tongue, I shall speak my mind with it. I sha'n't spare him nor his faults. I have not forgotten that horse-race yet, nor some of his later proceedings. "What's that? 'You're afraid he's in trouble of some kind.'" In liquor, I guess! "Looked very strange when he went out? Told you he was tired of living, to be eternally scolded?" And you allowed him to speak so of your own mother, I suppose. If the girl ain't actually bursting out a-crying! What's the matter, Felicia? "Afraid papa has killed himself!" What's put that horrible idee into your head? Killed himself! fiddlestick! he never had the courage to kill a mosquito. I should as soon think of a squirrel committing suicide as your father. Ha! ha! it's ridiculous! I wish you hadn't spoke of it. I was always nervous, and it makes me feel chilly and trembly, though of course the very idea is ridiculous. Light that other burner, Cerintha; the room seems dismal. I never shall get used to these dark little parlors.

I wish somebody would run in to spend the evening, if it was no one but that tedious Mrs. Clarke, that your pa thinks so much of. It's getting more and more lonesome, and we hav'n't even a man-servant about the house. I don't believe I should be as cross as I have been lately, if your pa would come home now. I'd rather hear him tell one of his poorest anecdotes than to set here, waiting and listening, jumping half off my chair every time I think I hear the door-bell ring.

Good gracious, who's that coming up the steps? They make plenty of noise. What if it should be a parcel of police bringing Rasher home dead drunk? I just expect some such disgrace. Is Bridget going to the door? How they thump on it! Go, Felicia, and see what it is; there's Bridget opening the door. I couldn't stir out of this chair to save my life. Good heavens! who was that screamed? who was it, Cerintha? what do you cling to me so for? what's the matter? what are those men doing? what are they saying? "Found him in his private office at the warehouse—quite dead—stone cold—had evidently been hanging many hours—no hopes—committed suicide!" Timothy! Timothy Rasher! you've done it at last. (*Faints.*)

Did you say he left a letter for me? Can you

read it to me, Felicia? I shall never have the courage in the world. I dare not even look at the face, and I should never be able to get through with the letter. If I didn't think, in the midst of this awful affliction, and the papers full of it, and everything so dreadful, that perhaps there was a will or something of the kind in the letter, I wouldn't have it opened. He was always so thoughtful and considerate for his family he may have made some provision that we do not know of. Hand me my smelling-salts, and read it, if you feel able, my child.

MY DEAR WIFE: I've come to the conclusion that, since my business is suspended, I might as well suspend myself. I'm driven to this extremity by the assurance that you will be glad to get me out of the way. I'm not a suitable provider, and I leave you free to find a better one. I *did* hope to find in our old home some consolation for the trials of the past year; that you would reconcile yourself to circumstances, and be contented, if not happy. I was glad to get back to it; I should have felt at home in the old place, if you had allowed me to do so. I sha'n't reproach you, Marier, for what you've said and done; let bygones be bygones. I shall never come home again to be riling your temper. I tried, faithfully and honestly, to save my bacon, enuff at least to grease your path of life, so that you might go along smoothly; but I've failed. I wanted to begin over, but, because I couldn't begin where I left off, you wouldn't let me. Other wives have behaved differently. When my friend Clark, the shoe and leather merchant, pegged out, his wife had sole enough not to blame him; she stuck to him to the last, and is helping him to repair his fortunes. So with Betsy Browne, when the smash came in the crockery firm; she told her husband to never mind breaking up; to "save the pieces." That she didn't care for the "whole set" of false friends as much as she did for one cup of domestic bliss; others might lay him on the shelf; she wasn't going to; and the consequences are he's as bright as ever, merry as a lark, says misfortune can't dish him. I saw him yesterday, and it made me blue. If you had encurridged me, I should have made an effort to get out of this mess. What can't be cured could be endured, even the barr'ls that have spiled on my hands. Uncle Rasher had promised to give me a fresh start, and I should have been as happy as a pig in clover, if you hadn't been so cross to me as to make me feel that I was no-

thing but a cross to you, and that the sooner I was X-terminated the better you'd be pleased.

Good-by, Marier. You'll never be punished with any more of my puns; I shall never flourish my red bandanner in your presence again. I'll never make light of this rash deed by referring to a Rasher. To my poor children I have nothing to leave but my love. Felicia is provided for, for I know that my clerk is a good man, and wants to marry her. You and Cerintha must make matches to suit yourselves; they'll go off brilliantly, I have no doubt, only don't let them smell too strong of brimstone. Give the old sofa to Felicia, to begin her housekeeping with. You say you don't like old associations, so I won't leave you the cord with which I shall hang myself; it wouldn't accord with your taste, and a certain old association might hang about it.

Farewell, Marier. You couldn't make a whistle out of a pig's tail, and you ain't to blame that you didn't make a gentleman of me. It's my fault, I know, that, instead of being a roast of beef, I was only a Rasher of bacon. I won't stand in your way any longer. Please have my coat-of-arms on the coffin-plate, and let that end it in your memory. Don't go into black for me, Marier, but be sure and "Salve Lardum."

T. RASHER.

THE MOTHER'S VICTORY.

BY DELIA DAYTON.

"MARY, dear, will you go up to my room and bring down the china pitcher that stands on the table, near the window?" said Mrs. James to her little daughter, that was busy at play with her large, new doll.

"O yes, mamma; I am glad I can do something to help you." And the child cheerfully laid aside her playthings, and started with a light, happy heart to do her mother's bidding; but unfortunately, while returning, and only half way down stairs, her foot slipped, and she was precipitated to the bottom.

On hearing the noise, her mother ran into the hall, and seeing the fragments of her beautiful new pitcher scattered on the floor, exclaimed, very impatiently—

"Oh, dear! what a careless girl you are, Mary! What does make you so clumsy? Just see what you've done; you've broken to atoms my nice pitcher I bought only a week ago." Then, without inquiring whether the child was injured by the fall, added in a harsh tone: "Now pick up every piece and carry them away. Come, work spry."

Just at this moment Mrs. Worth, a sister-in-law of Mrs. James, came into the hall, and learning the nature of the accident, inquired in a very affectionate manner—

"Did you hurt yourself much, darling? Let me gather up the fragments."

"No, sister, Biddy can do that; but I wanted to teach Mary to be more careful."

Aunt Julia took the hand of the little girl, who stood trembling, while the large scalding tears chased each other down her cheeks, and carried her to her own room near by, and tried to soothe her troubled mind, and ascertain more about her injury. She soon found the little child was suffering from several severe bruises; but the harsh words of her mother had added a deeper pang. By the kind attentions, and gentle, affectionate words and manner of Mrs. Worth, her sufferings were in a measure alleviated; but it was long after her usual hour of retiring before she could obtain any quiet rest that night. Several times she would start up from an unquiet slumber, and exclaim in an agonizing tone: "Oh, ma, don't! don't talk so, you hurt me. Oh, you do hurt me so! I did not mean to break it." Then again would rouse up, grasp the hand of her aunt, and say, imploringly: "O my good aunty, don't leave Mary!" This was heart-rending to Mrs. James, who was constantly in the room, but could do nothing to quiet her darling child; and bitter, indeed, was the reflection to her that her own injustice and unkind treatment had occasioned so much mental suffering to her child, that had always endured any physical pain like a martyr.

Great was the joy of all when at length she sank into a quiet slumber, and especially so to the mother. And it is but justice to her to remark that usually she was a kind and devoted parent, and loved her children dearly, but when excited would occasionally use language which in her moments of reflection often caused her sorrow of heart. She had never learned to govern her temper. That conquest, which of all others is the most sublime and ennobling, she had never gained. Two or three hours had elapsed, and Mary continued to sleep quietly, and Mrs. James inquired—

"Had you not better retire, sister, and try and get some rest? I think Mary will sleep well now."

"O no; I dare not leave her a moment. If she *should* wake, I must be close by; so much will depend on keeping her quiet." So saying, the skilful nurse applied another wet cloth to the temples of the sleeping child. "Oh how grateful I am for your untiring care! I can

never repay you for your kindness. I am sure this will be a lesson to me as long as I live. Yes, Julia, I will govern myself in future, and not give way to my excitable disposition. I have *one* source of trial I am sure *you* never had, and I often wish I could possess your equanimity, for I sometimes speak harshly to my children, for which I ever feel rebuked. O how gladly would I recall what I said to Mary this afternoon, if it were in my power! But I did not think at the time that she would lay it to heart as she did. I am sure Ellen or Kate would not have minded it near as much, if I had said the same to either of them."

"You must be aware that Mary's disposition is entirely different from that of the other girls; with her remarkably sensitive nature, which renders her susceptible of intense mental suffering, and then, so affectionate as she is, one word of censure, if she is not blameworthy, from one she loves, must cut like a blade of steel. Whenever I meet with children of her temperament, my sympathies are always enlisted for them, and I tremble to think of what they must endure, as parents and teachers usually exercise so little discrimination in regard to the different dispositions of those under their care. They *should* make this their study, for the discipline which might be proper and even necessary for one child would be entirely wrong for another possessing a different temperament. You will pardon me, sister, if I speak plainly on this subject. I always find that when a mother unites gentleness with firmness, she can, with *any* child, much more effectually correct a foible and maintain parental authority by mild, persuasive measures than by harsh censure. I make it a rule never to correct one of my children when I am excited, for I must own that I am naturally passionate, although you may have judged me differently. But I have long endeavored to control myself, and not give way to my hasty temper, and if I have succeeded in any measure in this self-conquest, it is owing to Divine aid."

Mrs. James, who was in a state of mind to receive admonition, replied: "Oh that I might be able to overcome my besetting sin! for I realize wherein I have erred;" then, going to the couch of her daughter, and gazing fondly upon her beautiful features, added, with emotion: "Better to have broken all my new and expensive china-ware than to break the spirit of such a lovely and loving child!" Then, turning to her friend: "Most cordially do I thank you for your kind and profitable sug-

gestions and timely counsel, and will try to practise accordingly."

The next morning the little invalid awoke, much invigorated by quiet rest, and before many hours was able to walk about the room, although her countenance still looked pale and sad; but, thanks to the judicious management and singular tact of her aunt, who was still her constant companion, her mind was diverted as much as possible from her recent troubles, and occupied with something pleasant and cheerful.

One week later, and Mary, having nearly recovered her usual health, was permitted to accompany Mrs. Worth to her delightful home, a few miles distant.

It was not long after the occurrence just related before the family of Mrs. James observed quite a change in her deportment, and which became more and more apparent. Not only had she resolved on an amendment, but had carried her resolutions into practice, trusting in Him who has said, "My grace is sufficient for thee." But this conquest was not accomplished at once or without many severe struggles; having to wage war, not only with her natural disposition, but with the tyrannical power *confirmed habit*. At length the lovely virtues patience and forbearance flourished in perennial beauty. Now that mother no longer casts a dark shadow athwart the path of some loved one, but her entire household shares in the genial rays which pervade her own soul, casting a cheerful, inspiring influence on all around. Verily, "Better is he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city."

"PEACE, BE STILL!"

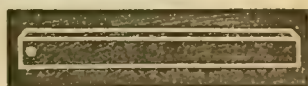
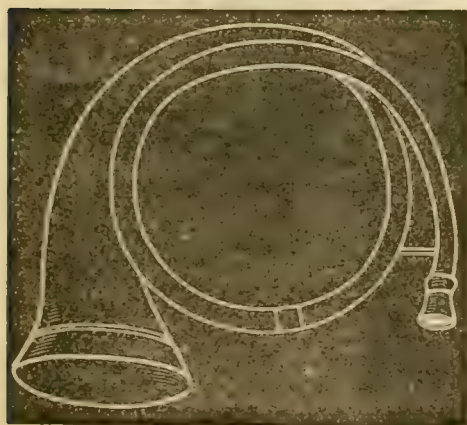
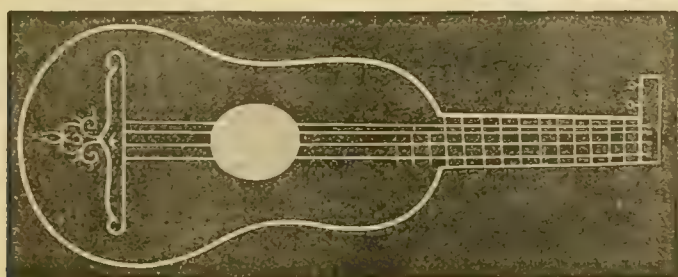
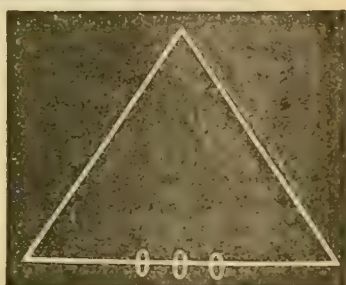
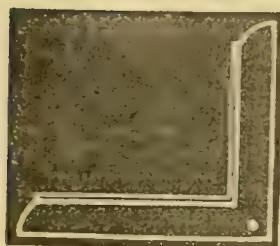
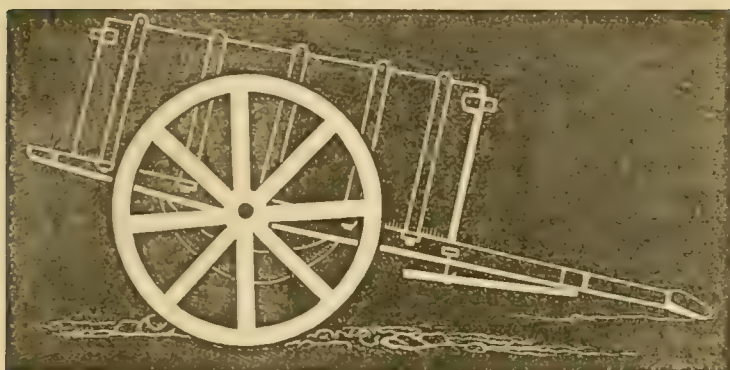
BY W. S. GAFFNEY.

The morning star of Faith may rise,
And antedate a blissful day;
But ere Hope gilds our evening skies,
Fate sweeps the auspices away!
Yet, far above earth's sinful rill,
A voice comes greeting—"Peace, be still!"

False friends may mar affection's cheer,
And envy work our overthrow;
And, base deception! Pity's tear
May tend to fill our cup of woe;
Yet, 'neath the heart's pulsating thrill,
A still voice whispers—"Peace, be still!"

Misfortune's spell and Sorrow's wail
May ever in life's path intrude;
And mortal's lot must e'er entail
The stings of base ingratitude!
Despite of all, from Zion's Hill
Comes the blest prompter—"Peace, be still!"

SLATE PICTURES FOR CHILDREN.



NOVELTIES FOR DECEMBER.

Fig. 1.—As appropriate to our exquisite fashion-plate for the month, we give a decided novelty—*coiffure for a bridesmaid*. Hair banded

Fig. 1.



closely, a handsome ivory or silver comb, a bandeau composed of a ruche of double crape, with bouquets of pansies, and a short illusion veil, arranged as a *cache-peigné*, and flowing gracefully down over the neck.

Fig. 2.—Headdress for a bridesmaid at a reception or wedding party; a wreath of ribbon

Fig. 2.



loops, blue, pink, or rose sublime, with black lace between, terminated by a flat bow, with floating ends.

Fig. 3.—Breakfast-cap for a bride (a fashion

becoming more and more universal since breakfast-caps are now made extremely *piquante* and

Fig. 3.



becoming). Material spotted thulle, trimmed with roses and *rose de chiné* ribbon.

Fig. 4.—Another style of breakfast-cap, of

Fig. 4.



dotted black lace, over white; trimmed with a quilling and rows of violet ribbon.

Fig. 5.



Fig. 5.—Neck-tie, from a *trousseau*, intended for a dress, *à la Gabrielle*. It is of Solferino, silk, with a neat pattern in braid or chain-stitch of black, and trimmed with black lace.

Fig. 6.



Figs. 6 and 7.—A muslin set, from a *trousseau*, intended for an informal morning reception, worked in brilliant colors, a decided novelty.

Fig. 7.



Fig. 8.—Fancy chemisette and sleeves, for a child to wear with a low-necked dress.

Fig. 8.

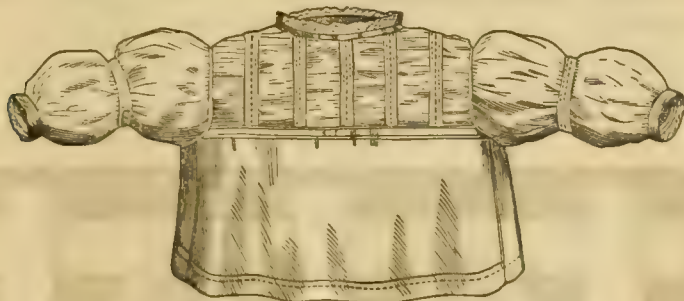


Fig. 9.—The eider-down jacket of velvet, trimmed with quilted silk, is a most comfortable

Fig. 9.



article of ladies' dress for changeable weather, and can be made of any material.

VOL. LXIII.—44

Fig. 10 is termed the Rifle Corps jacket, and

Fig. 10.



fits tightly to the figure, but allows ample space for a full and pretty lace sleeve.

Fig. 11.—The Cleopatra is a very pretty

Fig. 11.



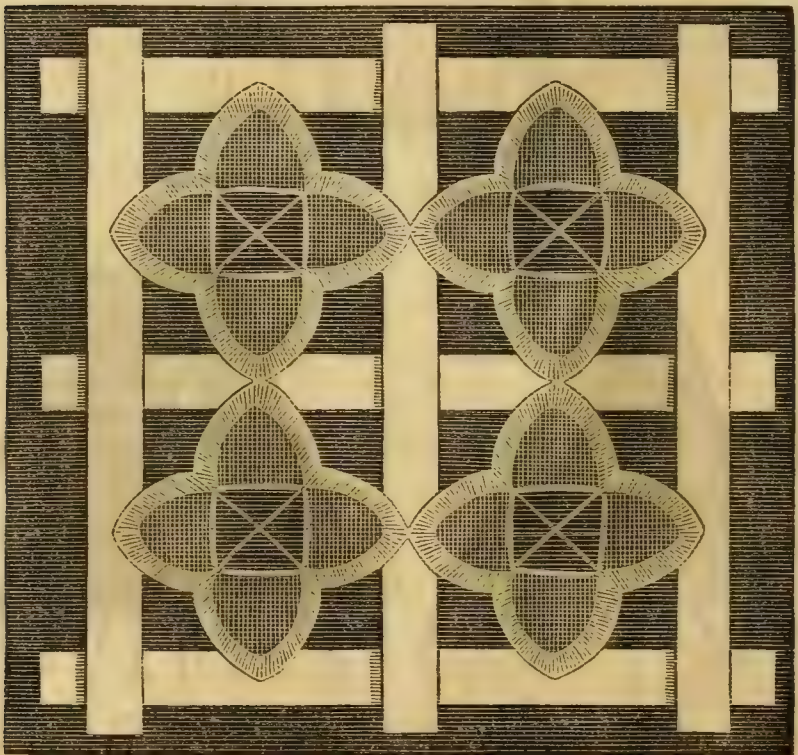
style; its exquisite fit, proportions, and design are unsurpassable.

PURSE.

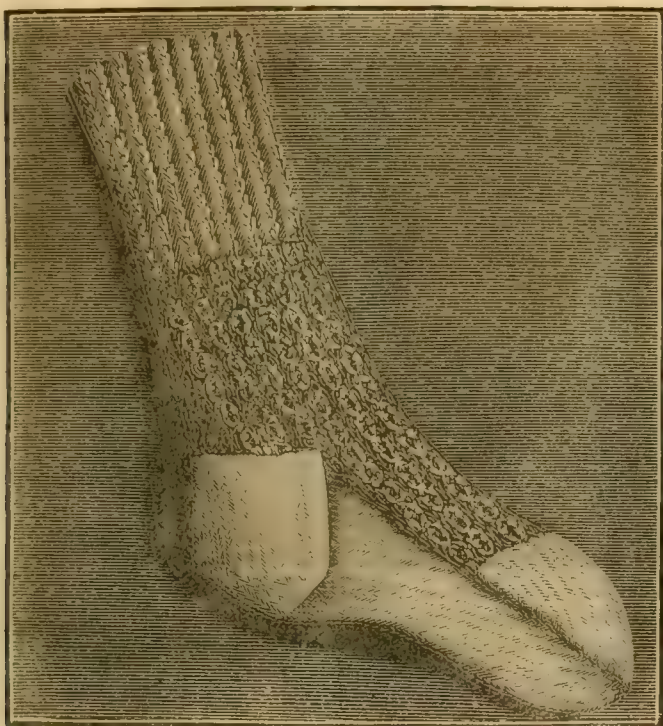


KNIT in blue worsted and gold thread, with small gold tassels to finish it at the edge. A very pretty purse.

PATCHWORK.



BABY'S SOCK.



Materials.—Knitting cotton, No. 20.

CAST on 26, 29, 26.

Knit 40 rows; 2 plain and 2 purl—the odd stitch being for the seam, which is made by knitting first round plain, and next purling; so that there will be 20 purled stitches. Then commence the pattern. Purl 2; thread in front; knit 2 together, knit one.

Second row plain, except the 2 purled. Third row: Purl 2; knit one; thread in front; knit 2 together.

This is all the pattern—of which ten patterns go for the leg: the seam stitch for the centre of the heel. The heel is plain knitting, retaining 8 patterns in front; 12 takings-in form the instep, after the heel is closed in the usual way. Ten patterns in front for foot. Six plain, turn beyond, and then close the toe, as is usual, by taking-in on each side the needle, with three rows between, until 12 stitches remain; then close by casting off in the usual way.

 EMBROIDERY.

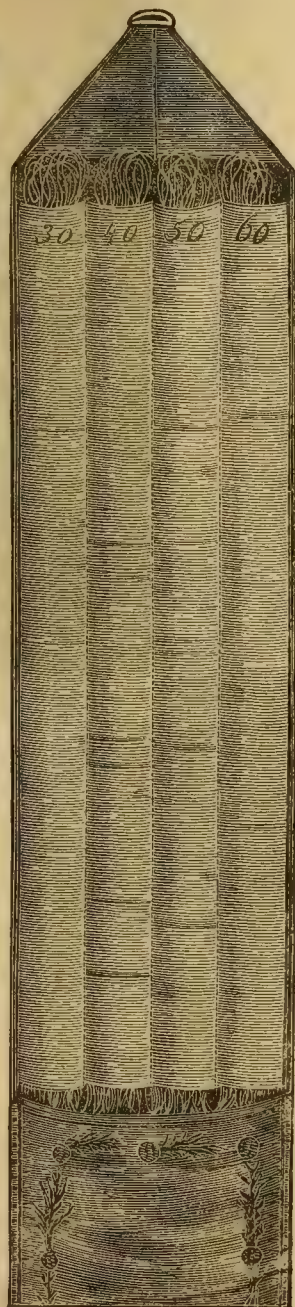

CASE FOR HOLDING EMBROIDERY COTTON.

SUITABLE FOR A CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.



We give a case intended to contain different sizes of embroidery cotton. Fig. 1 represents the case shut, and of the proper size. Fig. 2 is the case opened. It is made of ribbon, and embroidered on each edge with silk or chenille, as represented in our engraving.

COIFFURE COMPOSED OF PIECES OF BIAS SILK CUT OUT AND BOX-PLAITED.

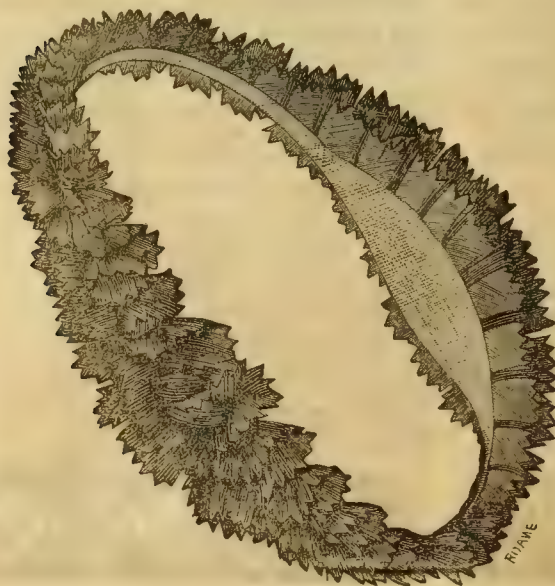
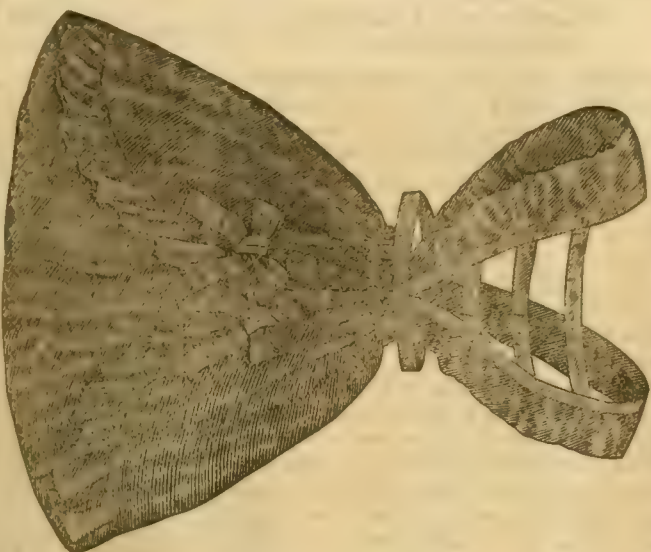


FIG. 1.



APRONS.

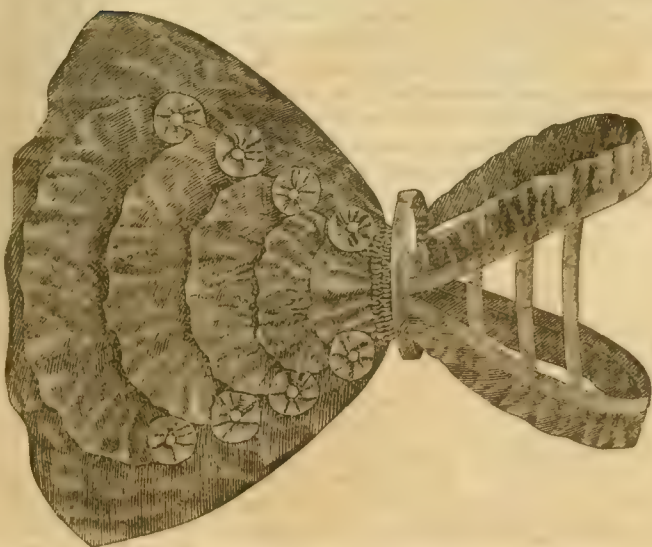
Fig. 1. *The Little*.—This style of apron can be made of black or any colored silk, and is very simple, being trimmed, on *the inside*, with one ruffle, and ornamented with two bows in front.

Fig. 2. *The Little*.—An easy apron for a child, suitable for a little party. It is made of coarse silk, trimmed with graduated ruffles, and ornamented with rosettes of silk or ribbon.

SHOE ROSETTE.



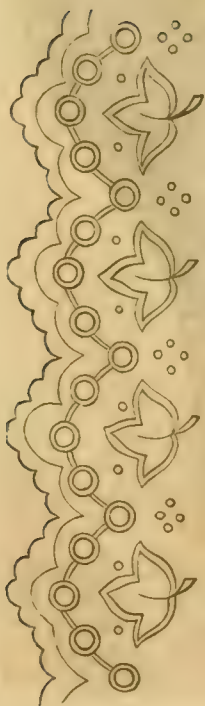
FIG. 2.



EMBROIDERY FOR A CHEMISE.



FOR MUSLIN EMBROIDERY.



CHRISTMAS TABLE BASKET.

(See engraving, page 467.)

The pretty, and at the same time inexpensive, little basket which we give in our illustration, is particularly appropriate at this time, when so many friendly entertainments are exchanged, and the young and happy meet together. Where the refreshments consist of cold viands and confectionery, these baskets are exceedingly ornamental. They are very quickly made, only requiring a strip of thin card-board, a little silver paper—pure white is the prettiest—and a few skeins of orange wool. The paper is cut into strips of about three inches wide. It is then cut finely, as if for curling, to the depth of two inches. The method for crimping deserves especial attention for its extreme simplicity and efficiency, and the very pretty effect produced. A great many strips of the cut paper may be all laid together, and folded round and round at the part which is left plain in the cutting. The part which is cut is then crushed and crumpled altogether in the hand into a kind of ball; a little light dexterity alone being required to produce the desired effect. It is then unrolled and the strips separated, when they will be found very prettily crimped. The strip of card-board cut to the size the basket is required to be, is then stitched together at the two ends, and the crimped paper is gummed on it in rows. The card-board must be entirely covered; therefore it requires the rows to be very close to each other. A row of paper roses is then made of the three sizes given in the diagram; six of these, that is, two of each size, form the rose with a little yellow wool for the centre, and are placed close together round the top of the basket and on the handle. We recommend these ornamental little articles, knowing that they are really worthy of being adopted in the numerous and elegant entertainments which will be given during the present season.

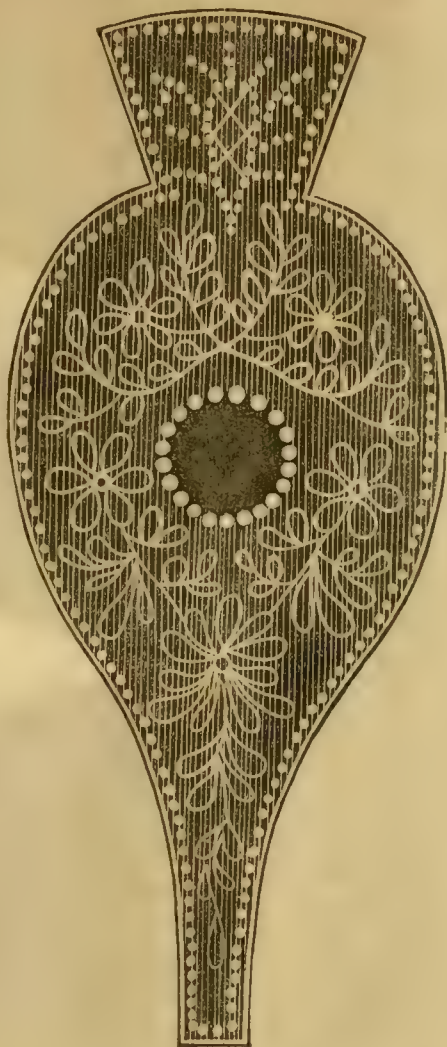
NAME FOR MARKING.



BELLOWS PINCUSHION.

A CHRISTMAS ORNAMENT.

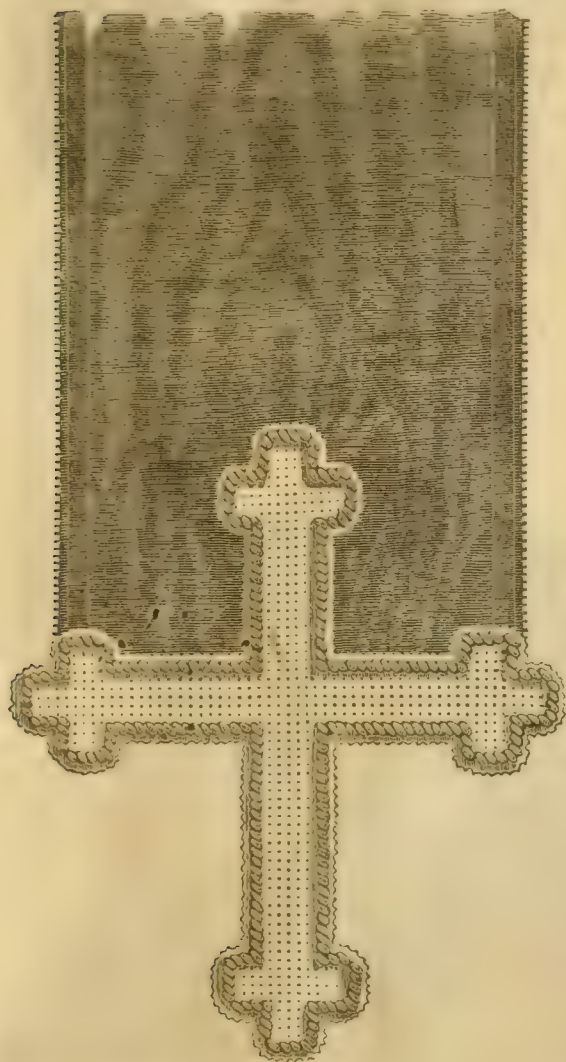
This little article may be formed of velvet or satin, and ornamented with beads; or it may be made of a small piece of handsome figured ribbon. Two pieces of card-board must be cut out the shape, and covered with either of the above-mentioned materials. The two must be



neatly sewn together all round the edges, taking care that they are exactly the same size. The small circle in the centre is in black velvet, fastened down with a row of beads round it. The pins are stuck in all round the edge, and form a little border.

PRAYER-BOOK MARKER, THE CROSS MADE OF PERFORATED PAPER.

SUITABLE FOR A CHRISTMAS GIFT.



KNITTED ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS.

NARCISSUS.

One or two flowers only will be needed to form a branch, neither buds nor leaves being required.

Six petals and three stamens for each flower.

Cast on one stitch in white split Berlin wool.

2d row. Make one, and knit rest of row.

3d.—Make one, purl the row.

4th.—Knit plain row.

5th.—Purl plain row.

6th.—Make one, knit row.

7th.—Make one, purl row.

8th.—Knit plain row.

9th.—Purl plain row.

10th.—Make one, knit row.

11th.—Make one, purl row.

12th.—Knit row.

13th.—Purl row.

14th.—Make one, knit row.

15th.—Make one, purl row.

You must now knit and purl alternately ten (seven stitches will be sufficient, if you make the flower double) rows without increase, and then begin to decrease one in the next knitted and purled rows; knit and purl one row plain; decrease one in the next two rows; knit two plain, and thus continue till you have but three stitches left, gather these with a rug needle and fasten the wool.

The next most important part of this flower is the Nectarius, which looks like a little yellow cup, edged with scarlet.

The petals first made, must have a wire sewn neatly round them, and like all white flowers, will look better if washed and slightly blued before the wire is put on.

FOR NECTARIUS.

Cast on six stitches in very pale yellow wool, split.

1st row.—Knit plain.

2d.—Purl.

3d.—Make one, knit one, repeat through the row.

4th.—Purl one row.

5th.—Knit one row.

6th.—Purl one row.

7th.—Make one, knit two, repeat through the row.

8th.—Purl one row.

9th.—Knit one row.

10th.—Purl one row.

Take scarlet wool (or scarlet China silk), knit one row, and cast off very loosely. Sew up the open side. Make a little tuft of pale green, or yellow wool, to fill the bottom of the

little cup, and preserve its shape; place at the top of these, three stamens, each formed by a knot of yellow wool, fixed on a bit of wire. Then take green wool. Cast on six stitches; knit a piece about half an inch long, increasing irregularly about six stitches before you reach the top. Sew this piece under the flower, closing the open side.

The stem should be made of a piece of thin whalebone, about a quarter of an inch in width, which is better covered first with a strip of green tissue paper, and then with green wool as usual; the flowers must be fixed to the top of this, according to their natural appearance.

SHOE ROSETTE.



· BASQUINE COAT FOR A LITTLE GIRL.



To be made of cloth, and trimmed with a ruffle of fluted cloth pinked on the edge.

GLENGARRY CAP IN CROCHET.



Materials — Green crochet silk, green satin, black sarsnet, cord and tassels, and some stout material for lining.

For the band, make a chain of 380 stitches; do one row of sc.

1st row.—* 6 dc, 13ch, miss 13 *; repeat to the end.

2d.—* 2 dc, 4 ch, miss 4, 3 dc, 9 ch, miss 9, 1 dc *; repeat to the end.

3d.—* 1 dc, 2 ch, miss 2, 3 dc, 3 ch, miss 3, 3 dc, 6 ch, miss 6, 2 dc *; repeat to the end.

4th.—1 dc, 5 ch, miss 5, * 3 dc over 3 ch of the previous round, 7 ch, miss 7, 3 dc, 6 ch, miss 6 *; repeat to the end.

5th.—1 dc, 2 ch, miss 2, * 3 dc, 3 ch, miss 3 dc of last row, 3 dc, 3 ch, miss 3, 3 dc, 4 ch, miss 4 *; repeat to the end.

6th.—1 dc, 5 ch, miss 5, * 3 dc, 5 ch, miss 5, 3 dc, 8 ch, miss 8 *; repeat to the end.

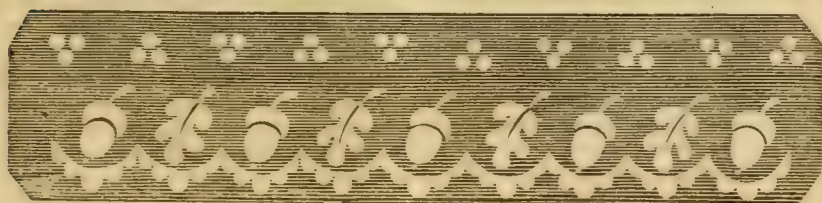
7th.—7 dc coming on the 5 ch and a dc at each side, and 11 ch before the next dc. This is the last row of the band.

For the crown, make a chain of 140 stitches, and repeat the pattern on it as often as it will permit. These stitches form the extreme width of the crown. A piece of fourteen inches long must be made, which should require about seven repetitions of the pattern.

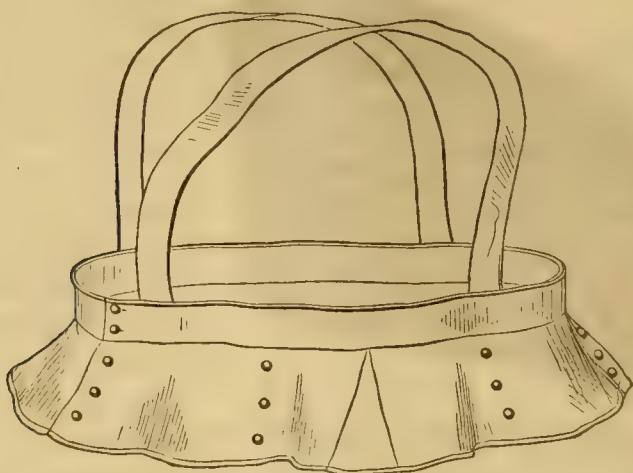
There now remains to be worked the piece between the band and the crown, and this is done by making a chain of 120 stitches, and doing one pattern; and three rows of the next on this, increasing three stitches at each end of every row. Then work each edge separately, doing first three patterns, then two, then one only; not decreasing all at once, but leaving a few stitches at the inner edge of every row.

To make up the cap, cut out the shape first in paper; then in fine tick, or any similar material. Cover this with black on one side, and with green satin on the other. The satin should be rather darker in color than the crochet, which is to be tacked over it. The corners of the oblong piece done for the crown must then be cut off, and all sewed firmly and neatly together. A piece of enamelled leather usually lines the band, and a cord and tassels finish the cap at the back of the head.

EMBROIDERY.



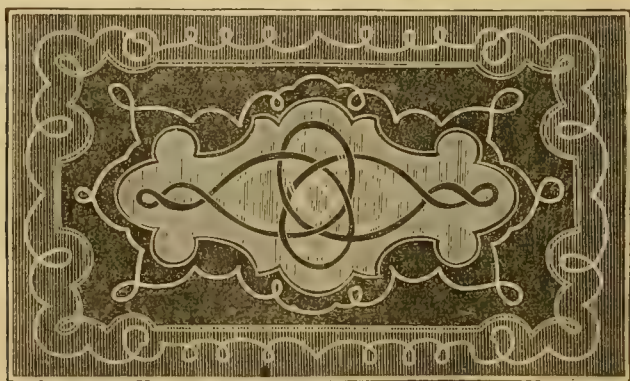
PETTICOAT SUSPENDER.



This suspender is attached to a band which is fastened round the waist, and supported by shoulder straps. It is made of some strong material, lined with muslin, and bound with muslin or tape. It can be worn to fasten in

front, or on the back. The arrangement of the buttons is marked on the pattern. This suspender has been tried and found to answer very well.

CIGAR-CASE IN APPLICATION.



Materials.—Brown Russia leather, a little green and scarlet ditto; a small quantity of white, black, and scarlet silk braid, and two yards of gold ditto.

The ordinary Russia leather forms the ground of this cigar-case. The black part of the engraving represents the green leather; the inner part, engraved in horizontal lines, is scarlet leather. Both the green and scarlet are very thin, and are cut out in the forms seen in the engraving. The edges of the different leathers are sewed together closely, through a piece of linen which lines the entire case. The engrav-

ing is two-thirds the size of the original. The gold braid is marked in the engraving by a narrow *double* line. It will be seen that it covers the joins of the different leathers, and also forms a knot in the centre. The outer line of braiding is scarlet; that on the green is white, and on the scarlet leather is black.

This sort of cigar-case is made up *à ressort*, as the French term it; that is, with a gilt frame, in the same way as the portemonnaies usually are done.

Receipts, &c.

CHRISTMAS RECEIPTS.

As usual at this season, we give a number of valuable receipts of puddings, pies, cakes, tarts, etc., that will be of great use to our lady friends during the holidays. Some of them we have published before, but, as we have many new subscribers every year, we republish them for their benefit.

RICH PLUM PUDDING.—Stone carefully one pound of the best raisins, wash and pick one pound of currants, chop very small one pound of fresh beef suet, blanch and chop small or pound two ounces of sweet almonds and one ounce of bitter ones, mix the whole well together, with one pound of sifted flour, and the same weight of crumb of bread soaked in milk, then squeezed dry and stirred with a spoon until reduced to a mash, before it is mixed with the flour. Cut in small pieces two ounces each of preserved citron, orange, and lemon-peel, and add a quarter of an ounce of mixed spice; quarter of a pound of moist sugar should be put into a basin, with eight eggs, and well beaten together with a three-pronged fork; stir this with the pudding, and make it of a proper consistence with milk. Remember that it must not be made too thin, or the fruit will sink to the bottom, but be made to the consistence of good thick batter. Two wineglassfuls of brandy should be poured over the fruit and spice, mixed together in a basin, and allowed to stand three or four hours before the pudding is made, stirring them occasionally. It must be tied in a cloth, and will take five hours of constant boiling. When done, turn it out on a dish, sift loaf-sugar over the top, and serve it with wine-sauce in a boat, and some poured round the pudding.

The pudding will be of considerable size, but half the quantity of materials, used in the same proportion, will be equally good.

BOILED PLUM PUDDING.—The crumbs of a small loaf, half a pound each of sugar, currants, raisins, and beef-suet shred, two ounces of candied peel, three drops of essence of lemon, three eggs, a little nutmeg, a tablespoonful of flour. Butter the mould, and boil them five hours. Serve with brandy-sauce.

TO MAKE AN ENGLISH PLUM PUDDING.—Seven ounces raisins, seeded and a little chopped; seven ounces currants, well washed and picked; one and a half ounce citron; three ounces beef suet, chopped very fine; three-quarters of a nutmeg, grated; one-quarter of a teaspoonful of cinnamon; five eggs well beaten up; four tablespoonfuls of sugar; five tablespoonfuls of wheat flour; half a lemon-peel, grated; one glass of brandy and one glass of Madeira; a little milk to mix, sufficient to make rather a thick batter. The whole must be well mixed. The above mixture to be put into a well buttered basin. Tie a pudding cloth over, and pin the four corners over the top. Put into boiling water, and to be kept boiling without ceasing for five hours. We have tried this receipt, and know it to be excellent.

LITTLE PLUM CAKES TO KEEP LONG.—Dry one pound of flour, and mix with six ounces of finely-pounded sugar; beat six ounces of butter to a cream, and add to three eggs well beaten, half a pound of currants washed and nicely dried, and the flour and sugar; beat all for some time, then dredge flour on tin plates, and drop the batter on them the size of a walnut. If properly mixed, it will be a stiff paste. Bake in a brisk oven.

A RICH CHRISTMAS PUDDING.—One pound of raisins stoned, one pound of currants, half a pound of beef-suet, quarter of a pound of sugar, two spoonfuls of flour, three eggs, a cup of sweetmeats, and a wineglass of brandy. Mix well, and boil in a mould eight hours.

A GOOD CHRISTMAS PUDDING.—One pound of flour, two pounds of suet, one pound of currants, one pound of plums, eight eggs, two ounces of candied peel, almonds and mixed spice according to taste. Boil gently for seven hours.

COTTAGE CHRISTMAS PUDDING.—A pound and a quarter of flour, fourteen ounces of suet, a pound and a quarter of stoned raisins, four ounces of currants, five of sugar, a quarter pound of potatoes smoothly mashed, half a nutmeg, a quarter teaspoonful of ginger, the same of salt, and of cloves in powder; mix these ingredients thoroughly, add four well-beaten eggs with a quarter pint of milk, tie the pudding in a well-floured cloth, and boil it for four hours.

Flour, one pound and a quarter; suet, fourteen ounces; raisins, stoned, twenty ounces; currants, four ounces; sugar, five ounces; potatoes, quarter of a pound; half a nutmeg; ginger, salt, cloves, quarter of a teaspoonful each; eggs, four; milk, half a pint: four hours.

PUMPKIN PIE.—Take out the seeds, and pare the pumpkin or squash; but in taking out the seeds do not scrape the inside of the pumpkin; the part nearest the seed is the sweetest; then stew the pumpkin, and strain it through a sieve or colander. To a quart of milk for a family pie three eggs are sufficient. Stir in the stewed pumpkin with your milk and beaten-up eggs till it is as thick as you can stir round rapidly and easily. If the pie is wanted richer, make it thinner, and add sweet cream or another egg or two; but even one egg to a quart of milk makes "very decent pies." Sweeten with molasses or sugar; add two teaspoonfuls of salt, two tablespoonfuls of sifted cinnamon, and one of powdered ginger; but allspice may be used, or any other spice that may be preferred. The peel of a lemon grated in gives it a pleasant flavor. The more egg, says an American authority, the better the pie. Some put one egg to a gill of milk. Bake about an hour in deep plates or shallow dishes, without an upper crust, in a hot oven.

PUMPKIN PUDDING.—Take one pint of pumpkin that has been stewed soft and pressed through a colander; melt in half a pint of warm milk quarter of a pound of butter and the same quantity of sugar, stirring them well together; one pint of rich cream will be better than milk and butter; beat eight eggs very light, and add them gradually to the other ingredients alternately with the pumpkin; then stir in a wineglass of rose-water and two glasses of wine mixed together, a large teaspoonful of powdered mace and cinnamon mixed, and a grated nutmeg. Having stirred the whole very hard, put it into a buttered dish, and bake it three-quarters of an hour.

COCONUT PIE.—Cut off the brown part of the cocoanut, grate the white part, and mix it with milk, and set it on the fire, and let it boil slowly eight or ten minutes. To a pound of the grated cocoanut allow a quart of milk, eight eggs, four tablespoonfuls of sifted white sugar, a glass of wine, a small cracker pounded fine, two spoonfuls of melted butter, and half a nutmeg. The eggs and sugar should be beaten together to a froth, then the wine stirred in. Put them into the milk and cocoanut, which should be first allowed to get quite cool, add the cracker and nutmeg, turn the whole into deep pie-plates, with a lining and rim of puff paste. Bake them as soon as turned into the plates.

CRANBERRY TART.—To every pint of cranberries allow a teaspoonful of lemon-juice, and three ounces of good moist sugar. First pour all the juice of your cranberries into a basin; then well wash the cranberries in a pan, with plenty of water, pick out all the bad ones, and put the cranberries into a dish; add to them the sugar and lemon-juice, pour the juice out of the basin gently to them, so as to leave behind the dirt and sediment which will settle at the bottom; mix all together, and let it lie while you are making your pie, thus: line the bottom of your dish with puff-paste not quite a quarter of an inch thick, put your cranberries upon it, without any juice, and cover with the same paste not quite half an inch thick; close the edges as usual, ice it, and bake it from three-quarters of an hour to an hour, according to size. Simmer the juice a few minutes, which serve up with your tart in a small sauce tureen. A pint of cranberries makes a pretty sized tart.

CUSTARD TART.—Line a deep plate with puff-paste, have ready six or eight middling-sized apples, pared and the cores taken out. They should be mellow and pleasant. Put into each apple any kind of preserve you have, or a bit of sugar, flavored. Now fill the dish with rich custard, and bake it about half an hour. Make in the same manner without crust; it is then called custard pudding.

LEMON CAKE.—Beat six eggs, the yolks and whites separately, till in a solid froth; add to the yolks the grated rind of a fine lemon and six ounces of sugar dried and sifted; beat this a quarter of an hour; shake in with the left hand six ounces of dried flour; then add the whites of the eggs and the juice of the lemon; when these are well beaten in, put it immediately into tins, and bake it about an hour in a moderately hot oven.

LADY CAKE.—Beat to a stiff froth the whites of eight eggs, then add, one spoonful at a time, one pound of powdered loaf-sugar; beat to a cream quarter of pound of good butter, and add to it one teacupful of sweet milk with one teaspoonful of saleratus dissolved in it. Stir the eggs in the milk and butter, and sift in enough flour to make a batter as thick as pound-cake. Blanch and pound finely quarter of pound of sweet almonds, and add them to the mixture; flavor with essence of lemon or orange-water; beat the whole together till very light, then bake it in a tin pan lined with buttered paper. It will require half an hour to bake in a quick oven. When nearly cold, ice it on the under side, and when the icing becomes almost firm, mark it in small squares.

DELICATE CAKE.—Beat to a cream seven ounces of sweet butter, beat to a stiff froth the whites of eight eggs, and mix gradually with it one pound of fine white sugar, stir in the eggs one pound of flour, together with the butter, half a nutmeg grated, and some essence of lemon or bitter almonds, or rose-water. Bake in a pan lined with buttered paper. Almonds, blanched and pounded, may be substituted for the butter.

FRUIT CAKE.—Take one pound of butter and one pound of sugar, and beat them together with the yolks of eight eggs; beat the whites separately; mix with these one and a half pound of flour, one teacupful of cream, one wineglassful of brandy and one of wine, one nutmeg, one teaspoonful of mace, one teaspoonful of cloves, two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, one salt-spoonful of salt, three-quarters of a pound of raisins, stoned, three-quarters of a pound of currants, half a pound of citron; mix with the flour two teaspoonfuls of yeast powder.

FAMILY POUND-CAKE.—Beat to a cream half a pound of

butter, add one pound of dried flour, half a pound of powdered loaf-sugar, half a pound of dried currants, or caraway-seeds, four well-beaten eggs, and half a pint of milk. Beat well together, and bake with care.

WASHINGTON CAKE.—Beat together one and a half pound of sugar and three-quarters of pound of butter; add four eggs well beaten, half pint of sour milk, and one teaspoonful of saleratus, dissolved in a little hot water. Stir in gradually one and three-quarter pound of flour, one wineglassful of wine or brandy, and one nutmeg, grated. Beat all well together.

This will make two round cakes. It should be baked in a quick oven, and will take from fifteen to thirty minutes, according to the thickness of the cakes.

CUP GINGERBREAD.—Mix together six cups of flour, one cup of butter, one cup of sugar, one cup of molasses, one cup of milk, four eggs well beaten, one nutmeg, grated, three tablespoonfuls of ginger, some grated orange-peel, one dessert-spoonful of pearlsh. Bake it quickly.

GINGER POUND-CAKE.—Two cups of butter, two of sugar, two of molasses, two tablespoonfuls of powdered ginger, two of dissolved saleratus, one of pounded cinnamon, one nutmeg grated fine, one teaspoonful of essence of lemon, six eggs, six cups of flour. The butter and sugar must be beaten to a cream; the whites and the yolks of the eggs beaten separately. Add together all the ingredients, and beat for a few minutes.

HARD GINGERBREAD.—Rub half a pound of butter into one pound of flour, then rub in half a pound of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of ginger, and one tablespoonful of rose-water; work it well, roll out, and bake in flat pans in a moderate oven. It will take about half an hour to bake. This gingerbread can be kept some time.

LEMON GINGERBREAD.—Grate the rinds of two or three lemons, and add the juice to a glass of brandy; then mix the grated lemon in one pound of flour, make a hole in the flour, pour in half a pound of treacle, half a pound of butter melted, the lemon-juice, and brandy, and mix all up together with half an ounce of ground ginger and quarter of an ounce of Cayenne pepper.

IMPERIAL GINGERBREAD.—Rub six ounces of butter into three-quarters of a pound of flour; then mix six ounces of treacle with a pint of cream carefully, lest it should turn the cream; mix in a quarter of a pound of double-refined sugar, half an ounce of powdered ginger, and one ounce of caraway-seeds; stir the whole well together into a paste, cut it into shapes, and stick cut candied orange or lemon-peel on the top.

COMMON CRULLERS OR TWIST CAKES.—Mix well together half a pint of sour milk, or buttermilk, two teacupfuls of sugar, one teacupful of butter, and three eggs well beaten; add to this a teaspoonful of saleratus dissolved in hot water, a teaspoonful of salt, half a nutmeg, grated, and a teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon; sift in flour enough to make a smooth dough, roll it out not quite a quarter of an inch thick, cut in small oblong pieces, divide one end in three or four parts like fingers, and twist or plait them over each other. Fry them in boiling lard.

These cakes may be cut in strips, and the ends joined to make a ring, or in any other shape.

RICHER CRULLERS.—Beat to a cream a quarter of a pound of fresh butter, and mix with it the same quantity of pounded and sifted loaf-sugar, and four well-beaten eggs; add flour till thick enough to roll out; cut the paste into oblong pieces about four or five inches in

length, with a paste-cutter divide the centre into three or four strips, wet the edges, and place one bar over the other, so as to meet in the centre, throw them into boiling lard or clarified suet, when fried of a light brown, drain them before the fire and serve them in a napkin, with or without grated loaf-sugar strewn over them.

SIFT CURRANTS.—Sift three quarters of a pound of flour, and powder half a pound of loaf-sugar; beat a pint of water in a round bell metal saucepan, and when quite warm, mix the flour with it gradually; set half a pound of fresh butter over the fire in a small vessel, and when it begins to melt, stir it gradually into the flour and water; then add by degrees the powdered sugar and half a grated nutmeg. Take the saucepan off the fire, and beat the contents with a wooden spaddle or spatula, till they are thoroughly mixed; then beat six eggs very light, and stir them gradually into the mixture. Beat the whole very hard, till it becomes a thick batter. Flour a pasteboard very well, and lay out the batter upon it in rings (the best way is to pass it through a screw funnel). Have ready, on the fire, a pot of boiling lard of the very best quality; put in the crullers, removing them from the lard by carefully taking them up, one at a time, on a broad bladed knife. Boil but few at a time. They must be of a fine brown. Lift them out on a perforated skimmer, draining the lard from them back into the pot; lay them on a large dish, and sift powdered white sugar over them.

MINCEMEAT.—Six pounds of currants, three pounds of raisins stoned, three pounds of apples chopped fine, four pounds of suet, two pounds of sugar, two pounds of beef, the peel and juice of two lemons, a pint of sweet wine, a quarter of a pint of brandy, half an ounce of mixed spice. Press the whole into a deep pan when well mixed.

Another way. Two pounds of raisins, three pounds of currants, three pounds of beef-suet, two pounds of moist sugar, two ounces of citron, one ounce of orange-peel, one small nutmeg, one pottle of apples chopped fine, the rind of two lemons and juice of one, half a pint of brandy; mix well together. This should be made a little time before wanted for use.

MINCE PIES.—Take a pound of beef, free from skin and strings, and chop it very fine; then two pounds of suet, which likewise pick and chop; then add three pounds of currants nicely cleaned and perfectly dry, one pound and a half of apples, the peel and juice of a lemon, half a pint of sweet wine, half a nutmeg, and a few cloves and mace, with pimento in fine powder; have citron, orange, and lemon-peel ready, and put some in each of the pies when made.

SEED CAKE.—Beat one pound of butter to a cream, adding gradually a quarter of a pound of sifted sugar, beating both together; have ready the yolks of eighteen eggs, and the whites of ten, beaten separately; mix in the whites first, and then the yolks, and beat the whole for ten minutes; add two grated nutmegs, one pound and a half of flour, and mix them very gradually with the other ingredients; when the oven is ready, beat in three ounces of picked caraway-seeds.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S DINNERS.

Boiled turkey with oyster sauce, roast goose with apple sauce, roasted ham, chicken-pie, stewed beets, cole-slau, turnips, salsify, winter-squash; mince pie, plum pudding, lemon custards, cranberry pie.

Roast turkey with cranberry sauce, boiled fowls with celery sauce, boiled ham, goose pie, turnips, salsify, cole-slau, winter-squash, beets; mince pudding boiled, lemon pudding baked, pumpkin pudding.

Mock turtle soup, roast turkey with cranberry sauce, boiled turkey with celery sauce, roasted ham, smoked tongue, chicken curry, oyster pie, beets, cole-slau, winter-squash, salsify, fried celery; plum pudding, mince pie, calves-foot jelly, blanc-mange.

THE PREPARATION OF FOOD BY KEEPING.

DIRECTIONS FOR KEEPING

WHEN frozen meat, poultry, or fish are to be dressed they should be gradually thawed through their whole substance, either by placing them in a warm kitchen for some hours, or by immersing them in lukewarm water, and keeping it at that temperature by the addition of more warm water as the frozen meat cools it. Meat and poultry are better warmed in air, because the water takes out a certain portion of their juices; but fish will be more easily thawed in water, and without loss of flavor or substance.

Before dressing meat and poultry which have been hung for any length of time, they should be washed with a little strong salt and water; and if any parts of the former are much decomposed, which may be known by their high scent, a little strong distilled vinegar should be rubbed into them, and then, after remaining on the surface for a few minutes, it may be washed off with salt and water. Game may be treated in the same way, but even without this precaution it is astonishing how the act of roasting restores the condition of this kind of food. Many people who eat their game with a relish, considering it exactly "kept to a day," would turn from it with disgust if they saw it when preparing for the spit; and therefore the young cook must be careful how she rejects any of these delicate kinds of fare as "too far gone," unless she has the authority of some one competent to judge.

The cook should watch most carefully all the meat and game under her care, and inform her mistress as soon as she sees the slightest sign by which she may consider it is approaching the proper termination of keeping. Butchers' meat shows its state by the smell, by the touch, and by the look. The slightest taint in warm weather is enough to put the cook on her guard, and especially if the meat begins to feel tender on pressure; if it is turning green on the surface, also, she must consider it as a very sure sign, and especially if, at the same time, the stiffness of the joint is giving way or bending. Thus a little practice, with attention to these signs, will soon render her expert, and she may always at first be careful to err on the safe side. In deciding upon the time to keep game, some people hang the feathered kinds up by their tails, and consider they are fit to dress as soon as they drop, and leave their tails behind them. For those who like game "rather high" this is not a bad test in the cool weather of autumn, but in the early part of the season the feathers adhere too long to give this rule any value, or rather it may be said that if adhered to it will cause the spoiling of many brace of grouse and partridges, which will seldom bear much keeping until after the middle of October.

Fish will sometimes be the better for a day's keeping, or, in cool weather, even two days will not injure its flavor. It should, however, always be kept in a cool place; and it may generally be hung up with advantage, rather than to deposit it on the floor, as is generally done. If, however, it is of a kind which would be injured by becoming dry—as, for instance, turbot—the latter place is the best; but codfish and haddock are better suspended. Ice will always keep fish for an in-

definite time, if such is desired; but when it is of a kind which is the better for keeping, the ice will suspend the good effects of that operation, and should not, therefore, be had recourse to longer than necessary.

When meat, poultry, or game is evidently in a state which will not allow it to be kept until the time when it will be wanted, it may be parboiled or half roasted, which will postpone its "going" for at least two or even three days. It must be boiled or roasted for nearly half the proper time in the first process, and in the second it will generally take about three-quarters of that ordered for it in the usual way.

Apples and pears should be stored in a dry room, not exposed to any draught of air, by which they are dried too much, and become shrivelled on the surface. They should also be kept in the dark, if it is desired to postpone the time of their becoming ripe. They should be arranged on wooden shelves in such a way that each apple is distinct from its neighbors, contact with each other being very apt to cause decay. Every week, at least, they should be looked over carefully, and the rotten fruit picked out. Some people keep them in straw or sand, but neither of these modes is equal to the plan described above.

Potatoes and Jerusalem artichokes are kept either stored in a dark and dry cellar, heaped up in a corner, or stored in casks, or out of doors in heaps or "buries," covered over with earth, and sometimes thatched. A shallow trench is first made in a situation free from wet—that is to say, well drained; in this the potatoes are heaped up in a pyramidal form at as high an angle as they will sustain without falling. The earth removed from the trench is next laid over them, and beaten down with a spade so as to form a smooth, sloping surface on all sides, which in some soils is a sufficient protection, but in loose sands will demand the addition of ordinary thatch.

MISCELLANEOUS.

INFORMATION FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.—A quart of flour weighs just one pound, a quart of corn meal one pound and two ounces, a quart of butter one pound one ounce, a quart of loaf sugar one pound, a quart of white sugar, powdered, one pound one ounce, a quart of best brown sugar one pound two ounces, ten eggs weigh one pound, this depends we think somewhat on the size; sixteen large tablespoonfuls make a half-pint, eight make a gill, four half a gill, &c.

FRENCH FURNITURE POLISH.—One pint of boiled linseed oil, one pint of mastic varnish, one half-pint of alcohol, three ounces of gum shell-lac and one stick of red sealing-wax. Dissolve the shell-lac in the alcohol by heat, and the sealing-wax in the oil; then mix all together. Apply to the furniture with a piece of soft flannel, and rub it smartly till dry.

BLUE DRESSES.—The beautiful ultramarine blue print (cotton) is fixed by an ingenious process, that may be thus briefly described. The blue is mixed with white of egg, which, in its raw state, is perfectly soluble in water; it is then put into the steam-chest in the usual way, when the white of egg is, so to speak, boiled, and being then insoluble in water, the color is fixed. The most beautiful goods, exhibiting the greatest variety of design and colors, are obtained by this process of printing with steam colors.

SUBSTITUTES FOR SOAP.—As an article of domestic economy, *fuller's earth* might be employed in the cleaning and scouring of anything *woollen*, being an excellent

substitute for soap, of which great quantities are consumed, that might be saved in house cleaning. The sawdust of fir and pine trees contains a very large proportion of resinous and saponaceous matter; so that it has been usually employed by the country people of Norway and Sweden instead of soap in washing coarse linen.

WHITE CEMENT FOR CROCKERY, GLASS, &c.—Take four pounds of white glue, one and a half pounds of dry white lead, half a pound of isinglass, one gallon of soft water, one quart of alcohol, and half a pint of white varnish. Dissolve the glue and isinglass in the water by gentle heat if preferred, stir in the lead, put the alcohol in the varnish, and mix the whole together. This is useful for wood-work, and will firmly unite painted surfaces.

DRAUGHTS.—It is of the utmost importance to observe, in going into a strange bed, that no current or draught of air play upon any part of it, as this will be no less injurious than damp. Both together will, in all likelihood, insure to the traveller either a bad cold, or an attack of rheumatism or gout. In carriage-travelling, also, particular care should be taken that no current of wind pass upon you from the window, whilst the feet ought to be kept dry and warm, and the ears protected.

TO MAKE COURT-PLASTER.—Procure a small frame—that of an old sixpenny slate will suffice—strain tightly over it, in every direction, a piece of black silk. Prepare a *size*, by dissolving thirty grains, by weight, of the best small-shred isinglass, in six drachms by measure, of common gin. Set this on the hob in a teacup, covered over, to acquire heat. When the isinglass is quite dissolved, add gradually thirty drops of Friar's balsam (compound tincture of benzoin), occasionally stirring the fluid or size on every addition, with a strip of glass, or the small end of an ivory spoon. Then take a broad, flat camel-hair pencil, such as is used for the first wash of the sky in water-color drawings, and cover the silk with a coating of the fluid; then let it dry in a warm room. Repeat the coating as often as the silk shall become dry, and till the surface appears quite glossy. If the size should be found insufficient to finish the process, more must be prepared; eight to twelve applications of the fluid according to the texture of the silk, will be required. Should the size become too thick, a few drops more gin may be added.

HOW TO PREPARE MUTTON HAMS.—Take one-quarter of a pound of saltpetre to half a pound of raw brown sugar; make them very hot and rub into legs of mutton over night. Next morning salt them with common salt. Let the mutton lie about a week, move it over and rub in fresh salt, and let it remain another week in pickle. Then hang it up to dry. When dry, keep it in canvas bags to prevent it being fly-eaten. N. B.—Do not let the mutton lie in the wet brine, but place something under to raise them from the dripping that will fall from them.

YEAST FOR FAMILY USE.—One who always has good bread, gives the following recipe for making yeast: Into two quarts of water, put eight good-sized potatoes, and a handful of hops tied up in a bag; boil until the potatoes are well done; mash them through a sieve; add seven tablespoonfuls of flour; pour over this the water in which the potatoes and hops were boiled, scalding hot. Add half a cup of sugar; tablespoonful of ginger—stir well together, and when nearly cold put in a cupful of yeast. After it is done working, add a teaspoonful of salt, and bottle up for use. It will keep three months.

Editors' Table.

SIXTY-THREE VOLUMES.

Industry—

To meditate, to plan, resolve, perform,
Which in itself is good—as surely brings
Reward of good.—POLLOCK.

Yes, with this December number we complete the *sixty-third volume* of the Lady's Book. We have subscribers who began with the beginning; we have thousands who have been with us a quarter of a century or over, and tens of thousands of the daughters and grandchildren of our old and dear friends on our list of subscribers. These are the Guard of Honor for the Lady's Book pledging that it must and shall be sustained.

Thus, we have our "Reward of Good."

Have we done Good?

The most powerful agents of Nature are the most peaceful in their influences. Light, Air, Dew—how softly these beneficent ministers of growth, health, and joy move on their way; how gently, yet irresistibly they nourish, expand, and beautify the world of matter and physical life.

Is it not in a like gentle yet positive manner that the world of humanity is moved by Faith, Hope, Love, as these are manifested in the sweet influences of right culture, of usefulness, goodness and happiness? Faith, that includes truth and piety, Hope, that incites to cheerfulness and activity, Love, that fosters obedience to rightful authority and faithfulness in all duty, these are the purest and surest sources of individual improvement, of household happiness, of national greatness, and of Christian virtues. And these graces of character, these principles of conduct we have endeavored faithfully to embody and make lovable in the pages of the Lady's Book.

"Women know

The way to rear up children (to be just),
They know a simple, merry, tender knack
Of tying sashes, fitting baby shoes,
And strutting pretty words that make no sense,
And kissing full sense into empty words;
Which things are corals to cut life upon,
Although such trifles; children learn by such
Love's holy earnest in a pretty play,
And get not over-early solemnized,
But seeing, as in a rose-bush, Love's Divine,
Which burns and hurts not—not a single bloom,
Become aware and unafraid of Love.
Such good do mothers."

So wrote Mrs. Browning; she was right; it is woman's office, a high and holy office to be Dew, Air, and Light to the infant buds of humanity; to be the "angel in the house;" to be the "help meet for man" in all his right purposes, in all his noblest aspirations after the good.

The minds of women should be kept under right influences, because they rule over and mould the germs of being, thought, and character of both sexes: Women need an especial organ of literature, morals, manners,

and modes of industry, which shall not only set plainly forth, but make attractive the way of *goodness* for their sex. *There is for women but one way of endeavor—that of goodness.* This important truth the editors of this Lady's Book have steadfastly held and taught in all its volumes.

We need not say what we are planning for the New Year's new volume. Our friends have full confidence that we shall do all we can to meet their "Great Expectations." May we not, on our part, securely trust that our old and tried friends will, in these times that try the hearts of women as well as the souls of men, sustain our periodical kindly and nobly as they have ever done? We do trust and believe this, intending to deserve their favor, and thus win our "Reward of Good."

ABOUT MARRIAGE.

[From the "Silent Woman."]

"GREAT news, Hen." (short for Henrietta), said Lord Morland, placing her in a chair. "So you have made a conquest, and are to be married at Christmas?"

"Whom am I to marry, uncle?" asked Hen, looking very dismal.

"I am sorry your heart does not inform you—but Mr. Harris (he was a clergyman) is the fortunate man."

Hen burst into tears. "It's a shame," she cried—"so poor as he is; I don't like him at all!" Such a little short man, too!—I hate poor people."

"He may be very rich by and by (when his brother dies), and he is a very good kind of man; the poor are very fond of him."

"The poor may be, but I am not," sobbed Hen. "It's hard if I am to be put about in this way. And suppose his brother marries and leaves off drinking, where shall I be then? As poor as a church mouse all the days of my life. Mamma said that his wife must look into everything and give out the stores. I won't! My father was a Lord the same as Louise's, and if she is to be so grand with her diamonds and earrings, so will I. Now I wish, Uncle Ned, you would speak to mamma to speak to Mr. Harris, and let there be an end of it altogether: he is so short."

"So am I, and so are you," returned her uncle; "if that's a sin, we are in a very bad way, both of us."

"Besides being so horribly poor," repeated Hen.

"Ay, that's a crime, I grant you," said Lord Morland. "Everybody is ready to heave a stone at a poor man; you do quite right to shy your little pebble among the rest. Only, Hen., who do you think will have you, if you refuse this little fellow?"

"I had rather be an old maid; that I had, forever and ever!" cried Hen.

"Shake hands, Hen.," said her uncle, gravely; "you are a shining character; I shall have your portrait done in fresco, and hung up, if possible, in Westminster Abbey! If you can look such an alternative as that in the face, I can say no more; you may set us all at defiance."

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

AMONG the many great names in science, literature, and art whose loss the living world has lately deplored with sorrow we must now place that of one greatly beloved as well as distinguished—Mrs. Browning. We women have a peculiar pleasure in recognizing her as the first *poet* of the present time, and acknowledging that she has not left her equal among the now known writers of poetry. We call her *poet*, not *poetess*, because we wish to number among the stars of which she was the queen, not only women, but men. This is no disparagement to Tennyson, who is often perfect in the style he affects and in the subject he chooses. But how inferior are the prettinesses, the *glazed* lines, the mediæval janglerie of the “*Idyls of the King*” to the vigor, the deep thought, the real fire and feeling of “*Aurora Leigh*!”*

Much has been said of Mrs. Browning's classical learning; her Greek is a never-failing boast among some of her admirers. Greek is desirable, no doubt; but, after all, it is the accomplishment of a school-boy; much rarer and more worthy of boast is her originality, her versatility, and her truth. Her superiority above all those pretences and borrowed ornaments with which mere scholars sometimes veil their want of creative faculty is very remarkable when her masterly knowledge of ancient lore is taken into consideration.

Mrs. Browning's private life is not as well known as her poems; but these have shown us her heart as well as mind, and made us know and love herself. She was born in London, in 1809. Her poetic genius showed itself in childhood; she “*lisp[ed] in numbers*,” and before she was seventeen her first work, “*An Essay on Mind*,” written in the heroic measure of Pope, was published. This was succeeded by the “*Prometheus Bound*,” translated from Æschylus. In her maturer days she spoke very slightly of these early poems; yet they had the stamp of real merit, and were recognized as the work of a superior mind. But, as they were only clever imitations, therefore the true poet, the author herself, did not value them when her creative genius had been developed in its power. Miss Mitford, who was tenderly attached to the young poetess, gives a charming picture of her in the “*Recollections of a Literary Life*.” She describes her, then Miss Barrett, as so lovely in character and manners that it needed not genius to make her more attractive to all who knew her. Yet she was very lovely in person, graceful and affectionate as a child in her intercourse with those she loved; her great learning never appearing to embarrass the genial and cheerful nature of the young girl, till after the great domestic affliction clouded her sunny heart. Her favorite brother and two companions were drowned almost under her eye. Her health, never vigorous, from that time gave way, and for several years she was confined to a darkened room and her bed. Her literature was a great consolation. She wrote many of her most beautiful poems during this long confinement. Among these, “*Lady Geraldine's Courtship*” is said to have drawn Mr. Browning to her side, and thus began the friendship that ended in love and marriage. This took place in 1846. Soon afterwards they went to Italy, and there she has since that time generally resided.

Mrs. Browning, generous and enthusiastic in her feelings, took a warm interest in the Italian struggle for

independence. The noble and soul-stirring poems she has given the world under these inspirations are too well known to need more than an allusion. They will be read with emotion and admiration while hearts live and throb for patriotism and liberty.

Mrs. Browning died on the morning of June 29th, 1861, aged fifty-two; died, as we may say she had lived, with song upon her lips. One of her latest, though not her last poems, we will give, as we think it, on the whole, the most beautiful of her short pieces, because it embodies the truest, loveliest, holiest traits of womanly nature. We love women that are womanly. Genius, talents, learning, power, wealth; these women may possess, and use as nobly and patriotically as men for public good; but the feminine nature should never attempt to show off the hardness of man in stifling or disowning the natural sorrows that the crushed affections of the heart bring to all women who are womanly. Even the patriotism of Mrs. Browning was not proof against the grief of the childless mother. This poem will touch many a mother's heart in our own land:—

MOTHER AND POET.

(TURIN, AFTER NEWS FROM GAETA, 1861.)

Dead! one of them shot by the sea in the east,
And one of them shot in the west by the sea.
Dead! both my boys! When you sit at the feast,
And are wanting a great song for Italy free,
Let none look at me!

Yet I was a poetess only last year,
And good at my art for a woman, men said;
But this woman, *this*, who is agonized here,
The east sea and west sea rhyme on in her head
Forever instead.

What art can a woman be good at? Oh, vain!
What art is she good at, but hurting her breast?
With the milk-teeth of babes, and a smile at the pain?
Ah, boys, how you hurt! You were strong as you
pressed,
And I proud by that test.

What art's for a woman? To hold on her knees
Both darlings! to feel all their arms round her throat
Cling, strangle a little! To sew by degrees,
And brooder the long-clothes and neat little coat,
To dream and to dote.

To teach them . . . It stings there. I made them, indeed,
Speak plain the word “country.” I taught them, no
doubt,
That country's a thing men should die for at need.
I prated of liberty, rights, and about
The tyrant turned out.

And when their eyes flashed . . . Oh, my beautiful eyes!
I exulted! nay, let them go forth at the wheels
Of the guns, and denied not. But then the surprise
When one sits quite alone! Then one weeps, then one
kneels!
—God! how the house feels!

At first happy news came, in gay letters milled
With my kisses, of camp-life, and glory, and how
They both loved me, and soon, coming home to be
spoiled,
In return would fan off every fly from my brow
With their green laurel-bough.

There was triumph at Turin. “Ancona was free!”
And some one came out from the cheers in the street,
With a face pale as stone, to say something to me.
—My Guido was dead! I fell down at his feet,
While they cheered in the street.

I bore it; friends soothed me: my grief looked sublime
As the ransom of Italy. One boy remained
To be leant on and walked with, recalling the time
When the first grew immortal, while both of us
strained
To the height he had gained.

* When we have room, we mean to give a synopsis of this remarkable poem, with such extracts as will show its power, truth, and high purpose.—EDITRESS.

And letters still came—shorter, sadder, more strong,
 With now but in one hand—“I was not to faint
 One I loved me for two—” would be with me ere long,
 And “Viva Italia!” he died for, our saint,
 Who forbids our complaint.”

My Nanni would add, “he was safe, and aware
 Of a presence that tinsed off the balls—” was impest,
 It came hunched, who knew what I could bear,
 And how ‘twas impossible, quite dispossessed,
 To live on for the rest.”

On which, without pause, up the telegraph line
 Swept smoothly the next news from Gaeta; *shed*.
Tell his mother. Ah, ah!—“his,” “their” mother; not
 “mine.”

No voice says “my mother” again to me. What!
 You think Guido forgot?

Are souls straight so happy that, dizzy with heaven,
 They drop earth’s sensations, conceive not of woe?
 I think not. Themselves were too lately forgiven
 Through that love and sorrow which reconciles so
 The above and below.

Both boys dead! but that is out of nature. We all
 Have been patriots, yet each house must always keep
 One.

‘Twere imbecile hewing out roads to a wall.
 And, when Italy is made, for what end is it done,
 If we have not a son?

Ah, ah, ah! when Gaeta’s taken, what then?
 When the fair wicked queen sits no more at her sport,
 Of the fireballs of death crashing souls out of men?
 When your guns at Cavalli, with final retort,
 Have cut the game short;

When Venice and Rome keep their new jubilee,
 When your flag takes all heaven for its white, green, and red,

When you have your country from mountain to sea,
 When King Victor has Italy’s crown on his head
 (And I have my dead),

What then? Do not mock me. Ah, ring your bells low,
 And burn your lights faintly! My country is there,
 Above the star pecked by the last peak of snow.
 My Italy is there—with my brave civic pair,
 To disfranchise despair.

Forgive me. Some women bear children in strength,
 And bite back the cry of their pain in self-scorn.
 But the birth-pangs of nations will wring us at length
 Late wail such as this! and we sit on forlorn
 When the man-child is born.

Dead! one of them shot by the sea in the west,
 And one of them shot in the east by the sea!
 Both—both my boys! If, in keeping the feast,
 You want a great song for your Italy free,
 Let none look at me!

BURNT TO DEATH.

Such is the melancholy record that meets us almost every week from some part of our country. “Burned to death by her clothes taking fire.” Thus begins the obituary of lovely women, who miserably perish in their pleasant homes, and of young girls who met this awful fate while arraying themselves for their gayest diversions. Three of these sad catastrophes have lately occurred, so closely in succession that it will be passing strange if the public mind is not aroused to the work of taking precautions to guard against such dreadful destruction of precious lives.

The first victim was an English lady, wife of Dr. Broadhurst; while writing a note, the sleeve of her light muslin dress came in contact with a lighted candle at her side; she sprang up suddenly, and was instantly enveloped in flames that the exertions of her husband and servants could not extinguish, till *she was burned to death!*

This occurred but few days before the terrible scene when our own countrywoman, the lovely and beloved wife of our noblest poet was thus sacrificed. Mrs. Longfellow was making seals, to amuse her little daughters, when her muslin sleeve was accidentally touched to the lighted taper, her husband’s efforts, although he perilled his own life to save her, were all in vain—*she was burned to death!*

Soon afterwards, as though to make the impression of such fearful events indelible on the public heart, the terrible catastrophe at the Continental Theatre of this city occurred. We need not here give the particulars of this awful tragedy, our readers must all know the sad story; that in a dressing-room, filled with young girls, preparing for stage display, a gauze frock was accidentally set on fire, that the dresses of a dozen or more were soon in flames, and *nine* of these gay young beings were thus “*burnt to death by their clothes taking fire!*”

What shall be done to prevent these scenes of horror? Is there any way, in the present fashions of ladies’ clothing, to make muslin and other light materials of dress unflammable? British chemists tell us there are sure means of doing this, *that it is only necessary to put a little soda or ammonia into the starch*, used in preparing muslin dresses, and these will not take fire so as to blaze, even if held over a candle.

Before muslin dresses are made up, the material should be dipped in a weak solution of alum-water, and dried quickly; this will not destroy the starch stiffening, but will make the dresses safe.

For articles not intended to be ironed, *sulphate of ammonia* deserves the preference.

If there is a demand for these *salts*, as they are termed, the enterprising chemists of our country will soon have the supply ready with all needful directions. But our women, the first ladies in every city, village, and town of our land, should be in earnest to introduce this safety fashion of preparing dresses. Unless mothers will take this care upon themselves, they cannot now escape remorse and censure should their little daughters be “*burnt to death by their clothes taking fire!*” Inquire of every chemist and every druggist for this prepared soda and ammonia till you find it; then instruct the laundress in the manner of its use and *see that it is used*. This is woman’s work. Learned men have been employed to ascertain the mode of preparing the “salts;” women are responsible for the application of the discovery.

LITTLE GIRLS.—We are glad to see that popular writers are turning their attention to children. Here is a very sensible paragraph about *romping*:—

“Never punish a girl for being a romp, but thank Heaven who has given her health to do so. It is better than a distorted spine or hectic cheek. Little girls ought to be great romps—better than paying doctors’ bills for them. Where is the gymnasium that should be attached to every school? That coming, too, like other improvements.”

An English writer has some very good and true remarks:—

“The pleasures of children are very real, although to grown-up people they may seem simple. Among the most noticeable of these pleasures are such petty amusements as sliding down a grass slope, spoiling dresses by gathering blackberries, taking out the inside of a doll, and burying a dead bird with a full funeral service. These are the pursuits, half naughty, half

good, which strike home to the fibres of a childish heart, and which are ruthlessly forbidden by the substitution of unmeaning flattery, old talk and domestic discussions. It is pleasant, as Horace remarked, to be silly on a proper occasion; and these follies of childhood are as sweet as anything can be to the natural infant."

WOMEN'S MISSION.—We have not been able to arrange the papers on this interesting subject, but hope to do so next month. We have a few names to record.

Mrs. J. E. P. Stevens, Philadelphia, \$25.

Mrs. Oliver Ellsworth, Boston, Mass., \$1.

Mrs. Angenette Carwell, Boston, Mass., \$1.

Miss C. W. Callender, Boston, Mass., \$1.

Miss Mary A. Hoyt, Princeton, N. J., \$1.

Messrs. Perry, Davis & Son, Providence, R. I., \$50.

MISS S. J. HALE'S BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, 182½ Rittenhouse Square, Philadelphia.

This school is designed to give a thorough and liberal English education, to furnish the best facilities for acquiring the French language, and the best instruction in music and the other accomplishments. The moral training and the health and physical development of the scholars are carefully attended to.

References: Mrs. Emma Willard, Troy, N. Y.; Henry Vethake, LL.D., Wm. B. Stevens, D.D., Wm. H. Ashhurst, Esq., Louis A. Godey, Esq., Philadelphia; Charles Hodge, D. D., Princeton, N. J.; and others.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.—The following articles are accepted: "Summer Hours"—"Our Sentimental Journey"—"Susie"—"The Marriage of the First Born"—"The Soldier's Bible"—"Love's Revenge"—"To C. C."—"The Dying Wife, etc."—"Step by Step"—"A Bachelor's Thoughts about Matrimony"—and "Three Old Letters."

The following are not wanted: "Experience a Jewel"—"Losses and Crosses"—"Woman"—"Elegy"—"November's Day"—"Christmas Stories"—"Lines to a Friend" (the writer must not be discouraged; perseverance is the key of improvement and success)—"Oh, I should like to roam"—"My Parrot"—"Cheerfulness from Sunlight"—"Obsolete"—"Sea Musings"—"To a Dying Child"—"The Coquette"—"Stray Thoughts"—"A Fancy"—"Myself"—"The War"—"Christmas Games"—and "Ophelia."

Will the authoress of "Nellie Burnett" send us her address in full?

We wish our correspondents would never forget to give town, county, and State in the address.

Writers who wish answers to letters, or to have rejected articles returned, must be particular to inclose to us the necessary stamps.

And now we have our pleasant duty of thanking, as we do with a warm Christmas greeting, the multitude of kind friends, who have proffered their aid during the past year. We hope to be able to find room, in our next volume, for many of the interesting articles on hand; and we hope, too, that the great improvement, which has been apparent in most of the MSS. sent to our Table for the last few months, will continue and increase. Then we shall be proud of the writers for the Lady's Book.

Health Department.

BY JNO. STAINBACK WILSON, M. D.

MEDICAL EDUCATION OF WOMAN—SOCIAL RELATIONS, DUTIES, ETC.—Women, by virtue of their natural and social relations, have more to do with health and disease than all the doctors in the world: they are our nurses in sickness; they are the mothers and trainers of children; and hence they can do more to remove the diseases that afflict the human family than all the world besides. How important then that they should possess that medical and hygienic knowledge which will enable them to live right themselves, and to teach others the way of health!

As a medium of communicating and diffusing this kind of knowledge, woman enjoys greatly superior advantages over the opposite sex. By her free and unrestrained intercourse with her own sex; by her winning graces and sweet persuasive powers; one woman can do more in this way than a whole army of men doctors, with the natural and social disadvantages under which they labor. But then, forsooth, modesty becomes a woman, and home is her own peculiar province, and her only proper sphere of action. Suppose that all this be granted, is the assumption true that there is anything in the study and practice of medicine calculated to render a woman less refined and modest? So far is this from being true, that the study of medicine as a science has a most elevating influence on the mind and a refining influence on the heart; and the practice of medicine as an art affords the best field for the cultivation of all the tender and benevolent propensities of our nature—all that is gentle, lovely, and of good report. If coarseness, and want of modesty and refinement have characterized any of the votaries of medicine, either male or female, it has not been *because* of the pursuit, but *in spite* of it. The coarseness, in these cases, is either inherent and ineradicable, or the education is too deficient to neutralize and overcome it.

And what shall we say about home duties? the theme on which the enemies of the medical education of woman, and her professed friends delight so much to dwell. What are the home duties of woman? What are those peculiar, most congenial, and only domestic employments, about which we hear so much? Do home duties consist only in sweeping houses, dusting furniture, darning stockings, cooking, knitting, and the performance or supervision of all the details of household economy?

Are not the mental, moral, and physical education of children, the nursing of the sick, and the administration of remedies parts, and very important parts of the domestic duties of woman? Are not these the most important, the most overshadowing of all her home duties? Why all this parade, then, about *home duties*? The education of children, and the nursing of the sick are as much home duties as any, and by far the most important. But then some may say: "This is all true enough, but the proper sphere of each woman is in her *own* home, and this should be the centre and circumference of all her doings." To this we reply that many women are incapacitated by nature and by circumstances for the discharge of the duties devolving upon them; and such as these should have the counsels and assistance of their more fortunate sisters. In short all women should be educated as far as possible in medical matters; but as all

cannot obtain the necessary medical knowledge, it is highly desirable and proper that some who enjoy greater advantages should have a thorough medical education, so that they can assist and instruct others in the *most important of all household duties*—the training of children and the care of the sick. And "what," it may be asked, "shall a woman do with her own home in the mean time?" What will be done about the minor duties of a "good housewifery"? This difficulty may readily be met in two ways:—by a life of celibacy; or by the employment of a housekeeper. A woman, with mind and heart full of the great work of a physician, might even forego the pleasures of conjugal love, and still find ample scope for the exercise of those affections which would, in all probability, bring more true pleasure than the happiest matrimonial alliance. But a married woman engaged in the noble work of dispensing health to her suffering sisters, and enjoying the emoluments of a lucrative practice, could well afford to commit the minor duties of household economy to a hired housekeeper. So a woman may marry and practice medicine too; she may carry blessings to the homes of others, and still her own home may not be neglected; she may enjoy the sweets of conjugal bliss, and, at the same time, she may partake of those purer, higher, holier pleasures which spring from the exercise of the benevolent and unselfish propensities of our nature.

COLUMBUS, Ga.

Literary Notices.

BOOKS BY MAIL.—Now that the postage on printed matter is so low, we offer our services to procure for our subscribers or others any of the books that we notice. Information touching books will be cheerfully given by enclosing a stamp to pay return postage.

When ordering a book, please mention the name of the publisher.

FROM T. R. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

THE GIPSY'S PROPHECY. A Tale of Real Life. By Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, author of "Retribution," "Lost Heiress," "Lady of the Isle," "Curse of Clifton," etc. etc. This novel, which has appeared in an English periodical, is now for the first time offered to the American public from the house of the Messrs. Peterson. The opening scene of the story is at the English village of Epsom, at the time of the Derby races; but with the second chapter the place of action is transferred to a romantic and mountainous district in Wales. The theme of the novel is the devotion of a wife to her husband, through good and evil report, and this is illustrated with the power of a strong and gifted nature, yet with all the delicacy of a woman. The closing chapter, which describes the death of the individual who has been the agent of the misfortunes of the heroine and others, in the tragic force of its descriptions, approaches the terrible. Mrs. Southworth is a powerful as well as a prolific writer; and, while she has added largely to the light literature of our country, her works are of a character that do not only herself but her country credit, and place her at the head of her class of romance writers. Possessing a most vivid and unbounded imagination, which sometimes—though seldom more than in her earlier works—leads her to the borders of extravagance, she gains a hold upon the reader's mind and absorbs his

attention in a way that few others succeed in doing. Price \$1.00, paper; \$1.25, cloth.

THE HORRORS OF PARIS. or, *The Flower of the Barbourey.* A Sequel to the "Monsters of Paris." By Alexander Dumas, author of "The Count of Monte Cristo," "The Iron Mask," "Man with Five Wives," "The Corsican Brothers," etc. etc. Translated from the author's advanced sheets expressly for the present edition. Price 50 cents.

FROM HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, through J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

THE SILVER CORD. A Novel. By Shirley Brooks. This book is of the same class of romances among the authors of which Wilkie Collins stands pre-eminently first. It is a book of nearly three hundred closely printed, double-column pages, in which there is enough mystery, villainy, and tragedy to satisfy the most inveterate novel-reader of the age. The most prominent character, Ernest Adair, reminds one strongly of Count Fosco in Collins' "Woman in White," possessing the same characteristics of coolness, courage, and daring, a cold-blooded, calculating villain, without a touch of passion or heart to excuse his wickedness. Mrs. Berry is represented as an embodiment of all that is detestable in a woman, though it strikes us, if she had been of the other sex, she would have distinguished herself as a criminal lawyer, so expert is she in unravelling mysteries and putting this and that together. Mr. Hawksley, a play-writer, and Mrs. Hawksley, his wife, are the two most agreeable characters in the book; while a theatrical manager is occasionally introduced with a not unpleasant effect. The author of the book himself displays considerable dramatic talent, and seems tolerably familiar "behind the scenes." The novel, if properly dramatized, would appear to advantage upon the stage. The reader will gain a better idea from this book of the system of espionage conducted in France by the secret police—an espionage so close and unrelenting, that not the most trivial circumstances of the most common individual's life are lost sight of—than from any other work that has fallen in our way. The book is not without faults, though most of them are of a kind that are more properly noticed by the extended reviewer than by us. In the latter half of the book, though the interest of the reader slackens not one whit, it is so taxed and strained, and we might almost say imposed upon, by chapter after chapter which make no advance in the story, and are introduced for the secondary object of illustrating individual character, that, by the time the end is reached, the reader is so wearied, he closes the book with a feeling of relief, as though he had accomplished a painful task. Price 75 cents, paper; \$1.25, cloth.

CONTEMPORARY HISTORY. We have received several numbers of a work entitled "The Union Forever, The Southern Rebellion, and the War for the Union, A History of the Rise and Progress of the Rebellion, and consecutive Narrative of Events and Incidents, from the first stages of the Treason against the Republic, down to the close of the conflict, together with important documents, extracts from remarkable speeches, etc. etc." New York. JAMES D. TORREY, Publisher. This is a neatly printed work, which makes its appearance in weekly numbers, the price of each being 10 cents. It abounds in references to public documents, which in many instances are given in full, and freely commented upon.

Godey's Arm-Chair.

GODEY'S ILLUSTRATIONS FOR DECEMBER:—

Steel plate of "Winter;" a young gentleman very much to be envied, with two such pretty girls to give him a slide. A very pretty plate is "Winter," both in figures and landscape.

Bridal Robes. Our fair readers have presented to them in our fashion-plate for this month an agreeable variety of brides' dresses from which they may choose an elegant and fashionable bridal attire. We know that to some it will be necessary, as our lady subscribers are much sought after. At a very great expense and trouble we have obtained early copies of these splendid dresses.

In presenting this plate we do it in the full consciousness that nothing equal to it has ever been published in Paris or London. Six figures in one plate, forming a pretty picture; not a mere fashion-plate, but as much a subject engraving as any published in the Book.

"The Robin's Friendly Visit." A very seasonable plate, and an original design.

And where shall Robin his breakfast get,
If not at your kind door?
So throw him out some crumbs, I pray—
You will have all the more.

"The Christmas Tree." A happy group is gathered around our Christmas tree. Happy hearts and happy faces. How beautiful are those Christmas gatherings! How many homes are made happy on that day! Sons and daughters, who have left the paternal roof to follow their vocation in busy town or crowded city, now revisit the scene of their childhood, where gathering round the fire as in days gone by, they recall pleasant memories of the past, sing old songs well-nigh forgotten, while the familiar sports, the forfeits, riddles, the country dance, blindman's-buff, or hunt the slipper, which delighted their youthful years, are once more welcomed and enjoyed with a renewal of youthful feeling. Aged parents fancy themselves young again, as they witness the happiness of their children, at times down to the third generation, and few there are who do not find the quieter pleasures of our time as good for heart and mind, as our forefathers did their noisy revellings—perhaps better.

A "Christmas Basket," and a "Christening Robe" will also be found, with hosts of other pretty things in our illustrations for this month. Cloaks are also given, which, with those in the November number, give an agreeable variety to choose from.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS!—We cordially wish our readers a merry Christmas. May all the genial and blessed influences of the season be showered copiously upon them! We have done our best to make the Lady's Book worthy of their regard, and we trust they will give us credit for success. We make no special promises for next year, but our subscribers know us, and know that we have the means and the disposition to keep the Lady's Book where it always has been, at the head of American magazines.

CURRENT MONEY.—We ask our subscribers to send us as good money as they can get. Last year the discount on notes of the Western money we received averaged from ten to fifteen per cent.

MAKE UP YOUR CLUBS.—Remember that the Lady's Book is the best work for ladies published in this country. We have more than *one thousand* private letters testifying to this fact, and the press throughout the country is unanimous in saying that the Lady's Book is the best magazine of its kind in this or any other country. The difference in the club price of the Lady's Book and that of other magazines is only a few cents, and for these few cents you get nearly one-third more reading and engravings, besides other more expensive embellishments that a low-priced magazine cannot afford to give. Clubs must be for the Lady's Book alone, with one exception, and that is "Arthur's Home Magazine." One or more of that work can be introduced in a club in place of the Lady's Book, if desired.

Any person, with a very little trouble, can get up a club for the Book; we have frequently been so informed by ladies—the work is so popular. It is but to call and get a subscription. Clubs are always in time, as we are able to supply numbers from the beginning of the year; yet we like them sent in soon, to know how many we shall print. Remember, that a work with 150,000 subscribers can give five times as much as a work with only half that number, and the embellishments can also be made of a very superior character.

Our terms are made plain and explicit, so that they may be easily understood. We are often asked to throw in an extra copy. In no instance can this be done, as our terms are so low to clubs that it cannot be afforded. A shopkeeper would look amazed, if a purchaser should ask him to throw in an extra yard because she had purchased twelve. And yet we are asked to add an extra copy because twelve have been ordered. It cannot be done.

DR. R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, of the Philadelphia Press, says:—

"There is no mistake about the fact that Godey's Lady's Book is decidedly a great institution. Go where you may, it is to be found. Lately, when in the country, at a farm-house, we found upwards of sixty volumes of Godey, neatly half-bound, and evidently much read. The fair proprietor told us that she had commenced taking the Lady's Book at the age of fifteen, and now, a not very old grandmother, continues to subscribe for it."

We thank the Doctor. How often have we been told that mothers take the Lady's Book for their children whose mothers took it for them.

That article about Musk in our June number has been copied extensively by the press, most approvingly. They agree with us that no person should be permitted to offend others by its use. We could give many reasons why ladies should not use it; but it is a delicate matter for a Lady's Book to handle.

MONROE COUNTY AGRICULTURAL FAIR is the first that has honored us this season with a large list of subscriptions to Godey's Lady's Book as premiums. They have also ordered many copies of Mrs. Hale's Cook Book. An excellent selection for premiums. We believe that Godey's is the only magazine that is used as a premium for depositors at fairs. The addition of Mrs. Hale's Cook Book is judicious.

OLD POST-OFFICE STAMPS.—Our subscribers are informed that the old post-office stamps are now of no use. The post-office has issued new stamps, and the old ones are valueless.

OUR MUSICAL COLUMN.

It is on record that the philosopher's theory of the "absolute nothing" gave rise to endless disputations in contravention of the fact; but then, oh skeptics, was it ever applied to music? In this musical metropolis of Philadelphia, for instance, could musical nothingness possibly be more absolute? Sythias, who hated music and interdicted it in his royal presence, would have found a paradise here at any time within the last six months, and the general innocence upon musical subjects is increasing so prodigiously that at the end of the war we shall all have to go back to our A, B, abs, in the science. Cheerful!

The two or three promised musical enterprises which we have recently announced in this most voracious column, like all other hope-inspiring facts or fancies of similar nature, appear as yet to be "down in the valley." Even the Julian promenade concerts, see last month's column, are not at this writing any nearer public consummation than they were a month ago.

At the Academy of Music *prestidigitation* is the word! Alas, and are we come to this! The tricks and high presto of a conjurer as a substitute for opera. And in a temple consecrated to music! The prize-ring and the circus were more classical allies, even though the wizard be M. Hermann.

We hear rumors of a German Opera during the winter, with our well-known fellow-citizeness, Madina Johansen, for the Prima Donna. Well, hurry it up! we have recollections of a golden German season at the Academy shortly after its inauguration, and though patrons shranked upstairs, we never heard that they interfered with the music on the stage. So let it be this season. But this is only in prospect.

So for the present our sole recourse is to Sanford's. When we cannot get to the opera, who shall we say the least? Besides, Sanford's is a purely Philadelphia institution. Moreover, it is metropolitan, and as habitually charged with fun and music as the reunions of Mr. Stonewitz are innocent of either. But the ethiopiennes at Sanford's are now doubled. Not that they have taken to themselves partners in domestic ties; but the famous Buckleys have been united to the troupe, thus making the strongest and the best company of the kind in existence. The burlesque operas of *Lucretia Borgia*, *Cinderella*, and *Il Trovatore* are inimitable. Donizetti, Rossini, and Verdi never dreamed of such an interpretation of their music as is given by these happy fellows, in whose performances the mixture of the sublime with the ridiculous is perfectly felicitous. Sanford is a public benefactor. May his shadow never be less!

New sheet music is as scarce as other musical items this month. The *Banner of the Sea*, to which we briefly alluded in our last, we find to be a spirited and a pleasant song and chorus, worthy a large circulation. Two editions are published, one with plain title at 25 cents, the other with brilliant colored lithograph at 50 cents. Mr. D. Brainin Williamson is the author, and Geo. W. Hewitt the composer. We can send on receipt of price; or it may be ordered with any music named in recent numbers of this column. Address

J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

Let it be distinctly understood that we have no agents for whose acts we are responsible, and we are only accountable to those who remit directly to us. We have no agents that solicit subscribers. Money must be sent to the publisher, L. A. Godey, Philadelphia.

THE LADY'S BOOK.

A THOUSAND homes throughout the land—
The stately houses, the humble nook,
In city and in country lone—
Is gladden'd by the Lady's Book.

Within the mansions of the rich,
Where none a sacrifice might brook,
Upon a marble table lies,
Mid costlier things, the Lady's Book.

And in some humble attic room,
There it often be a cozy nook
Beside the little working stand,
Where choicely lies the Lady's Book.

The lady, delicate and pale,
Within her warm and curtained nook,
With other nice and pleasant things
Is pleased to see the Lady's Book.

And in the distant hamlet rude,
The stage is watch'd with yearning look;
It brings the mail! and so, perchance,
New copies of the Lady's Book.

Down the river, 'cross the plain,
Through the forest, o'er the brook,
Wending on its lonely way,
Beating on the Lady's Book.

Over mountains, up the valleys,
Bounding many a dreary nook,
Through heat and cold, through shine and storm,
Goes regular the Lady's Book.

Far amid the western wilds,
In some lone sequestered nook,
The woman in her cabin smiles
A welcome to the Lady's Book.

Or in many a country village,
On a goodly old or new nook,
Familiar with pleasure sure of welcome,
Monthly goes the Lady's Book.

There's many a dwelling in the land,
Where none a sacrifice might brook,
But their dull life is enlivened by
The presence of the Lady's Book.

In a farm-house behind her there—
The farmer's wife, with beam and sick,
Her son has just arrived from a tow,
And brought her home the Lady's Book.

She says her own and children's dress
Would awkward, strange, and homely look,
If she could not, in time of need,
Go and consult the Lady's Book.

Is it a pie she wants to make?
Or anything she has to cook?
She always can find out the way
By glancing in the Lady's Book.

So she, amid her many cares,
With cheerful and contented look,
In home retired from city far,
Appreciates the Lady's Book.

Sometimes, the "work done up" at night,
Fire warm within the chimney nook,
She sits down in the candle-light
To finish up the Lady's Book.

When she has read it through, she lays
It safe away—with pleased look,
And hopes one day to have a chance
To get it bound—her Lady's Book.

E. C. T.

A TEST.—As a test, we exhibited all the magazines in the country, the other day, before an intelligent teacher in the Public Schools of Zanesville, and promised her the choice of them. "Well, Uncle," said she, "I prefer Godey's Lady's Book." Dr. Andrews, of the *Marietta Intelligencer*, tried the same experiment once, with the same result, and ever since has been disposed to acquiesce in the young lady's decision.—*Herald*, Cardington.

Our Literary matter this month is well selected, and appropriate to the month.

LETTER from an editor:—

NEW YORK.

MR. L. A. GODEY: Dear Sir—Will you please be kind enough to send us a copy of the *Lady's Book* for March, 1861? It has failed to reach us, and we are anxious to preserve the entire volume for binding—hence this request. All the numbers, as far as published, are “just as good as new,” and as soon as the volume is completed, we shall have “*Godey*” bound—as *everybody* ought to—and placed in our library. We are, and presume the world is, deeply indebted to you for publishing a magazine of such intrinsic worth, the possession of which will prove a valuable acquisition to any and every library. The fact that, notwithstanding the extreme hard times, “*Godey*” is constantly increasing in circulation—at least in our town—is pretty good evidence of its popularity, as a standard publication, with the great mass of intelligent readers; and if you did not exchange with us, we should have the *Lady's Book* if it cost three times its present price—in fact, “we” could scarcely “keep house” without it. In strict confidence (!), friend Godey—though a bachelor of the “old school” order, and hence less prepared to properly appreciate *all* we find in your magazine—we esteem the *best* of monthlies, and a lady friend now standing at our elbow indorses *all* we have written, and says that the double-extension fashion-plates are alone worth more than all the other fashion-prints combined! We bid you, and your glorious enterprise, God speed. Hastily, though truly, yours,

W. W. W.

KISSING.—A gentleman wrote:—

“Men scorn to kiss among themselves,
And scarce would kiss a brother:
But women want a kiss so bad,
They kiss and kiss each other.”

Whereupon, a lady pencilled this reply, and left it for the foot's instruction:—

“Men scorn to kiss among themselves,
And it's well that they refrain;
The bitter dose would vex them so,
They would never kiss again.”

FROM “Holbrook's U. S. Mail and Post-Office Assistant:”—

LOSSES BY MAIL.—By one of the regulations of the P. O. Department, Section 207, it is required that before an investigation is ordered, as to a reported loss by mail, satisfactory evidence shall be furnished, not only of the depositing of the letter in a post-office, but that the alleged contents were absolutely inclosed. Experience shows that attempts are frequently made to make the post-office a scapegoat for failures of this kind, when the guilt lies in quite another direction.

To those who have occasion to make remittances by mail, our advice is to get drafts or checks whenever convenient. When cash must be sent, employ a reliable disinterested witness to see the money inclosed and the letter deposited. But avoid calling the attention of either the postmaster or any of his clerks to the fact. Not that this would increase the risk generally, but in some cases it might, and in but few would they be lessened. The less publicity in respect to money letters, the better.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.—We recommend this magazine to the attention of families as the best \$2 magazine now published. We club it with the *Lady's Book*, only asking \$3 50 for both publications, or it can be introduced in any of our clubs in place of a copy of the *Lady's Book*. See advertisement in this number.

SOME HINTS.

In remitting, try to procure a draft, and don't fail to indorse it.

Address L. A. Godey, Philadelphia, Pa. That is sufficient.

If a lady is the writer, always prefix Mrs. or Miss to her signature, that we may know how to address a reply.

Town, County, and State, always in your letter.

If you miss a number of any magazine, always write to the publishers of the magazine. If *Arthur's*, address T. S. Arthur & Co., Philadelphia; if *Harper's*, address Messrs. Harper & Brothers, New York.

When a number of the *Lady's Book* is not received, write at once for it; don't wait until the end of the year.

When inclosing money, do not trust to the sealing matter on an envelope, but use a wafer in addition.

Mrs. Hale is not the Fashion Editress. Address “Fashion Editress, care L. A. Godey, Philadelphia.”

When you send money for any other publication, we pay it over to the publisher, and there our responsibility ceases.

We can always supply back numbers.

Subscriptions may commence with any number of the year.

The postage on the *Lady's Book*, if paid three months in advance at the office where it is received, is *four and a half cents for three monthly numbers*.

Let the names of the subscribers and your own signature be written so that they can be easily made out.

“AN HONEST MAN.”—This title we court more than any other: and the Sandy Hill *Herald* bestows it upon us, and gives other good reasons why he likes the *Lady's Book*.

“We like this magazine, first, because it is an old acquaintance, sure to drop in every month, and always with some new attractions. Second, because its *god-father* is *on honest man*, who always performs more than he promises; and third, because it is a pure, chaste, interesting, and useful periodical.”

A BEAUTIFUL little illustrated guide to the cultivation of flowers and house plants, the care of bulbous roots, etc. etc., called “The Parlor Gardener,” has been lately published by Messrs. J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston, in their well-known elegant style. They will send it, post-paid, on receipt of its price, 60 cents.

They are publishers of that valuable illustrated guide to drawing and painting of all varieties, called “*Art Recreations*,” which they will also send, post-paid, on receipt of price, \$1 50. They have ready a new price list of artist's goods, which they will send free.

LITERARY ASSOCIATIONS.—We now commence in time to warn our subscribers against sending their money to any association purporting to furnish the *Lady's Book* as part of the inducement to subscribe, and promising them great prizes in some future drawing of a lottery. We will not be responsible in any way. We will also add that we have no agents for whose acts we are responsible. We only send the *Lady's Book* when the money is sent direct to us.

WITH a club of \$16.

The ladies of our town have tried other magazines, but with few exceptions among my acquaintances, which are not small, they all agree that Godey's is the only real *Lady's Book* of the day.

H., Ohio.

LEILA MOORE'S LETTERS FROM THE CITY.

DEAR SUE. Although it is rather premature, or, as Walter would say, "a little in advance of the express mail," I am going to tell you of our proposed Christmas doings, in order that you may have some hints in case you purpose to make yours a "merry" day.

To make you understand things clearly, I must tell you that grandmother Moore is going to give a grand family party. All the children, grandchildren, aunts, cousins, from far and near, are to be invited to spend the day and a pretty sizeable party we shall make. You may remember that we had a similar gathering last year, though I have never given you a detailed account of it. This year the same programme will be carried out, with of course a little variation in the gifts, mottoes, and tableaux as we shall substitute "Christmas for the Rich and Poor," with the effect of contrast, for "St. Nicholas' Visit" and "Kriss Kringle's Call." In looking over my last year's journal, I find a detailed account of our proceedings last year, and that you may have all the particulars, I have copied them for you.

To begin at the beginning, we had arranged that all the gifts, from grandpa's snuff-box to Eddie's drum, were to be sent to grandmother's, there to be distributed. A week beforehand, grandma sent for Gracie and me, and gave us *carte blanche* for the evening's entertainments, only stipulating that we kept these secrets from all but Aunt Harriet's immediate family. We accordingly moved all our tableaux arrangements from home, and fitted up grandma's back parlor as I have described ours in my first letter;* behind the back curtain we made some further arrangements, of which I will tell you in their proper place. We decked the front parlor with evergreens, hollyberries, and everlastings, and over the folding doors which separate the rooms we made in green and crimson (berries) the words,

"A MERRY CHRISTMAS."

The company, nearly forty in all, assembled to dine at four, and darkness came on before they left the table. Leaving them to chat over the nuts and wine, our party of performers stole away from the dining-room rather earlier than the others, to arrange our costumes, scenery, and other little matters. There was some little impatience amongst the younger ones, but grandmother contrived to keep them all up stairs until, at seven o'clock, we gave the signal for them to assemble in the front parlor. Here we had arranged the seats in rows, facing the back parlor, and as soon as all were comfortably seated, we lowered the gas till the room was almost wholly dark. We had, fortunately, plenty of room, for grandma's rooms are very large.

All being now ready, Aunt Bessie began to play a slow dream waltz, the piano being entirely concealed from the audience. Then the curtain rose very slowly, to disclose the moving tableau of

A Visit from Saint Nicholas.

The scene was arranged for a bedroom. In the centre of the background was a large square of black cambric, to represent the open fireplace, and in front of this hung two stockings. In the centre of foreground was a trundle bed, with Minnie and Eddie fast asleep, and on a sofa to the left Harry, in a dressing-gown, slippers, and lounging-cap, lay half awake. Morris, concealed, read the poetry—

"'Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the house

Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse," etc.

to the line

"When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter
I sprang from my couch to see what was the matter."

Here Harry sprang up and looked out *off side*, and, while Morris read the description of Kriss Kringle on the roof, he kept up a running accompaniment of jingling sleigh-bells and tramping reindeer till the lines—

"As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound,"

when Gracie darted from behind the black cambric patch. She had insisted upon having the part, and she looked irresistibly droll. Her tiny figure was padded until she was almost as broad as she was long. She wore a great-coat of crimson, trimmed with fur, which fell from her shoulders to her feet; a long white beard, a white wig, and a tall fur cap altered her beyond recognition, and she carried a short pipe in her mouth. Upon her back was a large basket of toys, with which she filled the stockings, giving all the by-play of the verses, while Morris read them. Then, laying her finger aside of her nose, she vanished behind the black cambric again. A whistle, jingle of sleigh-bells, and then she cried: "Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night." And the curtain fell upon our first picture.

The second was

Kriss Kringle's Call.

The scene was a parlor, where Aunt Harriet, Uncle Walter, Minnie, Eddie, little Charley Moore, Julia Hastings, and some other of the children cousins were grouped, reading, playing, or sewing; a quiet home-circle. Hattie wrote this little scene out, so I give it in her words:—

Aunt Harriet. To-morrow is Christmas, and we must be ready for Kriss Kringle.

Minnie. I wish I could see the dear old soul; I would ask him to bring a new tippet in his pack; mine is too small for me.

Uncle Walter. In Germany the old gentleman makes it a practice to call on Christmas Eve upon the parents of all good children, to inquire what the little ones prefer for presents.

Julia. I wish it were the fashion here. I have often wanted to see our good friend of Christmas, through curiosity, for I must say that he has not yet required me to jog his memory. He is very good at guessing, for he always brings me just what I wished for most.

A word of explanation here. Grandma Moore has an Irish girl, who was raised in some unknown region, for until last year she never heard of St. Nicholas. With a true suspicion of her powers of blundering, Harry pressed her into service, trusting to her own powers to speak any words or none, as the mood took her. Her name is Molly, and her part was an impromptu. To proceed with our play.

Aunt Harriet. I could echo your wish, Julia; I have often thought that I should like to see the good genius of little folks, and have a quiet chat with him. (*A violent ringing at the bell.*)

Uncle Walter. Who can that be, at this hour?

(*Enter Molly, her red hair greased till it shone like a mirror, her clean dress and tidy apron as smooth as hands could make them.*)

Molly. Sure, sir, there's a gentleman at the door, askin' for yourself.

* See Godey's Lady's Book for June, 1860

Uncle Walter. Who is he, Molly?

Molly. It's myself don't know the laste bit in life. Sure I told him it was busy with amusin' the childer ye were; but he says he's in a hurry, and must come in. I's a quare-looking chap he is altogether, with a hairy coat, and a thing on his back like a clothes-basket, and a tall hat; myself never saw the likes of him, sir.

Uncle Walter. And he gave no name?

Molly. Is it name, sir? Never the whisper of a name, only took his pape outen his mouth. It's the beautiful white beard he's got, sir. And sez he, "Is Mr.—" Och! there's himself entirely.

(*Enter Walter, in full Kriss Kringle costume, with clum on his beard and fur to represent icicles.*)

A capital imitation, by the way, Susy. Melt a little, sprinkle it hot on the article, and it cools in the most beautiful crystals.

Walter. You will excuse my haste, sir. I was in Germany some five minutes ago—

Molly. Did ever anybody hear the like of that for a lie?

Walter. And, hearing your children express a wish to see me—

Molly. Och, hear 'em all the way to Germany.

Walter. I came over for a short call.

Aunt Harriet. You are most heartily welcome. Pray, take a seat near the fire.

Walter. Thank you; heat does not agree with me.

Molly. Then he ain't the old boy, after all.

This upset the gravity of the performers, and Uncle Walter said, "Molly, you may retire."

Molly. Yes, sir. Oh, it's a curious old fellow ye are, mister.

Uncle Walter. Molly, you may go down stairs.

Molly. In the cellar, sir?

Uncle Walter. No; in the kitchen.

Molly. Sure it's on the same floor, and no further down. Good-by, mister. Did you stop in Ireland on your way over, sir?

Walter. No; I had not time.

Molly. That's thrue for you, and the only thing like it ye've said the night. Och, is it from Germany in five minutes ye are? and d'ye think we're the naturals to believe your stories?

Walter. If I'd known there was such a pretty girl as you at the end of the road, I'd have come in half the time.

Molly. You'd better stop in Ireland on your way back; they'll tache ye better blarney nor the likes of that. (*Exit Molly.*)

The children had all gathered round Kriss Kringle, and now he said—

Walter. I must lose no time. Will you allow me, madam, to examine these children, and see if they have learned anything since last year?

Aunt Harriet. Certainly you may.

Walter. Minnie, you cannot spell very well, I hear. Now, spell me transatlantic telegraph, backwards.

Minnie. Yes, sir. H-u-m-b-u-g, humbug.

Walter. Excellent! put your hand in my pack.

(*Minnie draws out a big red apple, and retires to eat it.*)

Walter. Charley, who was the most successful king who ever reigned in France?

Charley. Napoleon Second, for he never had a chance to reign, and so could not fail.

Walter. St. Patrick! what a bull! Charley, my friend, ask your mother to hang you up by the heels one hour every morning, to give your brains a chance to run into your head.

Charley. Yes, sir.

Walter. Julia, from where do we export most flour?

Julia. From Aunt Hettie's garden, sir; she don't have anything in it but flowers.

Walter. Julia, here is one chestnut for you; be very careful not to make yourself sick with it.

Julia. I'll try nut, sir.

Walter. Where's Elsie Clarke?

Elsie (under the table). Here.

Walter. Elsie was a bad girl to-day, and so she hides. Elsie, if you will tell me one thing, I'll forgive you.

Elsie (coming out). I'll try.

Walter. Who struck Billy Patterson?

Elsie. The man that bit him, sir.

Walter. Elsie, put your hand in my pack. (*Elsie draws out a long rod.*) (*The clock strikes twelve.*)

Walter. Dear me, how time flies! I ought to be half way to Holland before this. Stand clear, children. Good-evening, madam and papa; I'll call again to-morrow.

Here the curtain fell, and we sent all the performers front, while Walter, Harvey, Gracie, and I prepared for the grand tableau of the evening.

Aunt Bessie, who is a fine pianist, played *Adeste Fideles* (by request), and the curtain was slowly drawn up.

The frame was gone, and the brown curtain had likewise vanished. In the centre of the room stood a Christmas tree, which reached from the floor to the ceiling, and branched out on each side, almost touching the walls. High up among the branches was our Gracie, in white floating dress, loose curls, and a long wand, the Christ-child of the evening. All the gifts were upon the tree, and much of our week's work was explained in the little labels which fluttered from each one. Every gift had an appropriate line or verse attached to it. It would take me too long to tell you all of them, but I can give you a few specimens. Of course we took liberties with the quoted lines to suit the gift and occasion.

Gracie's wand had a hook on the end, and was long enough to reach every part of the tree. After all had been sufficiently admired, the distribution of gifts began. Walter stood under the tree, and received the articles as Gracie unhooked them, then read aloud the verse attached, and passed them to Harvey or me, and we distributed them in the proper order.

The first unhooked was a large wax doll, dressed like an infant. Walter read—

"This is a little thing, not very, very high;
If it can't dance nor sing, it will never, never cry.
It has a little mouth, but no bread nor milk goes in,
Yet close by underneath is a little round chin;
It has ten fingers, too, and just as many toes,
Two eyes of bright blue, and one little nose.
It was dressed with great care, and some expense, too,
For a merry Christmas gift from grandma to Sue."

Susy took her gift, and Gracie unhooked next a dressing-gown of dark blue silk. Walter read—

"Papa, from Gertrude.

Rich, but not gaudy,
For the apparel oft proclaims the man,"
and passed the gown to Uncle Godfrey Clarke. Next in order was a wooden sword for Eddie. The lines were

"Take now your sword. You have a breast
That now shall win as high a crest
As ever waved along the line
Of all the sovereign sires of thine."

Eddie took the weapon, saying, "Eddie fight 'em." The next gift was a large wooden horse for little Dick Clarke. The lines were

"I see the curl of your waving lash,
And the glance of your knowing eye,
And I know you think you are cutting a dash
As your steed goes thundering by."

The next was a package done up in brown paper and sealed, directed to Uncle Walter. He opened it hastily, and found a gold snuff-box from his father; but the snuff flew up, and he sneezed four times before he had time to read the line—

"The over-curious are not over wise."

Next in order came a most exquisite bouquet from Harry Bates to Grace herself, with Miss Landon's line—

"Flowers are all the jewels I can give thee,"

which Harry had himself fastened to the golden holder which contained the blossoms. The next was a box of boubons for Hattie; the line—

"Sweets to the sweet."

Grace next handed down a handsomely bound memorandum-book for Willie Clarke, from his father; and the line upon the label was

"A book's a book, although there's nothing in 't."

Next was an exquisite miniature of Cousin Emily Hastings, a present to grandma from Uncle George Hastings; the line was Rowe's—

"Is she not more than painting can express?"

Next was a Mother Goose for little Arthur Moore, with the line—

"For, noble youth, there is nothing so great
As learning is."

I could write for a day, dear Susy, and not tell you half the presents or their labels. Mary presented Uncle George with a pair of knitted slippers, with the line—

"So our souls (soles) are knit together."

Walter's present to Harvey was a gold pen, with the lines—

"Beneath the rule of men *entirely* great,
The pen is mightier than the sword. Behold
The arch enchanter's wand, itself a nothing;
But, taking sovereignty from the *master hand*,
To paralyze the Caesars, and to strike
The loud earth breathless."

Harvey bowed beneath the weight of the compliment (he paid him. One of the little ones received a fife and drum, with the line—

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast."

I wish I could recall more, but I did not write them down at the time, and so have forgotten them. Many, indeed, drew their only wit from their application to some incident or peculiarity known only in our own circle. Thus one of my cousin's gift to his betrothed was a superb basket of flowers, and marked

"Flowers are love's truest language;"

and while she blushed she saw him receive her gift, an embroidered cigar-case, well filled, labelled—

"You tell me of your heart's bright flame,
I think you speak in joke;
Apply the fire to this, my gift,
You'll find 'twill end in smoke."

I think, dear Susy, that Shakspeare, Milton, & Co. would bowl with anguish could they know some of the twists their lines received in adapting them to our purposes. The last gift I must mention, and end this intolerably long letter. All were off the tree but an embroidered smoking-cap, which Grace's fingers had wrought for Harry Bates. It had occupied a proud position all the evening, the very top of the tree, and it remained there until every other gift was gone from the branches; then down it came, and Harvey read the motto—

"This cap's the climax."

Our party was such a decided success last year that we will repeat it, with the variations I have mentioned, on the coming Christmas. If it gives you one suggestion for your own evening's entertainment, my letter will not have been written in vain. Lovingly, ELA.

VOL. LXIII.—46

THE NIGHT AFTER CHRISTMAS.

THE following is an amusing parody upon Clement Moore's unequalled "Night before Christmas":—

'Twas the night after Christmas, when all through the house
Every soul was abed, and as still as a mouse;
The stockings, so lately St. Nicholas's care,
Were emptied of all that was eatable there.
The Darlings had duly been tucked in their beds—
With very full stomachs, and pains in their heads.

I was dozing away in my new cotton cap,
And Nancy was rather far gone in a nap,
When out in the nursery arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my sleep, crying—"What is the matter?"
I flew to each bed-side—still half in a daze—
Then open the curtains, and threw off the clothes;
While the light of the taper served clearly to show
The piteous plight of those objects below;
For what the fond father's eyes should appear
But the little pale face of each sick little dear!
For each pet that had crammed itself full as a tick,
I knew in a moment now felt like Old Nick.

Their pulses were rapid, their breathings the same,
What their stomachs rejected I'll mention by name—
Now Turkey, now Stuffing, Plum Pudding, of course,
And Custards, and Crullers, and Cranberry sauce;
Before outraged nature, all went to the wall,
Yes—Lollypops, Flapdoodle, Dinner, and all;
Like pellets which urchins from popguns let fly,
Went figs, nuts and raisins, jam, jelly and pie,
Till each error of diet was brought to my view,
To the shame of Mamma and Santa Claus, too.

I turned from the sight, to my bedroom stepped back,
And brought out a phial marked "Pity Ipecac."
When my Nancy exclaimed—for their sufferings shocked her—

"Don't you think you had better, love, run for the Doctor?"

I ran—and was scarcely back under my roof,
When I heard the sharp clatter of old Jalap's hoof.
I might say that I hardly had turned myself round,
When the Doctor came into the room with a bound.
He was covered with mud from his head to his foot,
And the suit he had on was his very worst suit;
He had hardly had time to put that on his back,
And he looked like a Falstaff half fuddled with sack.
His eyes, how they twinkled! Had the Doctor got merry?

His cheeks looked like Port and his breath smelt of Sherry,

He hadn't been shaved for a fortnight or so,
And the beard on his chin wasn't white as the snow.
But inspecting their tongues in despite of their teeth,
And drawing his watch from his waistcoat beneath,
He felt of each pulse, saying—"Each little belly
Must get rid"—here he laughed—"of the rest of that jelly."

I gazed on each chubby, plump, sick little elf,
And groaned when he said so, in spite of myself;
But a wink of his eye when he physicked our Fred
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He didn't prescribe, but went straightway to work
And dosed all the rest, gave his trousers a jerk,
And, adding directions while blowing his nose,
He buttoned his coat; from his chair he arose,
Then jumped in his gig, gave old Jalap a whistle,
And Jalap dashed off as if pricked by a thistle;
But the Doctor exclaimed, ere he drove out of sight,
"They'll be well by to-morrow—good-night, Jones,
good-night!"

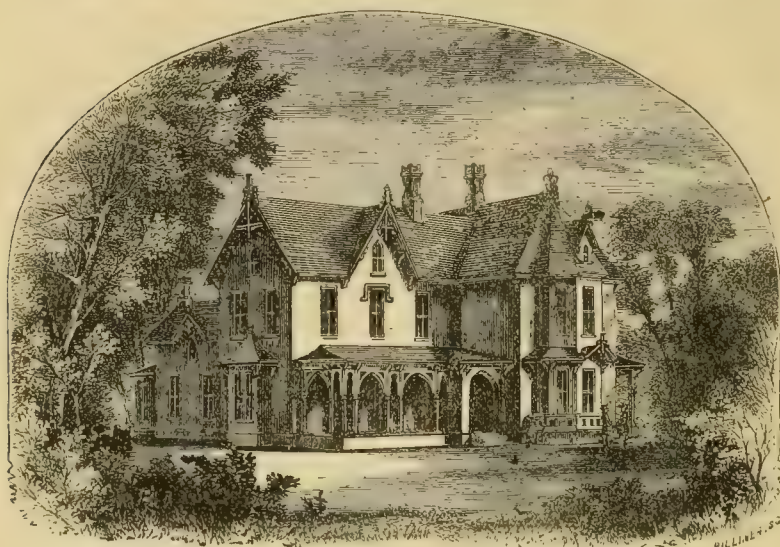
TOM MCCOLLISTER, we believe it was, said he got married so he'd "have some one to take Godey home to." Sensible fellow, as thousands of ladies will bear testimony.—*Gazette*, Hillsboro.

We don't know Tom McCollister, but we pronounce him a very sensible man.

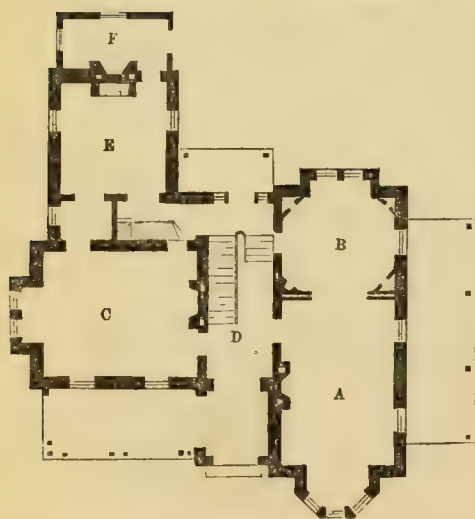
"WORLD you not love to gaze on Niagara forever?" said a romantic young girl to her less romantic companion. "Oh, no," said he; "I shouldn't like to have a cataract always in my eye."

FARM OR SUBURBAN RESIDENCE.

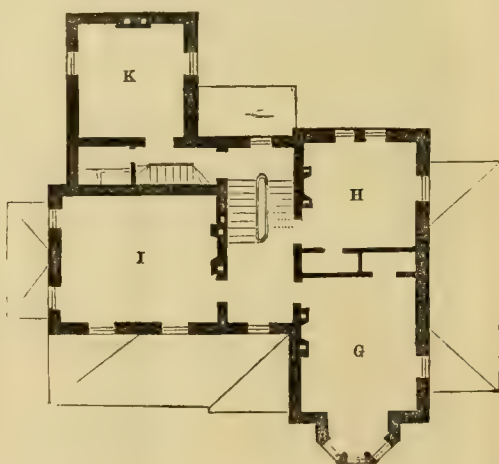
Designed expressly for Godey's Lady's Book by SAMUEL SLOAN, Architect, Philadelphia.



PERSPECTIVE VIEW.



FIRST FLOOR.



SECOND STORY.

In the annexed design we present an arrangement peculiarly well adapted for either farm or suburban residence. The design of the exterior is chaste, partaking perhaps more of the pointed style than any other; well suited for a quiet rural retreat in the country, where the surroundings will give a pleasing effect to the composition.

Upon the *first floor* we have parlor A, library B, dining-room C, hall D, kitchen E, without-kitchen F; also main and private stairs leading to the *second story*, where there are four well-arranged chambers G H I K,

with bath-room and wardrobes. The rooms in the attic are also well finished and lighted from gables in roof.

GODEY is not one of that kind who publish a dashing number at the beginning of the year, in order to draw patronage, and when the money is received, *go down* in the scale of excellency; but his motto is continually "onward," and each number is an improvement on the preceding one. We thought years ago that Godey had reached the top round of the ladder, but he is yet ascending.—*Gazette*, Guthrie Centre.

We ask a patient reading of the following letter —

P.A.

MR L. A. GONLEY: Please send me the May number of this year's *Lady's Book*; I loaned it, and of course it was never returned. Now when I wish at the close of the year to get my book bound, I have to send for a new one. Is it not most provoking? Just as you say, I cannot, for the life of me, prevail on any of my many borrowers to subscribe and get the book as I do. They say, "I declare I would like to take it, but I have so many things to get I cannot afford it just now; I shall after a while—by the way, Kate, has your last number come yet? I do want to see it a few moments. I shall take good care of it, and return it soon." So off it goes, and in a few days my nice, clean book comes home *dog-eared*, soiled, and torn, looking, for all the world, like a beggar who has seen better days, and feels ashamed of his present mean appearance.

Just think how ladies—especially young ladies—spend six times the price of the magazine in little foolish gew-gaws to decorate their persons, which never raise them the least particle in the estimation of either husbands, or, what is of still more importance to young ladies, *lovers*; whom, of course, they aim to please—the *dear creatures*: and why not do so by decorating the mind as well as the person, or rather in preference to the person? This the *Lady's Book* teaches them; it is entirely their own book; they learn all about housekeeping, sewing, nursing, dressing, entertaining, and last, but not least, how to cook a nice meal, which invariably pleases the gentleman as much as any other of the many accomplishments they can acquire; at least, here, in the country, where we have no colored servants to dance attendance on us in the kitchen or dining-room; we find we can please them by making nice things. Then we learn how to do all kinds of fancy work, which pleases ourselves, whilst so employed, and after the work is done (provided the same is well done).

I shall renew my subscription shortly; indeed, I would not think of doing without it, and do not see why I did not take it long ago. I like it much better than any other magazine I have been taking.

My better-half says, "You must have a great deal to say in that note," and I fear you will think so too.

Yours, truly, K. G.

PHILADELPHIA AGENCY.

No order attended to unless the cash accompanies it.

All persons requiring answers by mail must send a post-office stamp; and for all articles that are to be sent by mail, stamps must be sent to pay return postage.

Be particular, when writing, to mention the town, county, and State you reside in. Nothing can be made out of post-marks.

K. D.—Sent ring, September 25th.

Mrs. M. A. C.—The newest and most fashionable style of jacket is the Marine. We will send you the pattern for 50 cents.

Miss E. B.—Sent ring 25th.

Mrs. S. McN.—Sent pattern 30th.

J. H. O.—Sent pattern for Marine jacket 30th.

Miss G. W.—The prettiest present you can work for your mother (particularly as she is an invalid), is a "Bed Pocket." It is something entirely new; it is to be braided, and has a pocket for handkerchief and watch, and is to hang on the side of the bed. Patterns 50 cents.

Miss C. C.—Sent articles, October 3d.

Mrs. J. D.—Sent hair jewelry by Adams's express 3d.

J. T. B.—Sent hair jewelry 3d.

L. H. M.—Moles cannot be removed by any application.

H. O. M.—The pattern was published in the November number of 1860.

W. H. C.—Sent package by Adams's express 3d.

Mrs. M. McC.—Sent bonnet by Adams's express 4th.

Miss H.—Sent pattern for Marine jacket 5th.

Wax Flowers.—We answered a lady's letter upon this subject some time since, but have had no reply.

Mrs. O. A. B.—Sent pattern for Marine jacket 5th.

O. R. S.—Dressmakers use cold, strong black tea to sponge silk on the right side, and iron it on the wrong.

Mrs. R. S.—Sent pattern for Marine jacket 8th.

Mrs. P. W.—We have full braiding patterns for boys' jackets which we can send for 50 cents.

E. B. E.—If the hair be soft and very fine, clean it with a brush dipped slightly in spirits of hartshorn, or melt a little white soap, cut in small pieces, in spirits of wine, by means of heat, in the proportion of half a pound of soap to three-quarters of a pint of spirits of wine and two ounces of potash. Carefully stir while melting. Let it settle; when cold, pour off the liquor clear, adding a little perfume. This will prove a cleansing hair-wash.

H. V.—We have been told that spirit of wine is the most innocent material for cleaning gold embroidery.

Mrs. A. C. S.—A pattern for a chair cover would cost \$1; the worsteds, canvasses, etc., about \$5. We will be happy to attend to any order for you.

Elfelda.—No! They are ordered to address direct from Paris.

Centre-Table Gossip.

BRIDAL FINERY.

As this subject is never uninteresting to a group of ladies, young or old, we give, in connection with our beautiful plate, a description of a *trousseau* prepared by a fashionable dressmaker. The bride's toilet naturally comes first.

The veil, which is made of rich Brussels lace, is very long behind, the border is excessively handsome, and the corners are rounded; with this a wreath of orange-blossoms is worn. The dress, of white silk, is trimmed with white *crepe* and Brussels lace; the body is low, and cut square, with a little lace pelerine buttoned in front. A small bouquet of orange-blossoms is to be placed in front of the body, where the pelerine commences. The waist is round, with a very broad ribbon sash. The sleeve is composed of a short puffing of silk, and below that a very large *crepe* sleeve, with a turned-back cuff in Brussels lace. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed with two rows of *crepe* ruches, and one deep flounce.

As will be seen from our chat, bridesmaids also have adopted the veil. This veil, which falls behind, is made of tulle, and is surmounted by a wreath of red and white roses. The dress is of white tulle, with a rose-colored silk slip underneath. The body is made low, and trimmed with a pointed bertha behind and before, which is composed of two tulle ruches, in which are placed, at regular distances, bows of rose-colored ribbon. The sleeve is very full, and descends just below the elbow, and is caught up a little in front in the bend of the arm. The bottom of the two skirts is trimmed

with tulle ruches, mixed with bows of rose-colored ribbon; and in putting these on the skirt they are first of all run on to a piece of double tulle, and the bows fastened in. When this trimming is completed, it merely requires running on once, and by doing it in this manner the dress is less handled than if the bows and ruches were all sewn on the tulle skirt.

Among the dresses we note a violet silk, very simple but at the same time stylish. The skirt is plain, the corsage open in front with lapels; these are trimmed with a crossway piece of black silk and edged with narrow black lace with a violet silk button at the extremity of each lapel. The sleeves have a deep turned back cuff brought to a point; the cap or epaulette is also pointed; both are trimmed to correspond with the lapels; crossways, bands of black silk edged with lace and violet buttons. The sash is very broad, trimmed in the same style—black silk and narrow black lace.

A plain dress for home wear, made of the new *poil de chèvre* (a worsted and silk material very soft), of gray and lilac. The body high, closed puffed sleeves, with pointed epaulette corded with lilac, and a deep pointed wristband corded with the same.

A rich silk, with a *white ground* brocaded in black, for this mixture is as fashionable as ever. The trimming of the skirt is one of the most decided novelties of the season, a flounce ten inches in depth behind and before, but much deeper on either side and consequently coming up to a point. The edge of this flounce trimmed with a bright lilac ribbon, run on in the Greek pattern; the flounce is headed by a lilac silk ruching.

A plain black silk, without which no wardrobe is now complete, is trimmed at the bottom with three gathered flounces, and above these a very large ruche in pinked silk, then three flounces, and again another ruche put on in large points. The body was made with a band, and to button in front, whilst the sleeves were trimmed to correspond with the skirt; namely, with ruches and frills, only of course narrower.

INVISIBLE HAIR-NETS.

As there are still many ladies who value the comfort and convenience of the hair-net, and who are desirous of retaining it as long as fashion permits, we are very happy to comply with the wish of a subscriber, and give instructions for making the newest that has appeared, which is one that bears the name of the "Invisible Hair-Net." As its title implies, this net is scarcely distinguishable when worn upon the hair, as it matches it in color, and is also remarkably fine and clear, the meshes being open. The silk used is much finer than the finest netting silk, and is strong, being a sort of raw silk. Commence by making twenty loops on a mesh one-third of an inch wide, and net as many rows, thus forming a perfect square, then gather up a little portion of the centre of this square, tie it round and attach it to the string of the netting stirrup, and then continue to net all round the edge of the square until the desired size has been reached. This size must be regulated according to the convenience of the proposed wearer, and this must depend upon the quantity of hair which it is intended to confine. When completed, an elastic must be passed through the last row of loops; the net must be moistened with a little weak gum-water, stretched over a dinner-plate, and left to dry. These invisible hair-nets are the best that have been introduced, and are, in fact, the only kind now worn.

NEW JEWELRY.

The articles in wear for so long a time have been added to this fall—notwithstanding the pressure of the times, and the economical resolves of most families. Among them we note the rich combs of coral, ivory, silver, and gold, intended for evening wear, in full dress. To accommodate the new styles of wearing the hair, some of these have a hinged back, that is, the back of the comb opens to allow the heavy puff of hair to pass through, and closes into shape again. Jewelled pendants, to be attached to the head-dress, is also another novelty; these are in various designs, as, for instance, a burnished butterfly, quivering on its perch, a fine spiral wire: there are leaves, crosses, etc., all very striking in their effect, when velvet forms the background.

The gold collar is really what the name indicates, a circlet of gold for the neck, to be worn as a collar. There are several shapes, one of the prettiest modelled from the narrow bits of linen, with slightly parted and pointed ends, which have been so universal this last season. Imagine a series of flat links in this shape, fastened by an amethyst, set in gold, with a pear-shaped amethyst pendant. Others are ornamented with pearls, and the most costly with diamonds.

For fastening muslin habit-shirts and chemisettes, the spiral stud will be found very useful, as it requires the merest point of an opening, such as you might introduce an ordinary pin through; it is also more secure than the ordinary fastening.

The richest fans are ornamented with rich lace, Valenciennes and even point, set on in waves, on a silk foundation of any bright or delicate tint. The frames are richly carved, of ebony or pearl, sometimes inlaid with silver or gold.

CLIPPINGS AT OUR CENTRE-TABLE.

1. THE Victoria Theatre, in London, has its own associations, but the Prussians have named a superb building in compliment to the mother-in-law of the heir apparent, the past year. It was opened with the performance of Rossini's "Barbiere." The Victoria Theatre is one of the most elegant ornaments of the Prussian capital (Berlin). The fitting-up of the interior is remarkable at once for taste and splendor. The fronts of the several tiers of boxes are white, with rich ornamentation in gold. The ceiling is divided into compartments, in each of which is an appropriate picture, painted on a ground of pale pink. The linings of the boxes are of cerise-colored velvet. A perfect view of the stage is commanded from every part of the *salle*. There are three tiers of boxes, supported on slender gilt pillars.

2. The gardeners of both the Chinese and Japanese nations are particularly successful in *dwarfing* plants. They are said to produce fruit trees, which are models of beauty and fruitfulness, and which do not exceed a foot in height. Such a result is only produced after years of patient labor, care, and watchfulness. It is said by a distinguished traveller and botanist, that he saw at Jeddo a pine tree, full grown, whose branches only occupied a space of *two square inches*. On the other hand, he was shown a pine of the same species, whose branches were artificially extended over a circumference of 136 feet. The manner in which plants are dwarfed is said to be as follows: The smallest seeds of the smallest plants are selected as the foundation; in this respect their action is conformable to the principles which are known to govern the vegetable kingdom in regard to habits of growth. As soon as the plants

make their appearance, they are covered with honey or dissolved sugar, the gardeners then introduce into the little box which protects the plants, a nest of ants, whose eggs soon hatch and produce an active colony, greedy of sweets, and incessantly running over the plants, which are kept covered with the solution by means of camel's-hair pencils. The constant action of these insects, which are always running over every part of the plant, keeps up a peculiar excitement, which ends by producing the state of "pigmentation" so much admired by Japanese and Chinese amateurs.

3. Moulded glass casks are made in Belgium. They are covered with an open wicker-work, are said to be stronger than those of wood, and are furnished with ground-glass stoppers and taps. The quantity of liquor remaining in them is always visible.

Fashions.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

HAVING had frequent applications for the purchase of jewelry, millinery, etc., by ladies living at a distance, the *Editors of the Fashion Department* will hereafter execute commissions for any who may desire it, with the charge of a small percentage for the time and research required. Spring and autumn bonnets, materials for dresses, jewelry, envelops, hair-work, worsteds, children's wardrobes, mantillas, and mantelets, will be chosen with a view to economy, as well as taste; and boxes or packages forwarded by express to any part of the country. For the last, distinct directions must be given.

Orders, accompanied by checks for the proposed expenditure, to be addressed to the care of L. A. Goley, Esq.

No order will be attended to unless the money is first received. Neither the Editor nor Publisher will be accountable for losses that may occur in remitting.

Instructions to be as minute as is possible, accompanied by a note of the height, complexion, and general style of the person, on which much depends in choice. Dress goods from Evans & Co.'s; mourning goods from Besson & Son; cloaks, mantillas, or talmas, from Brodie's, 51 Canal Street, New York; bonnets from the most celebrated establishments; jewelry from Wriggins & Warden, or Caldwell's, Philadelphia.

When goods are ordered, the fashions that prevail here govern the purchase; therefore, no articles will be taken back. When the goods are sent, the transaction must be considered final.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL FASHION-PLATE FOR DECEMBER.

OUR group of brides is the first plate of the kind, we believe, ever published in this or any other fashion magazine. The variety of bridal costumes is such that the simplest and the most elegant taste may be gratified alike. We invite attention to its minutest details—the position of each figure—the admirable grouping—the effective background with delicate hangings, and appropriate floral decorations—and the artistic glimpse of the waiting friends, skillfully thrown in to add to the naturalness of the scene. Yet, apart from the picture presented, each figure is a correct costume.

Fig. 1.—Extremely rich lace robe, over white silk; it is a combination of the Brussels and *point Duchess*, the graceful design having a border of medallions, and the same pattern is repeated at the height of the knee. The

sleeves and body are of white silk; the corsage high, *as is invariably the case* with French bridal costumes, since the idea of modesty and delicacy which belongs to the bride seems to require it. The corsage has a pointed *berthé* of lace in the same pattern as the border of the robe, but narrower; a double row of the same upon the long flowing sleeves, which are caught up by a knot of white satin ribbon. Sash of white satin ribbon, with silver fringe. The hair is turned lightly back from the face, and dressed low, concealing the ear, wreath of orange-buds, arranged as a diadem; a narrow cordon of buds connects the diadem with the *cache-peigné*, which droops behind. Veil, arranged quite back on the head, of Brussels point, to correspond in every way with the robe.

Fig. 2.—In admirable contrast to this costly dress and veil, which could not be imported under a thousand, or fifteen hundred dollars (according to the fineness of the lace), we have one of almost nun-like simplicity, a white silk with perfectly plain corsage buttoned with ornamental pearl buttons, and a rich satin waist ribbon. Mousquetaire sleeves, the cuffs turned with a simple ruching of the material; thulle undersleeves, with a frill of lace at the wrist; plain illusion veil, with silk cord at the top of the lower hem. Wreath of orange-blossoms, mounted in clusters.

Fig. 3.—Dress of embroidered French muslin, with six founces of embroidery running up to the left of the skirt, headed by a handsome founce of lace. Flowing sleeves with founces; square *berthé* to correspond; a spray of blossoms set carelessly in the left corner. Sash of broad thick ribbon. Sprays of blossoms confine the veil, which comes low on the forehead at each side.

Fig. 4 is given for the peculiarly novel arrangement of the veil; it is placed so as to shade the face entirely, falling in front across the upper line of the corsage.

Fig. 5.—*A la Imperatrice*, or gored in front; the trimming, which is a broad ruching of the material (white silk), is placed *en bretelle* on the shoulders, narrowing at the waist line, and sweeping off gracefully to the hem of the skirt. A row of daisy buttons in white blonde down the front; sleeves trimmed with the ruching; a single spray of blossoms crosses the forehead, and connects beneath the roll of hair with a similar spray behind.

Fig. 6.—Muslin dress, in eight founces edged by needle-work; sleeves headed by two founces to correspond; full wreath of leaves and orange-blossoms encircling the head.

BONNETS FOR THE SEASON.

(See engravings, page 464.)

Fig. 1.—Bonnet composed of rose sublime velvet, with white uncut velvet crown. It is trimmed with roses and a black lace barbe.

Fig. 2.—Azurine blue velvet bonnet, trimmed with white *appliqué* lace and a long white feather.

Fig. 3.—Opera bonnet, composed of Garibaldi-colored velvet and white *appliqué* lace, with a rich bird plume on one side.

Fig. 4.—This bonnet is composed of a white crape front and raspberry-colored silk crown, and trimmed with black and white lace.

CHITCHAT UPON NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS, FOR DECEMBER.

We would call attention to the distinguishing points of bridal costume given in this number. First, that in the true

Parisian bridal costume, the sleeves are long, though flowing, and the corsage high; this would not be thought of by our American brides, but it expresses the true modesty of the sentiment which, from time immemorial, has made a veil indispensable. Again, it will be seen that no person is confined to any single style or material; a bridal dress that would be becoming to a tall and slender figure, would look absurd on a dumpy person; a fabric suitable to the fortunes and probable gayeties of a person in fashionable city life, would be out of place in the quiet parlor of a country home. As to wreaths—though the diadem style is the prominent one, the coronal, the cordon, the simple wreath, or bouquets, may be worn as best suits the face. A bride of all persons should never sacrifice becomingness to the fashion of the moment. For bridesmaids, we have given some hints in our "Novelties," the present month, to which we refer our readers.

And now to redeem our promise of pointing out styles for the making up of winter fabrics, presuming that there is no specially new one imported since our last, save some rich black silks that at first glance would resemble those of the past season too much to be really new. There is this difference: the bouquets and medallions in raised or brocaded figures on the black ground are in single colors, instead of the variety of last year. As, for instance, in a shamrock pattern last year, the three lines were, one in green, one in gold, and one in purple; now, all the figure is in green, or gold, or purple. The medallion wreaths, and wreath-like diagonal cheques or diamonds, are perhaps the very newest styles. Plain silks and poplins are, however, the general favorites.

We have before said that the gored dresses, known as *Gabrielle* and *Imperatrice*, will be much worn. Many define the seams with a thick cord, or piping in the same, or a contrasted color; others, by flat velvet ribbons, or ruches of velvet plaits; others, again, by double silk ruches pinked at the edges, like those worn on the bonnets the past fall. Again, the velvet or ruching is placed *en bretelle* on the shoulders, and sweeps down *en tablier* on the skirt, as in Fig. 5 of our plate. Plain black Lyons velvet of the best quality is freely used, but, instead of numerous narrow rows, one broad band is worn on the skirt, set its own distance above the hem, and frequently rising *en tablier* or *en tunic* to the skirt. The widest velvet ribbons are a little over eight inches—six and four inch ribbons are less expensive, and therefore the more frequently adopted. It may be had for 75 cents the yard—the widest is \$1 20. At first glance this appears too expensive to be popular; but these broad bands on the skirt require only the exact measurement, no doubling for plaits or ruching, and are no more expensive than founcings of the same. We give an instance of its application. Plain rich brown silk, skirt full and long, surrounded by a band of five inch velvet, passing from left to right, it meets itself to the extreme right, and is carried upward in a curve of graduated width for a few inches, where it is caught by a large black velvet oak leaf. The sleeves are full, with flat plaits at the top, confined by an oak leaf in velvet; the bottom has a plain band of three inch velvet. There is no other trimming but a sash of five inch velvet tied in a bow at the left, the ends having a flat application of a velvet oak leaf to correspond.

Again, a *Gabrielle* dress, the seams and front trimmed with a four inch velvet ribbon put on in this way, three square or box plaits of the ribbon, a plain piece of equal width, with a button in the centre, three plaits, and plain space, etc., from the shoulder to the hem of the dress. The new daisy buttons are of chenille and blonde, or a medallion of open crochet, something in the shape of a child's pewter toy watch with handle surrounded by guipure lace.

These are much used for the fronts of dresses, for looping lace, plaits, etc.

Founcings are used only on plain silks and evening dresses, and these are usually set on in groups, in waves, or points, or diagonally, with puffs between. We have seen a very striking style, in brown *Havané* silk, five or six founcings, of five inches in width, each founce trimmed by a black satin cord at the edge of the hem; the sleeves were made in the same way; on each side of the front breadth, and on the forearm of the sleeve, a band of plain silk, edged on each side with hem and cord, is placed over the founcings, from the waist to the hem, and from the shoulder to the edge of the sleeve. On the skirt it is eight inches wide, on the sleeves five; at moderate distances apart on this plain space, bows of rich ribbon, with ends, are placed. The effect is very good. Madame Demorest makes up several of these styles; we might mention several other well known names among New York and Philadelphia modistes.

The large velvet leaves, of which we have spoken, are among the most prominent decorations of the season. In Genin's riding-hats for ladies, which the Central Park has created a demand for, and which are among his very happiest creations, we notice them, amid bows of rich ribbon, or *pompons* and *agrettes* of scarlet and black. We instance one with a rich beaver crown, and a brim turned up, somewhat in the "old Continental style," the point in front drooping most becomingly; this is of felt, bound or faced with a broad band of velvet. Large lotus leaves in black velvet fall on each side of a scarlet and black pompon, and a black plume curls backward. At the side of the face are bows of black and scarlet velvet. Again, a double rolling brim, of silk, and felt crown, with Magenta decorations. This double brim, patented by Mr. Genin, is extensively used in his children's hats, as are also the lotus leaves, in their native green, fantastic scarlet, Magenta, etc., with pompons of every shade mixed with black.

In ladies' bonnets we have already given such excellent illustrations (front pages November number) that descriptions are scarcely needed. We find, from the winter openings of Mrs. Scofield, Madame Harris, and others, that the shape continues after the extreme French model, very wide, high brims, small, drooping, "pinched-up" crowns; capes long, and pointed at the back, feathers playing an important part in the decorations; particularly the long, handsome ostrich feather, displaced of late years by clusters of shorter plumes; feather tips are largely introduced inside the brim, sufficient space being now allowed for their disposal. Steel-edged velvet leaves, steel-powdered clusters of grapes or berries are much worn; and the brown duller feathers of the pheasant, and all other game birds and barnyard fowls even, mounted in plumes, *agrettes*, or pompons; we do not think the peacock tips will meet with general favor, as some one clearly says, "they are too evgestive of dust and fly-brushes."

We are glad to notice amid the huge *bunches* of flowers, worn on top of the brim inside and out, some plainer styles, which are to our fancy far more elegant; a plain black velvet of the best description, the only ornament three tips of ostrich feathers on the front of the brim, placed flat upon it; one in the centre, one each side. Black velvet, plain crown, the front of the brim decorated by a fan-shaped ornament of leaf-green velvet, in rows of box plaits an inch or so in width; the same ornament is repeated in a graduated size on the middle of the cape.

For dress bonnets, Genin's furs, boys' and babies' hats from Reynolds, boots, slippers, fans, embroidery, and Brodie's decided winter styles, in cloaks, see next number.

FASHION.

 **NEW AND RARE PREMIUMS TO GETTERS-UP OF CLUBS!** 

Arthur's Home Magazine for 1862.

Volumes XIX. and XX.

EDITED BY T. S. ARTHUR AND VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

Devoted to Social Literature, Art, Morals, Health, and Domestic Happiness.

In announcing the Prospectus of the *nineteenth* and *twentieth* volumes of the Home Magazine, for 1862, the publishers have little to say beyond an assurance that the work will continue in all respects to maintain the high ground assumed in the beginning.

Our purpose has been to give a magazine that would unite the attractions of *choice and elegant literature with high moral aims*, and teach useful lessons to men, women and children, in all degrees of life: a magazine that a husband might bring home to his wife, a brother to his sisters, a father to his children, and feel absolutely certain that, in doing so, he placed in their hands only what could do them good. *Still more eminently will this feature of excellence, interest and usefulness in the reading matter of the Home Magazine be regarded in the future volumes.* Our work is for homes; and we seek to make homes happier.

All the departments, heretofore made prominent in the work, will be sustained by the best talent at command. The Literary Department; the Health and Mothers' Departments; the Toilet, Work Table and Housekeeping Departments; the Children's Department, etc. etc., will all present, month after month, their pages of attractive and useful reading.

ELEGANT ENGRAVINGS

Will appear in every number, including choice pictures, groups and characters, prevailing fashions, and a great variety of needle-work patterns. This part of our work will be very attractive.

Besides the usual variety of short stories, sketches, and more solid articles from the pens of our large corps of accomplished writers, *two new serials will be given in 1862.* One entitled

BATTLE-FIELDS OF OUR FATHERS. A Tale of the Revolution.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

And the other,

WHAT CAME AFTERWARDS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

To all who make up clubs for the Home Magazine, will be sent one or more of the following

ELEGANT PREMIUMS.

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
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
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
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